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## JAN PENGELLY.

By JAMES PATEY.

### CHAPTER I.

FOUR men sat one night in the little old-fashioned parlour of the 'Tregartha Arms,' a low-ceilinged room, odorous of fish and tobacco-smoke. Specimens of copper ore were ranged along the mantel-shelf, and above it hung the glazed presentment of a frigate, worked in faded worsteds—the only other embellishment of the walls being the pictorial sailing-bill of a line of steamers calling at Falmouth.

Two candles in brass candlesticks stood on the scarred mahogany table, and sufficiently lighted the room. The youngest of the men was seated writing at one end of the table, the other three facing him. He was a man of thirty, well built, and somewhat handsome. There was determination in his face, and in his large bold writing, and a characteristic touch of vigour in the swift thrust with which he sheathed his pencil, and the final snap of his pocket-book.

'Well, gentlemen,' he said, leaning over the table, 'to-morrow I shall carefully write out my report for the syndicate, but you already know my decision. I am strongly of opinion that with more modern machinery and economy in working, Wheal Tregartha may yet be made a paying property. I am sorry, Captain Trefusis, that you cannot confirm my report. I am a stranger to Cornish mines, and my experience has been gathered elsewhere. It would give me great satisfaction to have my judgment endorsed by a local expert like yourself, but since you so strongly differ from me, I must make the most of my unsupported opinion.'

Trefusis, the mining captain, a tall, dark, black-bearded man, blew a cloud of smoke, and answered slowly: 'Wheal Tregartha has not paid a dividend for ten years, Mr Cameron, and

never will again. What's the use of throwing good money after bad?'

'There's a curse on the mine,' broke in Edwards, an older man, with a bronzed face and silver earrings; 'Tregartha pit has never prospered since they ancient bones was found in the old workings. Doctor Bolitho scraped they bones, and measured them. "These be men's bones," says he, "but they'm never the bones of Cornishmen;" and he packed 'em in a fish-basket and sent 'em up to Saint Somebody's Hospital in London, and iver since then the copper failed, and bad luck came; and now there's moans in the mine—*moans*! (his prolongation of the vowel was peculiarly dismal), and folks zay 'tis the watter in some cave when the tide comes in; but I b'lieve 'tis the moans of the sperrits a-searching for they bones.' He would have continued his lugubrious talk, but an admonitory kick from the boot of Trefusis under the table silenced him.

Roskree, the third miner, who, like Edwards, spoke with a strong Cornish accent, observed sententiously: 'There isn't a man in Cornwall who knows more about copper than Cap'n Josiah Trefusis here, and 'tis no use zaying that bad is good.'

Then Trefusis spoke again, taking a lump of ore from his pocket, and pushing it somewhat rudely across the table: 'Look at that, Mr Cameron, that's the best we've found. In these days, when copper's to be had all the world over, will such stuff pay for the digging, and smelting, and bringing to market?'

Cameron civilly examined the ore, and replied: 'I do not attach much importance to this or any particular sample; but I think it probable that a much richer lode exists,



not far from the working whence this was taken.

Trefusis, starting to his feet and speaking loudly and aggressively, said: 'I daresay, Mr Cameron, your friends will raise the new capital on your report. It is easier to pour money down a Cornish mine than to get money out of it; in the old brisk days of mining speculation, we had a saying here that "fools' money is as plentiful as pilchards." For myself, I am simply a miner, and mind my own business. I know nothing of the ways of your stock-jobbing syndicates!'

The speech was intentionally rude, and a momentary flush of anger mounted to the cheek of Cameron; but he calmed himself, and replied good-humouredly: 'Well, Captain Trefusis, we need not quarrel. I am much indebted to you for your assistance in my three days' investigation. The inspection of a disused mine is a difficult and somewhat dangerous task, and I shall not neglect to acknowledge your services in my report. Personally, I am much obliged to you, and to our friends here; and now, gentlemen, I wish you all good-night; and shaking hands with each, he left the room.

The three men smoked in quiet for a few minutes, and Roskree broke the silence: 'He's a smart man, that Cameron, and he knows his business. My days! but he was within a few yards of our lode this morning! I expected every minute he'd drive into it with his pick.'

'If he had,' said Trefusis fiercely, 'I'd have driven into him with mine!' and he brought his hand down upon the table with such violence that his pipe was broken to atoms; and smiling grimly at his own vehemence, he gathered the fragments and ashes in his broad palm, and flung them contemptuously into the fireplace, as though he were disposing of the objectionable Cameron.

'Hush! don't 'ee talk so,' whispered Edwards; and Roskree, glancing cautiously towards the door, said, 'I think us had better get outdoors;' and shouting a good-night to the landlord as they passed through the outer room, they went out into the little village street.

It was a lovely night, and warm even for the spring of this southern coast. The white cottages gleamed luminous in the moonlight; a quivering radiance fell across the waters of the little cove, and the outlines of the cliffs were dimly visible; while far away, at the end of the ghostly headland, shone the great twin-lights of the Lizard.

There was a sound of voices abroad, the talk of neighbours across the low hedges and little garden gates, with whisperings and occasional laughter; a tranquil hour dedicated to gossip and sweethearting, and sacred to the evening pipe.

Edwards and Roskree exchanged frequent greetings with acquaintances, right and left, as they walked down towards the beach; but Trefusis strode silently on. The fishing-boats were drawn up in a row on the sand, and seating themselves on the side of a boat, the three men smoked and watched the silver fringe of the advancing tide.

The mining captain was in a sorry temper. He and his two companions alone knew of the

existence of a rich lode of copper that would retrieve the fortunes of the Tregartha mine, and he had hoped to keep the secret till he had contrived to buy up many of the shares at a minimum price; but this new project to raise fresh capital, and resume the working, had quite upset his calculations. In a few weeks his secret might be everybody's information.

'Curse the fellow and his syndicate!' he cried bitterly; 'our game's half spoilt, mates. In six months I'd have got half Wheal Tregartha in my own hands: as it is, the mine will soon be opened again. We have short notice now to scrape up whatever loose shares we can.'

'You promised, cap'n, that you would give us each a tidy bit for helping 'ee,' said Edwards dubiously. 'Surely you won't rin word now?'

'I promised you shares, and shares you shall have; haven't I already given you forty apiece?'

'They didn't cost 'ee much,' said Roskree; 'old Bolitho said he was glad enough to turn the rummage out of his bureau.'

'There's more to be had equally cheap, if we hold our tongues a bit longer,' replied Trefusis; 'old Parson Trevennick holds a lot.'

'I think us might leave the old parson alone,' said Edwards; 'he's poor enough, by all accounts.'

'And whose poorer than yourself, Dick Edwards?' asked Trefusis. 'Haven't you got sense enough to hold tight to the one bit of luck that was ever put in your way?'

'Parson Trevennick was very good to me when my little maid was bad,' broke in Roskree, 'and so was Miss Trevennick; and if this business was going to make 'em suffer, rather than hold my tongue I'd putt a shillin' in the hand of every town-crier in Cornwall, and cry the new lode through the county.'

'You never had shillings enough for that job, Roskree,' rejoined Trefusis, 'and never will, if you don't show more sense. I didn't think you were such a soft fool!'

'Not exactly a fule,' answered Roskree, 'but I'm trying to be a durned rogne, and I baint half cut out for the character.'

'Well, well,' said Trefusis soothingly, 'I won't middle with the parson; and after all, I can only buy what other folks will sell; and buying and selling is no crime, Roskree. But don't despise the shares, men; although they cost little, they are worth a good deal.'

'Ees, us know that,' replied Roskree contentedly: 'the shares be really worth a pretty penny.'

'There's a brave heap of money yet in Wheal Tregartha,' added Edwards.

A moment later, to their utter dismay, a tall figure sprang up from the shadow of the next boat, and walked across the sand. 'Who's that?' shouted Trefusis: and the three leapt to their feet, and hastened after the retreating form.

'It's all right,' cried Roskree, who was foremost to the others; 'tis only Jan Pengelly;' and Edwards, hurrying up, repeated, in a tone of relief, 'All right, 'tis only Jan!'

Tall and lithe, with a mass of red hair, and clear-cut features, Jan Pengelly had the restless, over-eager look of one denied the full endowment of reason. His handsome face was not lacking in a certain wistful intelligence; but in spite of his twenty years it was a child's mind that looked out from his blue eyes, and he had all a child's simplicity and irresponsibility, with much of a child's swift intuition. In the idiom of the west country, Jan was 'half-mazed.' His fisherman's jersey was much mended, and he wore an old cap of otter-skin; and there was a touch of the picturesque in his bearing and gesture.

'What be 'ee down on the beach by yourself this time o' night for, Jan?' asked Edwards, overtaking him.

The answer came in a clear ringing voice: 'I was just watching the tide, and the moon, and the glory of the watter—'tis a brave, beautiful night!'

'Have 'ee been fishing to-day, Jan?' inquired Roskree.

'No,' replied Jan; 'I've been doing a bit of gardening up to the rectory, and clipping the hedges. And I've found a rare lot of purty stones, and heaped them up at the end of the garden for ferns to grow between; and Miss Trevennick's been mortal pleased with me all day.'

By this time they had reached the houses, and Edwards and Roskree said good-night and turned homewards, leaving the other two to continue their way to the farther end of the village.

'Jan,' said Trefusis, taking his arm as they walked together, 'did you hear anything said when you were lying down there in the boat?'

'Ees, I heard the words of all of 'ee,' was the reply.

'And what did you hear, Jan?'

'I heard 'ee talk about Parson Trevennick, and I heard old Edwards say, "There's a brave heap o' money in Wheal Tregartha;" but I reckon old Edwards is a fule. Ees, I heard the words of all of 'ee; but 'tis no odds to me.'

They had come to the captain's dwelling, and turning to the other, Trefusis said: 'Wait here a minute, Jan; I've got something to show you.' He entered the house, and re-appeared in a few moments with a leather case in his hand.

Looking fiercely in the lad's face, he said: 'Promise me, Jan, that you won't tell anybody what you heard Edwards, Roskree, and me talking about on the beach.'

Jan answered, 'Tis no business of mine. I won't tell anybody.'

Opening the case with a spring, the captain asked, 'Do 'ee know what these be, Jan?'

'Pistols!' cried the lad, shrinking back; 'putt 'em away, cap'n, do 'ee!'

Trefusis took out one of the weapons—it was beautifully made, and glittered in the moonlight—and with his face close to Jan's, he whispered hoarsely, 'Promise me, solemn!'

'I promise 'ee, solemn,' gasped Jan.

'When I was in Peru,' said the miner, 'among a rough lot of men that weren't exactly Methodists, I carried these pistols day

and night; and look here, my lad, if you say one single word to any living soul, as sure as your name's Jan Pengelly, I'll shoot 'ee like a dog!'

'I won't say wan word to a living sawl. I promise 'ee, solemn!' cried the terrified lad.

Trefusis returned the pistol to its case, and closing it, said, in a milder tone: 'And Jan, my boy, if you hold your tongue, and mind your own business, some fine day, perhaps, I'll give 'ee one of these pistols for yourself, to shoot the sea-birds.'

'No, no, cap'n,' protested Jan, 'I couldn't touch 'em, and I couldn't bear to shoot the say-birds; I stale their eggs, I knaw, but I wouldn't hurt a feather of 'em.'

So Captain Trefusis went into his house with his mind full of fear and suspicion of Jan Pengelly, and Jan went home to the widow's cottage, where he lodged, with the threat of the captain hissing in his ears, and the vision of the little glittering pistol haunting him.

#### POVERTY'S PLEASURES.

Is it not 'A.K.H.B.' who, in one of his charming 'Recreations,' deals gently and tenderly with the gradual abandonment of the high ambitions of youth? He notes how the aspiring lad, who keeps the Woolsack before his eyes as goal, is very well content, a few decades later, to have a modest practice at the Bar; or how the undergraduate who sees himself in imagination occupying Lambeth Palace at the very least, thinks himself fortunate at forty to be presented to a vicarage in Wales, with an income of two hundred a year.

Many of us fixed, during childhood—comparative childhood at least—the annual income which we considered would suffice us through life, and which we felt every confidence in being provided with by Providence. Few of us perhaps limited our requirements to the same modest scale as those of the poet, who

Often wished that he had clear  
For life six hundred pounds a year,

even when he hastens to add

A handsome house to lodge a friend,  
A river at my garden's end.

I remember that for many years I fixed five hundred pounds as the amount of annual income wherewith I could content myself. The means by which it was to be acquired occupied a very limited place in my forecast of the future. I suppose I had the universal Micawber trust in 'something turning up.'

In those days, and indeed in days comparatively recent, there was a formidable list of accessories, without which life did not seem to be worth mentioning. I doubt if I have any greater cause for self-gratulation than the fact that as my prospect, or rather my hope, of income has faded and died, my long list of apparent necessities has diminished in like proportion. Nay, more, Poverty herself, who in



the distance appeared forlorn and empty-handed, has brought with her pleasures which affluence never carries.

Time was that I envied with bitter, coveting envy those who rode, drove, and cycled; I decline to speak or write that up-to-date but altogether hideous word, to 'bike'—hideous as the curved back and widespread elbows of too many 'bikers,' and suggesting to one's mind nothing so much as a Cockney and his bread. But now they pass unheeded by; rubber-wheeled dogcart, swift and silent; light-footed, dainty-headed hack, with dancing steps; nor—unless, indeed, the rider be a dainty being of the gentle sex, with veiled, half-glancing eyes, and rosy, breeze-fanned cheeks—unless, I say, such a one be the occupant of the saddle, I pay no envious heed to cyclists, wheelists—or if they so desire to be called—'bikists,' glide they never so swiftly.

With not one of them would I exchange my benumbed boots, my tough ashen stick, and my knapsack; for from what an endless host of anxieties am I not free. Driving tours: riding tours; to sit day after day for four or five hours, with cramped legs and uneasy back, or stretched asunder in a saddle, while with measured pace you cover thirty or forty miles of carefully selected roads, your mind revolving a thousand cares. What power to charm will the finest scenery possess if the road threaten your springs, or a few hundred yards be newly stoned? Is your steed lively? The Fates will not need a traction-engine or a pot-shot to overthrow both yourself and your plans. Does he seem more than usually sluggish after leaving last night's halt? The thought suggests itself that while you were comfortably discussing your dinner, and eulogising the hotel cook's talent for *cûtes* and sweets, or deciphering brasses, and admiring mouldings in that delightful fourteenth-century church, your gallant grey, bay, or roan was being defrauded of his hard-earned supper by an ostler of indifferent moral perceptions. These be some of the pleasures of those who trust in the legs of a horse.

And where is the member of the Cyclists' Touring Club, who cannot, if he will, 'a tale unfold' of toil and disaster; of roads stony and steep; of thorn-pierced tyres, and broken saddle-springs, the disaster always occurring with wonderful precision at the farthest possible point from the nearest 'consul,' and where the village blacksmith knows not the cyclist nor his ways? And what does the devotee of the wheel, after all, see of the country, though he may fly through four or five counties in the day? Why, the veriest skirts of it only; the fringes of the district which are known to thousands of his fraternity. He skims on and on, at his ten or twelve miles an hour; he sleeps at one town, lunches fifty miles down the road, and has covered a hundred miles or more for his day's work. He visits the prescribed 'lions' of his path only. What does he see of the people and their local customs? what does he note of the changes of dialect from county to county? He sees the scenery to advantage, you say. Yes, but if there is a choice of roads before him, he eagerly chooses the flat one, which is probably the least pic-

turesque; and what does he see of shady by-lanes, field-paths, and remote hamlets? No, the cyclist may know the high-roads of half England, but he does not know the country.

But with the man to whom horse-flesh and 'latest makes' are inaccessible luxuries, and who trusts to nature and easy-fitting boots, it is different. His modest four miles an hour carries him half-way across a county in a day, and still leaves him time and vigour for one or two deviations from the road. His pace does not whirl him superciliously past the slow-footed, gazing country-folk. He can linger for a few moments to chat to the farmer, crossing the road to his fields; can stop and question the children who, pouring at noon out of school, stare wonderingly at the sunburnt man, with the schoolboy's satchel on his shoulder; or walk half a mile with the waggoner, and admire the grooming of his horses; or with the drover behind his flock—but this is, I admit, a somewhat dusty pleasure.

Oh, it is a supreme moment, one fit to have appeared in Mr Barry Pain's famous mirror, when in the fresh crispness of an early autumn morning, with a gray, billowy sky, and a gently-rising barometer, one shoulders the knapsack, seizes the homely ash stick, and 'takes the road.' Old and tried friends both stick and satchel; the former guiltless of ornament, save on the handle the dark natural polish begotten of years of contact with a caressing hand; and below, two or three roughly-cut dates and mountain names—English names only, as yet. What consideration has gone to the packing of the satchel, before the happy medium between one's needs on the one hand, and one's burden-bearing capacity on the other, has been hit. Shaving materials have been refused admission, a razor being a heavy thing for its size; besides, the cost of being shaved in a country town or village never exceeds twopence per diem—I have often been shaved for one penny—and the charge includes the barber's conversation, and your barber—I decline to relinquish the word for 'hairdresser,' as desired by certain of my friends—your country barber is a man of wide local information, and affable manners in imparting it.

A week's unalloyed pleasure lies before me as I tramp away over the firm clean roads, where the dust is laid as yet by the heavy dew. I have no unalterable course, no anxious fears as to the state of the roads; I am even fairly indifferent to the weather. In this much-maligned country it seldom rains all day; to the man of indoor habits it sometimes appears to do so, because the rain frequently falls when he wishes to go out, but that misfortune can hardly be laid to the door of the weather. He—the man—should alter his arrangements; it is palpably absurd to expect nature to take the role of the old man with his donkey, and attempt to suit thirty millions of people. But, out of doors, rain is not so bad as it looks; and if you are caught in a shower, and no inn, or farmhouse, or cottage is handy for shelter, there is usually a tree—the heaviest rain takes a long time to come through a fine elm in full leaf—or a high overhanging hedge or a haystack. The latter, however, is more of

a shield from wind than from rain. What a luxury it is on a cloudless March day, when the wind comes like a razor from the north-east, to gain the south side of the rick in a field corner. It is warmer than a feather-bed. Pity that the crowning luxury of a pipe must not follow the bread-and-cheese lunch, but that is out of the question; a powder-magazine would be as suitable a place.

Pleasanter than the sea-side of a rick, when twelve miles or more have been covered, and the unclouded sun is riding high, will be the cool parlour of some village inn, where I can linger lazily over home-baked bread, and cheese, and cool ruddy ale, and enjoy a guiltless and digestive whiff. Then, as the afternoon draws on, the march is resumed with somewhat slackened pace, and an ever-increasing readiness to pause and give due meed of admiration to any striking 'bit,' or to lean over the gates of cottage gardens and compliment neatly-capped old ladies on their stocks and asters.

And what possible power could a driving-tour possess of giving that happy anticipation of dinner which is felt as the day's goal draws near. And, the inn found, the dinner ordered and eaten, and the town inspected, if enough daylight remains for the purpose, what luxurious ease is mine as I settle myself in a corner of the leather divan in the cosy bar—that is, supposing principles permit this relaxation.

Mine do. 'Be it a weakness,' I must still admit that I can spend an evening hour very happily in such quarters. Settled in a corner, with 'something' before me—it is not necessary to particularise—and a clay pipe, about half the length of the time-honoured 'yard,' I can watch with keen interest the steady dropping in of the convivial citizens for their evening glass and chat. It is strange, indeed, if here one cannot add to one's store of local knowledge and 'table-talk.' If the oldest inhabitant is not present in person, there will be some one who is intimate with him—perhaps a son—who can retail his store of recollections. The landlord will listen to accounts of a day's walk with most gratifying interest; pedestrians are comparatively rare nowadays; tourists number tens of thousands, but they use the all-attractive wheel. So that the cyclist, once the object of curious attention wherever he rode, now scarcely causes a glance or a comment; the 'tramp,' knapsack on back, and stick in hand, excites far more remark.

How imposing and substantial the remittances which those men of might, the editors, sometimes send us, appear to the impecunious one! How they would dwindle and shrink—or seem to—if the income was suddenly doubled or trebled! It being what it is, what a fillip their arrival gives us. Instead of being mere 'drops in the bucket' of our means, they are charmingly out of proportion to our weekly, monthly, quarterly 'rentes.' Nothing like a minute income for enhancing the pleasure of the unexpected.

If only the editor was more liberal of his columns, I might enlarge on the conventionalities from the grasp of which poverty frees us—the functions some of us are spared for lack of a dress-coat. But it is needless; my

suppressed instances will suggest themselves to every fellow-pauper, who will smile with me at the sneer of those who may choose to insinuate that

The face of wealth in poverty we wear.

## A LOCAL VIEW.

By P. L. McDERMOTT.

### CHAPTER V.—BEYOND RECALL.

THE light frankness of young Farnley's manner and character, and his old-time relations with Mary Dalton as a playmate before he became a lover, dispensed perhaps with that need of observance which her position imposed upon another. When he first met the ladies at Herne Bay, holding out both hands to them, with the warmth of boyish sympathy, he did not hesitate for a moment to declare that he had followed them on learning, when he came home, where they had gone.

This frankness made any awkwardness of reserve impossible on either side, and he went to their lodgings to tea. There he related how, on reaching South Africa and going on to the Transvaal, he found everything so different from what his imagination had pictured, that the impulse to come home again at once possessed him. He did not yield to it at once, ingenuously confessing, with a half-shamed laugh, that he remained longer only for sake of appearance, and that he was convinced from the first hour of setting foot in Johannesburg that he had made a fool of himself. All this disarmed criticism; and he said that he would remain where he was until his father found some fresh work for him and summoned him back for it.

It was impossible to appear more harmless and undesigning than he showed himself for the next two or three days—meeting mother and daughter often (as was unavoidable in so small a place), but by no means intruding. Nevertheless, Mrs Dalton would rather he had not come there, and it was the uneasiness of of this thought that had prompted the postscript to Dr Maitland.

One advantage Farnley had derived, or seemed to have derived, from his brief foreign travel, appealed insensibly to Mary Dalton's approval. Without in the least losing the delicacy of his feminine face, he appeared to have lost a certain 'about-townish' air which had belonged to him before going away. Mary was quite unconscious of thinking about him; but she did make some mental comparisons, and began to open her mind to the insidious and dangerous opinion that, removed from the associations and influences of London, an improved identity began to assert itself in the young man.

It was at this critical stage that, walking one afternoon on the esplanade with her mother, Mary Dalton noticed herself several times regarded with apparent interest by a woman who, with some children, occupied one of the seats. The girl drew her mother's attention to the circumstance, but Mrs Dalton did not know the woman. Afterwards, when they

took a seat, and young Farmley returned from boating. Mary Dalton asked him if he knew the stranger.

The young man regarded the woman (who was some fifty yards away) for a second or two.

'I know the children,' he answered, 'and I suppose she is their mother. One of the little ones looks as if she had been ill. They are from Croham.'

Well, Croham was rather outside the sphere of Mary Dalton's home interests, and she dismissed the visitors from her thoughts. But later in the evening, when she was walking alone, Mary noticed the woman again, observing her as before; and now another idea came to her mind that awakened a new interest. If the child had been ill, and they came from Croham, they might know Dr Maitland.

So it happened, that the desire to talk about him to a stranger, led Mary to introduce herself to Mrs Brock, and to listen, after fifteen minutes' conversation, with surprise and pleasure to the story that Dr Maitland had heard. The result could not be otherwise than as the poor doctor had dimly feared—a warning of the girl's generous heart to a young fellow who concealed his good qualities even from those most intimate with him.

In the soft hour of sunset, when all the watering-place were sitting on the esplanade, Mr Frederick Farmley was perched on a boulder on the beach, with a large cigar in his teeth, apparently fishing with a string in a pool left by the retiring tide. The cigar seemed to be giving him trouble, either on account of its size or its refusal to smoke, and it occupied a good deal of his attention.

'How absurd! mamma,' said Mary Dalton, who had been watching him with amusement unusual to her of late. 'Look at Freddie Farmley trying to manage a big cigar. I suppose he brought that from South Africa. A cigarette, I fancy, is more according to his capacity.'

The young man seemed to be struck by some consideration of the same nature, for he took the cigar from his mouth, examined it gravely for a minute, and then, holding it up in apparent irresolution, cast it into the water. Mary smiled at the dénouement.

'I wonder what he can be fishing for, mamma? Might I go and see?'

'If you take care not to get your feet damp,' assented her mother with some reluctance, which she did not show.

He was smoking a cigarette now, with more satisfaction, and when the girl approached, he looked up without much appearance of interest.

'What are you trying to catch?' she asked.

'You will catch wet feet if you give another step forward,' he replied. 'Come round behind me; here is another stone which you can sit upon. I am trying to catch a young fish that its parents left behind in this little pool on their last tidal visit to these shores.'

'The fish is too wise to be caught by a bit of string,' said Mary.

'It isn't an attractive bait, I admit; but

there's no calculating on the foolishness of a young fish, especially in failing light. However, the enterprise is beginning to look a failure. Shall we go back?' he said, casting away the string.

She rose to accompany him, and when they reached the esplanade, he suggested a walk to the end along the beach.

'I was talking to Mrs Brock this evening, Freddie,' she said presently, in a low tone, 'and I heard something about you that surprised me.'

'It must have been something good, if that was the effect,' he answered, laughing.

'It was something good—something very generous,' she said, more warmly.

He seemed to divine her allusion, and turning quickly, betrayed genuine vexation. This did not pass unnoticed by the girl, and it added to her better opinion of him.

'It seems to annoy you to be found out, Freddie. I shall never speak of it again. But I couldn't help saying how—how glad it made me to learn it.' She said it very winsomely, and he was softened.

'Why glad, Mary?'

'You wrong yourself, by letting people think you are incapable of generous acts.'

After a pause he answered: 'Perhaps I do; but is it always—or ever—worth while to trouble about what people think? My experience, small as it is, goes to show that things of that sort mostly right themselves—I mean misapprehensions; and when they don't, it doesn't much matter.'

'But every one has some particular friends whom it is not right to mislead?'

'I—don't know, Mary,' he replied, with some hesitation; 'perhaps yes, and perhaps no. I will not deny, however, that I am pleased that—any discovery concerning me has made you glad. We have known each other a good while.'

There was no insinuation whatever in the manner of this speech, but Mary Dalton did not answer it, because it did nevertheless convey an insinuation that disturbed her.

'Talking about misapprehensions,' he resumed presently, after lighting another cigarette, 'if I chose, Mary, I could tell you something about one that would surprise you still more.'

'Concerning yourself?'

'Concerning me.' He halted, and touched her arm with his finger in a grave way very odd to him. 'Concerning me—and concerning your uncle. I confess it surprised me also.'

The girl did not know what to say. She glanced timidly at his face, and saw that he was quite serious. She felt, without clearly realising it, that she was on the brink of a discovery of great consequence to herself. Uncertain and nervous, she took refuge in instinct.

'Shall we go back to mamma?'

'I think so,' he answered quietly.

And during the walk back he said not another word on that topic, until they were approaching where Mrs Dalton sat.

'Mary,' he then inquired, 'does your aunt know of that matter you learned from Mrs Brock?'



'No.'

'Then promise me not to tell her.'

'I have already promised never again to speak of it, Freddie.'

He inclined his head to express his satisfaction with the assurance; and on Mary Dalton seating herself beside her mother, Farnley took the place on the other side of Mrs Dalton.

The conversation was commonplace, and Mrs Dalton was not long in noticing that it was mostly confined to herself and young Farnley. An unusual pensiveness had settled upon her daughter, and her silence was the more remarkable because she was attentive to everything that was said. Mrs Dalton was predisposed to be anxious, and she uneasily speculated as to whether anything serious had passed during the walk to the end of the esplanade.

Her anxiety made itself visible in a direction that had the result of adding to it.

'I suppose your father, Mr Farnley, has not yet found work for you? Why do you not go back to the bank?'

'I shouldn't care to go back to the bank,' he said, turning towards her as though the subject interested him. 'Banks as a rule are sorry drudgery. But father (I had a long letter from him this morning) has found a very desirable place, which he thinks I am fitted for—with only two drawbacks. The post is the secretaryship of a company.'

'Indeed? I am glad to hear of it. I am sure you would rather be at business, after your holiday.'

'You are quite right, Mrs Dalton; I am tired of idleness, and I am fond of work, when it is congenial. I confess I like very much the idea of this secretaryship.'

'And when do you go to commence your duties?' she inquired, with rising hope.

'The duties are waiting, if I succeed in getting the post. As I have said, there are drawbacks.'

For a moment he looked embarrassed, but soon shook it off. Mary Dalton had noticed the embarrassment, and the same instinct, shy rather than apprehensive, that had moved her before, impelled her now to interpose with the suggestion that the air was getting cool and her mother ought to come in. Mrs Dalton rose, and they walked towards their lodgings.

'The drawbacks are not serious, I hope,' the lady remarked. She was eager to convince herself that the young man was likely soon to go away.

Farnley laughed.

'That will be just as it happens,' he answered. 'One of them is my youth; but this, with a certain guarantee of stability, is not insuperable. It is the guarantee that is the main drawback.'

'A money guarantee?'

'Oh, not at all. Anything in that line, of course, my father could arrange at once. My late trip to Africa is a little against me. They want a—*a* visible guarantee,' he said, hesitating at the choice of words, 'that a flight like that is not likely to happen again.'

'In other words,' replied Mrs Dalton courageously, 'you will have to marry and settle down?'

'That's it, Mrs Dalton,' he said, with a slightly embarrassed laugh.

They were now at the door of the ladies' lodgings, and as it was too late to be asked in, he said good-night. Mary Dalton's face was coloured with a shy tinge as he turned away. She was conscious of the point to which matters were tending, and was impatient to shut herself in her own room.

## THE CASE OF THE TRAWLER AND THE LINE FISHERMEN.

By W. ANDERSON SMITH.

No part of the Scottish coast has been more before the public of late than that great bight on the north-east of Scotland called the Moray Firth. The press has teemed with paragraphs and articles thereanent, to the no small confusion of the lieges, who, as a rule, know little about a question they look upon as a storm in a teapot. Why has this particular indentation caused so much stir, and what is the character of a region of water that has made it the cynosure of neighbouring eyes? From time immemorial the district has been noted for the courage and skill of its line fishermen, who in small boats pursued the white-fishery with growing success. For the last century, since the fisheries were specially stimulated by an appreciative Government, a large amount of money has been spent around its shores. Not only has the Fishery Department—now the Fishery Board—expended money on some fifteen harbours, but the various burghs alongside have shown great enterprise and faith in their own future as fishery centres; while the proprietors—instance Lady Gordon Cathcart at Buckie—have displayed equal readiness to give freely for the stimulation of this great and important industry. A glance at the map in which railways are indicated will further show that quite a rivalry has existed in order to obtain a share in the transit of the great harvest of the sea from this firth; for some twenty termini or stations impinge upon its shores, and gather to the great centres of population the results of the fishermen's labour. These facts in themselves would make this great bight a national object of care and attention, more especially seeing that the fishing industry is undoubtedly that on which the north of Scotland mainly depends, and must continue to depend.

But a great change has come over the industry, and no part of the coast has suffered more from it than this. The introduction of beam-trawling was at first mainly confined to the English coast, where the waters are shallower and more workable. The vessels were also sailing-vessels, of comparatively small burden. The depression in the shipping-trade, however, threw a great number of steam-tugs idle for a time, and these having supplied themselves with beam-trawls, set about sweeping the shallow English seas; until the steady increase of the fleet, and the valuable pecuniary results for a time, gradually made the new departure less and less valuable. Deeper waters had to be attacked, more distant areas had to

be prospected, and soon the depths of the northern Scottish seas were scoured as persistently as had been the southern waters, now rendered unprofitable. Then Scottish capitalists entered in. A fleet hailed from Granton, and paid good dividends. The commercial instincts of Aberdeen were aroused, and the granite city first made a bold bid for the marketing of the products of the English fleet, now working freely off its coasts. It soon became, through its admirable arrangements, one of the greatest centres, and one of the most important fish-markets, in the kingdom. It could not long look on, however. Money rapidly gathered into the new and profitable industry, much of it at first said to have been from the agricultural community, who were glad of any prospect of return for money doing little good in their own depressed industry. The fleet increased rapidly, and the firth so close at hand was the natural ground for their operations. But here they came in contact with a fishing community equally progressive, equally energetic and capable, and who had invested enormous sums and the skill of a lifetime, as well as the transmitted knowledge of generations, in a totally different, and in most respects antagonistic system of fishing.

The grievance of the towns and fishing-villages of the Moray Firth may be said to be the same as that of all old systems in face of the new and more scientific. It has been compared with the complaint of the weavers against the great factories; and were it only this, while we might sympathise with and commiserate the smaller people, no modern Government could well propose to interfere in their behalf. If it were merely improved machinery against hand-labour, the fight would have to be left to the usual cruel arbitrament, the survival of the fittest. It is certain that both the trawlers and the line-fishers cannot have the fish, and if both are to continue to work over the same ground, some *modus vivendi* must be discovered to enable them to do so without serious friction. The difficulty of this is increased by the fact of steam being the motive-power in the trawling-vessels, while the ordinary line-boats are sailers. This enables the less honourable among the trawlers to evade their just responsibilities, and frequently to do direct injury to the fishing-gear of the ordinary fishermen without acknowledgment or capture. The consequent friction between the two classes is thus augmented, and the reckless conduct of a few is visited upon the many. The difference in invested capital between the two classes is also much overstated as a rule. If we take the capital invested in the boats and gear of a great line-fishing centre such as Buckie, it is probably equal to that of Aberdeen tied up in trawlers. For the cost of the improved line-boats, with the necessary equipment, now ranges from seven to nine hundred pounds, and they are manned by a body of seamen that any country might be proud of, and should secure by all reasonable protection. These boats are mainly manned and handled by those who own them; while the capitalists who own the trawling-vessels, with only one or two real seamen on board, are seldom interested in them beyond

the financial returns. The liners are also the mainstay of numerous comfortable fishing-villages, where the standard of life has been steadily rising, and the conditions are more wholesome, both for the individuals and the country, than those of the more important centres. These are all reasons advanced in favour of the line-boats, by those who look upon the question from a national point of view, and are desirous of preventing that exodus into populous haunts on the part of the fishing population, that has been so much deprecated on the part of the agriculturists.

For the most part these are at present looked upon as merely sentimental reasons, and have no real weight with the modernist, demanding cheap and plentiful production, and regardless of consequences, which are expected to 'adjust themselves' in the long-run, whoever may go to the wall in the meantime. The trawlers produce cheap fish in quantity at the least cost of labour and material, and the community is the gainer thereby, say the advocates of the new and wholesale method of capture. There is doubtless much to be said for this view, and the further fact that it is easier and cheaper to construct a few great self-supporting harbours, than to erect a crowd of small boat-harbours along the coast, appeals to any Government continually called upon for aid in this direction. Still the destruction of a large, scattered, wholesome, coast population cannot be looked forward to with equanimity; and the passing of the fishing industry into the hands of a comparatively few capitalists, employing few reliable seamen, can only be justified on grounds of unquestionable public utility.

I will leave aside the objection that the trawlers are accustomed to sweep the seas on Sundays, when the conscience of the ordinary toiler of the sea will not permit him to labour. In these days this is looked upon by many as also a purely sentimental objection. The main question for the utilitarian is, does the nation as a whole benefit by this new system? And is the population along the Moray Firth meantime to be permanently injured, with the probability that they will be ultimately summoned back again to the old work when too late, the fisheries having been vitally injured along with themselves?

To give an idea of the population interested, it may be enough to say that of the 25,000 fishermen of the East coast, upwards of 14,000 are credited to the district closed, between Duncansby Head and Rattray Head; that they own considerably more than half the boats, of considerably more than half the tonnage, representing upwards of £650,000, of the one and a half million invested in boats and gear, on the East coast. They are further credited in the official returns with the capture of more than one-third of all the fish taken on that coast. But as these hardy men land their fish-catch everywhere, it is difficult to follow their movements, or to decide to whom the various captures properly appertain.

This region of line and drift-net fishermen, then, complain that the interloping beam-trawling fleet is destroying their finest fishing-grounds; that they do this by churning up the bottom so as to destroy the spawning beds, clearing

away the fish food, as well as the 'food of the fish food;' and that they continue the competition ashore, by throwing quantities of inferior, rough-handled fish on the market, to the destruction of legitimate trade and the creation of starvation prices. They further complain that multitudes of immature, unsaleable fish are captured in the beam-trawl, that would otherwise be left to mature and restock the ground. These are all serious allegations and demand close examination, more especially in the light of the acknowledged clearance of the English seas by the trawling fleet, now seeking fresh fields. It is impossible to deny that a certain amount of injury is done in the shallower and more confined waters inshore, by the traversing of beam-trawls continually. This is quite compatible with a *per contra* in the shape of injurious fish—such as the 'angler'—taken in vast numbers, to the advantage of the commercial fishes; and also of great numbers of the predatory white-fish removed from feeding on the herring roe in the season. It cannot be denied also that the turbot and other similar flat-fish are mainly captured by the trawl. A very considerable number of immature and unmarketable fish are likewise unfortunately destroyed by the liners. I am of opinion, however, that the balance of evidence is against beam-trawling inshore, and that the trawlers would not be unwilling to acknowledge this, and accept the result, if they had any assurance that all would be treated alike. But so long as reckless skippers will take great risks for great hauls over virgin ground that has been protected, others will feel forced to follow suit. There is a danger of allowing our sympathies with true fishermen to prevent us from doing justice to these more mechanical toilers. This has been the cause of a certain revulsion of feeling in opposition to the expanding demands of the liners. The three-mile limit seems reasonable to a landsman; and the thirteen miles now demanded appeals to outsiders as a violent leap. How much more the whole Moray Firth, with its ninety miles across from Head to Head! Yet thirteen miles off-shore is but a small matter, and only about an hour's run to sea for a good bout, such as most trawling-vessels are. At the same time it leaves a plentiful acreage of sea-bottom to act as a nursery, as well as a fishing-ground for the older men unable to go the long runs now made to sea by even the medium-sized line-boats.

The call for the closing of the Moray Firth accordingly represents a struggle for a great principle, as well as the desire to accentuate a noted fact. It is the greatest and most valuable fishing-ground, in one workable area, on the Scottish coast. It is a recognised spawning-ground for some of the most useful commercial fishes, as well as a great herring-fishery. Around its margin the railways have fought for the fish traffic, and harbours and piers have been constructed by every possible authority; from the gigantic but hopeless failure at Wick, to the latest fiasco at Balantore. As a fact, it remains the most important fishery coast of Scotland; as a protesting centre, it represents the struggle of a scattered population of liners and drift-net fishermen against the dominion of machinery and

the evil of centralisation—in fact, against revolution in a trade that loves not revolution, and is of too delicate an organisation for rough experiments. I, for one, should be sorry to see this splendid race of civilised Vikings losing their birthright, and becoming unable to traverse the whale-bath successfully. It may be that they ask too much; but they cannot get too much, for their deserts are great! The trawlers are undoubtedly not an unmitigated evil even within limited areas; but the fishermen of the Moray Firth are unquestionably an admitted blessing to a nation. The Moray Firth as now closed should be easily patrolled, and so long as this is the case, the utmost care should be taken to secure, as far as possible, the well-being of a race of which the country has every reason to be proud.

#### MICHAEL DARCY'S HEIRESS.

'Now for it,' I said to myself, as I undid the twine binding my precious volumes together, and prepared to examine them more carefully than I had had time to do since I unearthed them from the little, dark, second-hand book-shop that afternoon. There was nothing remarkable about them; no rare editions of well-known classics, no long-forgotten books, valuable from their very obscurity; merely a few bound volumes of old magazines, and a couple of the novels which had delighted me as a boy, and which from old association were more precious in their original type and polished leather binding than in the spruce modern editions. Best of all was a copy of Dickens's *Master Humphrey's Clock*, with the woodcuts that cannot now be reproduced. As I turned them over, I became a boy again, sitting in the old apple-tree at the end of the garden at home, devouring the thin, paper-covered instalments of the stories; laughing and sometimes crying over them, as the present day school-boys, well crammed and carefully examined students of literature as they are, are too critical to do. I adjusted my reading-lamp, drew my chair closer to the fire, and forgetting alike the cup of coffee at my side and the patient whose unusual symptoms had worried me all day, I lost myself in the company of Nell and her grandfather, Mrs Jarley, Miss Brass, and the Marchioness, seeing them with the boy's eyes, and adding to the pen and pencil sketches a roundness and completeness of detail drawn from my imagination of fifty years ago, and utterly lacking to my reading of later life.

When I had gone more than half through the second volume, I came upon a large sheet of thin paper, covered with neat, cramped writing. I took it out and looked at it. A moment's inspection showed me that it was a will, written throughout in the handwriting of the testator, Michael Darcy, and dated two years before. It left interest in the farm of Carrignalea, with stock and implements, to testator's brother, Patrick Darcy, who was also named residuary legatee, while the sum of three thousand pounds in railway stock and other investments was bequeathed to 'my late wife's niece, Anastasia French.' It was, as far as I could judge, and I have had some experience in matters of the kind, properly executed, signed, and witnessed.



It was odd to find an important document of this sort hidden away between the leaves of a book. Had Patrick Darcy and Anastasia French been left without their inheritance in consequence, I wondered. And a picture rose up in my mind of a helpless elderly woman ending her days in poverty, because the paper which would have secured her independence was not to be found.

What an old fool I was to be sure. For all I knew, Michael Darcy might be still alive, and live to make half-a-dozen fresh wills. Or even if he were dead, the chances were that this was an old will, revoked by the existence of a later one, and of no more account than any other slip of paper used to mark a book. Why had I not thought of so obvious an explanation before? I would make some inquiries about the matter next day, however; it would be easy to find out all about Michael Darcy of Carrignalea. Meantime, the will could remain between the leaves of *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

But the morrow found me flying along by express train to the bedside of my only son, who had met with a dangerous accident. And for many weeks I could think of nothing but him, and of the best means of snatching him from the extended arms of death. And when, by God's mercy, he was once more as safe from those clutches as any one of us can ever be, Michael Darcy, his will, heirs, and executors, had faded out of my mind as completely as if they had never entered it, and the will was resting undisturbed in its hiding-place among my books.

Some twelve months later, I went in the regular course of my practice to visit an old friend, who was suffering from an acute attack of pneumonia. She was an elderly lady, living alone some two or three miles outside the city. Her servants were faithful and attached, but in the absence of relatives I thought it better to insist on the services of a trained nurse. I therefore gave Mrs Power's maid a note addressed to the matron of a nursing institution in the city, asking her to send me, if possible, one of two nurses whom I named; or, if this was out of her power, to send some one on whom she could thoroughly rely. On my return next morning, I found, not indeed one of my old friends, but a bright, capable-looking young woman, whose manner of answering my questions and taking my directions impressed me favourably. She told me that she had not long returned from her course of training in one of the London hospitals, and that this was the first serious case of which she had had sole charge. As the case, though serious enough, was a simple one, I had no hesitation in leaving the nursing of it in her hands, and a few days' observation showed me that even had it been far more complicated I should have been fully justified in so doing. She was an excellent nurse, alert and watchful, knowing exactly what to do, and doing it with the quiet ease that comes of long practice. As the patient grew better, and I had time to notice less important details, I perceived that Sister Anna, besides being an excellent nurse, was a very attractive young woman. She had pretty brown hair with golden lights in it, waving and rippling all over a well-shaped, well-set

head; her eyes were dark brown, and her complexion, though pale, clear and healthy-looking. She was fairly tall, and very well built, with a look of strength and vitality pleasant to see. Her voice was low-toned and pleasant, while her choice of words and manner of speaking showed her to be an educated woman. Mrs Power was delighted with her, and spoke much of the pleasure she felt in having so intelligent and sympathetic a companion. Altogether, I thought I had reason to congratulate myself and my professional brethren on the addition to the nursing staff at our disposal.

Late one October afternoon, after a hard day's work, I drove down to Lisfallan to visit my patient, whom I had not seen for two or three days. I found Mrs Power alone in the little morning room where she usually sat, although Sister Anna's knitting-basket and web of crimson fleece gave token of her recent presence.

'Where is the sister?' I asked, during a pause in the gossip with my old friend which succeeded our brief professional interview.

'Look out of the window,' was the reply.

I went over to the deep bay-window, which formed one end of the room, and looking across the long garden, stretching behind the house, beheld Sister Anna, her prim cap laid aside, her pretty head showing above the soft gray shawl in which she had wrapped herself; and walking by her side a tall figure which I did not at first recognise. This was Laurence, Mrs Power's nephew. He was clerk in a bank, and hoped soon to be made manager of a country branch.

The young people were by this time coming up the steps leading from the garden, and presently they entered the room. Sister Anna came forward to speak to me, a pink flush on her usually pale cheek, a new light in her pretty brown eyes. Laurence Moore stood behind her, an expression of supreme content on his handsome face, while Mrs Power looked on, quiet and keen-eyed. I wondered if she were quite satisfied at the turn affairs seemed to be taking.

Sister Anna went over to her patient and made some change for the better in the arrangement of her wraps and cushions. She then seated herself in her usual low chair at the opposite side of the fire. After a few minutes' more talk I went away, Laurence Moore accompanying me to the door with an additional touch of *empressment* in his always pleasant manner.

'I wonder if he looks on me in the light of a parent or guardian to be propitiated,' I said to myself with some amusement, as I settled myself comfortably in the brougham. 'I think I shall refuse my consent—whatever may be its value. That girl is a capital nurse, much too good to be monopolised by any one man.'

About ten days later, on my next visit, I was more pleased than surprised to be introduced to Sister Anna in the character of Mrs Power's future niece, although I did mingle some selfish regrets with my congratulations.

'Oh,' said Sister Anna, laughing, 'I am not going to desert my post yet a while. It is only to be an engagement for a long time to

come, and must not be spoken of. I think I can promise not to let any thought of the future interfere with my work in the present, Dr Moran. I will put Laurence out of my head when once I enter a sick-room.'

'I am afraid it has to be a long engagement,' said Mrs Power. 'They cannot think of marrying until Laurence is a manager, and even then it would be wiser to wait until he has saved something. You know mine is but a life income, so that beyond some plate or an outfit of table linen I can do nothing to help.'

Sister Anna made it clear that she did not mind waiting. Then the conversation drifted to the subject of a former talk about artificial hearts made of india-rubber, which were warranted, according to Sister Anna, 'never to ache.'

'Come, Anna; you cannot know much about heartaches, at any rate.'

'Indeed, I had many a one the time of my uncle's death,' she answered. 'I do not know what I should have done, had I not been compelled to rouse myself and work.'

'Did your uncle know you would have to work?' asked Mrs Power.

'No; he thought that he had provided for me. In fact, I am sure that he did so; but the will could never be found, so everything went to his brother.'

'His brother?' But why did not you, his niece, come in for your share?

'Don't you see, although I called him uncle, I was only his wife's niece, and in reality no relation whatever. My aunt was living when I first came to them, so long ago that I can scarcely remember it; but she died soon after, and then my uncle and I took care of each other. The old house was a pleasant place: it did not look like a farmhouse, for there were trees about it, and an old orchard and garden. I took care of the garden. I wanted to manage the dairy, too, but uncle said the work would be too heavy for me—we had a good many cows—so there was a regular dairymaid, who never allowed me to interfere. I found it hard to get cream for uncle's tea sometimes; and I had to steal it when I wanted to make a hot cake,' she added, laughing.

'How did you employ yourself?' asked Mrs Power.

'Oh, I had the house to attend to, and the poultry-yard, as well as the garden. And then I used to read a good deal: uncle had quite a collection of books. He had been buying them all his life, chiefly second-hand ones. We used to get catalogues of second-hand books from the London dealers, and sent for those we fancied most. It was like putting into a lottery. I believe some of the books were valuable. There was an old copy of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, with pictures in it, that used to delight me when I was a child: pictures of Nell, and Quilp, and Dick Swiveller. I used to think how nice it would be if uncle and I could go wandering about the world like Nell and her grandfather; having the farm to come back to when we were tired, of course.'

The words 'his wife's niece' had somehow seemed familiar to me, but it was not until

the allusion to *Master Humphrey's Clock* had supplied another link in the chain, that there flashed into my mind the remembrance of the will hidden in the old copy at home: Michael Darcy's will, with its bequest to 'my wife's niece, Anastasia French.' I could hardly keep the excitement out of my voice as link after link in the chain of evidence was supplied, in answer to my questions. I found that her real name was Anastasia French, now cut down to Anna French; that her uncle's name was Michael Darcy, and his farm was known as Carrignalea. In reply to my query as to her reasons for believing that her uncle had made a will in her favour, she said:

'After my poor uncle got the paralytic stroke of which he died, he made several attempts to speak; and as far as we could understand, his words were always about money, and about having "made it all right for Annie." Besides, our old servant always declared that about a week before his illness he had called her and another woman, who was accidentally in the house, into the sitting-room, and made them witness a paper, which he said was a will. When they had finished signing, he said, half to himself: "Now, my mind is at rest about Annie."'

'Why did he not get the will properly drawn up by a solicitor?'

'He was fond of reading law-books, and knew something about law himself. He has sometimes made wills for other people, and I never heard that there was anything wrong about them.'

'And the will could not be found?'

'The will could not be found. We hunted everywhere for it in vain, and then Patrick Darcy said he did not believe it had ever existed, and that old Margaret had invented the whole story. The other woman had left the neighbourhood by that time. Patrick Darcy offered to give me some money, but I refused to take a gift from him. I knew one of the nurses in the sisterhood here at Marshport; she had been nursing a lady in our neighbourhood the winter before: so I wrote to her, and she got me taken as a probationer. I was there for six months, and then I went to London to be trained. I intended to revolutionise the whole art of nursing, but now Laurence has spoiled all my plans.'

There was no doubt that this was the heiress of the will in my possession: the question was, Did the three thousand pounds still exist, or had the heir-at-law made away with it?

'What kind of man is this Patrick Darcy?' I asked.

'A hard man. Very close about money. He is a good deal younger than my uncle.'

'Is he married?'

'No, he never married; his one idea is to save money. I don't know what will become of it when he dies, for he has no one of his own.'

This was satisfactory; and I took my leave as soon as I could, feeling a little ashamed of my apparently motiveless curiosity, which, I could see, surprised my old friend somewhat.

The first thing I did on reaching home was to take *Master Humphrey* from the book-shelves,



and make sure that the will was quite safe. Next morning I took it to my own solicitor, who assured me that it was a valid will, properly executed. He also promised to make inquiries about Patrick Darcy. And these inquiries proved satisfactory; for, in a few days, he informed me that Patrick Darcy was a well-to-do man, and a mark for a far larger sum than the one due to Anastasia French.

A day or two later, therefore, I presented myself again at Mrs Power's.

'I have brought you a wedding-present, my dear,' I said to Sister Anna, handing her the three volumes of *Master Humphrey*.

'Of course,' I added, seeing the look of surprise that Mrs Power could not entirely conceal, 'you shall have the orthodox bracelet or claret-jug later on: this is only a preliminary.'

'Indeed, Dr Moran,' said Sister Anna, 'I don't think anything could give me greater pleasure than this: it is just like the copy of *Master Humphrey* we had at home. Why, I do believe it is the actual book. Here is the very pencil-mark that poor uncle was so angry with me for making. Where did you get this, Dr Moran? Was it from Patrick Darcy?'

'I bought it, my dear, at a second-hand book-shop, a year or two ago. It was only the other day I discovered that you had an interest in it. Turn to the picture of Barnaby and his raven. I think you will find something there that concerns you.'

She turned the pages with a practised hand, until she reached the one she sought.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'here is my uncle's writing. How strange it seems to find it here.'

'Read it,' I said.

She glanced quickly over it, the colour fading out of her cheek as she did so. 'It is the will,' she gasped—'my uncle's will.'

Mrs Power was by her side in a moment.

'Nonsense, Annie; how could your uncle's will have found its way into Dr Moran's book? Here, let me see it.' And she took the paper from the girl's passive hand.

Anastasia French looked at me questioningly.

'Yes, my dear,' I said, 'it is all right; I have shown the will to my solicitor, and he says that you will have no difficulty in making good your claim to the money your uncle intended for you.'

'But I do not understand,' said Mrs Power. 'How did the will come into your possession, Dr Moran?'

'When I bought these books, with some others, I found the will lying as you see, between the leaves. I thought that it was probably a discarded will, invalidated by the existence of a later one. I meant, however, to make some inquiries about it; but, before I had time to do so, I received the news of Philip's accident, which put all minor matters out of my head for a long time. I forgot all about the will, until it was recalled to my mind a few days ago by the sound of the name Anastasia French. You must forgive me for my carelessness, my dear; it is owing to me that you did not come into possession of your money a year ago.'

'I am more grateful to you, if possible, for having forgotten the will last year, than for

having remembered it now. Had you made its existence known a year ago, I would not, in all probability, be here to-day.'

'I did not think of that aspect of the case. Then you would have given up nursing had you known that you need not do so as a means of livelihood?'

'Certainly not; but I should in that case have done volunteer work, and so never have known Mrs Power.'

'Nor Laurence,' supplemented that lady. 'I think he has the strongest motive of all for being grateful to Dr Moran. But what has become of this money now? Annie's uncle has been dead three years.'

'The money is perfectly safe, and probably well invested. Mr Patrick Darcy is, by all accounts, not at all the man to let money lie idle.'

'And can Annie get it back?'

'Certainly; there will be little or no difficulty about that. So you may begin to see about your trousseau at once, Miss Annie. I suppose the marriage need not be delayed now,' I said, turning to Mrs Power.

'Certainly not. Three thousand pounds will make all the difference between a foolish marriage and a prudent one. Don't you think you could be ready in six weeks, Annie?'

'I do not know about that, said Annie, 'but I am certain Laurence could not. Had we not better say six months, Mrs Power?'

As a matter of fact, however, the marriage took place the following spring. Laurence was manager of a country branch of his bank by that time, so that the young people had to make their home in a small seaport town some thirty miles from Marshport.

My wedding-present to Sister Anna did not, after all, consist of either bracelet or claret-jug, but of a small collection of books, some of them her old favourites, others specimens of more modern literature. I have not yet seen her home; but she writes me word that *Master Humphrey's Clock* stands in the middle of the book-shelves, more prized almost for having belonged to Michael Darcy than for having been for so long the safe resting-place of his missing will.

#### DRAUGHTS: A POPULAR INDOOR GAME.

As recreation should play an important part in every wisely-ordered life, it is gratifying to observe the growing popularity of certain games. Happily, in these days there are pastimes to suit persons of all ages and conditions. Among outdoor games golf, football, and cycling have made the most notable advancement. In fact, in some circles these have become a sort of fetish. But while the devotees of these exhilarating pursuits have been increasing by leaps and bounds, pastimes, which make a greater demand on the intellectual powers, have been receiving more and more attention. Whist is as popular as it is delightful; chess numbers its followers by thousands; and draughts, which forms the subject of this

article, can boast of its tens of thousands of ardent and more or less advanced students. There are flourishing draughts clubs in all the big towns in Britain, and in most of those in the United States and Australia. In the numerous mechanics' institutes and recreation rooms throughout the country, draughts players have admirable facilities for improving their knowledge of the intricacies of the pastime. Scores of weekly newspapers set apart a considerable portion of their space for problems, games, and news-notes. Not only that, but there are several monthly magazines devoted exclusively to the game.

Draughts is a ubiquitous recreation. It is loved by high and low, rich and poor. The workman, after the labours of the day, solaces himself with a pipe and a game; and the sailor, between his watches, beguiles in a similar way many an otherwise tedious hour. The great Bismarck is very fond of the pastime, and he is said to possess the finest board in the world. The pieces and squares are of gold and silver, with a diamond in the middle of each silver square and a ruby in the centre of each draughts-'man.' But the costliness of the implements does not necessarily imply first-class play or increased enjoyment, and it may safely be assumed that the pleasure of the country yokel is not lessened one whit by the fact that he only plays with a home-made board and bits of cork as pieces. In this connection, draughts is not unlike angling. How often have we known the daintily-dressed city man with elaborate and expensive tackle whip a stream all day to little purpose, while a country lad with the rudest appliances would kill a few pounds of excellent fish. In an analogous manner many a good draughts player has acquired his skill by the use of the commonest kind of board and pieces. As a matter of fact, we have seen many a fine game played with potato chips on a sheet of paper. With the view of assisting some charitable institution, games are sometimes contested with living pieces—that is, boys or girls in fancy costumes act as the 'men.' A match of this kind took place at Nottingham a few months ago.

Draughts in some shape or form is doubtless a very ancient pastime. Indeed, the safest thing to say about it is that its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Representations of persons playing at a game resembling draughts are frequently found on ancient Egyptian monuments at least three thousand years old. The Greeks had a similar game, from whom possibly it passed to the Romans. At least the old Roman game of *latrunculi* seems to have been a kind of draughts—though it is doubtful if the game as now played is very ancient. The game was popular and well known in France and Spain in the seventeenth century, and was probably played there and in England centuries before that. That it was from France the game came into many of the other countries is evident from the fact that the French name—*jeu de dames*—passed with it. *Dam* or *dame* was once the regular English name for one of the pieces; in Germany the game is still called *damespiel*; in Holland the board is *dam-bord*, and in Scotland (as will be remembered by readers of Dean Ramsay's anecdotes) *dambrod* still

survives. In the United States the less usual name of *chequers*, spelt *checkers*, is employed. Polish, Spanish, Italian, and Turkish draughts are varieties of the same game. The Polish game, which has several peculiarities, was introduced to Paris in 1723, and was at first played on a board of a hundred squares, with forty men.

Draughts is very easily learned, but it is by no means an easy game. In a few minutes one can understand the moves, but years of assiduous study and practice are required before the subtleties of this profound intellectual pastime can be mastered. The great Scottish player, James Wyllie, who is seventy-seven years of age, and who is known throughout the English-speaking world as 'the Herd Laddie'—a sobriquet which has stuck to him since 1832, when his master, a Biggar cattle-dealer, introduced him, a boy of fourteen, to the Edinburgh 'cracks'—has played the game incessantly since boyhood, and he affirmed recently that he is still discovering new and beautiful lines of play. Wyllie is the high-priest of draughts, just as Tom Morris is the high-priest of golf, in virtue of years, brilliant performances, and recognised worth of character. Considering his age he plays a remarkably fine game. One has sorrowfully to admit, however, that he is past his best, as his great match last year with Ferrie showed. All the same, his record as a match-player will probably never be excelled. Wyllie is short in stature with a big bald head, bright eyes, and round ruddy face. For many years, when travelling from town to town for the purpose of playing exhibition games, he wore a woollen cravat and a Kilmarnock bonnet. He now appears in club rooms with a neat collar and a natty smoking-cap. While on his way to a draughts players' 'howf,' it is recorded that he was caught in a heavy shower of rain, and got his umbrella thoroughly soaked. By the time he finished play, the watery clouds had rolled past and the sun was shining brightly. As soon as he got outside he put up his umbrella. A friend who was with him said: 'Man, Jamie, it's no rainin' the noo.'—'No,' replied Wyllie, 'but my umbrella's wat.' Wyllie has travelled extensively, having made long tours in the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, where he met all classes of players. Walking is his only physical exercise, and a few miles daily are sufficient to keep him in good health. He neither smokes nor drinks.

Another grand old man of draughts is Robert Martins—a Scotsman by adoption, but an Englishman by birth. He is the junior of Wyllie by a few years, and he is also an ex-champion of the world. In personal appearance he is the reverse of the 'Herd Laddie,' being tall, pale-faced, and long-headed. He is courteous in manner, and very cautious in expressing an opinion about a knotty point in a game, always prefacing his remarks by 'I think,' or 'I'm not sure.' He and Wyllie have played no fewer than six championship matches, the net result of which is that Wyllie is three games ahead, while Martins's pocket is the gainer by twenty pounds. The last important match Martins engaged in took place in Glasgow



nine years ago, when C. F. Barker of Boston defeated him by three wins to one with forty-five drawn games. For many years Wyllie and Martins have acted as peripatetic instructors to the ambitious draughts players of England and Scotland. Their services are constantly in request, and proud, indeed, is the budding champion when he manages to draw a game with either of the veterans. Skill at draughts is not usually associated with the musical faculty, but Martins, and another celebrated player, James Moir, are notable exceptions. The former is a skilful violinist, while the latter possesses a rich, well-trained tenor voice.

The champion of the world (until beaten by Jordan in Glasgow, on June 19) was James Ferrie, born at Greenock of Irish parents in 1857. He has played draughts since boyhood, and when only eighteen years of age, he carried off the championship of the Greenock Welling-ton Draughts Club. Next year he won the first prize in the Glasgow Central Club handicap, and he has contested numerous matches and has never been defeated until this year in a set encounter, his most important victories having been over Reed of America, Bryden of Glasgow, and Wyllie. He met the last-named gladiator in Glasgow last year. The match attracted a great deal of attention, and was perhaps the most important contest of the kind ever played. It was in truth the meeting of a man in his prime, with one whose intellectual vigour, great as it had been, had now begun to show signs of decay. From the very first the issue was never in doubt, and when the 88th game ended in a draw, it was mutually agreed to terminate the match, the score then being—Ferrie, 13 wins; Wyllie, 6 wins; drawn, 69. All the openings were tried, and many beautiful lines of play disclosed. An interesting fact in connection with the encounter was that Wyllie only secured one game with the white pieces, while Ferrie's wins comprised seven with the black and six with the white men. Ferrie, who is a joiner, is a singularly unassuming person. In helping to remove the difficulties of a beginner he is always ready to oblige.

In addition to these worthies there is a number of younger and just as brilliant players in Scotland. In R. Jordan, Edinburgh (champion of the world for 1896), R. Stewart (champion of Scotland for 1894 and 1895), and G. Buchanan, the 'Land o' Cakes' can boast of three youthful checkerists whose equals are not to be found in Christendom. Buchanan is known as 'the Glasgow prodigy,' and is not yet out of his teens. There are several very able players in England, notably Jordan, Richmond, Beattie, Gardner, Jewitt, Christie, and Birkenshaw, but the best of them are no match for an equal number of Scottish 'cracks.' Two international matches have already taken place—one in Glasgow and the other in London—and both ended in victories for the northern players. In America there are three first-class men—C. A. Freeman, C. F. Barker, and J. P. Reed.

The literature of the game is very extensive. Probably no other pastime can boast of so many explanatory handbooks. The first treatise of which we have any record was published in

Spain by Torquemada in the sixteenth century. A century later the works of Canalejas and Gareez appeared, the former in 1650 and the latter in 1685. Canalejas was an enthusiast, and in his introduction he said: 'Draughts may be likened to the game of life, seeing that we have at one time the pieces, diverse in their values, figuring on the board, but eventually, whether queens or pawns, swept without distinction from their brief authority, and entombed upon an equality in the sepulchre; it is also a lively image of war, when the least error or a neglected stratagem occasions the loss of the battle.' A French manual was published in 1668 under the title of *Jeu de Dames*. The compiler was Pierre Mallet, mathematician to the king of France, who was so confident in his own powers that he challenged in quaintly humorous terms any Christian or barbarian champion to play him a match for a dozen pistoles. The pioneer of British draughts literature was William Payne, a teacher of mathematics, who published a treatise in 1756. The special feature of this work is the dedication, which was composed by the great Dr Johnson, who was particularly fond of the game.

Payne was followed by Joshua Sturges, who issued his *Guide to the Game of Draughts* in 1800. Sturges (a revised edition of whose work was published last December) placed the game on a thoroughly scientific basis, and greatly improved and extended the play of his predecessors. Scotsmen now stepped into the arena, and for many years monopolised attention by the number and brilliancy of their productions. A Glasgow man, J. Sinclair, set the ball a-rolling, to use a football simile, in 1832; John Drummond, who was never beaten in a match, gave it a vigorous kick with his first edition in 1838; and W. Hay kept it moving smartly with his volume, which appeared in the same year. In 1848 the great Andrew Anderson, one of the finest players the world has seen, who had the best of a series of matches with Wyllie, published his first edition at Lanark, followed four years later by his celebrated 'second edition,' a work for which as much as twenty-five shillings have been given. This book, after being corrected and amplified by R. McCulloch, is recognised as the standard work to-day. Among the later contributors to the literature of the game may be mentioned Spayth, Barker, Robertson, Bowen, Hill, Lees, and Kear.

Beginners often imagine that experts employ some mysterious mathematical rule, but there is no secret or royal road to a mastery of draughts. In this connection the old darkey's description of how he trained mules may be quoted: 'Rules, sah! golly da ain't 'zactly no rules for a mule, sah. Dah's such a heap o' variety in the critters; for a rule dat would work wif dis animal ain't worf a cent wif that yeller cuss! Dah's so many sudden turns an' tantrums 'bout a Kentucky mule that a rule wouldn't work no better nor a last year's almanac! The principal thing, sah, is to keep away from his hoofs—hang on to patience and perseverance, an' always keep yo' eye peeled an' yo' intellec' a-workin'.' While it is true that great draughts players, like great chess players,

are born, not made, considerable skill may be acquired by studying the best works and practising with first-class players. It has been asserted that all the moves are to be found in the books. This is not so. No doubt thousands of variations have been published, but there are numerous bypaths which have never been adequately explored. Keen analysts are constantly discovering new moves, but many of these they very excusably keep to themselves for use in match play.

It has occasionally been stated that chess is a more scientific game than draughts. This view is not supported by those who play both pastimes equally well. Undoubtedly the end games in draughts are far more subtle than those in chess. There is, for instance, no ending in chess which excels in beauty and ingenuity the 'first position' in draughts. Moreover, after a premature move has been made, the player has more opportunities of recovering himself in chess than in draughts. Continuing the comparison, it must be admitted that chess permits of more scope for the imagination, while draughts demands greater accuracy. Chess may be likened to a regiment of cavalry, and draughts to a battalion of infantry. Generally speaking, the former will attract the individual with an impetuous temperament, while the latter will fascinate the person with a more calculating and logical mind. All the same, the impulsive man and the plodder are to be found among the devotees of each recreation.

While draughts is a keen intellectual exercise, perhaps too much has been made of it as a discipliner of the mind. It is certainly not so efficacious in this respect as mathematics. But it distinctly fosters such admirable virtues as foresight, caution, patience, and concentration. A few words of admonition, however, must be given. To some people the game has a fatal fascination. Its constant practice produces a species of mental intoxication, which causes a distaste to the duties of daily life. The pastime should be absolutely subsidiary to one's everyday occupation. Indeed, it would be well if business men made it a rule never to play until after working-hours. He was a truly wise man, a real sage, who declared: 'I do not live to play, but play in order that I may live, and return with greater zest to the labours of life.'

albeit, a trifle 'thin.' After all, editors make their living by accepting good manuscripts; and the conviction that to this must be ascribed the non-acceptance of our loftiest endeavours for the public enlightenment, slowly dawns upon us. But this conclusion is the result of a riper experience. Nothing will convince the embryo 'author' that the rejection of his able treatise, in 42 pages, foolscap, on the 'Conchological Aspect of the Glacial Epoch' by the editor of *Comical Chips* had anything to do with its unsuitability to the requirements of that popular and enterprising periodical. 'Unsuitability, forsooth! Nothing of the sort!' is his indignant exclamation when this is mildly suggested. Professional jealousy, pure and simple, is, he is convinced, the sole explanation.

And what are the reasons for the return of our manuscript? Apart from the mere failure, from a literary point of view, of the quality of the manuscript submitted, there are many reasons why so much is returned to its despairing progenitors. These are chiefly (1) unsuitability to the requirements of the magazine to which it is offered (2) excessive length of treatment, (3) illegibility of handwriting (*N.B.* always get your manuscript type-written, it pays), and (4) want of general interest in the subject treated, a plethora of manuscripts, or the subject has just been discussed, and so on *ad infinitum*.

I have often wondered if there lives a man who can truthfully say that the first article that he wrote—his maiden effort—was accepted by the first editor to whom it was submitted, and printed, without modification, as written. I am, of course, referring only to an outside contribution, and not to an article written to order. If so, I should like to meet him, to grasp him by the hand, and, on behalf of my brother tyros, ask him 'how it's done?' Probably I should privately entertain, at the same time, very strong doubts of that young man's veracity.

It is astonishing to observe the sameness which editors display in the composition of the forms of rejection which accompany the return of one's manuscript. It is, perhaps, rather difficult to display any striking originality in expressing in a few words, and with a decent amount of courtesy, that your manuscript is unsuitable, that they don't want it, and are accordingly returning it. Some do so 'with thanks,' others 'with regrets.' The *Cornhill* is especially lavish in this respect, the editor returning a manuscript of mine 'with compliments and thanks.' Others enter into elaborate and graceful explanations to the effect that 'pressure on their space compels them to return the accompanying manuscript, for the offer of which they are much obliged.' This is the form used by the *Daily Graphic*. I have two from *Chambers*. In one, the 'editor of *Chambers's Journal* regrets his inability to avail himself of the kindly offered contribution,' to which is appended in pencil the words 'with many thanks,' and, in the second, this is varied by 'with compliments.' The editor of the

#### THE RETURN OF THE REJECTED—HOW EDITORS SEND BACK MANUSCRIPTS.

It has happened to all of us, I suppose, at some period of our career, to have been rejected, to have had our best efforts returned 'with thanks,' and the fruit of our labour cast back upon our hands—occasionally with the added bitterness of insufficient postage. Vainly do we try to extract consolation from the reflection that to professional jealousy solely must be ascribed the oft-repeated return of our most cherished manuscript. In the privacy of our innermost hearts we sorrowfully perceive that this theory, although 'grateful and comforting,' is,



*Westminster Gazette*, on a beautifully lithographed sheet of note-paper, 'presents his compliments to . . . and regrets that he is unable to use the accompanying manuscript, which accordingly he returns with many thanks.' Others, however, are brutally frank, and curtly decline to have anything to do with it, returning your manuscript mangled and dirty, after many weeks' detention, without a word. The editor of *The Pall Mall Magazine* 'regrets that the accompanying manuscript is unsuitable to its pages, and therefore returns it with thanks.' Here we have a model form of rejection—cause and effect expressed in the fewest possible words. Accompanying the return of an article from *The English Illustrated Magazine* is a notification that 'the editor regrets that he is unable to use the enclosed contribution and therefore returns it with many thanks.' For brevity, that supplied by *The Sketch* must be awarded the palm—'The editor regrets to be compelled to decline the enclosed.' From the *Strand Magazine* comes an intimation that 'the editor presents his compliments to the writer of the enclosed contribution, and regrets that want of space prevents him from making use of it.' There is not much originality in *Longmans*, except that it differs from most of the other forms in being lithographed instead of printed—'The editor of *Longman's Magazine* much regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed manuscript. He therefore returns it with thanks.' Another briefly expressed rejection is that of *The Globe*, in which we learn that 'the editor is much obliged for the offer of the manuscript now returned, but regrets to say that he is unable to accept it.' A noble effort is made by the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* to somewhat soften the blow. On a type-written form a member of the staff says: 'I regret that we are unable to use the manuscript which you have been kind enough to submit. In returning your manuscript I am instructed to express the thanks of the editors for having been permitted to examine it.' On the back of this form are printed thirteen hints to would-be contributors, by the due observance of which their chances of meeting with acceptance for their work are much enhanced. Under the circumstances I can hardly do better than conclude with the following extracts therefrom:

(1) 'The rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply an opinion unfavourable to the literary quality of the work, but only means that the manuscripts returned do not meet any existing needs of *The Cosmopolitan*, however well they may be adapted to the wants of other periodicals.'

(2) 'Manuscripts should never be rolled, but folded flat.'

(3) 'It is desirable that material for illustration accompany articles which from their character demand illustration in the magazine.'

(4) 'Type-writing is always preferable to handwriting.'

In conclusion, the receipt of a form to the effect that the editor of *Chambers's Journal* 'has much pleasure' in accepting this article for publication, has deprived me of what might have been one more example to add to this list of the 'return of the rejected.'

### THE LARK'S FLIGHT.

... 'The crime was a murder of brutal violence. The execution took place after the old custom in Scotland on the spot where the crime had been committed, a lonely stretch of grass-land, some distance outside the city of Glasgow. The criminals were Irish navvies, members of a large gang employed in the neighbourhood, and as there were rumours of a rescue, a detachment of cavalry, supplemented by field-pieces, surrounded the scaffold. The men were being brought in a cart to the place of execution, and when they reached the turn of the road, where they could first see the black cross beam, with its empty halters upon it, the doomed men cast an eager, fascinated gaze. . . . Around it a wide space was kept clear by the military; the cannon was placed in position, out flashed the swords of the dragoons, beneath and around on every side was the crowd. . . . The season was early May, the day was fine, the wheat-fields were clothing themselves in the green of the young crop, and around the scaffold, standing on a sunny mound, a wide space was kept clear. When the men appeared beneath the beam, each under his own halter, there was a dead silence—every one was gazing too intently to whisper to his neighbour even. Just then, out of the grassy space at the foot of the scaffold, in the dead silence audible to all, a lark rose from the side of its nest and went singing upward in its happy flight. Oh heaven! how did that song translate itself into dying ears?' . . . (From an essay by Alexander Smith, of Glasgow.)

#### Under the gallows tree

The lark springs up from the dewy grass  
Where the feet of the doomed to their last goal pass;  
Away from earth with its care and sin  
As a soul which the Blessed land doth win.  
Beneath, the shame and the mute despair  
And the last lorn look on a world so fair.  
But a burst of song from the azure height  
Where the lark soars singing in happy flight  
Comes down as an Eden voice from afar,  
To spirits shut out by the flaming bar

#### Under the gallows tree.

#### Under the gallows tree

Comes a choking sob as the wild notes ring.  
The dying behold a far-off Spring;  
They are children again at the cabin door,  
Watching the lark from the heather soar;  
They hear it sing o'er the fields of May  
And their mother's voice—was it yesterday?  
For the years have vanished away with a bound,  
The years with their sinful, sorrowful round.  
Oh, life was sweet in those days of old;  
It has ended now as a tale that is told

#### Under the gallows tree.

#### Under the gallows tree,

As the joy of song on the silence breaks,  
A passion of late repentance wakes;  
The hot tears gush from eyes long dry,  
And a muttered prayer-word seeks the sky.  
Hath it travelled upward by way of the light?  
Hath it pierced to the throne of the Infinite?  
Who knoweth? A moment, and all is done—  
On each dead face falleth the bright May sun.  
They have passed to a world whence comes no sign,  
While the lark sings on, and the dewdrops shine

#### Under the gallows tree.

MARY GORGES.

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## 'HANSARD.'

It is a curious circumstance that of all the legislatures in the world, ours, the progenitor of them all, is the only one that has not got an official corps of reporters to record its debates and proceedings. We have, it is true, a publication styled 'The Parliamentary Debates,' or, as it is popularly known, 'Hansard;' but that is only a sort of semi-official report. It is not a report taken by shorthand-writers employed, as in other legislatures, direct by the State and printed at the public expense. The reporting and publication of 'The Parliamentary Debates' is the work of a private contractor who receives from Parliament a subsidy for each volume produced during the session.

'Hansard,' which from one point of view is a monument to the verbosity of our legislators, is from another point of view—and that, certainly, the more important—most invaluable to the historian. It forms a continuous and unbroken record of our Parliamentary institutions from the Conquest to the present day in close on five hundred volumes. The first thirty-six volumes, known as 'The Parliamentary History' (which were mainly compiled by William Cobbett), contain all that can be collected of the history of our legislature from 1066 until 1803. It was not until the second session of the second Imperial Parliament—that is, the second Parliament after the Union with Ireland, held in the year 1803—when the hostility of Parliament to the publications of its proceedings was well-nigh exhausted—that Mr T. C. Hansard appeared on the scene with the ingenious idea of compiling a report of the debates and proceedings of the two Houses of Parliament, mainly from the various newspapers of the time, and publishing it in volumes, under the title of 'Hansard's Debates.'

For fifty-four years 'Hansard's Debates' were produced entirely at the expense of Mr T. C. Hansard—the first, who died in 1833—and his son, Mr T. C. Hansard; but though Parliament

contributed nothing to the undertaking, the subscriptions for the volumes from members of Parliament, newspapers, clubs, and public institutions made it a financial success. In 1857, when the sessional subscription was fixed at five guineas, at which it now stands, the Treasury, on the representations of some of the statesmen of the day, directed the Controller of the Stationery Office to subscribe for one hundred and twenty copies for distribution among the public departments and the colonial legislatures. This first subsidy by Parliament to 'Hansard's Debate,' continued until 1877, when on account of many complaints that the report was inadequate to the requirements of the House of Commons, the Treasury entered into an agreement with Mr Hansard, whereby in consideration of a grant in aid of £3000, he undertook to publish a more extended report. Mr Hansard then, for the first time, engaged a staff of reporters to supplement the debates compiled as hitherto from various newspapers by reporting the proceedings of the House on Private Bills, in Committee on Public Bills, in Committee of Supply, and debates after midnight, which, chiefly because of their uninteresting character, are briefly reported by the public press, and were as a consequence insufficiently recorded in 'Hansard' under the old arrangements. In 1880 the grant in aid was increased to £4000, but the sessions became so long, and the sittings so protracted, that the publication of the debates for a fixed sum per session was attended with considerable risk to Mr Hansard—the debates made nine volumes in 1881, and ten volumes in 1882—and therefore the Treasury in 1882 agreed to provide a subsidy of £500 for each volume of the debates of not less than nine hundred and sixty pages, provided the total number of volumes published each session exceeded five. This arrangement continued until 1890, when Mr Hansard sold his good-will as the publisher of 'Hansard's Debates' to a Company which undertook to bring out the Debates, without any subsidy

from the Government, relying on sales and advertisements for a profit, but the undertaking quickly came to grief. Since then, the work has been done by two other contractors, and the volumes published under the title of 'The Parliamentary Debates'—the old name of 'Hansard' having disappeared with the Company. Under the new arrangement, at present in existence, Messrs Waterlow, the Government printers, are the publishers, and the report is furnished by the reporting-staff of the *Times*, whose splendid Parliamentary reports formed the chief source from which, under the old arrangements, 'Hansard's Debates' were compiled.

It seems, indeed, almost incredible that a great and rich nation like ours should have left to chance, until 1877—not twenty years ago—the reporting of the proceedings of its Parliament, the most important factor in the making of its history, simply because its Treasury grudged the expenditure of a few thousand pounds per annum on the work. The features of the existing arrangements for the production of 'The Parliamentary Debates' are that Cabinet Ministers, other members of the Government, and the chief leaders of the Opposition are reported *verbatim*, and in the first person, or fully in the third person, according to the importance of their speeches; and that, as regards the speeches of private, or unofficial members, about two-thirds is, as a rule, given in the third person, the stipulation of the contract being that no member must be reported at less than one-third. The reporting staff of the *Times*, who, as we have said, supply the 'copy' to Messrs Waterlow, the publishers, turn out two separate and distinct reports—one for the *Times* and the other for 'The Parliamentary Debates,' so that the report is not possibly open to the charge of party bias, if there are any people so ignorant of journalistic ethics as to still retain the notion, which had some vogue in the early days of reporting, and which now at least is utterly without foundation, that reporters 'cook' their reports of speeches (or that they are 'cooked' in the newspaper offices) to suit the political views of the journals in which they appear. Three days after the delivery of a speech in either House of Parliament, a proof is sent to the member. He is allowed to make verbal corrections, but no correction involving the alteration of what had actually been said is allowed by the editor of the Debates. An asterisk (\*) placed before the name of a member indicates that he has read and passed the proof of his speech.

The *Congressional Record* of the United States is conducted on an entirely different system. Every word spoken in both Houses of Congress is not only reported by the official stenographers and published in the *Congressional Record*, but the latter is also a receptacle into which senators and representatives throw speeches which they never deliver, or indeed anything else they like. Every member also seems to have a hand in editing it. We frequently read that 'Mr Smith withholds his remarks for revision,' or that 'Mr Smith here asked permission of the House to hand his manuscripts to the reporters.' Mr Smith had previously read aloud a small part of his speech to the

House. There is a time limit to speeches in Congress; and consequently incidents like the following are frequently to be found in the *Record*.

MR SPEAKER—The time of the gentleman from Ohio has expired.

MR MOREY—Very good, Mr Speaker; then I will avail myself of the privilege of extending my remarks in the *Record*.

And he did, to the extent of several columns, including by way of quotation an entire article from the *Forum*. Formerly undelivered speeches might be printed in the *Record* as a matter of course, but 'the gentleman from Nebraska' having used this privilege to print and circulate a poem—'a little thing of his own,' which extended to close on twenty pages—the right was restrained. Now a member of Congress has to read at least a portion of his speech, and then ask permission of the Senate or the House 'to extend his remarks in the *Record*,' which, however, is rarely if ever refused.

## A LOCAL VIEW.

### CHAPTER V. (continued).

As Mrs Dalton always retired early, the girl was soon left alone, and her head was laid on the pillow, not to sleep, but to think. She felt what was coming—coming next day, perhaps; and what answer was she prepared to give? We must not be severe. She was young, and the first impression made upon her was made by Frederick Farnley. This impression, fixed to some extent by a sort of limited promise, had been too recent to have been obliterated by anything that had passed during his absence; and there was certainly much to revive and strengthen it since his return. The other lover was the trouble. But she was under no engagement to him, expressed or implied. On his declaration, not knowing her own feelings, she had postponed an answer. This was a little deceptive, but it was true all the same. Her honour was clear in regard to Maitland. But why should the girl silently argue with herself in this way, except to justify what she felt would happen if Freddie Farnley asked her to be his wife? Farnley was not to be compared to Dr Maitland—she was sensible enough to admit so much; but still—

In the adjoining room, Mrs Dalton's thoughts had been following the course of her daughter's. The reader knows the strong reasons she had for her choice between the two suitors. One of them she had confessed to Mary when they were going home from the funeral, and to Mrs Dalton's mind it would be ungenerous to press it again. But the other—the decision of the vicar, a few days before his death, to practically so cut off Mary in his will that she should be unlikely to become the wife of Farnley—it was her duty to make known to the girl now. Mrs Dalton also felt what was coming, and that it would be wrong to postpone the communication. She was not sure that Farnley had not already spoken; but this she would soon learn.



Mary Dalton was a little startled when her mother came into her room.

'Dear mamma,' she said, sitting up, 'can you not sleep?'

'Not until I have told you something, Mary. I will lie with you for a while.'

'Yes, mamma.'

'Mary, did Freddie Farnley speak to you this evening—I mean, ask you to be his wife?'

'Indeed, no!' was the prompt reply. 'Nothing of the kind was—was ever so distantly hinted at.'

'Then I am sure he is going to ask you, Mary.'

Mary said nothing. She was almost sure of it herself.

'And before he can do so, Mary, I am bound to tell you fairly a thing you have not heard of before.'

'If it is about Freddie, mamma'—

'Yes, about him.'

'Then, although I promised him never to speak of it again, I think it right to tell you a discovery I made.'

She told her mother the story of the Brocks. Mrs Dalton was a very honest woman, and did not conceal her surprise.

'It certainly makes one think better of him, Mary—not that I ever thought ill of him. He seemed rather wanting in worthy qualities than possessing bad ones. And I don't want to prejudice you now, but to tell you the bare truth, as Mr Fairfield or Mr Everard can also tell it. A short time before your uncle died, Mary, he made a new will, by which nothing came to you until my death. He was afraid of your becoming the wife of Seth Farnley's son. It could only have been a very powerful motive that impelled your uncle to do such a thing, knowing how affectionately he loved you.'

She had to stop, for the girl suddenly turned her face to the pillow, sobbing bitterly. It took two or three minutes to compose her, and in her anxiety to do so, the fond mother suffered her affection to outrun a little her discretion.

'You have not heard all, Mary,' she urged—though in truth it was the sudden memory of her uncle's love for her that had overwhelmed the girl, rather than anything else—'you have not heard all. Your uncle destroyed the second will before he died. Nobody knows why, but he certainly destroyed it—doubtless for some good reason. I thought,' she added, suddenly realising with a troubled mind that she had told the story very badly, 'I thought I ought to tell you, before—before he can say anything to you.'

The mother was almost like to sob now, feeling that she had miserably failed in the effect she had aimed at. For a minute or two Mary made no reply, and when she did speak, it was not difficult to see the direction her thoughts were taking.

'Have you—has Mr Fairfield—no idea at all why uncle changed his decision, mamma?'

'We know nothing.'

'Nor why he did that, at first?'

'I do not know, indeed,' she replied, though she suspected the distrust of the vicar had

reference to Farnley's father. Of this, also, she knew very little. She knew nothing at all of the connection of Seth Farnley with her husband's ruin.

'Mamma,' said the girl, after another interval of thought, startling her mother a little by the unexpected decision of character she displayed, 'uncle would not have destroyed that will without cause. Neither would he have made it without cause. What the cause of the first act was, mamma, it may be in no one's power now to find out. But if—if Freddie Farnley—asks me the question you spoke of—mamma, if he does, before I answer him, one way or another, I shall want to know why uncle destroyed the will. I owe that to dear uncle, do I not?'

Mrs Dalton, with a grateful and much relieved heart, folded her daughter to her bosom. Her own weak indiscretion in suggesting justification for the act was remedied by the surprising clearness and decision of Mary. Mrs Dalton was not a person of strong character or mental power herself, and from this moment she looked up to her daughter as one capable of judging for herself. And she retired to her bed, comforted by the conviction that Mary might be trusted to judge wisely.

But when, next morning, soon after breakfast, Frederick Farnley called, matters took a sudden turn of the most unexpected character.

'I should not have intruded so early,' he apologised, 'only I have another letter from my father, and I must run up to London to-day.'

The expression 'another letter' pointed to the previous one, and without the evidence of the embarrassed colour on the young man's face, the purport of his present call was clear.

Mrs Dalton asked him to take a seat, and glanced at her daughter. The latter rose and was going from the room, when Farnley interposed.

'Would Mary remain for a minute or two, Mrs Dalton?'

The girl resumed her seat.

'Something happened the day of my landing in England,' he said awkwardly, 'which I want to mention. I received a letter at Southampton, on the steamship, which was waiting for me. I have not mentioned it to any one since, and never intended to do so. I thought that I ought not to do so—though of course I have been quite unable to understand its meaning.'

This was not a very intelligible speech, but he seemed confused and embarrassed, giving the impression that he would rather have avoided the communication. As he hesitated now, Mrs Dalton made the remark that doubtless the writer of the letter could clear up any obscurity in its meaning.

'That is just it, Mrs Dalton,' he replied quickly, as though she had helped him out of his embarrassment by the suggestion. 'The writer of the letter was—was dead when I received it.'

Both ladies started with the perception of a new significance in the matter.

'Of course, that was why I resolved never to speak of the letter to any person. But

something tells me,' he continued, with anxious diffidence, 'that I ought to do so now, as there appears to have been some misunderstanding, and this misunderstanding might still continue in the minds of others. The letter was from Mr Dalton.'

It was an anxious moment to Mrs Dalton. She knew not what she feared, but was conscious of being afraid of some revelation. As he seemed to wait for her permission or request to proceed, she said, after a pause: 'If you think that what you refer to, Mr Farnley, concerns Mary or me in any way, tell us what it is.'

On this permission he drew a letter-case from his pocket and took out a folded paper.

'I know,' he said, with a deprecating drop in his tone, 'that I have never done anything to deserve a high opinion of me. But it would appear from this that, for some reason unknown to me, Mr Dalton had conceived a violent animosity—no,' he quickly corrected himself, 'not that—he was incapable of it—but I will say, a strong distrust towards me. He did something (I do not know what) in consequence. On reflection, he found reason to think he had been wrong. You who knew Mr Dalton will readily understand how quickly he undid what he had done under misapprehension. It was just like him,' added the young man with feeling, 'not to be satisfied with that, until he had written a letter to me confessing his error and expressing his regret. I was on the way home at the time, and the letter was the first thing I received on landing.'

The story was related so unaffectedly, and with so much indication of tenderness for the good vicar's memory, that the listeners were moved. They knew what the vicar had done, and undone. Farnley modestly showed no curiosity to learn what it was. He was only anxious that, whatever the impression which had influenced the late vicar, it might not still by chance survive.

Farnley opened the letter and handed it to Mrs Dalton. Dimly through the rising tears she glanced at the familiar vicarage address printed in blue at the top of the sheet, and the date '4th July'—the eve of his death. The letter contained only two sentences, but they were pregnant with influence now.

'All my life I have been preaching against misjudgment, and I have fallen into the same error myself, with consequences that might have been sad for one I love dearly. What I did, under the influence of that error, I have undone; as it was you I misjudged, I ask you to forgive me, as I shall do again in person when I see you.'

Mrs Dalton handed the letter to her daughter, and when Mary had glanced over the words, she gave it back to Farnley. How full of significance the lines were to those two! Their eyes met, with a mutual consciousness, but they did not speak.

'That was all I wanted to do,' said the young man. 'I do not know—and as Mr Dalton is gone, I shall never seek to know—what his mistake was. I only ask that if those who survive know it, and have shared it, they will be as just as he was.'

'We know—but we have not shared it,' said

Mrs Dalton, bowing her head. She felt that all was over now. The bright generous sparkle in her daughter's eyes told her all was over, and it was not in her power to resist any longer.

'We have not shared it, Freddie,' Mary exclaimed, rising with high colour, and coming to him. 'No—and—thank God, poor uncle had—had time to be just to you!'

'Then there is no longer any need for this to exist,' said Farnley, with an air of suppressed emotion. He had the letter in his hand, and, striking a match, set fire to the paper and flung it in the grate.

Mrs Dalton now rose, with a remark about getting her bonnet to go out, and went up to her room. Farnley's eyes were fixed on the letter until it was quite in ashes, when he turned to the girl, who was still standing close to him. Without saying a word, he drew her in his arms and kissed her.

'Now,' he whispered, 'now, Mary, I can go in for work with a light heart and a firm anchorage, and be—a man!'

The girl never lived who would not feel a sense of pride from such a tribute to her influence. Mary Dalton's arm went up to his shoulder, and she put her cheek beside it, on his bosom.

In a few minutes she went up to dress for going out. The mother required little telling as to what had taken place. She did not feel as happy as she might have been; but she was satisfied that nothing else was possible, and consented with gentle grace.

It was excusable enough for Farnley to be reluctant to leave Mary Dalton this morning, and he therefore telegraphed to his father that he would come up later in the afternoon.

'I have added two or three words, Mary,' he said, when he came out of the telegraph office, 'that will reconcile him to the delay. Can you guess what the words were about?'

After luncheon, Mrs Dalton remained within to write letters, and the lovers wandered over the Downs towards the old church of Reculver. Amongst other letters, she had to write one to Mr Fairfield, informing him of her daughter's engagement. In a long postscript, Mrs Dalton narrated the circumstances of the letter to Farnley, which, he would see, put an aspect on matters which Mrs Dalton could not resist. At five o'clock Frederick Farnley started for London.

Mary Dalton and her mother were now alone, for the first time since morning. Mrs Dalton was putting away her writing materials, and her daughter sat at a window pensively gazing out on the sea. There was some small trouble shadowing her eyes in the reaction that was setting in after the excitement of the morning. Mrs Dalton waited some minutes for her to speak, but the girl seemed to have forgotten her presence.

'I have written to Mr Fairfield,' the mother observed.

Mary woke up.

'Mr Fairfield? Of course, mamma; he is a trustee.'

'Just so, Mary; it was necessary. And besides, such a matter ought to be made known at once.'



Mary turned her face to the window again without speaking.

'Everybody will soon know it, Mary. I should have written first of all to Dr Maitland, only'—

'Only what, mamma?' Mary asked with pink face.

'He was here this afternoon, and I told him.'

'Here? Dr Maitland here?'

'Yes; he came down.' Then, after a pause, a tear ran down Mrs Dalton's cheek. 'I am so sorry for him!' she said.

### FANCY FIDDLE FIGURES.

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

THE man who has been bitten by the violin-collecting mania, and has but limited means to indulge his whim, is assuredly in a bad way. The stamp-collector and the bibliomaniac, and the deluded individual who sets his heart upon old china and Chippendale furniture, have each his particular dangers and temptations; but the collector of old violins has his pathway beset with perils and pitfalls which are his and his alone. A violin may cost anything from five shillings to two thousand pounds, and to one who has nothing more than his ear and his eye to guide him the speculation is as risky as a speculation in horses, or in diamonds, or in the 'latest odds.' Even if he goes to the experts in order to decide on the merits of an intended purchase, the only thing he can be absolutely sure of is the fee he will be charged; and in the end he may come to realise that it would have been better for him to leave the violin altogether out of account, and limit his desires to, say, the couple of meerschauts which Dr Holmes called for as a concession to contentment.

Of course it all comes of the craze for the 'old masters,' and of that fine romance of mystery which surrounds the violin itself as a musical instrument. For when you come to think of it, it is a curious and a bewildering circumstance that, in a world and in an age where progress is one of the laws of existence, the violin should be to-day not only as to form and all essential details exactly what it was some three hundred years ago, but that it is even now a less perfect instrument than it was when the old masters were warming their glue-pots, and mixing their vaunted varnish and chipping out their blocks of wood in the little Italian town of Cremona, now two centuries back. Mr Gladstone has said somewhere that to perfect that wonder of travel, the locomotive, has not required the expenditure of more mental strength and application than to perfect the violin. But then you can put the locomotive into the march of progress: the violin you can't. In this respect it stands alone among musical instruments. Flutes have been improved, new types of clarionet have been evolved, the harpsichord and the spinet have given place to the pianoforte, organs have come to be controlled by electricity—everything, in short, in the way of musical instruments

has tended towards advance and improvement, while the construction of the violin is numbered—at any rate by the enthusiasts who run the fiddle prices into four figures—amongst the arts which have been and are not. The experience of centuries and the ingenuity of many generations of skilled mechanics have been altogether unavailing; and violinists to-day are content to starve themselves that they may give hundreds, nay, even thousands, for instruments which did not produce tens when they first left the workshops at Cremona.

To the uninitiated in such matters, this craze, this lavish expenditure of gold for what appears to be in no way different from the factory fiddles which they turn out at the rate of about a hundred per day—to the uninitiated this is but the insanity of unreasoning enthusiasm. But the uninitiated require to be enlightened on the subject. The great questions of course are: Why is an old violin better (presumably) than a new one? and why are violins not now made equal to the masterpieces of the old Italian school? Unless the general reader get something like an intelligent answer to these questions, one may as well keep his record of fancy fiddle figures to himself, for the result of the revelation would only be to support the opinion of Carlyle as to the number of fools at large.

Now, although the subject involves a multitude of debatable details, the main facts of the case are generally admitted. It is true we sometimes hear it said that new instruments can be made every whit as good as those of the Cremona school—that nothing but prejudice prevents the recognition of this fact. But nobody seriously believes the assertion; and indeed it is a sufficient refutation to point to the circumstance that all our eminent violinists want to have old instruments in preference to the best new ones that money can buy; and, moreover, that many of them pay fabulous prices in order to satisfy their ambition. None of these great players are wealthy men, and it is against our notions of common-sense to suppose that they would part with such extraordinary sums as they have been known to pay merely out of compliment to a sentimental prejudice. The mind of man, controlling the pockets of man, is not built that way.

No; an old violin—especially a violin of the Cremona school—must, if a good instrument to begin with, always be better than a new one. And for the following, among other reasons. First, the wood, probably of an uniquely-superior quality to begin with, has been mellowed by age. Time has dried up its vegetable juices, and the frame, lighter than it was when new, vibrates almost at a touch. Then a violin requires to be played upon a good deal in order to bring out its tone: the constant vibration set up by the strings tends to shake into hollows the pores of the wood, and expel the particles of dried sap in dust. Further, there is the question of the varnish, a question which, in the case of the old Italian instruments, brings us in contact with an unsolved and apparently unsolvable mystery. For more than a century now this varnish has been lost, and all attempts to reproduce it



have utterly failed. Some authorities contend that it was drawn partly from a tree which has now quite disappeared, a tree which died from the extraction of its resin, and being worthless as regards its timber, was not replanted. The fact has certainly been proved that such a tree did at one time exist in Northern Italy, but its use by the Cremona violin makers is, of course, a mere conjecture. What we know with absolute certainty is this, that the Italian makers had at their command a varnish no longer in existence, which has, in itself, added very considerably to the value and tone-quality of their best instruments. And then, last of all, there is the magnificent workmanship of the old Italian violins. That alone, to be sure, would not have been sufficient to create a craze for these instruments, for as regards the mere details of construction, they have been copied with mathematical accuracy by modern makers. But when you put wood and age, and use and varnish, and workmanship, all together into one artistic whole, then you have in these old instruments a practically unparalleled creation, whose worth is sufficiently attested by the price which men are willing to pay for it.

Of all the old Italian masters, Stradivarius stands pre-eminently supreme, both as to the quality of his instruments and the prices at present obtained for them. Mention Stradivarius to the veriest scraper of cat-gut, and you will throw him into an ecstasy of delight bordering almost on frenzy. And yet it is not so long since this incomparable genius 'came to his own.' It fills one with a kind of pathetic wonder to hear of the old man having to get back from England some instruments sent there on sale because he could not find purchasers for them at the low figure of £5, while a violin from his hands can now command the sum of £2000. Of Stradivarius, indeed, it may truly be said that he has made his fortune after his death. It is generally computed that he made between six hundred and seven hundred violins during his long life, and his price for an instrument is believed never to have exceeded £5. Nowadays it would be a very poor violin of Stradivarius make that did not run into three figures, whilst the finest specimens always touch the four.

So far, the 'record' price for a Stradivarius is the high figure just named, £2000. That fabulous sum was obtained for an instrument which is even now almost as fresh as when it left the hands of its maker exactly one hundred and eighty years ago. It has had a wonderful, even a romantic history, this priceless treasure; Stradivarius thought so much of it himself, that not only did he refuse to sell it, but he would allow no stranger to touch it, and when he died in 1737, at the ripe old age of ninety-three, he made a special bequest of it to his sons. In 1760 the latter parted with it to the Count de Salabue, who never played it, but kept it spotless, like some rare jewel, till his death about 1827. The count's heirs sold it to a certain Luigi Tarisio, an eccentric collector, who, beginning life as a carpenter, was found to have left a fortune of £12,000, when his body was one day discovered among a confused

heap of some two hundred and fifty Cremonas which he had gathered together in the course of a thirty years' search.

Tarisio's collection would, of course, have become the object of ambition with violin enthusiasts all over the world, but Vuillaume, the high-priest of the art of fiddle-making in France, got scent of it, and purchased the whole two hundred and fifty instruments before any one else had a chance. When Vuillaume came upon the 'Salabue' Stradivarius, he too went into raptures over it. Indeed, such was his enthusiasm that he refused to part with the instrument at any price; and when the Franco-German war was going on in 1870 he had the treasure buried in a damp-proof, air-tight box for safety! Vuillaume went the way of all flesh, and then the violin passed into the hands of M. Alard, who gave £1000 for it. Alard, again, died in 1888, and two years later the violin world was astonished to hear that the 'Salabue' Stradivarius, now somewhat irreverently called 'The Messiah,' had been bought by Mr R. Crawford of Trinity, Edinburgh, for the unprecedented sum of £2000. The very high figure is, of course, accounted for to a great extent by the marvellous state of preservation of this instrument. As Mr Haweis expresses it, it is as though the ivory Minerva of Phidias that stood once in the Parthenon, should be discovered hidden away with the utmost care in some deep, dry, and hermetically sealed sepulchre of the East, and brought over scathless to be set up amidst the Elgin fragments, the only perfect relic of them all. So stands this matchless violin amongst its brethren. The thick, rich, red-brown varnish looks as fresh as if it had been put on but yesterday, for neither varnish nor wood has been rubbed, as in the case of every other known specimen of Stradivarius workmanship. The form and outline of the instrument are also incomparable for grace and beauty; while the tone, for strength, roundness, sweetness, and delicacy, is practically unmatched. We have not the slightest doubt that if this violin were to change hands again, its former price, phenomenal as that was, would be considerably exceeded.

The celebrated instrument known as the 'Betts' Strad.' comes nearest to Mr Crawford's in the matter of price. This violin has also a remarkable history, though not exactly in the same way as the other. It takes its name from a London musicseller who, about sixty years ago, gave a stranger a guinea for it over the counter. Betts retained the treasure in his own family for a number of years, and after his death it passed through the hands of various collectors, until Mr George Hart, the well-known dealer, ultimately acquired it for eight hundred guineas. This was in 1878. Eight years later, Mr Hart sold the instrument to the Count de Campo Felice of Paris, and recently it has again changed hands, the price this time being a little under £2000.

The violin known as the 'Emperor' Strad., of date 1715, was the gem of a wonderful collection gathered together by Mr Gillott, the eminent pen-maker. Mr Gillott had bought it from another English collector, Mr Andrew

Fountaine, who had acquired it in Brussels about 1832. Nothing seems to be known of its history previous to this, but its subsequent adventures have been deemed of such importance as to merit a volume all to themselves. Its present value is set down at £1000, although it brought only £290 when sold with the rest of the Gillott instruments in 1872. It is what is known as a 'Red Strad,' a term which to the connoisseur means 'the vision of a treasure of Cremonese art, covered with a transparent ruby varnish, such as has never been seen on anything else in this world.' Under the thin skin of the beautiful gum the lights are alive—golden and diamond flashes shooting through the crimson film over every particle of the wood, until each slender, fibrous thread appears to the delighted eye a centre of radiation, and all the surface soft as velvet to the touch. See how the enthusiast can write when he touches the Cremona varnish! This violin is now in the possession of Mr George Haddock, of Newlay, Hall, Leeds. Some years ago Signor Piatti, our king of 'cello players, made a special journey to Mr Haddock's residence merely to set eyes upon the masterpiece.

The violin known as the 'Tuscan' Strad. is another excellent example of the rise in prices within recent years. In 1690 Stradivarius made four splendid instruments for the Grand-duke of Tuscany. About a century later one of these suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. What has been shown to be the same instrument turned up in 1794, in the hands of a musician named Mosell, in Florence. Mosell sold the violin for £25 to an Englishman named Ker; the latter brought it to England, and it remained in the possession of his descendants until his grandson sold it in 1876 to Mr Ricardo for £240. In 1888 Messrs Hill acquired it for £1000, and soon afterwards it was sold to its present owner, who is said to have declined £2000 for it.

A good deal might be said against the practice of hoarding up these priceless treasures, on the part of wealthy amateurs, who cannot be said to put the instruments to their legitimate use. Stradivarius never intended his violins to lie mute and inglorious in the cases of selfish collectors; and one has a certain sympathy with the suggestion which has often been made that a sumptuary enactment should be passed, compelling every amateur who cannot or will not use a valuable instrument for the public benefit, to give it up to some one who can and will. The notion may be realised by-and-by—in Utopia. Meanwhile, it is comforting to know that there are not a few famous Strad. and other old Italian instruments in the hands of leading players who give up their lives to the service of the public. Sarasate has a couple of instruments of Strad. make. One of these was presented to him by the Court of Spain; the other he bought from Gaud of Paris for £1000. Joachim is the lucky possessor of four Strads. They are all more or less valuable instruments, but the most costly of the four is the one presented to him by public subscription on the occasion of his artistic jubilee. This instrument cost £1200. It was purchased from Lady Lindsay; and it is interest-

ing, as once more showing the gradual rise in prices, to note that Lady Lindsay bought the instrument for less than £600, while the person from whom she purchased it paid only £180. Another Strad., which was bought for £1250, was presented to Herr Waldemar Meyer. This instrument was purchased for £500 by its former owner, who thus cleared a profit of £750 by the transaction. Lady Hallé plays upon the Strad. which belonged to Ernst, the noted virtuoso. What she paid for it is not absolutely certain, but Ernst's widow sold it for about £500, and its value is now generally set down at £1000. Of course the value of all these Stradivarius instruments is considerably enhanced by what may be called their 'pedigree.' If they have an interesting history, the purchaser will certainly have to pay something for that history; while again, if they have been used by a noted artist or artists, the circumstance will assuredly mean a substantial addition to the sum which might otherwise be set down as their value. And it may just be added that a Stradivarius violin which does not fall under one or other of these conditions has probably no existence.

The great rival of Stradivarius nowadays is Guarnerius del Jesu, with whom the highest art of violin-making may be said to have died. If a fiddler cannot get a Strad., the next object of his ambition is a Guarnerius. Some few players, indeed, have shown a preference for instruments of the latter make, but the tone is not so easily produced, being more unyielding, and thus requiring more force and pressure to bring it out. Besides, the form has seldom that tender grace so characteristic of the work of Stradivarius. The virtues of the Guarnerius instruments were longer in being recognised than were those of the Stradivarius make. When at last they did receive attention it was mainly because Paganini achieved his marvellous successes on a Guarnerius violin—an instrument for which, by the way, the municipal authorities of Genoa, to whom it was bequeathed by the master, are said to have refused the sum of £10,000. Paganini would probably have played as well on a factory fiddle as on any other, for his *forte* was more trick than tone; but the violin world saw in his phenomenal feats of technique a compliment to his instrument, and it was not long before the Guarnerius violins were selling at long prices.

There are some splendid specimens of Guarnerius work now in the hands of players and collectors. M. Ysaye, the famous Belgian violinist, has an instrument which was bought in a London auction-room in 1876 for six hundred guineas. Mr Maurice Sons, the leader of the Scottish Orchestra, has one, but the price paid for it has not been disclosed. Mr Josef Ludwig and Mr Schiever also use Guarnerius violins. The late Mr Carrodus had a pair of very fine Guarnerius instruments. The best one cost him £700 when he bought it some thirteen years ago, and just before his death he declared that he would not take £1000 for it. The instrument had belonged at one time to Paganini, who lost it in one of his many gambling escapades. Mr Carrodus' second Guarnerius has been sold since his death for



£370. In 1846 this instrument became the property of Mr Alexander Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, and afterwards of his son, Sir A. C. Mackenzie. The latter sold it in 1882 for £400, and in 1893 Mr Carrodus bought it for £350. The prices of the Guarnerius instruments are steadily rising. In 1860 Vuillaume sold an instrument of this make to Ferdinand David for £240, which changed hands not so long ago at the sum of £800. The 'Leduc' Guarnerius, formerly in the Bennett collection, was sold lately to Signor Nicolini, the husband of Madame Patti, for £1500; and somebody was recently advertising an instrument in the *Times* for £1400.

Now and again a lucky hit used to be made in the way of violin 'finds.' A London dealer picked up an instrument in Paris some twenty-three years ago—the price whatever Monsieur cares to give. Monsieur cared to give as much as made the seller conclude that he was crazed, and then came home, touched up the instrument, and sold it for £450! That identical violin was to be heard quite recently in the orchestra of a well-known musical society in St James' Hall. The late Charles Reade, who was a keen enthusiast, made many bargains in his time. On one occasion, he gave a Parisian dealer £24 for a Guarnerius which was presently sold in England for £160. But the days of such lucky hits are gone. The great 'hunt' for Strads. is over, and of the two hundred or so genuine instruments in existence, the pedigree is as well known and as clearly defined as that of a prize animal.

## JAN PENGELLY.

### CHAPTER II.

ONE morning, Jan Pengelly stood in the hall of Tregartha rectory, waiting to see the rector.

'Old Parson Trevennick,' as he was familiarly called (and he did not resent the appellation), was an enthusiastic naturalist, and the leading spirit of the Cornish Ornithological Society. His *magnum opus*, 'Bird Life on our Western Shores,' had brought him much honour, but no pecuniary profit. By nature he was more a scientist than a theologian, half his heart being with his parish, and half in his beloved pursuit. He could have preached for ever on the text, 'And God created every winged fowl after his kind.'

The rectory was a veritable museum; glass cases of owls and hawks, and other 'fearful wild fowl,' lined the walls of dining-room and study; the very bedrooms contained rare feathered specimens; while the stuffed sea-birds in the hall almost rivalled in numbers the living multitude on the rocks beneath the cliff, that abruptly terminated the rectory garden. A faint odour of the chemical preservatives of feather and fur pervaded the whole house, so that old Lady Polperro was wont to declare that whenever she dined at the rectory the very soup smelt of camphor!

For many years the collection had been

restricted to the natural history of his native county; but when the decline of the mining industry led to the exodus of Cornish miners to all parts of the world, an occasional tribute of curious bird or beetle, snake-skin or rare antler, would reach the old parson from the far corners of the earth, till the rectory became rich in outlandish treasure.

'Good-morning, Jan!' called Miss Trevennick, in her sweet low voice, as she entered from the library. His name was rightly *John*, but it was natural to fall into the vernacular in addressing him.

Jan made a respectful obeisance. Miss Trevennick was a divinity to Jan. He treasured her words and little deeds of goodness as a miser treasures gold. She was enshrined in the one vivid memory he retained of his early childhood. When Jan was a little fellow, and Rose Trevennick herself but a school-girl, she had one day met a crowd of rough lads, with the innate brutality of boyhood, baiting the poor half-witted child with shrieks and terrifying antics, and with flashing eyes she had stood between the lad and his tormentors, striking and shaming them to desist, while he clung pathetically to her skirts; and from that day the flame of Jan's devotion had waxed ever stronger, till he was now come to the verge of manhood, with a feeling of vague adoration for the rector's daughter, to whose skirts he still figuratively clung.

'I want to see the maister, if you please, Miss Rose,' said Jan; 'I want to show 'en this beautiful egg,' and he carefully produced from his cap a large green egg, with curious brown markings. 'Do 'ee mind the old doctor that was biding at Porthgunnock last summer? He shawed me the birds on the rocks under Trevasse Head, and he said there was only two or three of they birds left in Cornwall, and in a few years there widden' be wan the world; and he said if I found an egg, and minded 'en till he comed again, he'd give me a guinea for 'en. If 'tis worth a guinea to a strange doctor man, 'tis surely worth a guinea to parson, and I want maister to see 'en. Isn't it a purty egg, Miss Rose? 'Tisn't a bit like a gull's, or a guillemot's, or a kittiwake's; 'tis surely a brave, curious egg.'

Miss Trevennick examined the egg with evident admiration; she had caught something of her father's enthusiasm for such things. Then with a little sigh she placed it carefully again in Jan's hand, and led him out into the garden.

'I want you to understand something, Jan,' she said, looking fixedly at him—Jan nodded. 'We are poorer than we used to be, much poorer, and my father is no longer able to buy the birds' eggs from you; he will not have money for such things.' Jan looked bewildered. 'We are poorer now because the Tregartha mine is not working'—Jan nodded again. 'So, Jan, you must please keep this egg till the doctor comes again, and he will buy it. I am quite sure it is worth the guinea.'

'I won't sell 'en, I'll give 'en to maister!' cried Jan, with animation; 'I won't take a penny for 'en, 'tis maister's! I tell 'ee, Miss Rose,' he continued excitedly, 'my rope was



short, and I could see two eggs, and couldn't reach 'em; and I swung myself out clear of the cliff, and drapped into the water, and climbed up the slippery rock, and reached and reached, and just got wan egg, and I swummed back round Trevasse Head against a cruel nasty tide, and I've brought the egg for maister! I've brought 'en scores of eggs for money—the wan's for love!

There was no resisting such vehemence of generosity, so, with a smile, Miss Trevennick led the way back to the house.

When they entered the library, the rector, divested of his coat, was seated on the edge of a huge packing-case. He was a tall old man, with long silvery hair, and a look of immediate trouble on a face that was otherwise singularly boyish.

'Rose, my dear,' he said, 'I find I must repack this box entirely; there are a few books that I cannot bear to part with, and they are all at the bottom. However, I believe the remainder will be sufficient for our present purpose, as many are indeed valuable editions; and I learn from this month's *Bibliophile* that there are several wealthy American buyers in London this season, and prices are running generally high.'

Never an economist, and with infantile notions of finance, the rector had been yearly growing poorer, through the failure of the mines in which his little capital was invested; and the recent bankruptcy of the farmer who rented the glebe, and who was two years in arrear, coinciding with receipt of a heavy account from a London taxidermist, abruptly brought home to the worthy old gentleman that he was urgently in want of cash; and in desperation he had resolved to meet the difficulty by selling a portion of his library. The selection and packing of these books was a painful task; there was a pang for each volume as he laid it in the box; he handled the books with a lingering caress, and many were taken again from the packing-case and replaced on the shelves as too precious for the sacrifice.

'Father,' said Miss Trevennick, tenderly laying her hand upon his arm, 'Jan here has a surprise for you—a little present.' And Jan, beaming with pleasure, again produced the egg.

'It's a gwennak's egg!' cried the rector excitedly, 'a veritable gwennak's egg! The bird is very rare, and is fast becoming extinct. Jan, my good fellow, this is indeed a prize!' and for the moment, all the trouble fled from his face as he eagerly examined the treasure.

Jan, flushed with pride, recounted his adventure. A momentary look of misgiving crossed the rector's brow as he turned to his daughter. 'Rose, my dear, I am afraid, as Dr Warrener discovered the habitat of the bird, and to some extent commissioned Jan in the quest, he is honourably bound to give the doctor the first refusal of this egg.'

Jan dimly understood, and vehemently objected. 'I tell 'ee, sir, there was two eggs—wan slipped away from my finger-tips. If the doctor wants t'other egg, let 'en swing like a spider from Trevasse Cliff, with his feet nowhere, and the black rocks waiting for 'en!'

Without further protest, the gwennak's egg

was tenderly placed upon a safe shelf; and the rector availed himself of Jan's strength to haul the case of books nearer the window. The grief came back to the old man's face as he again fondled the beloved volumes; and Rose, turning to the window with brimming eyes, murmured, 'Poor father, poor old father!'

Only the day before, the rector had received a letter from a stranger in Plymouth, offering to buy, at a fair price, any shares in Wheal Tregartha he might have to dispose of; and the honest old gentleman had replied that it was well understood that the shares were of no value in the market, and he could not sell to another what he knew to be worthless.

Jan Pengelly left the rectory with his poor mind strangely bewildered. He vaguely understood the altered circumstances of the Trevenicks, and in a dim fashion he connected their losses with the failure of the Tregartha mine; had not people of the village, for lack of work at the mines, been sold out of house and home, and gone abroad to seek a living? But Parson Trevennick did not dig the copper, nor sell the copper—the problem was too much for Jan; his brain was in a whirl, and he instinctively turned his steps to the beach that he might sit by the sea and slowly think the matter out.

Is there elsewhere in the world a stretch of sea-shore so wildly beautiful as this southern coast of Cornwall, with its white sands, its glorious cliffs, the wonderful greens and purples of its translucent waters?

Rising perpendicularly from the sandy beach, to the west of Trevasse Head, stands the Warrior's Rock, a huge pile of multi-coloured serpentine, washed and worn by the tides and storms of the ages to some remote resemblance to a helmeted man. To the top of this fantastic rock it was the delight of Jan to climb; and in days of ill-health he would spend hours on the summit. It was to the solitude of this airy perch that he now repaired; but for once he was blind to the changing hues of sea and sky, and deaf to the breaking wash of the waves beneath him, and the multitudinous cries of the wheeling sea-birds. His mind was sorely troubled. He remembered the whispered talk of the three miners that night on Tregartha beach, the mention of the parson, and the words of the old man Edwards: 'There's a brave heap of money yet in Wheal Tregartha.' It dawned upon him that all this concerned Parson Trevennick, and that he ought to be told about it. But the threat of Captain Trefusis rang in his ears, and he shuddered at the memory of that murderous little pistol glittering in the moonlight. Whatever real significance lay in the threat, the terror was actual enough to Jan.

Then he thought of the sweet face of Miss Trevennick; he had seen the tears in her eyes that morning. Had she not always been good to him? Did she not save him from the pixies of Carn Garu—the wicked pixies that used to torment him so, and had one night chased him all the way from Tregartha Church to the very door of the rectory—did she not teach him the Bible verse that had ever since charmed them away?

The tide crept slowly in, and made an islet of the rock; and as slowly turned and receded, leaving a wonderful floor of spotless sand; and

heedless of the hours, Jan sat there in troubled meditation.

If Trefusis shot him, they would bury him in Tregartha Churchyard, two miles inland; and he doubted if he could rest so far away from the water.

'Tis no odds to me,' he repeatedly murmured, but his simple heart rejected this formula of selfishness; and through the mists of doubt he gradually saw his duty plain enough.

Whenever he had to cross the moor in the gathering darkness, when the granite rocks took ghostly shapes as he hurried along, and he heard the dreadful flap, flap of goblin wings behind him, he would call aloud in the gloom: 'I will not be afraid of the terror that fliteth by night!' and walked home unscathed.

The words of his 'Bible charm' came to him in his perplexity. 'I will not be afraid!' he cried; 'pixies or bullets, 'tis all the same—I will not be afraid of the terror!'

It was a hard fight that Jan Pengelly fought there on the rock, with weapons that were none of the keenest—a fight with the fear of death; but when at length he scrambled down to the beach, his face was happy enough, and he strode home with a sharp sense of appetite, and whistled to himself as he climbed the path that led past the coastguard station to the village.

When he entered his lodging, the widow's little girl of twelve, whose interest in Jan was quite maternal, was sitting at the spread table, and greeted him in a tone of severe reproach: 'Jan Pengelly, you'm very late to your tea; wherever have 'ee been?'

#### 'THE BALTIC.'

A LARGE, dingy, red-brick building, situated in Threadneedle Street where it joins Bishopsgate Street, attracts the attention of the passer-by who is not a city man. Looking above the handsome granite doorway, at the west end of the building, he sees the words 'The Baltic' standing out in bold relief. Concluding that the building must be a commercial Exchange, he naturally connects it with tar and timber, or other products of North Russia. Seized by an uncontrollable curiosity, or a landable thirst for information, he passes through the large swing-doors at the entrance, and finds himself in a vestibule where there are several people waiting—so he ascertains—to see members. For he soon discovers that within the sacred precincts of the room only members are admitted. An official in blue and gold keeps jealous guard over the inner doors, and sees that no intruder passes through. A stranger attempting to effect an entrance is quickly discovered by this lynx-eyed individual, and politely ordered back.

Presently our friend with the inquiring turn of mind hears one of the callers give a name to the doorkeeper, who shouts it through a small aperture to another official inside. Peering through this aperture, he sees the latter official standing on a platform, and in front of him, an alarming-looking funnel-shaped object on a swivel. Through this object, which is nothing more than a megaphone or speaking-

trumpet, the official intones in a loud, penetrating voice the name which has been passed on to him. In answer to the summons, a member hurries into the vestibule, and enters into conversation with the caller, or if the interview is likely to be prolonged, he takes him into a small anteroom, leading off the vestibule, which is provided for the purpose. We will assume that our hypothetical visitor suddenly remembers hearing his friend Mr Snooks who, he knows, is 'something in the city,' mention 'The Baltic' by name. Perhaps Mr Snooks is a member and can take him inside? At any rate, he will see.

'Will you call out Mr Snooks, please,' he timidly tells the blue-and-gold official. 'Which Snooks, sir?' the latter inquires; 'there are several in the room.' 'Josiah Snooks' is the reply, and forthwith the name of Josiah Snooks is bellowed through the megaphone. Mr Snooks soon appears, and upon learning his friend's wish, takes him inside, enters his name in the visitors' book, and shows him round.

He finds himself in a spacious room, with a low roof supported by Corinthian pillars. Pillars indeed are everywhere, the whole appearance of the building, both externally and internally, being suggestive of a patchwork arrangement which, he learns, is the result of certain structural alterations effected within recent years, with the object of increasing the space available for members. The wall on his left contains a succession of handsome mirrors, also a large clock and a wind-dial, which, he afterwards discovers, are specially useful as well as evidently ornamental. Ranged along this wall is a leather-covered Sybaritic settee, whose continuity is broken only by the large fireplace in the centre, also suggestive of comfort. He is told that when business is slack, members loll and take their ease on this seat, chatting—not always 'shop'—or reading the daily papers and periodicals, a liberal supply of which is provided. He finds at the western end of the room an alcove, with a table in the centre, upon which are the principal illustrated papers and several foreign journals—French, German, Greek, and Italian; the corresponding portion of the opposite side forming the Secretary's office. At the eastern end, just outside the private entrance to the building, he sees on the left a luncheon room and refreshment bar, where the members fortify the inner man against the wear and tear of their afternoon 'contracts,' or search for 'contracts.'

After passing, at the right hand corner, a pulpit-like structure, in which yet another leather-lunged official shouts out the names of members who are wanted by fellow-members, he discovers a telegraph office, outside of which is a succession of pigeon-holes containing inland and foreign telegram forms. Lower down, he finds a very complete telephonic system, embracing nine felt-walled cells, which effectually deaden all sound to and from the speaker, after he has been 'switched on' by the attendant in the telephone-box. Pursuing his explorations, he comes across a variety of foreign telegrams from the leading grain centres of the world, and these give him the first clue to the



nature of the business transacted within the building. His attention is next attracted by one of the Exchange Company's tape machines, where he may see an anxious speculator eagerly noting the fluctuations of the stock markets in which he is interested. Close by is a door leading down a flight of steps to the underground apartments, which consist of a lavatory, well looked after by attendants, and an inner room where newspaper files are carefully preserved. He learns that there are also other subterranean rooms, in one of which the Committee of Management meet for their deliberations. A casual glance during his peregrinations up-stairs has revealed to him the fact that the comfort of members in the matter of writing-tables, books of reference, and so forth, is attended to in a way which leaves little to be desired.

Assuming that the room is well filled, which it invariably is at noon and between four and five in the afternoon, the hum of voices which arises from the silk-hatted, keen-faced throng is suggestive of a huge beehive. Between four and five, the sound increases in volume, until just before five, when the doors of the building are closed for the day, it reaches its maximum, and so does the volume of smoke, for cigars and cigarettes are permitted after 4.30 P.M. Daring spirits have introduced, in summer, straw-hats into that conservative institution, but no one has yet had the temerity to light up a 'briar-root.' An unwritten law tabooing pipes is in existence, and the stony glare of the staid old members, to be followed, possibly, by a report to a shocked Committee, would probably meet the daring innovator, and annihilate the innovation. Ere our supposed visitor has found himself once more outside the building, a wiser, and possibly not a sadder man, he will have learned that the 'Baltic' is the great emporium in London for foreign grain, with ramifications, however, which embrace other trades of smaller dimensions.

But whence the name of 'The Baltic?' Like 'Lloyd's,' it is derived from the name of a coffee-house close at hand in Threadneedle Street, which flourished in the seventeenth century. Being frequented originally by Russian merchants chiefly engaged in the Baltic trade, the name of this coffee-house was sufficiently appropriate. The Russian merchants were followed by Greeks, always keen traders in grain. The business aspect of the Baltic Coffee-house as a place of resort for merchants assumed in course of time proportions which far outweighed its social importance, and it became necessary for its frequenters to cast about for a meeting-place which should afford them the necessary facilities for the further development of their rapidly expanding commercial relations with one another. The historic South Sea House, then untenanted—the headquarters of the huge national gamble with which its name is associated—was fixed upon, and in the year 1857, 'The Baltic,' as it is now known, first saw the light.

South Sea House is the property of 'The Baltic' Company, Limited, who receive a rental of £8000 a year from 'The Baltic' Committee, a body of leading men elected annually by the

members of the room to manage their affairs for them. The Company is in a very flourishing condition, its £100 shares being worth about £700—as may well be the case in view of the annual dividend of 30 per cent. which they yield.

Candidates for admission to membership of 'The Baltic' must be proposed and seconded by two members, and their names are exhibited in a prominent position in the room for a certain period, before they are finally admitted as members by the Committee of Management. The entrance fee is £21 for principals, and £10, 10s. for their clerks; and the annual subscription is £10, 10s. for the former, and £7, 7s. for the latter. The total membership, including about one hundred and forty country and retired members, now stands at something between one thousand four hundred and one thousand five hundred. Notwithstanding the high rental paid 'The Baltic' Company, and the other heavy incidental expenses, the revenue account always shows a fair balance on the right side, the credit balance for last year being £870.

The business transacted on the floor of 'The Baltic' is of a sufficiently varied character. Besides cargoes of grain daily changing hands, a vast quantity of tonnage is annually chartered, and very important transactions in linseed, cottonseed, rapeseed, oils, tallow, &c. take place. Grain merchants and grain brokers; shipowners and shipbrokers; seed merchants and seed brokers; seed crushers and oil refiners all rub shoulders with one another. Wheat, of course, is the chief market of all, and its power is such that it often exerts an indirect influence over articles which have to all appearance only the remotest connection with it. Often the price of wheat affects, not only that of maize and of barley, &c., but also to a more or less appreciable extent that of linseed and cottonseed, owing to the cake products of these articles being used for feeding purposes. And the freight markets are directly influenced by the state of the grain markets; when the latter are brisk, chartering proceeds with a swing; and conversely, when grain is stagnant, there is little demand for tonnage, and rates of freight generally fall. The various branches of business on 'The Baltic' are therefore interlaced in a remarkable manner, notwithstanding their apparent diversity.

Occasionally speculation is rife in a particular article; but during recent years the speculative spirit has been largely dormant. Prices have ruled so low that 'bear' sellers have fought shy of going 'short' to any considerable extent, whilst there has been an absence of the 'bull' element, in view of the downward trend of prices generally. A good many years ago, tallow was an article which formed the subject of extensive gambling, but it now occupies a comparatively subordinate position in the affairs of the Exchange. Auction sales of this article take place every Friday in a small room in South Sea House, and members are duly apprised of them by an official ringing a bell at noon, followed by the announcement in stentorian tones: 'Tallow sales are about to commence, gentlemen.'



Huge operations having as their object the 'rigging of the market' are unknown on 'The Baltic.' 'Wheat corners' and 'maize rings,' names of dire portent on the other side of the Atlantic, are never attempted here; in view, indeed, of the increase in the number of exporting countries, and in the quantities of their exports, operations of this description would be altogether too Herculean a task to undertake, unless under circumstances which are unlikely to arise. But Brother Jonathan nevertheless too often rules the English grain markets with a rod of iron. For wheat and maize markets on this side follow America very closely; and any large rise or fall in New York or Chicago is at once reflected in prices here. Needless to say, the fluctuations in America are due very frequently to the most unscrupulous tactics on the part of 'shorts' and 'longs,' who manipulate the markets, and send prices up or down according to the strength of the opposing cliques. The English consumer thus has sometimes to pay for the so-called cuteness of Yankee operators. When grain markets are brisk on 'The Baltic,' the arrival of the American cablegram giving the opening prices of wheat and maize in New York and Chicago is awaited with, occasionally, feverish anxiety, and prices close better or worse according to the news from 'the other side.' The great influence thus exerted by New York and Chicago is of course primarily due to the dependence of this country on America for wheat and maize, a condition of affairs which will probably undergo a gradual change as other grain-exporting countries, more particularly perhaps the Argentine Republic, develop their rapidly expanding resources and export trade. At present South Russia ranks next to America in importance as a grain-exporting centre; Australian wheat is now a factor to be reckoned with; and India is always ready to export wheat when prices encourage shipments. Calcutta and Bombay still rule the linseed market, although their supremacy is being yearly more and more disputed by La Plata, whose exports generally, owing to a fertile soil, cheap labour, and a paper currency, have increased enormously in recent years. Cottonseed is entirely in the hands of Egypt, and she shares—but it is the lion's share—the bean trade with Morocco and Smyrna.

By a tacit understanding, for the sake of convenience, each trade has its own particular corner of the room, where those members who are engaged in it meet and transact business. Near the entrance to the room is the freight market, where current rates from Odessa, from the Danube, from Alexandria, from the River Plate, are discussed, and where expressions such as 'laydays,' 'cancelling dates,' 'deadweight capacity' are heard all around. In the centre of the room, linseed is the prevailing topic, and one can learn the price of 'spot Calcutta' or 'May-June Plate.' The same brokers will tell one the current value of 'November-January cottonseed,' or of 'July-August brown Cawnpore rapeseed.' At the farther end of the room, wheat and feeding stuffs reign supreme. The prices of 'No. 1 Californian' wheat on passage; June-July 'Plate' maize; May-June

'Azof' barley; and March-April 'Liban' oats become familiar to the ear. One learns that the months refer to the periods during which the produce must be shipped; that the mysterious expression which sounds like 'sift' means c. i. f.—say cost, insurance, and freight; that 'rye terms' are more favourable to a buyer than 'tale quale'; that produce is often sold before it is shipped, and sometimes before it is grown; that f. a. q. means 'fair average quality,' being a guarantee which obviates the necessity of showing samples, the display of which in the room is indeed forbidden.

Produce valued at many thousands of pounds daily changes ownership, without the production of a single document binding the bargain, until the contract notes are drawn out and signed. Confidence in mutual integrity after the conclusion of a bargain forms the basis of this apparently loose system, and any one abusing this confidence, say by repudiating a bargain, would be reported to the Committee, and upon conviction would be instantly relieved of his membership. Any disputes arising out of contracts are settled by arbitration, each side appointing an arbitrator; should the arbitrators fail to agree, an umpire is called in, whose decision is final. In this way disputes are settled quickly, inexpensively, and satisfactorily by practical men, a method infinitely preferable to setting in motion the cumbrous and expensive machinery of the law-courts.

'The Baltic' affords the opportunities so important to a commercial man, of transacting a maximum of business with a minimum of time and trouble. A merchant can sell a cargo of produce for shipment at some future period, and can then proceed to another part of the room and charter a steamer against the sale. Assuming that he has secured a profit on the transaction—a contingency which frequently the future course of markets can alone determine—he can afterwards, without leaving the room, seek out a stockbroker, and through him either invest his profit in 'gilt-edged securities,' or speculate with it in the Kaffir Circus or in Westralians. Some years ago, when trade was in a more flourishing condition than at present, members of the Stock Exchange were largely in evidence on the floor of 'The Baltic,' but their visits have of late been less frequent. In a sense, they may be termed the 'barometers of "The Baltic,"' for by their presence or absence may be gauged pretty accurately the volume of business which is being transacted, and the profits which are being made, within the walls of the building. A certain pregnant saying might here suggest itself to the irreverent mind, but one refrains from associating the stockbrokers who frequent 'The Baltic' with the gathering together of birds of prey, 'eagles' or otherwise, or their clients with the 'carcase' which provides a sumptuous feast.

And if the vocations of the members vary, how much more their nationalities. A more cosmopolitan assemblage of business men it would be difficult to imagine. Even 'English as she is spoke' by Englishmen on 'The Baltic' varies materially in accent and purity. The Irish brogue may occasionally be heard mingling

with a *soupeon* of the Scottish Doric. Jew and Gentile, Frenchman and German, Greek and Russian, Belgian and Italian; all creeds and no creeds, and nearly all European nations, are represented. The Germans and the Greeks form a considerable proportion of the foreign element, both in numbers and influence; some of the Greek merchants, particularly, are among the wealthiest members of the Exchange.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, members may be seen in large numbers at the Corn Exchange in Mark Lane, where the brokers meet their country clients, and exhibit samples of grain which they have for sale. And every afternoon there is an exodus of those members engaged in the oilseed and cognate trades to the Royal Exchange, where sellers and buyers come into free contact with one another. 'Going on 'change' is a daily duty which is rigorously observed, whether or not it is likely to be productive of business.

Although a certain number of members are probably too deeply engrossed in business to devote much attention to pastimes, or recreation in any form, a considerable section are strongly of opinion that 'all work and no play makes Jack (or Fritz) a dull boy.' Consequently both art and athletics receive a certain amount of attention. The 'Cereals,' an association which combines sociability with the benefits of an Oddfellows' Society, has been the means of unearthing musical talent and promoting good-fellowship amongst those members who belong to it. And operettas, written, composed, and performed by members, have in the past been the means of developing whatever histrionic talent the latter may possess. The rowing men in the room have on several occasions displayed their prowess in friendly contests with crews selected from the members of the Shipping Exchange. And 'The Baltic' numbers amongst its members international footballers, present and past; whilst tennis and kindred games have also well-known exponents.

A feeling of 'hail-fellow! well met,' generally prevails, which goes far towards relieving the strain of business, and oiling the wheels of life as it is lived within the walls of the large brick building in Threadneedle Street.

## THE DISBURSEMENT SHEET.

By W. W. JACOBS.

THE old man was dead, and his son Edward reigned in his stead. The old man had risen from a humble position in life; his rule was easy, and his manner of conducting business eminently approved of by the rough old seamen who sailed his small craft round the coast, and by that sharp clerk Simmons, on whose discovery the old man was wont, at times, to hug himself in secret. The proceedings, when one of his skippers came home from a voyage, were severely simple. The skipper would produce a bag, and, emptying it upon the table, give an account of his voyage; whenever he came to an expenditure, raking the sum out of the heap,

until, at length, the cash was divided into two portions, one of which went to the owner, the other to the skipper.

But other men, other manners. The books of the inimitable Simmons being overhauled, revealed the startling fact that they were kept by single entry; in addition to which, a series of dots and dashes appeared against the figures, forming a code, the only key to which was locked up somewhere in Simmons's interior.

'It's a wonder the firm hasn't gone bankrupt long ago,' said the new governor, after the clerk had explained the meaning of various signs and wonders. 'What does this starfish against the entry mean?'

'It isn't a starfish, sir,' said Simmons; 'it means that one bag of sugar got wetted a little; then, if the consigners notice it, we shall know we have got to allow for it.'

'A pretty way of doing business, upon my word. It'll all have to be altered,' said the other. 'I must have new offices, too; this dingy little hole is enough to frighten people away.'

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Captain Fazackerly, of the schooner *Sarah Ann*, who, having just brought up in the river, had hastened to the office to report.

'Mornin', sir,' said the captain respectfully; 'I'm glad to see you here, sir, but the office don't seem real like without your father sitting in it. He was a good master, and we're all sorry to lose him.'

'You're very good,' said the new master, somewhat awkwardly.

'I expect it'll take some time for you to get into the way of it,' said the captain, with a view to giving the conversation a more cheerful turn.

'I expect it will,' said the new master, thinking of the starfish.

'It's a mercy Simmons wasn't took too,' said the captain, shaking his head. 'As it is, he's spared; he'll be able to teach you. There ain't—he lowered his voice, not wishing to make Simmons unduly proud—'there ain't a smarter clerk in all Liverpool than wot he is.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' said the new master, regarding the old man with raised eyebrows, as he extricated a plethoric-looking canvas bag from his jacket pocket, and dropped it with a musical crash on the chipped office table. His eyebrows went still higher, as the old man unfastened the string, and emptying the contents on to the table, knitted his brows into reflective wrinkles, and began to debit the firm with all the liabilities of a slow but tenacious memory.

'Oh, come,' said the owner sharply, as the old man lovingly hooked out the sum of five-and-sixpence as a first instalment, 'this won't do, cap'n.'

'Wot won't do, Mas'r Edward?' inquired the old man in surprise.

'Why, this way of doing business,' said the other. 'It's not business-like at all, you know.'

'Well, it's the way me an' your pore old father has done it this last thirty year,' said the



skipper, 'an' I'm sure I've never knowingly cheated him out of a ha'penny; and a better man o' business than your father never breathed.'

'Yes; well, I'm going to do things a bit differently,' said the new master. 'You must give me a proper disbursement sheet, cap'n, if you please.'

'And what may that be?' inquired Captain Fazackerly, as, with great slowness, he gathered up the money and replaced it in the bag; 'I never heard of it afore.'

'Well, I haven't got time to teach you book-keeping,' said the other, somewhat nettled at the old man's manner. 'Can't you get some of your brother captains to show you? Some deep-sea man would be sure to know.'

'I'll see what I can do, sir,' said the skipper slowly, as he turned towards the door. 'My word was always good enough for your father.'

In a moody, indignant frame of mind, he stuck his hands furiously in his trousers' pockets, and passed heavily through the swing-doors. At other times he had been wont to take a genial, if heavy interest in passing events; but, in this instance, he plodded on, dwelling darkly upon his grievance, until he reached, by the mere force of habit, a certain favourite tavern. He pulled up sharply, and, as a mere matter of duty and custom, and not because he wanted it, went in and ordered a glass of gin.

He drank three, and was so hazy in his replies to the young lady behind the bar, usually a prime favourite, that she took offence, and availing herself, for private reasons, of a public weapon, coldly declined to serve him with a fourth.

'Wot?' said the astounded Fazackerly, coming out of his haze.

'You've had enough!' said the girl firmly. 'You get aboard again, *and mind how you do so.*'

The skipper gazed at her for a moment in open-mouthed horror, and then, jamming his hat firmly over his brows, stumbled out of the door and into the street, where he ran full into the arms of another mariner who was just entering.

'Why, Zacky, my boy,' cried the latter, clapping him lustily on the back, 'how goes it?'

In broken indignant accents the other told him.

'You come in with me,' said the new-comer.

'I'll never enter that pub again,' said the skipper.

'You come in with me,' said the master-mind firmly.

Captain Fazackerly hesitated a moment, and then, feeling that he was safe in the hands of the master of a foreign-going barque, followed him into the bar, and from behind his back, glared defiantly at his fair foe.

'Two glasses o' gin, my dear,' said Captain Tweedie, with the slightest possible emphasis.

The girl, who knew her customer, served him without a murmur, deftly avoiding the gaze of ungenerous triumph with which the injured captain favoured her, as he raised the cooling beverage to his lips. The glass emptied, he placed it on the counter, and sighed despondently.

'There's something up with you, Zacky,' said Tweedie, eyeing him closely as he bit the end

off a cigar; 'you've got something on your mind.'

'I've been crool hurt,' said his friend, in a hard, cold voice. 'My word ain't good enough for the new guv'nor; he wants what he calls a disbursement sheet.'

'Well, give him one,' said Tweedie. 'You know what it is, don't you?'

Captain Fazackerly shook his head, and pushing the glasses along the counter, nodded for them to be refilled.

'You come aboard with me,' said Tweedie, after they had emptied them.

Captain Fazackerly, who had a doglike faith in his friend, followed him into the street, and on to his barque. In a general way, he experienced a social rise when he entered the commodious cabin of that noble craft, and his face grew in importance as his host, after motioning him to a seat, placed a select array of writing materials before him.

'I s'pose I've got to do it,' he said slowly.

'Of course you have,' said Tweedie, rolling his cigar between his thin lips; 'you've got orders to do so, haven't you? We must all obey those above us. What would you do if one of your men refused to obey an order of yours?'

'Hit him in the face,' said Captain Fazackerly, with simple directness.

'Just so,' said Tweedie, who was always ready to impart moral teaching. 'And when your governor asks for a disbursement sheet, you've got to give him one. Now, then, head that paper—Voyage of the *Sarah Ann*, 180 tons register, Garston Docks to Limerick.'

The captain squared his elbows, and, for a few seconds, nothing was heard but his stertorous breathing, and the scratching of the pen; then a muttered execration, and Captain Fazackerly put down his pen with a woe-begone air.

'What's the matter?' said Tweedie.

'I've spelt register without the "l,"' said the other; 'that's what comes o' being worried.'

'It don't matter,' said Tweedie hastily. 'Now, what about stores? Wait a bit, though; of course ye repaired your side-lamps before starting?'

'Lor, no!' said Captain Fazackerly, staring; 'what for? They were all right.'

'Ye lie,' said Tweedie sternly; 'you did! To repairs to side-lamps, ten shillings. Now, then, did you paint her this trip?'

'I did,' said the other, looking at the last entry in a fascinated fashion.

'Let's see,' said Tweedie meditatively—'we'll say five gallons of black varnish at one shilling and threepence a gallon'—

'No, no,' said the scribe; 'I used gas tar at threepence a gallon.'

'Five gallons black varnish, one shilling and threepence a gallon, six-and-fivepence,' said Tweedie, raising his voice a little; 'have you got that down?'

After a prolonged struggle with his feelings, the other said he had.

'Twenty-eight pounds black paint at twopence a pound,' continued Tweedie.

'Nay, nay,' said the skipper; 'I allus saves the soot out of the galley for that.'

The other captain took his cigar from his lips, and gazed severely at his guest.



'Am I dealing with a chimney-sweep or a ship's captain?' he inquired plaintively; 'it would simplify matters a bit if I knew.'

'Go on, Captain Tweedie,' said the other, turning a fine purple colour; 'how much did you say it was?'

'Twenty-eight twos equals fifty-six; that's four-and-ninepence,' continued Tweedie, his face relaxing to receive the cigar again; 'and twenty-eight pounds white-lead at twenty-eight shillings a hundredweight'—

'Three penn'orth o' whiting's good enough for me, matey,' said Captain Fazackerly, making a stand.

'See here,' said Tweedie, 'who's making out this disbursement sheet, you or me?'

'You are,' said the other.

'Very good, then,' said his friend; 'now don't you interrupt. I don't mind telling you, you must never use rubbish o' that sort in a disbursement sheet. It looks bad for the firm. If any other owners saw that in your old man's sheet, he'd never hear the end of it, and he'd never forgive you. That'll be—what did I say? Seven shillings. And now we come to the voyage. Ye had a tug to give ye a pluck out to the bar.'

'No; we went out with a fair wind,' said Captain Fazackerly, toying with his pen.

'Ye lie; ye had a tug out to the bar,' repeated Tweedie wearily. 'Did ye share the towing?'

'Why, no, I tell 'e'—

'That'll be three pounds, then,' said Tweedie. 'If ye'd shared it, it would have been two pound ten. You should always study your owner in these matters, cap'n. Now, what about bad weather? Any repairs to the sails?'

'Ay, we had a lot o' damage,' said Fazackerly, laying down his pen; 'it took us days to repair 'em. Cost us four pounds. We had to put into Holyhead for shelter.'

'Four pounds,' said Tweedie, his voice rising almost to a scream.

'Ay, all that,' said Fazackerly, very solemnly.

'Look here,' said Tweedie, in a choked voice. 'Blown away fore lower topsail, fore-staysail, and carried away lifts to staysail. To sailmaker for above, eleven pounds eighteen shillings and tenpence. Then ye say ye put into Holyhead for shelter. Well, here in entering harbour we'll say loss of port anchor and thirty fathoms of chain cable'—

'Man alive,' said the overwrought skipper, hitting the table heavily with his fist, 'the old anchor's there for him to see.'

'To divers recovering same, and placing on deck, two pound ten,' continued Tweedie, raising his voice. 'Did you do any damage going into dock at Limerick?'

'More than we've done for years,' said Fazackerly, and shaking his head, entered into voluminous details; 'total, seven pounds.'

'Seven pounds,' said the exasperated Tweedie. 'Seven pounds for all that, and your insurance don't begin till twenty-five pounds. Why, damme, you ain't fit to be trusted out with a ship. I firmly b'lieve if you lost her you'd send in a bill for a suit of clothes, and call it square. Now take this down, and larn a business way o' doing things. In entering dock,

carried away starboard cathead and started starboard chain plates; held survey of damage done: decided to take off channel bends, renew through bolts, straighten plates and replace same; also to renew cathead and caulk ship's side in wake of plate, six seams, &c., &c. There, now, that looks better. Twenty-seven pounds eighteen and sevenpence halfpenny, and I think, for all that damage, it's a very reasonable bill. Can you remember anything else?'

'You've got a better memory than I have,' said his admiring friend. 'Wait a bit, though; yes, I had my poor old dog washed overboard.'

'Dog!' said the deep-sea man; 'we can't put dogs in a disbursement sheet. 'Tain't business.'

'My old master would have given me another one, though,' grumbled Fazackerly. 'I wouldn't ha' parted with that dog for anything. He knew as much as you or me, that dog did. I never knew him to bite an officer, but I don't think there was ever a man came on the ship but what he'd have a bit out of, sooner or later.'

'Them sort of dogs do get washed overboard,' said Tweedie impatiently.

'Boys he couldn't abear,' pursued the other, in tones of tender reminiscence; 'the mere sight of a boarding-school of 'em out for a walk would give him hydrophoby almost.'

'Just so,' said Tweedie. 'Ah! there's cork fenders; ye may pick them up floating down the river, or they may come aboard in the night from a craft alongside; they're changeable sort o' things, but in the disbursement sheet they must go, and best quality too, four-and-sixpence each. Anything else?'

'There's the dog,' said Fazackerly persistently.

'Copper nails, tenpence,' said Tweedie the dictator.

'Haven't bought any for months,' said the other, but slowly entering it.

'Well, it ain't exactly right,' said Tweedie, shrugging his shoulders, 'but you're so set on him going in.'

'Him? Who?' asked Captain Fazackerly, staring.

'The dog,' said Tweedie; 'if he goes in as copper nails, he won't be noticed.'

'If he goes in as tenpence, I'm a Dutchman,' said the bereaved owner, scoring out the copper nails. 'You never knew that dog properly, Tweedie.'

'Well, never mind about the dog,' said Tweedie; 'let's cast the sheet. What do you think it comes to?'

'Bout thirty pun', hazarded the other.

'Thirty fiddlesticks,' retorted Tweedie; 'there you are in black and white—sixty-three pounds eighteen shillings and tenpence-halfpenny.'

'And is that what Mas'r Edward wants?' inquired Captain Fazackerly, gasping.

'Yes; that's a properly drawn up disbursement sheet,' said Tweedie, in satisfied tones. 'You see how it simplifies matters. The governor can see at a glance how things stand, while, if you trusted to your memory, you might forget something, or else claim something you didn't have.'

'I ought to have had them things afore,' said Captain Fazackerly, shaking his head

solemnly. 'I'd ha' been riding in my carriage by now.'

'Never ye dream of having another vy'ge without one,' said Tweedie. 'I doubt whether it's lawful to render an account without one.'

He folded the paper, and handed it to his friend, who, after inspecting it with considerable pride, tucked it carefully away in his breast pocket.

'Take it up in the morning,' said Tweedie. 'We'll have a bit o' tea down here, and then we'll go round a bit afterwards.'

Captain Fazackerly having no objection, they had tea first, and then, accompanied by the first mate, went out to christen the disbursement sheet. The ceremony, which was of great length, was solemnly impressive towards the finish. Captain Tweedie, who possessed a very sensitive, highly-strung nature, finding it necessary to put a licensed victualler out of his own house before it could be completed to his satisfaction.

The one thing which Captain Fazackerly remembered clearly the next morning when he awoke was the disbursement sheet. He propped it against the coffee-pot during breakfast, and read selections to his admiring mate, and after a refreshing toilet, proceeded to the office. Simmons was already there, and before the skipper could get to the purpose of his visit, the head of the firm arrived.

'I've just brought the disbursement sheet you asked for, sir,' said the skipper, drawing it from his pocket.

'Ah, you've got it, then,' said the new governor, with a gracious smile; 'you see it wasn't so much trouble after all.'

'I don't mind the trouble, sir,' interrupted Captain Fazackerly.

'You see it puts things on a better footing,' said the other. 'I can see at a glance now how things stand, and Simmons can enter the items straight away into the books of the firm. It's more satisfactory to both of us. Sit down, cap'n.'

The captain sat down, his face glowing with this satisfactory recognition of his work.

'I met Cap'n Hargreaves as I was a-coming up,' he said; 'and I explained to him your ideas on the subject, an' he went straight back, as straight as he could go, to make out his disbursement sheet.'

'Ah, we shall soon have things on a better footing now,' said the governor, unfolding the paper, while the skipper gazed abstractedly through the small, dirty panes of the office window at the bustle on the quay below.

For a short space there was silence in the office, broken only by the half-audible interjections of the reader. Then he spoke.

'Simmons!' he said sharply.

The old clerk slipped from his stool, and obeying the motions of his employer, inspected, in great astonishment, the first disbursement sheet which had ever entered the office. He read through every item in an astonished whisper, and, having finished, followed the governor's example and gazed at the heavy figure by the window.

'Captain Fazackerly,' said his employer, at length, breaking a painful silence.

'Sir,' said the captain, turning his head a little.

'I've been talking with Simmons about these disbursement sheets,' said the owner, somewhat awkwardly; 'Simmons is afraid they'll give him a lot of extra trouble.'

The captain turned his head a little more, and gazed stolidly at the astonished Simmons.

'A man oughtn't to mind a little extra trouble if the firm wishes it,' he said, somewhat severely.

'He's afraid it would throw his books out a bit,' continued the owner, deftly avoiding the gaze of the injured clerk. 'You see, Simmons's book-keeping is of the old-fashioned kind, cap'n, starfishes and all that kind of thing,' he continued, incoherently, as the gaze of Simmons, refusing to be longer avoided, broke the thread of his discourse. 'So I think we'll put the paper on the fire, cap'n, and do business in the old way. Have you got the money with you?'

'I have, sir,' said Fazackerly, feeling in his pocket, as he mournfully watched his last night's work blazing up the chimney.

'Fire away, then,' said the owner, almost cordially.

Captain Fazackerly advanced to the table, and clearing his throat, fixed his eyes in a reflective stare on the opposite wall and commenced:

'Blown away fore lower topsail, fore-staysail, and carried away lifts to staysail. To sailmaker for above, eleven pounds eighteen shillings and tenpence,' he said, with relish. 'Tug out to the bar, three pounds. To twenty-eight pounds black soot, I mean paint'—

#### THE PRIDE OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE.

Oh! Phyllis is surpassing fair,  
I know no maid that's fairer;  
Her beauty is beyond compare—  
No beauty could be rarer:  
She scorneth fickle fashion's guide,  
And russet is her gown—  
Yet she's the pride of the country-side  
And the envy of the town!

She is a queen we all declare,  
Though no crown she possesses,  
Beyond a wealth of rich brown hair,  
That hangs in dainty tresses:  
Her matchless eyes have long outvied  
The gems in monarch's crown—  
And she's the pride of the country-side  
And the envy of the town!

Her form is full of fairy grace,  
Her voice is music mellow,  
And oh! the bloom upon her face  
Is the red rose's fellow:  
Ah! he who wins her for his bride  
Wins more than wealth, renown—  
For she's the pride of the country-side  
And the envy of the town!

F. J. Cox.

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## THE GLASTONBURY LAKE-DWELLERS.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

I VISITED Glastonbury the other day, not to see the Abbey or the Holy Thorn—cuttings of which are in countless urban back-gardens—but to transport myself in fancy a thousand or two years earlier than the foundation of the Abbey or the first planting of the thorn-bush. The Abbey is all very well as an antiquity. It is, however, nowhere in comparison with the prehistoric village lately dug out of the marsh-land between Glastonbury and Godney, in the midst of the flat, black-ditched watershed of the little river Brue.

It was a dismal morning as I strode along the muddy road towards Blow-hard Farm, the initial stage of my trivial investigations. The rain fell in 'strings'—that, I believe, is the most expressive modern term—and the clouds seemed welded fast from horizon to horizon. Yet, from beneath my umbrella I could see enough of little Glastonbury to admire it. There was an apple-tree in blossom in one garden; and roses and sun-flowers also testified to the mildness of the season. For the rest, the village—it is scarcely more—seemed steeped in bucolic somnolence. The sweet perfume of peat-smoke stole abroad on the moist air from divers modest chimneys; and the tongues of the few wayfarers with whom I clashed spoke in the broad free dialect of the land.

The houses were soon all left behind. Stretched before me to the west, south, and north, was a vast level area, which made Glastonbury's Tor seem a mountain by contrast. I was actually on the brink of what was in Henry VIII.'s time the Meare Pool, a sheet of water 'in circuite fyve mile and one myle and half brode.' The Pool has, however, now become a nonentity. Its drained bed is trimmed into many a rich meadow, with pollard elms and oaks on the boundaries, and green-scummed ditches separating one from another. It is a great dairy district. At Blow-hard Farm I saw

many milk-cans, and the balmy breath of kine drifted from the damp stalls towards the muddy road.

A mile or so from Glastonbury I reached my quarry. The chief indication of it was a notice board in the wet meadow to my right, near a turbid ditch, advertising a reward of ten shillings for the conviction of any trespasser on the field. Undeterred, however, I climbed into the precincts. There were low heaps of upturned soil in the field, rats and pools of agitated water between the heaps, a shed or two, and several dozen insignificant grassy mounds spread over an area of three or four acres. These mounds are the prehistoric village in its modern presentment. Hardly one of them is more than eighteen inches above the normal level of the field, and until they were broken into, there was nothing to convince the beholder that man, and not a race of gigantic moles, was responsible for what lay beneath them. But for the laudable curiosity of Mr Arthur Bulleid, in the spring of 1892, the traveller between Godney and Glastonbury would still pass by this home of our remote progenitors in complete ignorance of its existence.

A streak of blue smoke from a hovel of sods on the margin of the lake village told of nineteenth-century mortals quite as forcibly as the sections of certain of the mounds recalled an old-time population. In answer to a call, a commonplace navvy stepped from the hovel and placed himself at my disposition.

'There is little to see, sir, in such weather,' said the man. 'The old beams the houses were raised on lie under water, and we are filling up the holes until the spring. Then we shall begin upon other mounds, and see what turns up.'

Their *modus operandi* is simple enough. The mounds anatomised are first stripped of their cuticle of turf. Then nine or ten inches of soil are removed, and a hearthstone is displayed, embedded in clay, or the charred remains of



various things—from bones, ashes, and broken pottery to weaving-combs, nutshells, and spindle whorls. Lower still there may be a second hearthstone, a third, a fourth, or even a fifth. And under all are the more or less sound or rotten relics of the horizontal woodwork which formed the flooring to the hut, and which in its turn was supported over the surface of the lake by vertical piles sunk from twelve to fifteen feet into the ground. Each mound has its hearthstone, or layer of hearthstones. And to each hut we may therefore apportion a family of these early lake-dwelling Britons.

The best thing still visible in the enclosed area was a little tongue of bright pebbly land running into the heart of the excavated region. This is supposed (reasonably or not) to have been the village landing-place: an artificial pier for the boats to draw alongside. Hence our ancient friends could readily ascend to the platform upon which the residential huts nestled in such very social contiguity to each other. Perhaps one may, without insulting these Somersetshire lake-dwellers, fairly compare their modes of existence to those of the Polynesians, photographs of whose houses on platforms may be seen in the British Museum.

Only two or three fragments of the house-piles were to be seen. They were black from long interment in the peaty earth, and now rotten from exposure. But I was assured that when they were first drawn from the soil their points were quite sharp, and apparently as serviceable as when they were set. A section of a boat also lay in one of the trenches, deep under water.

In the excavation hut adjacent to the works were a number of suggestive trifles, and heaped outside was a cubic yard or so of mixed bones. Oyster-shells were not abundant, but enough were present to prove that these ancients knew how to vary their flesh diet in the most delicate manner. Bones of horses, oxen, sheep, deer, dogs, cats, beavers, and swine also help us to figure in a manner some of the conditions of their life. Here, too, were several of the broken hearthstones. There is no quarry nearer than Street, a village two or three miles distant. The reddish stone has been identified as likely to have been obtained from Street. How, it may be asked, came there to be as many as four or five of these stones in a single hut? The answer is simple. The hearths were in the middle of the residences, mounted on a little dais of clay or pebbles embedded in clay. In process of time, as one hearth sank into the clay, another was placed over it. From the number of the hearths, therefore, we may guess at the relative age of the particular domestic establishment. Similarly, we may conjecture that the more outlying mounds, in which the hearths are single, and not notably sunken, represent the latest additions to the lake village—either the homes of accredited immigrants, or of enterprising young men determined to have houses of their own rather than live patriarchally with their fathers.

Of pottery there is great store. Neither here nor in the Glastonbury Museum did I see a single unbroken pot or urn. The raiders who finally put an end to this once

happy settlement burned and smashed the huts so that they became incoherent masses, and the floods of centuries duly put their crust of alluvial debris over the entire village. The interment was complete until 1892 A.D.

Half an hour spent in this saturated meadow was more than adequate for my purpose. My guide, though willing, could not tell me very much. He was only a paid digger and deliver: in no sense an archaeologist. When he had passed sentence on the former inhabitants as 'little better than a lot of wild savages,' it probably seemed to him that he had righteously quenched what measure of enthusiasm the continuous rain had left in me. But, in fact, he had done nothing of the kind. I had seen the site of the lacustrine village. It now behoved me to theorise over the objects taken from it: those deemed worthless by the sea-robbers or others who effectually put an end to the settlement in an unknown century, or those which were designedly left behind as grim witnesses to their brutality and might.

The most inspiring articles in the Glastonbury Museum are the two skulls: the only human traces worth mentioning of these Belgic Britons. They are comfortably stalled behind glass in a cupboard. Evidences of the local custom of burning the dead and storing the ashes in cinerary urns are common enough to make these relics particularly interesting. Nor is this all. The finer of the two heads was found stuck on a pole in the ground, and had clearly been severed from the body. Conjecture sees in it the work of the marauders. These were not content with burning the village and carrying off captive such of its inhabitants as they could secure. They killed the chief of the village, and, having cut off his head, impaled it on a stake in the midst of the smouldering huts. On the right side of the cranium is an ugly cleft in the bone, done by an axe or a club.

This skull is a magnificent specimen of its kind. It belonged to a man in the prime of life. The teeth would evoke praise from the most captious of dentists. Only one is missing, from the front, and that is believed to have fallen out since the skull's transference to the Museum. The facial angle is about seventy-two degrees, which indicates a sufficiency of intellectual power for the ordinary purposes of life in England from two to three thousand years ago, though it would not nowadays carry a man far among civilised beings. The forehead slopes abruptly backward.

Of the other head little need be said, except that it is the residuum of an old man who enjoyed a rough time of it while he lived. The cranium is covered with scars. Either the villagers were constantly engaged in internecine strife, or this man was the fighting champion of the district. Quite possibly he was the father of the other man, and they were both honoured in their death by the particular attentions of the assailing barbarians. Craniologists will be interested in these skulls, and may be glad to know that photographs of them are to be bought in the village for ninepence apiece.

Among the other determinate bone treasures are the skulls of an ox, a horse, and a sheep,

admirably preserved, and coloured a fascinating dusky hue by the peat impregnations. There are further human arm and leg bones, the ends of which have been palpably gnawed by animals. With them are the jaws of certain dogs and wild-boars, the former of an alarming size. These very jaws may have once feasted on the human victims left to them by the already sufficiently mentioned sea-robbers. One cannot affirm much in these situations. It is therefore permissible to give the imagination a somewhat lengthy tether.

I was moralising inefficiently over the simple piscatorial existence led by these early denizens of the Somersetshire swamp, when the Museum custodian drew my attention to something which instantly put fresh tints into the picture. 'Look at that, sir,' he said. He pointed to a little bone armlet—so it seemed—about four inches long, with two neat bands to it. But it was a dice-box, not a prehistoric bracelet. True, it had no bottom. That, however, was not necessary for people endowed like ourselves with accommodating palms to their hands. For a moment I demurred, reluctant to believe that the unhallowed lust of gaming could have got hold of these primitive persons. But there was no arguing against the dice themselves, which lay cheek-by-jowl with the deer's-horn dice-box. The only alleviating element in this discovery was the fact that the dice were not loaded.

Among the articles in the cases here are certain little rings of brown Kimmeridge shale, not unlike in shape the quaint copper 'cash' used by the Chinese. The term 'Kimmeridge pennies' is still, I believe, locally extant, and can refer to nothing in the world but these perforated bits of stone. Is it possible the shale rings were a species of currency—maybe devised more especially for dice-box purposes? This, however, is hardly suggested in sober earnest. Would that one of the skulls in the cupboard could enlighten us on this and kindred subjects of its living epoch!

Possibly the Phœnicians had some sort of second-hand intercourse with the villagers. To them may be due this introduction of a civilised habit. The idea gets a certain confirmation from an article in the collection which assuredly may be viewed as an exotic: a brazen bowl, to wit, of elegant shape, lightly but artistically decorated, and which, when it was first found, 'shone like a new guinea.' Its lustre has, however, now largely left it, and it is so fragile that it cannot be handled for cleaning purposes without risk of fracture. No coins have been discovered hitherto, and no pottery at all suggestive of Mediterranean influences. But there are a few beads of amber and dull blue glass, which also hint at outside commercial relationships.

The only weapons used by the people are supposed to have been slings. Thousands of small egg-shaped pieces of baked clay litter the ruins of the huts. These were the ammunition of the settlement. Though serviceable in deft hands, they could have been of little effect against the swords and axes of Continental invaders. A single iron spear-head seems to bear witness to these latter gentry, rather than

to prove that the lake-dwellers understood the art of working metals. A kindred explanation accounts for the bronze fibule and serpentine finger rings in the cases. The Museum custodian, in pointing out three tiny crucibles, suggested that they were used for smelting gold. But no trace of gold or silver in any form has yet been unearthed, and either these Britons knew nothing about the precious metals, or the raiders made a very clean sweep of such valuables as they possessed.

Bone and horn were the materials for decorative and industrial purposes most obviously at their disposal. There are needles and combs in abundance. Some of these weaving-combs are quite elaborately scratched and cut with patterns in horizontal and crossed lines and small circles, and they differ also from the Kent's Cave combs in the more convenient form of their handles. The pottery may be bracketed with that of the Torquay find. The same rude traceries appear on both.

Nothing in the Museum seems to have the least bearing on any religious beliefs the lake-dwellers may have entertained. To be sure, one could not expect a ring of stones to be set up in the middle of a lake; nor was the worship of the ancient Celts much concerned with effigies and graven images. The dice-box is at present the most eloquent existing testimony to the habits of the people when they were not engaged in procuring food. Several oblong flattened stones also, however, deserve notice. They may have been strigils for use after bathing—for which the natives had every convenience—or for flesh exercise as a substitute. Spindle whorls of amber and stone, as well as the remains of querns for grinding corn, enable us to see a little more of the domestic pursuits of the lake-dwellers. And lastly, professional delicacy must not allow me to forget what have been shrewdly conjectured to be mere pot-boilers: a number of charred stones which were, it is supposed, first made red hot and then dropped into the earthen vessels to make the water boil with as little risk as possible to the stability of the pots themselves.

The largest object in the Museum—and from some aspects the most alluring—is the prehistoric canoe which, after having lain for a millennium or two under ground, was first observed about ten years ago by a field-labourer. The peasant in question met with it as an obstacle to the digging of a drain. He chopped a piece off it there and then, to facilitate his labours, and forgot all about it. The actual explorations, however, brought it to the light, and now it stands, in all the dignity of its sixteen feet of length, protected from inquisitive fingers by a barrier. The thing is made out of a single tree trunk, had when removed a beam measurement of two feet, and was a foot deep. It also tapered gracefully to the extremities. Exposure has to some extent affected it, in spite of the preservative anointings of linseed and paraffin oil with which it is indulged. This treatment hardens it, but does not keep it from cracking, and it has warped very perceptibly. Time and the peat-water have made the oak as black as Irish bog-wood. Parts of a second canoe were more recently dug out.



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true,' said the girl somewhat sadly, 'and I would wish it to be so, indeed. I—I—fear, mamma,' she added, with a half sob, 'people are talking, and—don't seem the same.'

'We must do what we think to be right, Mary,' answered Mrs Dalton, 'rather than what others think. Don't mind that at all.'

In truth, she felt it keenly herself, but was too solicitous to show it.

'I will show this letter to Freddie,' said Mary. 'When he reads it, he may think as we do; and it would be quite soon enough after Christmas.'

There was no hope that the considerations by which the Farnleys had urged this early marriage would have any influence with the trustees. Mrs Dalton and her daughter did not suggest such a thing to themselves or each other. They knew the marriage was being hurried to meet the wishes of Frederick Farnley and his father, whom both were now anxious to please; and that there was nothing else to urge against the strong reasons for delay stated by Mr Fairfield.

When Frederick Farnley called that day, and was shown the letter by Mary Dalton, his face took a pallor of anger that startled and frightened her.

'This means, as clearly as if the words were written, that Mr Fairfield and his colleague want to break off the marriage if they can.' He was almost white as he spoke, and his tone, low and sharp, cut like a knife. 'I have nothing to say except this. If you wish to follow the advice of this letter, you are, of course, free to do so. But I will never come here again.'

'Freddie!'

'That is my decision. I will come back again,' he said, moving to the door, 'in the evening, to receive yours!'

He had handed back the letter, which dropped at her feet. He passed slowly out, but she did not utter a syllable, or move an eye-lash. But before going far, the young man (who was no fool) bethought himself that the mood in which he was leaving the girl might be a dangerous one, and he came back.

'Forgive me, Mary, if I have said a word to wound you. I was taken by surprise—vexed—frightened, if you will. How could it be otherwise, at the merest thought of losing you now?'

'Why should you think of losing me, Freddie?' she answered, bursting into tears.

'A man is so sensitive to every fear,' he said softly, drawing her to him, 'when the being who is everything to him is in any way concerned. I was afraid by your showing me the letter that it was your wish also.'

'No, no, no,' said the poor girl, with sobs; 'my wish is to please you.'

He knew quite well it was her wish—and must have been her anxious wish, when she went so far as to show him the letter—to postpone their marriage; but he professed to think otherwise, and dried her tears tenderly.

'We will say no more about it, Mary,' he said, when she had become calm again. 'It will be sufficient to tell Fairfield that it is your wish the wedding shall take place on the appointed day. As he freely admits, the de-

cision belongs to you, and no one else. That will be the end of it.'

She agreed to adopt the course which he suggested—or rather, to get her mother so to answer Mr Fairfield's letter. He made one more remark, however, which grated on the girl's feelings.

'If my governor saw that letter, Mary, he wouldn't let the engagement exist an hour longer.'

Mr Fairfield's letter was answered as Farnley suggested, and the matter was mentioned no more. It was thought of, however, by mother and daughter, and the recollection of that morning was a trouble which Mary had to hide away behind all the bright anticipations she could picture for herself.

'Never mind, Freddie,' observed Mr Seth Farnley that evening after dinner, when his son told him of Mr Fairfield's attempt to postpone the marriage, 'we will get even with him one day, I hope.'

Father and son sat reading newspapers in silence for a quarter of an hour after this. Suddenly the former uttered an exclamation, and sat straight up.

'Here's a—go!' he cried, in a tone of mingled interest and vexation. 'I hope they are not going to revive the sensation of the parson's death just at this particular time. It would be deucedly awkward!'

'What is it?' demanded the son, turning pale. His father had a local newspaper in his hand.

'I'd lay odds,' was the deliberate reply, 'that Fairfield is at the bottom of this trick. It is only a trick, but it's an awkward time to play it—for your business.'

'What is it?' he repeated.

'A woman's gray dress has been found in Croham Wood. The sensational idea is suggested that it may be connected with the cock-and-bull female supposed to have been seen coming down the road the evening the parson was found dead. It's the most palpable trick I ever heard of—I'll swear it has been got up just to revive the sensation at this particular time.'

Frederick Farnley agreed with his father that it looked very like a 'trick' to revive a sensation on so slender and ridiculous a basis. But from the way his face retained its pallor, and from the way his hand shook as he reached for the newspaper, it seemed as if he felt seriously alarmed on account of the possible success of the attempt. Nothing could be more fatal to the carrying out of the marriage project on the day fixed (only twelve days hence) than the sensation supposed to be aimed at.

'Bosh!' he exclaimed, when he had read the paragraph and flung the newspaper from him. 'To make so much of the finding of an old skirt! The thing is too transparent—but I suppose the reporter received his coppers for it.'

It showed, however, how much this matter lay on Frederick Farnley's mind, that next morning he went into Croham to make inquiries about it. He disregarded the newspaper office, and went direct to the police superintendent.

'As you may know, perhaps,' he explained, 'I am about to be married to Miss Dalton, and

on her account, I am anxious to learn if there is really anything in this reported discovery?"

The officer observed him curiously for a moment, and answered:

'No, Mr Farnley—nothing at all. As you have rightly observed, the thing would be a little too absurd.'

Thanking the officer rather more eagerly than was necessary (though the circumstances would account for this), Frederick Farnley went back to Crownley, to find, to his great satisfaction, that Mary Dalton and her mother had no knowledge of the newspaper report. He made himself so pleasant that day that Mary succeeded in forgetting the occurrence of the preceding morning. In the afternoon, he took her out to walk—through Crownley, for the first time; but before we relate what this walk ended in, we must return for a space to Croyham.

As for the police superintendent, he knew his business too well to answer the inquiries of Frederick Farnley or any other person, in regard to a case which he had in hand. There was more discovered in Croyham Wood than the report was aware of; not only a woman's dress, but in another place a bonnet, veil, and cloak. These things in themselves did not go far; but they set matters in motion, and a chance direction in the right track sometimes brings about results with astonishing rapidity.

#### WORK IN COMPRESSED AIR.

PEOPLE who have gone up in balloons, or have climbed the loftiest mountains, have had a good deal to say about the effects of the extremely rarefied air into which they have soared. There are just now down under the bed of the Thames at Blackwall, and there have been for the past two years, a large number of workmen whose experiences have been exactly the reverse. They live and move and have their being, for all their working-hours, in an atmosphere of more than treble density. The reader knows, of course, that air has weight, just as water has, and in the ordinary way this atmospheric weight at the sea-level is about fifteen pounds to the square inch. The operatives engaged in driving the Blackwall Tunnel under the Thames are under an air pressure of about thirty-five pounds over and above the normal pressure of the atmosphere. Every square inch of their body surface sustains a weight of fifty pounds, or nearly half a hundredweight. The men are shut closely into an air-tight chamber, and pneumatic pumps, driven by steam-engines of one thousand or one thousand two hundred horse-power, force the air in upon them. The steam-engines are, indeed, of one thousand five hundred horse-power, but their full strength is not employed. They are able to force in about eight thousand cubic feet of air a minute, or something like seventeen tons of pressure an hour. One gets a very impressive idea of what this force is in standing by when a stopcock is opened, and

the air is allowed to escape. It rushes out with an absolutely deafening roar, a deep, fierce, sonorous bellow. Ocular evidence even more striking has been afforded on two occasions, when the river-bed has proved unequal to the imprisonment of the great air-bubble down below, and there have been blowings-up. It is said by those who have witnessed the effect up above, that a circular column of water, fifty feet in diameter, was tossed up to a height of twenty-five feet. So enormous is the pressure, that air may sometimes be seen boiling up in the river eight hundred feet away from the working face in the tunnel below.

The object of the atmospheric compression in the excavation of this and other tunnels is to keep out water. Everybody knows that if a hole is kept full of air, water cannot get in. Now this hole at Blackwall has been dug out right under the Thames, where, at high-water, it may be sixty or eighty feet deep, and at one point there was nothing between the excavators below and the river above but about eight feet of loose, shingly gravel. Without some special device the water would have rushed down and drowned the whole enterprise, just as it did when Brunel was making the Thames Tunnel. The plan has been to build at the back of the workmen excavating the gloomy gallery an air-tight barricade, and to force air into the chamber thus formed. By making this force sufficiently great at the Blackwall Tunnel they have managed to keep out the water even with only a little loose gravel overhead.

This air pressure, and the health and safety of the men required to work under it, have been important factors in determining the plans of this great engineering work; and when it was decided that at a minimum depth below the river the pressure must necessarily be considerably over three times the normal weight of air, it was declared by some respectable authorities that it would be impossible to employ eighty or one hundred men under such conditions without a lamentable amount of injury, and in all probability a very serious loss of life. The work is approaching completion, however, and happily these fears are proved to have been to a large extent groundless. There have been injuries and some amount of illness, but for the most part not of a serious character, and no death has resulted from this work under such exceptional conditions.

The air-tight barricade that has been referred to is just a solidly built brick wall, twelve feet thick, capable of resisting an outward pressure of a thousand tons. Through this wall there are two passages leading into the tunnel head where the workmen are engaged, each passage having in the middle of it an 'air-lock,' which operates between the higher and the lower air pressure exactly as a river-lock does between the higher and the lower water level. To get in to their work, the men at the Blackwall Tunnel let the air out of a lock and pass in, close the iron door, and open the valves from the inner chamber. The air comes in with a terrific rush, there is a rapid rise of temperature, and unless ear passages are clear and there is a ready way for air into the



middle ear by the eustachian tubes—so that the pressure may be the same on both sides of the tympanum—very acute pain is experienced. If the pressure is continued, it may result in the rupture of the membrane. If the ear tubes are not entirely blocked, however, the trouble is soon over, and the chief effect of the enormously increased pressure is a slight feeling of exhilaration. The fact is, one becomes a little intoxicated by the increased amount of oxygen breathed in in the compressed air. However exhilarated one may feel, it is of no use to attempt to whistle or sing. As to whistling, it cannot be done at all; the density of the air, somehow, entirely prevents it, while upon the ordinary voice the very curious effect is to raise the pitch. Men with deep, strong, bass voices find themselves talking in thin, weak, treble tones, though it is said that the weakness of voice is very largely counterbalanced by the strength of the adjectives some of the men are apt to employ when they want to give vigorous expression to feelings or opinions, and find they cannot do so by mere loudness of voice. Any increase amounting to about twenty pounds above the normal atmospheric pressure affects the power of whistling and the character of the voice in this way.

There is nothing very noticeable in any other respect in consequence of the great atmospheric pressure, so long as the body is actually under it. When, however, the pressure is removed, serious results sometimes follow, especially when the change is made too suddenly. In coming out, everything is of course reversed. The men enter the lock under pressure, shut the door behind them, and then the air is allowed to escape. Temperature, which before rose rapidly, now falls with equal rapidity. Whatever moisture there may be in the air is precipitated as a thick, damp fog, and a chill is very likely to be experienced. Although injurious effects do not manifest themselves while the workers are in the condensed air, it is pretty evident that the unwonted pressure has its effect. Dr E. H. Snell, who resides upon the works for the purpose of looking after the health of the men, says: 'It is thoroughly established that the amount of illness varies with the amount of pressure and with the length of stay in the air.' While the men are at their work, there seems to be nothing the matter. On coming out, however, they often experience great pain in the arms and legs, and sometimes these pains are extremely severe. In some cases giddiness and paralysis are the more serious and prolonged results, the paralysis generally striking the legs. One man engaged in the tunnel was thought to have received permanent injury to that part of the brain which enables a man to preserve his balance, and the consequence is that he cannot walk straight, but reels and staggers about like a drunken man. At the outset of the work, the London County Council, in consideration of the exceptionally hazardous nature of the employment, very properly made provision for pensions for men thus disabled, and this man retired to a village, where he settled down with about a pound a week as a pension. The latest information, however, is that he has so far recovered that he is now

filling the post of a watchman under the County Council, and it is believed that he will entirely recover. A second case of the kind occurred subsequently, but that seems to have been somewhat slighter, and the last account was that this man also appeared to be recovering.

This system of work under compressed air is not altogether new. It was first suggested for such undertakings by Lord Dundonald in a patent he took out in 1830. It has been successfully employed under Lake Michigan, under the Hudson, at New York, and under the St Clair. On that side of the Atlantic, indeed, pressure has been carried up to forty-eight pounds to the square inch, or an absolute weight of no less than sixty-three pounds—nearly five atmospheres! It was also employed in the construction of the City and Southwark Electric Railway. The City and Waterloo Electric Railway, now in course of construction under the Thames, has had occasion to adopt this system. Excavations are going on by means of it now. But at the Blackwall Tunnel it has been carried out on a more extensive scale than ever before, and for a longer time. Moreover, the consideration of the London County Council in appointing a scientific man to watch the working of it, has been the means of throwing considerable light upon the physical effect of working and breathing in greatly condensed air. It has been observed that the faster the work proceeds, the less illness there is among the men. This seems to mean that when the earth being excavated is of a comparatively light and porous character—such as can be most easily dug out—a large quantity of air escapes through it, and, of course, a constantly renewed supply has to be pumped in. Dr Snell thus arrives at the conclusion that 'the amount of illness varies inversely with the amount of fresh air supplied;' that is to say, the more fresh air the less illness, and it is believed 'that up to a pressure, at present uncertain, but probably up to thirty or thirty-five pounds, compressed-air illness, among healthy men, can be almost, if not entirely, eliminated.'

## JAN PENGELLY.

### CHAPTER III.

NEXT day there was a big catch of fish, and all Tregartha was on the beach helping with the carrying. It was one of those phenomenal hauls that make the fishermen discontented and bewildered with the absurd plenitude of their harvest.

'I s'pose us ought to be thankful,' grumbled one old man, 'but 'tis very onreasonable; wan time 'tis out all night, two men and a boy, and hardly enough for the breakfus' of us; and then 'tis a reg'lar Bible catch, a great multitude of fishes that nobody knows what to do with, and two or dree days mending nets and tackle.'

'I reckon 'tis the same way with some folks' money,' said another; 'they get so much that 'tis a trouble to 'em.'

'Fish is money, in a way of speaking,' said

a third philosopher; 'a little fish is a little money, but unfortunately, a lot o' fish isn't a lot o' money; man heapeth up riches upon the earth, but 'tis no good heaping up pilchards. The value of pilchards is mortal fleeting. Well, well! so 'tis with all of us,' he added meditatively; 'us be all poor perishables!'

Jan Pengelly, who had not been out with the boats, was lending a hand with the landing of the fish, and was making his way up the beach with a heaped creel, when he was greeted with a hearty slap on the shoulder, and there stood Captain Trefusis, with a fine assumption of jovial benevolence.

'Jan, my sonny, you're the very lad I was looking for. I've a bit of good news for 'ee. The steamer *Arabella*, a fine big steamer, is in Plymouth harbour, and my own sister's husband, Captain Pepperell, is master of her. I've spoken to him about 'ee, what a fine young fellow you be, and he's offered to take 'ee for a voyage to Valparaiso, and the steamer leaves next Monday. 'Tis a rare chance for 'ee, Jan; you'll see foreign places, and a lot of fine sights—it'll make a man of 'ee!'

'No, no!' cried Jan vehemently, 'no steamers for me. I baint afeard of wind and watter; blaw east or blaw west, 'tis the Lord makes the wind—but I couldn't live aboard a steamer. I tell 'ee, cap'n,' he continued excitedly, 'I went aboard wan at Falmouth, and they took me down inside where the wheels be, where 'tis all fire and flame—'twas like the bad place, and I couldn't bide there!'

'Tis a fine chance for 'ee, Jan,' persisted Trefusis; 'you'll be reckoned a fool if you don't go.'

'I'm reckoned a fule as 'tis,' said Jan, 'so that's no odds; then looking the captain calmly in the face, he continued, 'I'm going to break word with 'ee, cap'n; I'm going to tell parson what you and miner Roskree and old Edwardes was talking about by the boat that night. As well as I can mind, I shall tell 'em all the words of 'ee.'

Trefusis stood aghast for a moment, then with a savage oath, he hissed, 'If you do, I shall shoot 'ee; do you understand that?'

But Jan had left his fears at the top of the Warrior Rock, and he replied, with a simplicity that staggered the captain, 'Ees, I suppose you'll shoot me, but all the same I shall tell parson this evening, when I go up to the rectory with the whiting.'

'Then I'll keep my word, and shoot 'ee like a dog, Jan Pengelly—and that'll be the end of it!'

But Jan's logic went a step further, and he retorted, 'And then they'll hang 'ee, cap'n—they'll hand 'ee to Bodmin Gaol!' and with his parting shaft, he lifted the creel again to his shoulder, and walked away.

Trefusis was beaten; he had fought with threats, and his weapons were useless. He had presumed on the cowardice of a simpleton, and found in Jan more than a man's courage. He felt he had played his own bad game badly. It

would have been better if he had taken Jan to Plymouth on some boating or fishing errand, and shipped him to South America by the steamer under pretext of landing him at Falmouth; true, Captain Pepperell would have wanted money for that job, but it would have been effectual. Not only was he balked of the fortune that seemed within his grasp, but he would lose his character in the place. He had an undeserved reputation for integrity, and like many another villain he valued it.

Full of evil thoughts, Trefusis stood and watched the landing of the fish, his face dark and angry with the passion within him. The little children shouted and played around him, and one that stumbled against him was savagely rebuked.

'How can 'ee speak so to a little chield?' protested one woman; while a bolder one shouted, 'Doan't 'ee come a-nigh my fish with that black face, maister!' and the laughter that followed swelled the bitterness in his heart.

Roskree and Edwardes were both there helping the fishermen. He well knew that at a word from Parson Trevennick they would betray him, and confirm Pengelly's story. He had hoped to buy the shares the rector held, but his first attempt, through a friend in Plymouth, had utterly failed; although that impecunious aristocrat, old Lady Polperro, had fallen easily into the same trap.

So far, the spoil was not worth the scheming, and he had half a mind to make a virtue of baffled villainy, and go to the rector himself. And yet—Jan alone stood in his way, a half-witted simpleton. Threats had failed, but other means might silence him—a dreadful idea crossed his mind, but the next moment he shuddered at his own imagining, and shaking himself free from his dark thoughts, he joined the group of toilers on the beach. To the amazement of the men, he flung himself fiercely into the work, hauling, lifting, and carrying with desperate energy, till the devil within him was exorcised.

'Here's a purty sight,' cried the woman, who had before jeered at him. 'Here's the mining cap'n helping with the fish, and working like dree men!'

And later in the day, when the philosophers gathered at the 'Tregartha Arms,' one said, 'I reckon 'twas uncommon kind of Cap'n Trefusis to help us with the fish this morning.'

'I can't make out the mining cap'n lately,' said another; 'seems to me he's like a man a bit mazed. He was up to Dick Riddaway's last week offering to buy shares in Tregartha mine.' 'You're welcome to 'em,' says Dick, 'but I can't see what good they be to 'ee.' "'Tis just a notion of mine," says the cap'n. "Some folks be fules enough to gather old postage-stamps, and I'm fule enough to gather up any old shares in Wheal Tregartha—'tis just a notion."

There was a lull of lazy tranquillity in Tregartha that afternoon; the fish had all been carted away to the nearest railway station, and the men were resting from the activities of the morning.

'That mine-inspector gentleman from London is biding here a longish time,' observed one gossip.

'Ees; but he's a cliver young man, that



Maister Cameron. Folks say that Tregartha church tower is onsafe, and wan Sunday morning in a sou'-westerly gale, 'twill surely fall scatt, and bury the parson and congregation in one burial; for my part, I'd rather be out channel in a hurricane, than sitting under thicky rickety old tower, a-singing hymns for those at say—so 'twas said the tower must come down and be re-built; but Cameron, he says it can be made as firm as a rock without removing wan of the old ancient stones, and Parson Trevennick's mighty pleased.'

'It seems to me,' said an older man, reverting to Trefusis, 'that if the mining cap'n buys shares, it must be to sell again—Trefusis is no fule.'

'Speaking of fules—there goes wan, sure 'nough!' cried a youngster; and Jan Pengelly passed the window, carrying two long iron spikes, and a length of rope knotted at intervals; 'bird-nesting again—the reckless good-for-nort!'

'Sammy, my son,' gravely interposed a senior, 'you should niver spake bad of mazed folks, for fear of your own mind.'

They watched Jan ascend the steep path that led past the coastguard station, and disappear over the shoulder of the hill. Other eyes were fixed on the climber—Captain Trefusis from the porch of his house watched the distant figure of Pengelly, and suddenly seizing his hat, walked rapidly in the same direction. Not looking right nor left, he strode on like a man impelled in a trance; and the look on his face was murderous. When he reached the crest of the hill, Jan was far ahead; his form stood silhouetted for a moment against the sky on the height of Trevasse Head, and then was lost to view.

East and west of this bold headland is seen a magnificent stretch of broken coast, a glorious view of bay and promontory, spaces of glistening sand and cliffs that stand like vanguards of the shore, and break the onslaught of the Atlantic.

When Trefusis reached the summit, Jan was nowhere to be seen; but within a few yards of the precipice, two iron spikes were driven firmly into the ground, and a rope was cunningly tied to each, and passed around a smooth upright boulder to relieve the direct strain upon the bars.

The captain did not look over the precipice—he dared not; but he saw that the rope was drawn to the verge of the cliff, and a little heap of plucked heather and moss served as a mat to prevent its fraying on the granite edge.

For a minute, Trefusis stood and watched the pulsation of the straining rope; it looked like a live thing there, quivering with tension, in the heather at his feet. Then, suddenly kneeling, with two swift strokes of his clasp-knife, he cut through the strands, and like a live thing, the rope leaped over the precipice, and far below there was a splash, and a great tumult of sea-birds!

Never did remorse fall more terribly swift upon a human soul. For a few awful moments of impotent penitence, he knelt there gazing at the short end of the rope he had severed, and would gladly have given his life to recall the deed. He dared not look over the cliff, but

rising to his feet with a wild hope, he rushed down the circuitous path that led to the beach, and catching his foot in a projecting boulder, he fell headlong, stunned!

### CYCLOMANIA.

SINCE last season, an unprecedented boom in the cycle industry has taken place, and the end is not yet. The wheel has found, or is finding its way into every part of the civilised world, and even backward countries, such as Spain, Turkey, and Egypt, rejoice in cycle tracks. Some cyclists have been ambitious enough to make a track for themselves round the world. Mr R. L. Jefferson, who has already ridden from London to Constantinople, and last year from London to Moscow, has done the latter journey again this season, and has gone on to Siberia. Since 1879, Mr A. McCormick of Portarlington, Queen's County, has ridden 170,000 miles, or nearly seven times the circumference of the globe. Last year his record was 10,000 miles. Only the other day, an Edinburgh youth came up smiling, after 100 miles in the Highlands upon his 'Osmond,' riding in one day from Perth to Crieff, on by Comrie, Lochearnhead, Callander, Stirling, and home. This is but a sample of what the cyclist is doing.

The boom has even penetrated and affected the wilds of Brazil and West Africa; for has not the price of rubber gone up, owing to the demand for rubber tyres? The various cycle factories, mainly in the English Midlands, have been running night and day in order to meet the demand, and machines have been impatiently waited for, over many weeks. The wholesale fashion in which the ladies have taken to the pastime of cycling is largely responsible for this state of matters. In Dublin, during one week, in spite of the number of cycle depots there, it was impossible either to hire or buy a lady's machine. The gentler sex are credited with thirty-three per cent. of this year's output of machines, as compared with five per cent. in 1894. The eight cycle factories of 1888 have grown to over four hundred last year, while numerous companies have been formed, or amalgamations have taken place, for the manufacture of cycle tubes and other accessories.

The renewals and new members for the Cyclists' Touring Club, for the first five months of this year, reached the number of 21,422, nearly 10,000 of an increase over last year. Lawn-tennis and golf clubs have even suffered; twenty-five per cent. of one London golf club retired in favour of the wheel. Members of Parliament may be seen riding to the House, to the discomfiture of the London cabmen. Crowned heads and their families have taken to the wheel as ducks to water. The king of Greece began about eight years ago; there is a photograph extant of imperial and royal cyclists, showing the Czar of Russia, Prince Nicholas of Greece, Prince Charles of Denmark, Prince George of Greece, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark, with their respective cycles. The family of the Prince of Wales, especially Princess Maud, are also devotees. The London streets and parks show a fair sprinkling of the nobility,

and if the horseless carriage is all that its promoters allege, we are surely on the way towards the gradual abolition of horse-flesh. We have seen a statement to the effect that there are now 1,300,000 cyclists in Great Britain, and that £75,000,000 have been invested in the industry, giving employment to 50,000 men. We have similar news from America, where the output of machines is estimated at between 500,000 and a million this year. One factory, for making chains alone, had orders for a million. Last year the output was 400,000 from five hundred factories. A great sensation was caused in the money market when the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company, on reconstruction, sold its business to a syndicate for £3,000,000. The capital of the new company is over £4,000,000, a sum which was subscribed many times over. The profits for the six years (1890-96) were £600,000. Within three months prospectuses of more than thirty cycle companies have been issued, with a capital of £10,000,000. Skilled labour has, of course, been in great demand for cycle factories, and many mechanics in the gun and engineering trades have been eagerly accepted.

A writer in the *Daily Chronicle* is still of the opinion that machines may be improved in respect of being lighter, and that the British cycle maker must see to this, if he is not to suffer by American competition. The average American roadster is from five to seven pounds lighter than the English one. He thinks we have from eight pounds to twelve pounds dead-weight of metal more than we require, and mentions a 'Columbia' which weighs twenty-five pounds with everything on, which shows no extra vibration while riding. The saddle is also more cleverly adjusted. He has also something to say for the Hartford tyre, invented by Mr J. W. Boothroyd, because of its resiliency, lightness, non-liability to injury, and ease of repair. But this single tube tyre has, as yet, found no favour in England, and we have not yet heard a practical cyclist say a good word for it, save as to ease of repair. He agrees also with Mr Bidlake, that a brake is an essential for a well-equipped machine, but that a bell is seldom needed. Mr Bidlake has no faith in single tube tyres, however.

Timid ladies may be encouraged by having medical opinion on their side; but those who have already felt distinct benefit from the pastime will be inclined to snap their fingers at the doctor. An American writer terms the wheel the best gift the nineteenth century has brought to women. Some physicians have gone the length of saying that science has discovered no new remedy for incipient brain disease equal to the bicycle. Dr W. H. Fenton, in his paper on the subject in the *Nineteenth Century*, says that so far from being dangerous to health, it has done more to improve the health of women than almost anything that has been invented. An organically sound woman may cycle with as much impunity as a man. Women are capable of great improvement where the opportunity exists; but their dress handicaps them. He considers that cycling can cure ninety per cent. of the functional ailments of women 'begotten of ennui and lack of opportunity of some means

of working off the superfluous muscular, nervous, and organic energy. The effect of cycling within the physical capacity of woman acts like a charm for gout, rheumatism, and indigestion. Sleeplessness, so called "nerves," and all the petty miseries for which the liver is so often made the scapegoat, disappear in the most extraordinary way with the fresh air inhaled, and with the tissue destruction and reconstruction effected by exercise and exhilaration.' It is good news to hear that already thousands of women qualifying for general invalidism have been rescued by cycling.

In America, Dr H. J. Garrigues has contributed a thoughtful paper to the *Forum* on cycling for women. He strongly recommends the preserving of the upright position on a machine (what men are careless about and that in which women excel), because the spinal column thus kept straight, the shoulders are thrown back, and the weight of the body rests on the saddle. This position is not only the best from a medical and hygienic standpoint, but in case of a fall one is less likely to be thrown fatally on head or hands, than when leaning over the machine. Although certain muscles come chiefly into play, all the muscles of the body used are more or less strengthened. A person who only works and walks seldom fills his lungs as the cyclist must do to accomplish his journey. This brings about a more perfect oxidation of the blood, and good blood means healthy tissues, strong nerves, and normal secretions. The whole nervous system, he tells us, is highly benefited by cycling, as the rider must use the senses of hearing, seeing, and feeling constantly, in order to avoid collisions, direct his machine, and keep his equilibrium. No exercise, therefore, is more calculated to draw the mind away from its normal groove, and give refreshment and new interest.

This season, as we have said, has witnessed the floating of many concerns in the cycling world, for making steel tubes, cycles, and pneumatic tyres. The story of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company has added another page to the romance of commerce in our times. But for the ease and comfort of the air-cushion tyres, cycling would never have spread so rapidly as it has done. We know what sixty miles on a solid tyre and the same distance on the pneumatic means. There is all the difference as between a rough cart and a delicate machine on springs. There is something more. On a good road, when in condition, the cyclist comes as near the sensation of flying as he is ever likely to do. As already mentioned in article 'Cycling for Health and Pleasure' (*Journal*, Aug. 24, 1895), the inventor of the pneumatic tyre is Dr John Boyd Dunlop, born at Dregghorn, Ayrshire, in 1840. He had settled as a veterinary surgeon outside Belfast, where he had a large and flourishing business. We are told that he had long studied the question of spring frames and wheels for cycles, though the use of air tubes was developed, like many other important inventions, a good deal by accident. The use of air-cushions and the water-bed in medical practice, no doubt, fostered the idea, and the desire to get more 'life' into the wheel, decided him in thinking



that the inflated rubber tyre was what was wanted. Mr Harvey Du Cros, connected with a large paper manufacturing business in Dublin, and afterwards manager of the Dunlop Company, was, as an experienced rider, one of his first practical advisers, as Dr Dunlop at this time had never ridden a machine. He built his first air-wheel from ordinary thin rubber sheets, purchased at a machintosh emporium in Belfast, fitted with an inside tube, and rubber plug and valve. Mr C. K. Welch followed with his method of wiring on tyres. Great difficulty was experienced at first in getting anybody to believe in it, and the starting of a small company by Mr Du Cros, with a modest capital of £25,000, in which Mr Dunlop was given 3000 shares for his patent, was no easy matter. The appearance of the pneumatic at the Surrey Bicycle Club's meeting at the Oval, in 1889, was the signal for a good deal of criticism and derision. But these machines won the day on the track, and soon caught on. At the Stanley Show in 1891 they made a good impression, and the company were led to transfer their works from Dublin to premises in Alma Street, Coventry. How the business grew may be seen from the profits, which were £2660 in 1890; £21,974 in 1891; £48,595 in 1892; £149,319 in 1893; £157,183 in 1894; and £220,007 in 1895. And so, as we have said, the recent sensation in the money market was the transfer of the company to a syndicate for £3,000,000. It is expected that the new firm will also make tyres for all kinds of vehicles, including the new horseless carriage, of which great things are expected once the way is made plain by legislation.

Meanwhile, other developments, few of which come to anything, may be noted. Mr James O'Brien, New York, has added a battery, motor, and switch-board, weight sixty pounds, to a cycle. The dry chloride battery is of fifteen pounds-weight, and will supply motive-power for forty-eight hours; its running powers have been tested up to fifty miles an hour. Either pedals or electric power can be used. There are cycles adapted with oil-motors, one of which has been brought out by Mr George Johnston, Glasgow, of horseless carriage and oil-motor notoriety. In this cycle one pound-weight of oil is sufficient to propel the machine for twenty miles, and the size of the motor is fourteen inches long, five broad, and eight and a half deep. One of these cycles, it is alleged, will accomplish the journey of forty miles between Glasgow and Edinburgh in three hours, at a cost of 2½d. for oil.

As to speed, records are continually being broken. The hour record was about seventeen miles in 1878, it rose to twenty-nine miles last year, and now Tom Linton did thirty miles within an hour on a Parisian cycle track. A. A. Chase did thirty miles and thirty yards within the hour at Catford. A mile has been ridden, with a flying start, in 1 minute 50 2-5 seconds. On a good road one hundred miles have been accomplished in six hours or less; and five hundred and twenty-nine miles in twenty-four hours. But the ordinary cyclist is less interested in this than in the fact that he can double the pleasure and profit, and vary

the monotony of an annual holiday, by circular tours around his place of abode.

The return made of cycling accidents to the House of Commons over a certain period, if it proves anything, shows that in comparison with the number of riders and the distances covered, there are fewer accidents by this method of locomotion than by any other. When fatal accidents do happen, they are not unfrequently owing to some carelessness on the part of the rider, in 'coasting' a dangerous hill and losing control of the machine, or in passing traffic too near. There is no use of being daring and reckless in crowded streets. A wrong move in getting out of the way of a cab may place one in front of a tram-car, with fatal consequences. In view of the many accidents that have happened and are happening to women who are not careful enough in crowded thoroughfares, we hold that their riding in such streets should be more cautiously pursued.

Every cyclist must be independent and self-reliant enough to mend a simple puncture. Happily this is easy enough, under ordinary circumstances. The Bagot tyre has been ridden over nails and broken glass without puncture. It is encased in a thin and flexible suit of aluminium chain-armour. But a fortune awaits the inventor of an easy and at the same time unpuncturable tyre. No less so will the promotion of suitable winter cycling tracks in all our large towns prove popular, where ladies and all who are so inclined could have a spin, irrespective of weather. The *Spectator* tells us, 'the moment the cycle costs five pounds, will last ten years, and is independent of repairs, cycles will become for all the healthy the universal means of locomotion.'

When we consider the thousands of pounds spent on machines, it is marvellous how little light and leading have been supplied to the inexperienced cyclist by the various agents and the manufacturers. The daily and weekly journals, and the special cycling papers, and the handbooks, have so far supplied this want. But like ancient Pistol, the world is still to every cyclist his oyster, which he with cycle must open and explore. Every considerable town ought to have a well-drawn-up card or handbook of day or evening runs, with distances, objects of interest, and inns or hotels noted, for halts and refreshments. The clubs have their runs, but every cyclist is not a club member, and the ladies and the inexperienced rider, if wanting in nerve and originality, may repeat the same runs until they become stale, flat, and unprofitable. Nothing is more delightful and refreshing than a little circular tour, going one way and returning another. This should be provided in the handbook. We are glad to hear that such a handbook is being provided for Edinburgh, along with information also of a day's outing by rail or coach.

The cycle is being felt in literature, but the happiest poem we have yet seen about the wheel is that of Adriel Vere, contributed to the *Spectator*. It sums up very well the joyous freedom and inspiration of the pastime:

Dear other self, so silent, swift, and sure,  
My dumb companion of delightful days,  
Might fairy fingers from thy orbit rays

Of steel strike music, as the gods of yore  
From reed or shell; what melodies would pour  
On my glad ears; what songs of woodland ways,  
Of summer's wealth of corn, or the sweet lays  
Of April's budding green; while evermore  
We twain, one living thing, flash like the light  
Down the long tracks that stretch from sky to sky.  
Thou hast thy music too; what time the noon  
Beats sultry on broad roads; when, gathering night,  
We drink the keen-edged air: or, darkling, fly  
'Twixt hedgerows blackened by a mystic moon.

Another poet in more prosaic fashion sums  
up thus 'A Multitude of Counsellors and No  
Safety:'

I've pored through countless catalogues descriptive of  
machines,  
And the advertising pages of the monthly magazines;  
And it's certainly perplexing, when I want to get the  
best,  
To read that each has some advantage over all the  
rest.  
I've questioned every man I know who rides upon a  
bike,  
And although they all have different kinds (which all  
look just alike),  
Each one about the merits of his own alone will talk—  
And so, when I would ride my wheel, I take the cars  
or walk.

In conclusion, it will be of great mutual  
advantage to town and country if the houses  
of call are increased. There are places where  
neither inns nor hotels exist, and where rest  
and refreshment are much required. Why should  
the country cottager not bestir himself or her-  
self to earn an honest penny and make the  
cyclist comfortable? We have made many a  
cottager so bestir themselves, and we are glad  
to see that the Mowbray House Cycling Asso-  
ciation has taken the Gables, of Horley, where,  
at a moderate tariff, their wheelwomen can have  
refreshments or bed and board.

#### A STORY OF THE LAGOS BAR.

THERE are many tracts of rotting swamp and  
fever-haunted lagoons sweltering beneath the  
fierce heat of the tropic sun, where Englishmen,  
for whom the words of the Litany, 'From  
plague, pestilence, and famine—Good Lord,  
deliver us,' have a very real meaning, daily lay  
down their lives for the supremacy of our  
Empire, and the extension of our foreign trade.  
Their bones whiten beneath the stagnant waters  
of every Cuban lagoon and deadly Brazilian  
harbour, but perhaps lie thickest of all among  
the mangroves of Western Africa. It is not  
hard, therefore, for those who have seen these  
things, and have counted the number of rough  
wooden crosses surrounding every station along  
the last-named littoral, to realise that truly, as  
the poet says, 'If blood be the price of Admir-  
alty—Great God, we have paid in full.'

Possibly there are more unhealthy places  
than the five or six hundred miles of mangrove  
swamps which surround the numerous mouths  
of the Niger River from Lagos to Opobo. If  
so, they must be hard to find, for in this  
region, where the breaking of a shallow trench  
in the quaking mud generally follows close  
upon the arrival of a new trader or officer,  
there are, at least, six different kinds of fever,

to say nothing of smallpox, dysentery, and  
cholera, always ready to claim a victim. Still,  
here, as in other lands, wherever there is  
an opening for the development of trade or the  
extension of British dominion, there is never a  
lack of adventurous spirits to fill the deadly  
breach. Man after man falls at his post, but  
another is always ready to step forward into his  
dead comrade's place. So the work goes on, but  
it is well at times for those who sit in comfort  
and security at home to open their eyes and  
consider these things.

One hot day in August, the 400-ton branch  
boat *Avocet* lay alongside the big mail-steamer  
*Atumba* in the Forcados River, one of the  
deltaic arms of the Niger, heaving out heavy  
barrels of yellow palm-oil and greasy kernels  
amid the rattling of winches and shouting of  
naked Krooboyes. Owing to the shallow water,  
and furious surf which breaks across the Lagos  
bar, all the cargo from that colony has to be  
taken out in small steamers. These go down to  
the Forcados River, some 120 miles away, and  
transfer it there in smooth water to the home-  
ward-bound vessels.

The muddy waters flashed back the fierce  
sunlight like a sheet of molten brass, and the  
eyes of the passengers lounging about beneath  
the double awnings were glad to turn away  
from the glare of white decks and shimmering  
river towards the dull green of the mangroves,  
which stretched away on their high arched  
roots as far as the eye could reach on every  
side.

By-and-by, as the last tub of kernels was  
tipped into the *Atumba's* hold, the winches  
ceased their rattle, and the tired Krooboyes  
dragged their dripping black limbs into what-  
ever shade they could find, and went to sleep.

Then a silence fell over the two ships, only  
broken by the gurgle of the tide against the  
full bows, and the pulsing of a jet of steam  
from the *Atumba's* escape pipe; for between the  
heat and the dense oppressive atmosphere, all  
on board were too listless and dispirited even  
to talk.

Presently an unlovely voice broke out into a  
song, and the words 'Oh the broom, the broom,  
the lang yellow broom,' rang across the ship,  
suggestive of scenes very different from the  
steamy African lagoons. When the astonished  
passengers turned to see who had the heart to  
sing on an afternoon like this, they beheld  
Tom Stevenson, second engineer of the *Avocet*,  
sitting bareheaded in the sun, and balancing  
himself on the edge of the bridge rails.

Now Stevenson, like many others in this  
distressful country, had a weakness for grog,  
for there are times when a man's spirits sink  
like lead beneath the dead-weight of the  
climate until his soul abhors the everlasting  
mangroves and the smell of river mud. Then  
the temptation to snatch a few hours of oblivion  
is almost irresistible.

Early that morning the second engineer woke  
up with a racking pain in every limb, and a  
head where liquid fire seemed to circulate  
instead of blood, and knew he was in for the  
fever again. So, possibly because it was the  
worst thing he could do, he allowed one of the  
*Atumba's* artificers to tempt him with a long



cool draught of whisky and iced soda, which slipped down his parched throat like nectar. A very little spirit is generally too much for a man who has the fever, therefore Stevenson speedily forgot his troubles, and felt that it was incumbent on him to have a good time.

He accordingly made for the highest part of the ship he could reach, and having thrown his hat into the water, proceeded to troll out doleful ballads.

'Who's making that nerve-trying noise? Come down, you idiot, before you get sunstroke or fall in,' said a fussy Government officer. Tom felt insulted, and attempted to draw himself up, in imminent peril of falling between the two ships, then he took off an imaginary hat and addressed the company.

'Not idiot—gentlemansh,' he said pointedly. 'Chief's stificat, Borotradsh. Pur-a-lil-oil on enginsh—pul-a-lil-lever an' enginsh go—see.'

'Captain Jackson, here's your second engineer delirious on the bridge—take him away before he gets overboard,' sang out the mate of the *Atumba*; but the captain was asleep, so the unfortunate man sat where he was, and made weird music, until it happened that he saw the pet goat of the *Atumba* walking daintily up and down the saloon deck with its necklet of ribands.

'Prery lit goatsh,' he said, springing out from the bridge, and by a special providence caught the *Atumba's* rail and swung himself on board. After an exciting chase round the deserted deck, he secured the unfortunate animal, and with it tucked under his arm, tried to regain his ship. But in spite of affectionate thumps on the head and mixed endearments, such as 'Pretty polly' and 'Good dogsh,' the goat insisted on bleating. Then the skipper of the mail-boat, whose especial pet the animal was, darted out of his room, and not recognising, let us hope, that the engineer was in the grip of the fever, ran at him and with a swift left-hander hurled him backwards down the slippery ladder on to the iron deck below.

Bruised and bleeding from a gash in his head, poor Tom sat up, and gazed around with a puzzled look until it struck his scattered senses that some one had taken advantage of his defenceless condition, and that he must have that person's blood. So he fought his way up the ladder again, and it would have gone hard with the self-satisfied captain if a number of Krooboy had not thrown themselves upon the assailant. At last, bruised and battered, he was carried to his stifling room above the boilers of the *Avocet* and locked in, to roll helplessly to and fro with splitting head and aching limbs, until at length he fell into a merciful unconsciousness.

Presently the anchor winch of the *Avocet* rattled; the cable came clinking, clanking home, and the chief engineer, sick as he was, managed to crawl into his engine-room, and opened the throttle with a trembling hand. The engines panted, and then with whirling propeller kicking up the muddy water astern, the branch boat steamed down the Forcados River, and out to sea.

Late that night young Captain Jackson paced up and down the high bridge of the *Avocet*,

watching the black water break away from beneath the steamer's bows in sheets of blue and green phosphorescent flame. At times a blaze of fire, sometimes blue, sometimes crimson, lighted up the horizon, and though this kind of lightning is common enough in the tropics, it seemed unusually bright that night. The captain was not easy in his mind about it, for a very low glass in the middle of the tornado season is not to be regarded lightly, and in case of bad weather, he did not know what could be done about the engines. At present they were running themselves, with two naked river men crawling about, oil-can in hand, greasing the bearings which needed it least, while the chief engineer had been carried back to his berth, and the second was hopelessly delirious.

The mate was also sick from dysentery, and the captain groaned as he thought of his young wife at home, and wondered whether he should ever see her again, or if before many weeks were passed, he would lie among the mangroves, food for the loathsome creatures of the slime. Meantime, his business was to take his steamer safely across the thundering bar into Lagos harbour; so he resolutely put such thoughts away and turned his eyes towards the low hung crescent moon which shed down a faint light on the dark sea-plain beneath.

Presently a whirling cloud of vapour drifted across the luminous streak, and the light went out. A few heavy drops of rain splashed along the warm deck, and for a moment every rope and spar stood out sharp and clear against a background of fire.

Then, as if the heavens were opened, zig-zags, sheets and streaks of lightning blazed across sky and ocean. The air was filled with the rush of falling water, and while the thunder rang out above, a puff of cold wind fanned the captain's cheeks.

'Steady—on her course,' he shouted to the sable helmsman, and entered the little deck-house for his oilskins, for he knew what to expect, and as the only white man able to stand, realised that the safety of the ship depended upon him alone. What his Krooboy deck-hands, a raw draft fresh from the Liberia coast, would do, he did not know, as the woolly-haired Krooman, though unequalled in boats and canoes, takes some time to get used to the working of a steamer.

As he came out again, the heavy teak door was torn from his hands, and hurled back with a crash against the deck-house, and the screaming tornado burst upon them. The air was thick with driving spindrift, the sea around white like snow, while sheets of water lifted by the furious blast whirled and lashed across the deck.

For a few moments the *Avocet* stopped dead, then slowly drifted astern, for no light-drafted small-powered coaster can steam against the first wild sweep of the tornado. Afterwards, as it settled down a little into a steady blow, she slowly gathered way and struggled ahead, already rising and falling with vicious jerks, for the long swell was rapidly changing into white-crested seas.

The chief engineer, in his room beneath the bridge deck, was roused by the heavy thud of

water against the port. He had heard it before, more than once, and recognised the call for him to be at his post, sick or not. Crawling out with trembling and half useless limbs he dragged himself along by the handrail, and staggering through the engine-room door, sat down on the top platform. There he leaned feebly against the bulk-head with a glittering eye on the whirling machinery below, devoutly hoping that the low pressure piston, which had been troubling him, would not go wrong now.

The sea was rising fast, and from time to time the lightly built steamer trembled through every plate and rivet with the mad racing of the engines, as rising on the crest of a big roller she lifted the rattling propeller clear of the water. Something throbbed and drummed in the engineer's head, keeping time with the clanking pumps, as with shaking hand he turned the valve wheel to and fro to ease the straining machinery.

Down below the greasers, with dripping skins, clutched the bright rails to prevent themselves being flung into the crankpit by the heavy rolling as they leaned over the warm bearings, oil-can in hand, while the broad-shouldered Egba negroes in the stokehole balanced themselves carefully as they flung shovelfuls of coal into the roaring furnaces—the life of the ship.

So the long dark hours passed, until gray dawn broke high up in the Eastern sky, and the tired captain, clinging to the reeling bridge, saw through eyes smarting with brine the tall shaft of the lighthouse which marks the dangerous Lagos bar rising beyond a wild stretch of tumbling water. A tornado does not last long, the first violence rarely more than an hour, but though the wind had fallen somewhat, it still blew hard and the sea ran high. Even in the finest weather, the long Atlantic swell breaks in ceaseless thunder across this dreaded sand.

Presently a ray of bright sunshine streamed out from beneath a bank of hard-edged clouds, and turned the dusky sea beneath into a reach of flashing green and snowy foam. Sweeping the long ocean ridges with his binoculars, the captain made out the dancing buoy which marks the entrance to the narrow channel of deep water by which alone the surf may be crossed. 'Keep the buoy on starboard bow,' he said to the helmsman, and leaned out over the rails with anxious eyes turned towards the land.

Meantime, Tom Stevenson wakened up, and in trying to rise felt his weakness, as he fell back in his bunk with a groan. He had a confused idea of having done something foolish, but it was only by degrees that what had passed yesterday could be recalled, and his face darkened as he remembered it, and burying his hot head in the pillows he dozed off again.

The *Avocet* was now rapidly nearing the great green seas that piled themselves crashing upon the bar and rolled across it, amid spouts of foam and sheets of spray; a winding streak of smoother water marking the narrow channel.

A red flag fluttering across the sandhills showed that the tide had risen sufficiently to allow the steamer to cross, and while she rolled shorewards, her nose on the plunging buoy, the captain's heart beat faster as he remembered

the long list of vessels totally lost in this dangerous passage. Suddenly, when within quarter of a mile from the surf, there was a loud clang, a cloud of steam rose from the skylights, and the pulsing of the engines ceased, while the *Avocet*, rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea, drove down towards the worst part of the bar.

'Let go both anchors,' shouted the captain in a harsh and strained voice. The heavy cables rattled out after the splash, and the steamer swung round head to wind; but the set of the sea rolling towards the bar was too much for her, and dipping her bows deep into the creaming water, she dragged her anchors through the sand.

Leaving the bridge, where he could now do nothing, Captain Jackson ran below, thrusting on one side the frightened Krooboy. He paused just inside the engine-room door, for a cloud of hot steam met him in the face, while a jet of scalding water splashed upon the plates. Through the dense vapour he could see the chief engineer with a coat over his head, crawling back on hands and knees from an unsuccessful attempt to reach the valve, while from somewhere below came the moaning of a scalded black greaser.

'For God's sake do something, or we'll be smashed like an egg-shell in quarter of an hour,' said the captain. 'Low press cylinder head's gone; if we could disconnect the crank it would be all right, but I can't get at it for steam—look here,' answered the engineer, holding up a hand from which the burnt flesh was peeling in rags, then he feebly sank down on to the steel grating. The two men looked at one another with ashy faces, while the jarring and ringing of the cables told that the steamer was steadily dragging her anchors towards the bar. A sea washed along the deck feet deep, and pouring over the bulkhead into the engine-room, fell hissing on to the hot metal below. Then the captain felt a hand on his shoulder, and started as Stevenson slipped through the doorway like a reanimated corpse, his hair matted with blood, and his feverish eyes shining out of a ghastly face. Without a word he dropped flat on the gratings, and crawling into the scalding steam, disappeared from sight. 'The man's half dead already,' gasped the captain, as he listened with beating heart to the roar of the steam and the water rushing to and fro in the bilges beneath. A ringing of hammers drifted up from below, followed by a clanking sound, and afterwards there was silence. 'I'll go down; he's being boiled alive,' shouted the captain, but the engineer grasped his arm. 'Wait,' he said. With every nerve tingling, the two men waited and listened, not daring to look in each other's eyes for terror at what might be going on beneath the hot vapour below. Then there was a wheeze from the intermediate cylinder, the cranks revolved slowly, and through the steam a dripping object, with the flesh shrivelled from the cheeks, and hands bare to the bones, crawled feebly up the ladder, staggered forward, and fell heavily across the platform. A low regular panting and clanking through the now fast-thinning steam showed that the engines were turning; so while the captain rushed to



the bridge, the chief lifted the scalded and blackened face of his subordinate upon his knee, shuddering as he looked at the ghastly sight.

The shrivelled eyelids slowly lifted, a faint light came into the weary eyes, and looking up into the chief's face, the second engineer slowly gasped, 'It's all right—ahead full—I did my best.'

Then the head fell forward, and the eyes closed for ever on this world, to rest until the light of the Resurrection morning breaks across the mists and sorrows of earth, and there shall be no more sea.

Slipping both anchors, the captain was able to take his vessel safely through the channel at half speed, and two hours later, while the chief engineer, biting his lips to keep back a cry of pain, leaned on the shoulder of a black greaser whose comrade lay beside the crankpit with a fractured skull, the *Avocet* slowly steamed across the lagoon towards Lagos wharf. The flag fluttered half-mast high, and all that remained of the man who saved both ship and cargo lay cold and still beneath the crimson folds of the red ensign.

So passed Thomas Stevenson, second engineer, whose simple epitaph was that 'he did his best.' He sleeps, like many another dauntless Englishman, in the sound of the ceaseless thunder of the African surf; his only mementoes a crumbling, worm-eaten cross, and a story which is occasionally told on the Lagos Marina as the sun dips and the white mist rolls across the still lagoon.

At times, leaning on their coal shovels, the Egba stokers, who are true Mussulmans, speak of him in words of regret, for as the sable giant Amun says, 'He was a kind man and a brave—Allah is very merciful, and doubtless this day he rests in paradise.'

## REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC FIGURES.

By R. W. K. GODWIN.

RARELY has a scientific discovery created as much interest and enthusiasm as the electro-photography due to Röntgen, popularly known as 'the new photography.' This new radiation (for we can scarcely call it light) has been so much written of lately, that perhaps a few remarkable figures in other branches of the popular science may cause a little wonder.

It is now several years ago since Anschütz successfully photographed a cannon-ball in flight with an exposure of  $\frac{1}{1000000}$  of a second. Krupp, the great cannon maker, rewarded this unexampled feat by a present to Anschütz of 5000 marks (about £250).

In astronomical photography, however, perhaps the most startling figures confront us. Stars, which to the eye are invisible even with the most powerful telescope, are readily depicted on the photographic plate used in conjunction with the telescope. As an example—Dr Gill's photograph of the nebula near Argus. It will give some idea of the number of stars shown by this photograph, to mention that the space of sky that would be covered by a shilling held at arm's length from the eye,

contains no less than 200,000 stars, scarcely one of which would be visible to the unaided eye.

Sir Robert Ball said in a lecture delivered by him in 1894, that among such 'invisible' stars, photographs of which he had shown his audience, there were many sunk into space to a distance so inconceivable, that if the glad tidings of the first Christmas in Bethlehem, 1894 years ago, had been telegraphed to them at the speed at which light travels (about seven times round the world in a second), yet those stars were at a distance so overwhelmingly great that the news would not yet have reached its destination. These distances were not wildly guessed at, but were the results of years of labour on the part of the astronomer and the mathematician.

The camera in conjunction with the microscope also reveals some remarkable facts. The microbes or germs of disease can easily have their portraits taken, though at a low computation it would take 300,000,000 of them to cover a square inch. Seven complete portraits of persons have been produced in the space occupied by the head of an ordinary pin, so that 10,000 could be included in one inch square. Another great feat in micro-photography (as it is called) is that of the Lord's Prayer inscribed in a space the size of  $\frac{1}{1000000}$  of a square inch. The height of each letter was but  $\frac{1}{100000}$  of a lineal inch, therefore the space occupied by a letter such as u or n, which are as wide as they are high, was actually no more than  $\frac{1}{100000000}$  of a square inch.

Even the modern photographic printing machinery gives us some wonderful figures. A roll of sensitive paper, 1000 yards in length by something over a yard in width, travels along, on which a number of negatives are automatically exposed by the flashing of electric incandescent lamps. About 250 cabinet prints can be exposed in a minute—an ordinary day's work of ten hours yielding 157,000 cabinet prints. These have all been printed, developed, fixed, and washed, and are ready for pasting on the mounts in the way we are accustomed to purchase them.

## A SHETLAND SUMMER.

Now breaks a wave of golden light  
O'er half the Earth, and stars are dim;  
Glad birds the gleaming waters skim;  
A dreamy glory gilds the night.

Now wake the dreary Northland isles  
And beauty decks the lonely shores,  
No more the wintry tempest roars;  
And Ocean's face is wreathed in smiles.

It is the Sun-god's Wooing, this  
A moment to his heart to hold  
His Northland love, so coy and cold—  
In all the year, but one sweet kiss!

J. J. HALDANE BURGESS.

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## THE CHILD OF THE FOREST.

AMONG the many miseries to which the beautiful country of France was subjected, during the dreadful years of the Great Revolution, was that of brigandage. In the dark, heavy atmospheres of the cities, murder, pillage, and famine were rife; in the pure air of the country, and in the frontiers, bloody warfare was carried on, and in places remote from the great centres of population, there existed bands of brigands which spread terror among the peaceful inhabitants of the agricultural districts.

Of these bands, none were more remarkable than that known as the 'Chasseurs.' It was thus called, because the method used by these malefactors for torturing helpless farmers was that of placing the feet of their victims before a hot fire until they confessed where their money was hidden.

The whole band was brought to justice at Chartres, through the instrumentality of a small child; and the circumstances supplied that ancient town with the spectacle of a most extraordinary criminal prosecution, the accused numbering no less than one hundred and ten persons, who all appeared in the dock together.

It was in the midst of the Revolution that these degraded ruffians were brought to justice. In order to have them all placed before the jury at the same time, a large church in the centre of the town was converted, for the time, into a court-house; and each morning, during the trial, the culprits were taken from the prison, and conveyed thither in a long procession, strongly guarded by mounted gendarmes and foot-soldiers.

At the head of the column, according to an eye-witness, the celebrated lawyer, Berryer, there walked a powerfully built red-haired man, of a decidedly repulsive aspect, who was the avowed chief of the band. He had, on this occasion, been brought from the hulks at Brest, where he was already undergoing punishment,

so that he might be placed with the others before the judges. Beyond the dock, in what, on better occasions, proved the aisle of the church, were installed the witnesses and numerous victims who had managed to escape with their lives from the outrages of these villains that had been discovered to be inhabitants of the forest of Orgères.

About thirty-five miles from the town of Chartres, near the district known as Le Vendomois, there is a vast forest of great antiquity, still called by its ancient name, the Forêt d'Orgères. In one of the thickest depths of this wood, some extensive limestone quarries had been worked in former ages, and had supplied an enormous amount of fine building stone, that, for instance, with which the cathedral of Chartres was built. These quarries were afterwards abandoned, and in course of time, thieves and vagrants began to use them as a hiding-place. After a while, a complete colony of vagabonds of the worst description took up their usual abode there. This state of things appears to have existed for many years, until, quite unknown to the authorities, a very large concourse of men, women, and children of the most destitute and degraded classes had made this locality their regular home.

When the wives of the men were admitted, the strictest rules were enacted, and adhered to by the whole gang, under pain of death. There was a kind of chief or governor, and a set of laws, adapted to the dreadful profession, these men followed. Their usual plan was to rob systematically and in separate bands. They had orders from the chief to commit these robberies at any cost, under pain of death. They had numbers of agents dispersed through the provinces, whose occupation was to watch isolated mansions and farms, taking careful note of those which were easiest to plunder, and communicating their observations to the band in the old quarries. The chief, and a few of his intimate associates, then held council in the



caverns, and delegated a certain number of men to go and secure the booty.

It was proved that they often went to work in the most insidious manner, gaining admittance as labourers, or on the plea of hospitality, to some secluded dwelling indicated by the agent. They then suddenly secured all the farm-servants, and threatened the proprietor and his wife with instant death, unless they at once delivered up all the valuables they possessed. Torture of various kinds was resorted to on such occasions to extract an avowal of the places where the money was hidden; but the usual method was to light a large fire, and hold to it the feet of the poor victims until they confessed what they had, and where it was. It was generally the women who were subjected to this horrible treatment, and the band of the 'Chauffeurs' was intensely dreaded by the entire farm population of this part of the country.

From time to time a few of these men had been captured by the police, and sent with life sentences to the galleys; even the chief of the band had not escaped; yet the robberies and murders continued to be reported, and no one knew whence the villains emanated, nor could a single one of those taken have the fact of his having had recourse to torture placed in evidence against him. As to the great cavern in the deserted quarries, nobody appears to have ever heard of its existence, and the most acute police-officer had no idea where the stolen property went, except that it appeared, now and then, to have been sold in small lots at a time, in various village fairs, far distant from the places where it was stolen.

The mystery surrounding the headquarters of this band of brigands was at length solved by a most singular accident.

Early one morning, two gendarmes were riding along the outskirts of the forest of Orgères, when one of them perceived in this desolate district, many miles from any inhabited place, a small boy about six or eight years of age. He called his companion's attention to this circumstance, and their surprise was all the greater, because the child's dress struck them as peculiar. One of the gendarmes got off his horse, went a little way into the wood, and beckoned to the boy, who soon approached, for he was hungry, and asked them to give him something to eat. They told him that if he would go along with them he should soon have a good breakfast, and to this he very readily consented. He was at once placed on the saddle, in front of one of the gendarmes. They then rode off, and when they had arrived at the nearest village, they entered an inn, and ordered a breakfast for the half-starved urchin. Whilst the famished boy was eating, the police-officers observed him closely, and were not long in remarking that he put everything that happened to be within reach in his pockets. Two teaspoons, a fork, and a corkscrew soon disappeared in this manner whilst he was devouring his food. The boy did this, apparently, without the least notion that he was doing anything wrong.

At last one of the gendarmes asked him why he took these things, but he merely replied

that he liked them, or something to that effect. No other reason could be extracted from him by the most skilful interrogatory, nor could he be made to understand that there was any harm at all in what he had done. His father, he said, brought home things like these to his mother almost every day, and she never scolded him.

When the two police-officers had somewhat recovered from the surprise which this conduct had occasioned, they both came to the conclusion that this boy must be the offspring of some professional thieves, who had brought him up in the forest. After the little vagabond had had a glass of wine, he became very loquacious, and told his companions that he lived in a great cavern under the ground, in the heart of the forest, with a number of people, besides his father and mother; that he had several playmates there about his own age, some of whom had bullied and teased him so much that he had determined to run away; the more so, as his father and mother were very cross, and did not give him all he wanted.

The two gendarmes imagined that by taking charge of this child of the forest the authorities might eventually succeed in tracing, through him, some of the vagabonds whom, as he told them, lived in the great subterranean cavern that was now heard of for the first time. They therefore told the boy that as long as he remained with them, and behaved himself well, he should have plenty to eat, and lots of things to play with, but he must promise not to take anything except what they gave him; and they made him understand that if he would quietly point out to them any of the people of the cavern whom he might see in the villages or on the roads, they would give him a son for every person he was able to show them.

The child seemed to be thoroughly content with the bargain. He was then washed, and dressed in a new suit of clothes, so that it would have been almost impossible for even his own parents to recognise him. Thus disguised, the police-officers took him to various markets and fairs in the surrounding villages, and placing him beside a woman, who passed as his nurse or governess, gave him the opportunity of indicating to them every individual he had seen in the forest.

In the course of a few days, several arrests were made, and before many weeks had elapsed, a considerable number of thieves of the very worst description were thus taken. These arrests went on, steadily increasing, and the course adopted was so effective that the child of the forest had been nicknamed 'General Finfin' by the police-officers engaged in the business.

It is a singular coincidence, noted by the great lawyer above named, that among the very large number of individuals captured in this manner, and brought to justice, neither the father nor the mother of the child were to be discovered among the culprits. Either they never left the cavern at all, or the child took good care not to point them out to the police.

Finally, the cavern itself, then deprived of all its vile inhabitants, was discovered, and soon after the condemnation of the thieves, some

masons from the town of Chartres were ordered to brick up the entrance. What eventually became of the child of the forest is not recorded; doubtless the gendarmes, who managed this business so well, saw that he was provided for. In this curious manner France was rid of one of a systematic and desperate band of burglars.

A LOCAL VIEW.

CHAPTER VI. (*continued*).

At the same time that Farnley was calling on the officer, Mr Fairfield was opening his morning letters in another part of Croham. According to his custom, he had put aside a few that he knew to be private by the addresses, whilst he read the others and handed them, one by one, with brief instructions to Mr Brock, the confidential clerk. This person stood by the table, pale and nervous. Latterly, it had been remarked in the solicitor's office that Mr Brock's look had undergone a great change. He was preoccupied and unhappy, and in his employer's presence he no longer possessed that deferential ease which was the privilege of a confidential position. It did not add to Brock's comfort to know that Mr Fairfield was aware of this change, without appearing to notice it. The fact was, that, on learning from Mrs Dalton of Frederick Farnley's generosity to the clerk in a time of difficulty, Mr Fairfield had questioned him coldly, but closely, as to that matter, and as to his general relations with the young man. The information elicited from the frightened clerk—who looked more frightened than the circumstances seemed to demand—the solicitor had received without comment; and his silence since then wore an ominous look. As the clerk stood by his employer this morning, his restless eyes more than once glanced with furtive uneasiness at the few private letters that lay aside, unopened.

The business correspondence having been dealt with, Mr Brock withdrew with the papers. Mr Fairfield opened the others. The first, from Mrs Dalton, he read without apparent surprise or disappointment. The second, the cover of which bore the name of a well-known South African steamship company, he perused with deeper interest. Mr Fairfield seldom had need to read a letter a second time, but he did it in this case; and with the significant interjection 'Ah!' he folded the sheet, replaced it in its envelope, and put it in his pocket. It was a very important communication indeed. He at once wrote, and sent by messenger, a line to Mrs Dalton, saying that he proposed calling in the evening at six.

Farnley was there when the note arrived, and he heard of the proposed visit with evident indifference. That he made no remark at all, and maintained the good-humour he had been in since his arrival, pleased the two ladies very much, because for a moment they had feared he might behave differently in view of what had happened the preceding day. The young man's manner clearly showed that, whatever might be the object of the lawyer's visit,

the question of the marriage was now finally settled.

Farnley went home after luncheon, but returned about half-past four, and had tea with the ladies. He was preparing to go away again when he made the remark:

'It is so delightful this morning, after the shower, that I would like to take Mary for a walk, only that Mr Fairfield is coming.'

'But Mr Fairfield is not coming to see me,' the girl answered at once, anxious to please her lover.

'Very well,' he said brightly, 'get that pretty straw hat you look so nice in, and we will start.—We shall not be very long, Mrs Dalton.'

They went through Crownley, calling at several shops; and then they wandered on into Croham. In the main street they stopped at a stationer's, and here, after some pretty blushing and resistance, Farnley obtained the girl's shy consent to his leaving an order for the printing of their new visiting-cards. Mary's face was very pink and warm indeed when she saw her name for the first time written 'Mrs Frederick Farnley.' Farnley laughed, and privately pressed her fingers.

As they were about to leave the shop, a singular thing happened. Some trays lay on a counter, filled with photographs, and to one of them a label was attached, bearing the words 'Local Views.' Mary Dalton turned a few of them over indifferently (she was not interested particularly in Croham), but, on a sudden, exclaimed:

'Oh, Freddie! here is our house, I declare.'

The shopwoman explained that the collection contained several views in and about Crownley. They had been taken by a travelling artist, who had only that morning left them on commission.

Yes, that was certainly Mrs Dalton's house, and a good picture too, which at once was retained as a purchase. There were others also, of less interest; but a view of the vicarage, with the church a little beyond, drew another exclamation of pleasure from Mary Dalton.

'There is the door wide open—and all the windows—as dear uncle liked them to be. And—can that be Mrs Atkins peeping from the dining-room window—I declare, with a bonnet on?'

Farnley took the photograph from her hand, and glanced at it. Mary did not notice the deadly pallor that crept over his face—but the shopwoman did. He was observed to shut his lips tightly, and give two or three quick respirations, like pants.

'Well,' he remarked, retaining the photograph, and commencing to toss the others about on the tray, 'we will take all the views of your house and the church.'

'Not all, Freddie?'

'Yes,' he answered, 'I want to send some away. How many have you?' he asked the woman.

They were picked out, six of the house, and only five of the church. One, it was explained, had been sold.

'To whom?' he quickly asked, with curious interest.

The woman did not know, but made in-



quiries of her daughter in a room off the shop. The sixth photograph of the church had been purchased half an hour ago by Mr Wilkinson, the superintendent of the police—who, it was added, had asked where the artist was to be found, and had been told that he was probably still in Croham.

The photographs were paid for, and stuffed in Farmley's pocket. A little way down the street, Mary Dalton glanced up in his face, and uttered a little cry of alarm.

'You are ill!' she said. 'Freddie, what is it?'

With some muttered words, and a look almost fierce, he darted into a public-house, leaving her standing amazed, and a little ashamed, on the pavement. He soon emerged, looking like a man half intoxicated, and held up his hand to a passing cab.

'I am—ill,' he said to Mary Dalton, but without looking at her. 'I must drive home.'

So saying, he climbed into the cab, flung himself back, and was driven away.

The girl, amazed by the whole affair, became conscious when she found herself standing on the footpath the object of curious interest to some men who came out of the public-house and were standing at the door. Blushing deeply, she walked on homeward, but had not proceeded far when she was overtaken by Mr Fairfield, driving in the same direction. The solicitor took her up beside him, with a few words of commonplace courtesy, and talked only of the weather during the few minutes that elapsed before they reached Mrs Dalton's house.

Gently, but very decisively, the solicitor demonstrated to Mrs Dalton and her daughter, a few minutes later, that the wedding must not take place. He used no arguments, except facts. That letter from the steamship office armed him with authority which had to be obeyed. These were his facts, and their effect may be left to the imagination of the reader, who, perhaps, will be of Mr Fairfield's opinion that, in the circumstances, directness of speech was kindest as well as wisest.

Frederick Farmley had notified that he was coming home by the *Ross Castle*, sailing from Cape Town, 25th of June. He was not a passenger by that vessel.

But he was a passenger by a steamer of another line, the *Negro*, which arrived at Southampton, the 30th of June. The alleged letter (burnt) of the late vicar, dated 4th of July, was therefore a fabrication. No letter had been received at Southampton addressed to Farmley, on either steamer.

Farmley's movements between 30th of June and 12th of July (date of arrival of *Ross Castle* and of his appearance at home), were now being investigated.

The effect of this communication, and of that which it dimly but portentously shadowed, was, on the part of Mary Dalton, different from what might have been expected. Sitting on the floor by her mother's feet, pale and stunned, she was probably incapable of realising what she had heard. The occurrence in Croham, which was unknown to the others, added to

her mental confusion. Mrs Dalton went to the door with the solicitor, who said to her quietly, 'Take the child to her room, and leave her alone.'

This was done, and Mary Dalton was left undisturbed (though the mother went often to her door) until past nine o'clock. She was then asleep, on a moistened pillow, with but a little of the colour back in her cheeks. Mrs Dalton lay down softly beside her, grateful in her heart of hearts for a great mercy; and they both slept, unconscious of the news the servants were discussing in whispers below.

(To be continued.)

## A CHAT ABOUT BARRISTERS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

THE Law List for this year discloses the fact that there are over eight thousand gentlemen now living who have been 'called to the Bar.' Of these, two hundred and twenty-three are Queen's Counsel, the rest being ordinary barristers, known variously as 'juniors' or 'stuffgownsmen.' The Q.C. wears a silk gown, somewhat plainly made, with a broad and deep collar. Hence the saying that So-and-so 'has taken silk.' The junior is distinguished by a gown which, though it is made of a less expensive material, is much more elaborately fashioned—reminding one of the old-time smock-frock.

Of late years, the proportion of foreigners appearing in the list has considerably increased, gentlemen bearing the most unpronounceable names (one rejoicing in a string of seven such), and hailing from India, Persia, Egypt, and other parts of Asia and Africa, figuring to about eight per cent. Most of these, after being called, return to their native country—for its lasting good, we may reasonably hope.

The number of barristers available for actual work is greatly reduced when we excise those whose practical acquaintance with the Bar ended on their being called. These represent probably one-half of the gross total. Various are the reasons which lead gentlemen to study for the Bar, without any intention of gaining a livelihood by practising at it: the two most salient being—(1) to thereby fit themselves for Government and other appointments at home or abroad; (2) the desire to advance their social position.

With regard to the first, these gentlemen may be found dispensing justice, according to our ideas, or administering affairs in the name of the Queen, wherever the British flag is unfurled; and a glance at the list of magistrates for almost any county, shows that many of these names appear also in the Bar list. As to the other set, the fact of being a barrister is the open sesame to society which would be closed to the man who without it is, say, only a retired tradesman's son.

Not so long ago, an officer in the army came to a police-court to conduct the case on behalf of two of his men who were charged with some civil offence. He was informed that, not being a solicitor, he was debarred from so doing. 'But,' said he, 'I am also a barrister. I was called to the Bar before entering the army, and I

appear in that capacity; and he succeeded in getting the case dismissed.

Those who do intend to practise, choose a circuit at the outset, and generally adhere to it. England and Wales comprise seven circuits, and the question of which shall be adopted depends greatly upon circumstances. It is usually considered that a man has a good chance if he or his family is well known to the solicitors in one or more of the towns on his prospective circuit. Marriage with a lady related to an influential solicitor is also a good source of hope; but, as a Lord Chancellor once put it, the man had the best chance who, with brains and an infinite capacity for hard work, had nothing else to rely upon for the necessities of life—which was his own case.

At assizes, to bring in a man from another circuit involves the payment of a heavy additional fee—quite out of proportion to the needs of an ordinary *visi prius* case. This regulation very much narrows down the area of choice to the provincial solicitors; and occasionally the barrister who is supposed to be the best man of the circuit for the particular case in hand, is retained as soon as it is seen that the action is imminent. On our own circuit, there is one gentleman who figures in almost every criminal case of any importance—and nearly always for the defence. He has the reputation of making 'a rattling good speech,' and that is always left to him, whatever other part he may or may not be called upon to take. Many a man has he pulled out of the fire by a good speech at the end, attacking and criticising the points urged by the prosecution, and trusting to the effect of his speech on the mind of the twelve good men and true. If he calls no witnesses, he deprives the prosecution of the opportunity to reply: thus securing the last word—often of the greatest importance in jury cases.

A fact not generally known is that, as Queen's Counsel are officers of the Crown, it is necessary, before they can appear for a prisoner against the Crown, to obtain a pernit, which is, however, always granted, and costs half-a-guinea.

It is only the bare truth to say that the really leading men can command their own prices, and even then are pelted with work which it is sometimes impossible for them to properly attend to, notwithstanding the assistance of clerks, pupils, and the system known as 'devilling.' Like other human beings, they cannot attend to two things at one time.

The Parliamentary Bar suffer terribly in this way. The working-days in a year are fewest with them, and in the effort to make their hay, the pressure is felt severely by both themselves and the people (mostly public bodies) who seek their services. It is a common practice to retain three counsel to pilot a private Bill through Parliament. You may then hope to secure the corporeal presence of one or other of them throughout, and perhaps two for the greater part of the time. In connection with one Bill in which I was concerned, we briefed three. The leader came and 'opened'—and we never saw him again during the five days the committee sat, until the favourable decision was

given (for which he, with becoming modesty, took the credit); and he was only once at the daily conferences. Frequently we only had one present, and twice was our counsel's bench empty. Needless to say, they all drew their heavy fees regularly, and with as little diffidence as if they had each and all been in close attendance the whole time.

What can you do? Pay, and look as pleasant as possible. There is nothing else for it.

As in other professions, there are specialists at the Bar. A famous Q.C. (now retired) was related to a well-known musical family, and, in consequence, for a generation he appeared in nearly every case involving musical or dramatic copyright.

Not long ago, a county council proceeded against a manufacturer for alleged pollution of a stream. The defendant could not afford a fancy fee. Yet, to lose the case meant ruin to him. He *must* have a first-class speaker and cross-examiner, and—more important still—one well up in that branch of chemistry associated with sanitary and public health laws. So far from being able to pick and choose a man who possessed these two qualifications, he had first to be discovered. Eventually he was found—at a handsome fee; but he justified his reputation, and succeeded—which is the main thing. It pays to be a specialist.

Years ago, there was an agitation inaugurated against the practice of charging a fee for the clerk on top of that paid to the principal. This fee is an additional half-a-crown upon any fee up to five guineas, five shillings up to ten guineas; and so on up to fifty guineas, upon and above which it is two and a half per cent. Many hard-worked counsel have more than one clerk; while, with the briefless crowd, one boy frequently does duty for several, and his almost nominal services (so far as briefs are concerned, that is) are considered adequately rewarded by ten shillings a week.

From what the reader knows now, he will be prepared to hear that the agitation dropped through. Leading counsel don't sit at their chambers waiting for work, and willing to chaffer about fees. Rather, you have to go cap in hand, and await their pleasure—or run the risk of having your papers returned on any sign of impatience.

It is safe to say that it would be a revelation to those who may wonder at these things, could they but attend a few consultations at the chambers of one of the leading men. To save time, the solicitor will perhaps have prepared a short epitome for present use, in addition to the more or less lengthy 'instructions' which were delivered days ago. As likely as not, this will never come out of his pocket, a casual observation from the great man showing that he 'knows all about that,' and more—knew it, in fact, before the case began. The all-round knowledge of the world which is stored up in the mind of a leading Q.C. is an eye-opener: it is that which you have to pay so heavily for.

No article on this subject would be complete without a reference to the peculiar—probably unique—relations subsisting between barristers and those whose interests they represent.



You may take papers to 'a gentleman of the long robe,' and obtain his opinion—and then you may snap your fingers at him, and refuse to pay. He has no remedy at law. Of course, you would not do it again, either with him or any one of his fraternity—you wouldn't get the opportunity. Except with a well-known firm of solicitors, or one with whom counsel may have a running account, with half-yearly settlements, the money is left with the papers. Should the amount tendered be considered inadequate, the clerk intimates the fact to the solicitor. Often enough, the fee is not marked by the solicitor, but left to the barrister's clerk. One never corresponds with the principal about fees! He, theoretically, is quite above such mundane matters—merely working from platonic motives: his sordid clerk is there to protect him from being plucked, and to collect a commensurate 'honorarium.'

To maintain an equipoise in this otherwise very one-sided arrangement, an effectual, though refreshingly simple, law exists, that a barrister is under no obligation to attend to any work which you may take to him—and pay for in advance. He may return your papers, and pocket the fee; or, worse still, he may go into court, and make the most fatal and idiotic arrangement binding upon your client—and you have no legal remedy, such as a layman has against a solicitor. But here, too, the case is highly hypothetical, and in an experience of twenty years, I have never known real harm to ensue from it. The laws of business and common-sense in effect govern this, as all other professions; and a barrister who sought to take advantage of his theoretical rights, would doubtless have but little possibility of repeating it. The whole thing *seems* absurd; but it works well in practice, and probably neither barristers, solicitors, nor clients, if canvassed, would care to alter it.

### JAN PENGELLY.

#### CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

Mrs Polwithey, who lived at the coastguard cottage, was hanging out her linen, and the grassy slope behind the house was white with fluttering garments. Polwithey himself was pacing the paths of the little square garden, smoking his pipe; and a pretty garden it was, gay with spring flowers, and enclosed by thick hedges of fuchsia. On the sheltered side of the house was a gigantic geranium that half covered the wall, and the growth of it and the size of the gnarled stem were the wonder of strangers; for the vegetation is semi-tropical in the warm nooks of southern Cornwall.

'Good-afternoon, Mrs Polwithey,' cried a pleasant voice from the path, and Miss Rose Trevennick walked smiling past, escorted by Cameron.

Mrs Polwithey made a dutiful response, and watched the two descend the winding path.

'Seems to me,' said the worthy woman, more to herself than to her spouse, 'that when two young folks pass a body's door brisk and quick, and directly they get a bit down-along saunter and saunter—seems to me it means something.'

'They two took a boat together last week,' remarked Polwithey, with a twinkle in his eye. "'Do 'ee want a man, zur?'" said I. "'No thank'ee," said he; and Miss Rose, her says to me, innercent like, "how's the wind, Ned?" "Bless yer purty face," says I, "it don't want no sailor-man to tell which way the wind blows."

'Well, well,' observed Mrs Polwithey sententially, 'as 'twas, so 'twill be;' and with this bit of condensed philosophy, she resumed her labours at the clothes-line.

'Hulloa! what's up below?' shouted Polwithey a minute after; 'Missus, come here quick—there's something wrong!' And far down the hill they saw two men carrying a strange burden up the rugged path.

'Tis surely a drowned man!' continued the coastguard excitedly. 'Do 'ee get things ready, Sarah, and I'll rin down and help 'em up!'

Over her parlour mantel-piece, proudly framed, hung an illuminated certificate, setting forth that Sarah Polwithey had satisfactorily undergone a course of instructions in first aids to the injured; and it was with astonishing celerity that the good woman prepared the various restoratives and appliances; but she felt hysterically excited when the three men bore into the house the dripping form of Jan Pengelly, apparently lifeless. A Tregartha fisherman supported his head, but the man who held his feet was a stranger to the place.

'I b'lieve there's a flutter of life in 'en,' said Polwithey; 'his heart seems to beat, and his eyelids quivered a bit as us carried 'en—us'll bring 'en round.'

In a few minutes, to their intense relief, Jan opened his blue eyes for a moment, and his lips parted, though he remained unconscious.

'What's amiss?' cried a voice at the door, and Cameron entered, while Miss Trevennick waited anxiously in the porch. They had caught sight of the men carrying the body up the hill, and had hastened back to the coast-guard station.

'Tis a poor chap half-drowned, zur,' said Polwithey, 'but, plase the Lord, us'll bring 'en back—'tis Jan Pengelly, the mazed chap. I wish wan of 'ee wid fetch the doctor.'

'I'll run, George,' cried Miss Trevennick, letting his Christian name escape her in the excitement of the moment; 'you may be more useful here.'

It was nearly half an hour before Doctor Bolitho appeared; for he was old and stout, and the steep path was impossible for his pony. His quick eye took in at a glance the condition of the sufferer, and the excellent methods that had been adopted pending his own arrival. 'Capital!' he grunted; 'Mrs Polwithey, you're half a doctor.'

Rose Trevennick paced the garden walk, eagerly awaiting the examination of the doctor; and catching sight of her white face as she passed the open door, he said, 'He's all right. There's no bones broken, though he's knocked about a good deal—he's in no immediate danger.' And burying her face in her hands, she sank on a seat in the porch, and burst into a flood of tears.

She was much attached to Jan; for years he had been her faithful henchman, her casual gardener and boatman. At Christmas, it was Jan who brought the holly to the church, and twined the ivy; and the crowning glory of each harvest festival was Jan's trophy of wheat and flowers, hung where none but he dared reach. His very infirmity of mind was a bond between them, for there were times when he clung to her with a childish reliance.

Meanwhile, Jan had again opened his eyes, and murmuring the word 'Parson!' relapsed into stupor.

'And how did all this happen?' asked the doctor, when he could spare his attention from his patient.

'It was quite providential,' said the stranger, a gentleman from Truro; 'I have several times visited Tregartha, and have long had a desire to explore the famous cavern under Trevasse Head; and this afternoon, the tide being favourable, I took a boat with that purpose. As we approached the mouth of the cavern, we saw a man swinging by a rope from the cliff above, and while the boatman was telling me of the intrepid daring of the climber, he fell before our eyes from a great height into the sea. We rowed quickly to the spot, and in a few minutes dragged his floating body into the boat; his hands still held the rope, which must have broken. By a mercy he fell into deep water; but the current ran strong, and I fear he was badly beaten against the rocks before we reached him.'

'Well, 'tis the Lord's hand,' said Mrs Polwithey; 'but 'tis surely a lesson to 'en. I never did hold w' climmin' after a passel of say-birds' eggs that baint fit to cook when you've found 'en.'

'He's a fine-grown young fellow,' said the stranger admiringly.

'And uncommon good-looking,' added Mrs Polwithey, gently touching the damp locks of red hair. 'Many a time when he's passed here with his rope birds'-nesting, I've called to him, "Tis a fule's errand you're on, Jan, and some fine day you'll break your neck, or scatter your poor brains out." But he was wonderful sure-footed, and could clim' like a cat when he was just a bit of a child. Us couldn't very well afford to spare Jan,' she added softly. 'Do 'ee mind Tremayne's little maid, doctor?'

'Ay, I remember,' said he gravely.

'Tremayne is wan of the lighthouse-keepers out to the Pinnacles,' explained Mrs Polwithey to the stranger; 'and last summer, when he was ashore for a day or two's leave, his little maid was cruel bad, like to die, and the poor fellow had to go back to his duty not knowing how 'twould be with the child, and when the fever 'bated, and the maid mended a bit, us all said what a pity 'twas the feyther didn't know the news; but the say was awful rough, and no weather for boats. And Jan, he put out in the storm by hisself, and got near enough to the Pinnacles, to the windward, to shout a few blessed words o' message to Tremayne; and sure enough, he got back safe and sound, either by saymanship or the dear Lord's providence.'

'Saymanship's no word for it,' added Polwithey, 'twas soopernat'ral. I seed 'en come

round Trevasse Point in a hurricane; and the way he brought the boat into the cove on the top o' the tide without a rag of sail 'twas marvellous to behold! Jan's a poor sawfy in most things, but 'tis wonderful how he knaws the watter, and the ways o' the wind.'

'I think I may now leave your patient to your good care,' Mrs Polwithey said the doctor, after a while; 'I'll look in again in the evening. I passed Captain Trefusis sitting by the path on my way up. He had had a nasty fall, and his head was badly cut; but as his case was not desperate, I bade him walk quietly home, and promised to call on him on my way back. Quite a chapter of accidents!'

An hour afterwards, Jan slowly recovered consciousness, and, looking weakly around, said, 'Where's Parson? I wish wan of 'ee wid fetch Parson.'

'How do 'ee feel, poor sawl of 'ee?' asked Mrs Polwithey, with motherly kindness; and the coastguard added heartily: 'You'm getting on fine, Jan, my sonny; you'll be right enough now us have got the say-watter out of 'ee. You baint drowned yet; a bit of a soaking warn't hurt a young watter-rat like thee.'

'Be 'ee troubled about your sawl, Jan?' asked Mrs Polwithey tenderly; and Jan, with some impatience, answered: 'No, missus, 'tisn't my sawl, 'tis my leg that troubles me—'tis stiff like an old rudder, and I can't move 'en. I can't walk to the rectory, that's certain, so Parson must please come here. I've got something I must tell 'en. Will wan of 'ee fetch 'en?'

Cameron, who had lingered in the cottage, soothingly promised to fetch the rector if Jan would keep quiet.

Later in the day, when Parson Trevennick came with Cameron, Jan was fitfully sleeping, and they waited patiently till he awoke, and took some nourishment. Incoherently, but with great earnestness, Jan told his story. The rector listened good-humouredly, and was at first inclined to attribute the whole matter to some delusion of Jan's excited brain; but the keener mind of Cameron at once grasped the significance of it all.

'If there is indeed any truth in this, it will be good news to many,' said the rector, as they walked home; 'but I am grieved to hear of such iniquity in the parish.'

'I would suggest that the man Roskree be sent for and questioned,' replied Cameron; 'I believe he would not withhold information if driven into a corner.'

And Roskree, who had all along been but half-hearted in his roguery, with many self-excuses confessed the whole matter. But that deeper villainy of Trefusis was never known.

Two days later, Cameron met the captain in the narrow cliff-path. The miner's head was bandaged with a handkerchief, and he looked pale and ill. For a moment the two men looked at each other, then the captain dropped his eyes.

'Captain Trefusis,' said Cameron slowly, 'I understand that you have a brother who is doing well at the copper-mines in Namaqualand.'

The captain nodded.



'Then I think,' added Cameron significantly, 'that Nanaqualand would be the best place for you to go to.'

And Trefusis went.

### TAHOE, THE GEM OF CALIFORNIAN LAKES.

CALIFORNIA has more than its share of the great wonders of Nature for which the continent of America is celebrated. On its golden shores are the mammoth trees, big enough for a large stage-coach to pass through; the Yosemite Valley, with its three thousand feet of perpendicular rock, and its waterfalls, the highest in the world; lastly, beautiful Lake Tahoe, whose waters are of such transparency that a trout can be seen fifty feet beneath the surface. It is of this lake that we propose to treat in the present sketch, and if it decides even a few to visit those lovely shores, the writer will be satisfied.

Tahoe, though well known to the Californian, is not so familiar to the foreigner as it deserves to be. The most important point to consider for the excursion is the season of the year. The tourist who intends staying a few days, and seeing all the sights, should not go there till the middle of July or, better still, August. Before that time the snows are so thick on Mount Tallac, that the ascent is in the highest degree difficult, if not impossible; and the view from this mountain is so fine—embracing as it does sixteen lakes—that one would regret losing it. If, however, a prolonged stay is meditated, any time from the end of May is pleasant; for, excepting Mount Tallac, nearly all the sights are as available then as later on, and the waterfalls are seen to better advantage.

Leaving San Francisco at five o'clock in the afternoon, the Central Pacific brings us at five next morning to Truckee, and hence a stage-coach takes us fourteen miles to Tahoe City on the lake. It is preferable to come by this afternoon train, thus avoiding the great heat of the Sacramento Valley, and rather monotonous scenery. On our arrival at Truckee, finding that we had an hour and a half before the departure of the stage, we took breakfast, and had a stroll through the town; but as it only consists of houses of one storey, all little shops or taverns, we were not much interested. Soon after our arrival at Truckee a coach with six horses started off at a good round pace for Tahoe. Our route lay by the Truckee River, which foams and dashes through a charming valley, rocky hills several hundred feet high rising on either side.

Soon we saw the blue waters of the lake nestling amid the Sierras, and drew up beside some dozen houses dignified by the name of Tahoe City. A pretty little steamer now started for Tallac, and we were at once struck with the marvellous transparency of the water, which makes the lake renowned, and we thought of the eulogies that Mark Twain bestows upon this peculiarity. One could read a name fifty feet beneath the water. Tahoe is twenty-two miles long by twelve wide, and

has an average depth of six hundred feet, whilst off the cliffs, near Tallac, a much greater depth is found. After a considerable run we turned off into Emerald Bay, an offshoot of Tahoe. It is difficult to praise the scenery here too highly—so beautiful are the mountains around it, so luxuriant the wooding, and so perfectly lovely the green shading of the water, making a striking contrast with the blue of Tahoe.

A short run from Emerald Bay and we obtained a fine view of Mount Tallac (9600 feet), at the base of which was our destination. Though this mountain is exceeded in altitude by Mount Freal, still in configuration, beauty, and by his snowy diadem, Tallac is monarch. The Tallac hotel is the only one in the district, and it, as well as a large tract of pine-woods, is owned by 'Lucky' Baldwin, who is likewise proprietor of the hotel named after him in San Francisco. The hotel is excellent, and there are nine hotel-cottages for people making a long stay and desiring home comforts. We arrived about one o'clock in the afternoon, and after luncheon took a walk on the excellent carriage-road to Fallen-leaf Lake, which is about two miles distant. Our route lay through some magnificent pine-trees, large enough to astonish one, if not already *blasé* by seeing the Californian mammoths. This lake, encircled by pine-woods, and situated at the base of Mount Tallac, is shaped like a leaf—hence its name—is three miles long, and abounds in trout. Its remarkably pure water supplies our hotel.

The evening we devoted to the Indian camp, only a short distance from the Tallac house. The moon was rising above the pines, and the dusky Indian figures grouped around the blazing camp fires formed a picture long destined 'to hang on memory's wall.' We had hoped to purchase some baskets, moccasins, or other curios, but found the Indians distrustful and sullen. We learned that the 'whites' had forbidden them to spear trout in future, and hence their unfriendliness. A chief had been beating his wife, and the forest had rung with her screams till our arrival broke up the little scene of domestic felicity! We saw about thirty Indians in all, and about half of them were women and children. The men were much better-looking than their squaws.

Next morning at eight o'clock we started on horseback to see the mountain-lakes, accompanied by a guide, who is essential on this excursion, it being so easy to lose one's way amid the forests. At first we rode through pine-woods, and soon had to traverse marshes caused by the overflow from Tahoe. We noticed that the bark was stripped off many of the trees owing to the porcupines which abound here. Soon we arrived at the shores of Cascade Lake, so called because Snow-cloud Fall precipitates itself into it. The lake is extensive, and in colour and other characteristics resembles its neighbour Tahoe.

We now continued our route, passing by the small but pretty Mirror and Deer lakes, finally arriving at Floating-island Lake. The name arises from the presence of a small patch of land, about four yards long, which floats on the surface. On this islet was once a single

tree which some vandal has cut down. The lake contains numerous water-snakes, one of which our guide killed with repeated blows of his whip. As the snake's body continued to wriggle, the guide said it would not die until the sun went down; and though we tried to show him the absurdity of this vulgar superstition, we fear he remained unconverted.

We were now on the side of Mount Tallac, 6500 feet above sea-level, enjoying splendid views of Tahoe and Fallen-leaf Lake, and seeing quantities of the red snow-plant. Soon our horses began to sink so deep that we had to make numerous detours to get along, and at last our guide refused to go any higher, declaring it unsafe. The snow here was in patches quite thirty feet in depth. We returned to our hotel after a ride of about twenty-five miles, regretting that we had not seen the sixteen lakes from Tallac summit, but in a measure consoled by this beautiful excursion. In the evening we took a boat, and went trolling for trout, for which Tahoe is famed. Each boat has a fish-tank, and the rower takes one to the best spots for making a catch. The average-sized Tahoe trout weighs from one and a half to three pounds, but frequently much larger fish are killed. The largest ever taken was stated to have been over twenty-nine pounds, and was sent to the then President of the United States.

Next day we made another excursion on horseback, this time to Glen Alpine, a very picturesque district in the heart of the mountains. At first we rode by our old acquaintance, Fallen-leaf Lake, and then through a long rocky valley, traversed by a mountain-stream which descended in several fine waterfalls *en route*, and skimming through the spray we saw numerous kingfishers. From its wildness and the grandeur of its scenery Glen Alpine is a favourite place for spending a few days, especially for sportsmen, who can shoot any quantity of badgers, besides deer, and an occasional bear. There is a small and rather primitive-looking hotel, which is reported, however, to be sufficiently comfortable. When we saw it in the month of July, the surrounding district was one veritable swamp, which they were beginning to drain, to be ready for the August season, when a stage runs between here and Tallac. Close to the hotel is a fine soda spring, strongly impregnated with iron, and very beneficial for invalids. Leaving Glen Alpine we went about two miles up the mountains, when we lost the path in the snow, and our guide could not strike it again. The creek, beside which we rode, was spanned by several natural bridges of snow, caused by the melting of the portion near the water, and here and there were other curious snow formations, one being the exact shape of a gigantic tortoise. After reaching Pyramid Point, a very striking and picturesque mountain summit, so deep grew the snow that our horses got frightened, and soon further advance became impossible. On the homeward journey one of the party shot four badgers; the Indian cherishes them for their meat, and the white man for their skins.

We had now seen the principal sights, and after our delightful stay at Tallac, took

the steamer for Tahoe City, returning by the Nevada side of the lake. Though fine in parts, on the whole the scenery is rather monotonous, arising from the sameness of this portion of the Sierra Nevada. Glenbrooke is a very pretty station, and it is preferable to leave the steamer here and return to San Francisco *via* Carson City, thus seeing the Comstock and other great Nevada mines, which made so many millionaires. The tourist to California cannot fail to bring away many delightful memories, and not the least pleasing will be Tahoe.

## CONSTANT CROSSBIE.

By W. E. COLE.

It was in Crossbie's Kensington sitting-room, and I was leaning back in the best arm-chair with my feet upon the window-sill.

'Very decent diggings, old man,' I said lazily. 'Still, they're not any better than your last. What made you change?'

'I had very little to do with it,' answered Crossbie. 'It was Mary Ann.'

I turned and looked at him searchingly. No, he was not quizzing, for his look was, if anything, rather more serious than usual. But in a moment he proceeded to explain.

'You'll remember my old rooms at 41 Basil Street? Well, Mary Ann came there about three months ago as housemaid. Something about her, I ought to say everything about her, captivated me at once. Her grace, her smiles, her manners were all remarkable, and I had never seen anything like them. There was no affectation, no nonsense, and everything she said or did was a part of herself, native and natural. Of course you can guess the result of all this. I adored her before a week was out, and in a fortnight I had proposed.

'You'd think that any ordinary housemaid might consider it a compliment to have the refusal of two hundred a year, and what some of the critics call a rising literary light. But Mary Ann, being quite an extraordinary housemaid, treated the matter very sensibly. She said she liked me pretty well, but she could not give an answer then. We hadn't known each other long enough. I tried to persuade her that we should have plenty of time to get acquainted after the wedding, but she couldn't see it. A week later she told me that she had found another situation—this time in Bayswater.

'I was frantic. "What! going to leave?" I said. "Does that mean that you don't want to see me again?"

"Oh no, sir," she said quietly. "It does not mean that. I'm taking another place, that's all."

'In two minutes I had made up my mind. There were rooms vacant in the very house she was going to, and a week later I had taken possession. I was with her once more.

'That rest was all too brief. She seemed to have a very strong objection to staying more than a few weeks in the same service, so in a



month she had found another situation and was off again. I couldn't understand it. The people all liked her and wanted her to stay, and I begged her to take a final situation with me. It was of no use.

"No," she said firmly; "I like a change, and if you really love me you will wait a little longer. I believe you're ashamed of me because I'm a housemaid."

I protested in vain; and she went.

But I had determined not to lose sight of her for a single moment, so I made the necessary inquiries, and soon found myself installed as a lodger where she was again the housemaid. This is the place, and I've been here three weeks now. I know it can't last, though, and I'm expecting every hour to hear that she has found another situation. That's the whole story?

Crossbie sighed as he concluded. I was gazing at him in doubt and wonder, hardly believing my ears.

"Do you mean to say," I began at last, "that you have fallen in love with a housemaid, and that you change your lodgings every two or three weeks because the girl takes it into her head to change her situation?"

He nodded gloomily.

"And her name is Mary Ann?" I murmured.

"It is," said Crossbie, with a melancholy smile.

I thought the matter over. He was sane enough, as sane, in fact, as any hard-working literary man could be expected to be. Yet his story revealed a state of things as mad as any I had ever heard of.

"I know what you're thinking about," he said suddenly, throwing the end of his cigar through the open window. "You think I'm crazy. But wait till you see Mary Ann! I'll ring for supper."

He rang, and in a minute or two Mary Ann entered with the cloth. Crossbie glanced at me curiously and must have been satisfied with the effect, for I am sure that my surprise was plainly visible in my face.

Mary Ann was a lady. Mary Ann was sweet. Mary Ann was charming. Housemaid indeed she was, but an angel in a pretty cap and apron may be an angel still.

"Crossbie," I remarked, when she had gone, "please, forgive my suspicions. Go to the North Pole, old man, if you like, or take a pair of back garrets in a Whitechapel alley. I'll guarantee that you are the sanest man alive."

He cheered up a little, and smiled.

"It's a queer thing, of course," he said, "but I am determined to go on with it. She speaks of another three months, and of course that's not long to wait for such a girl. But these continual changes are quite beyond me."

"Perhaps she breaks things," I suggested softly.

"No," he said with decision. "It's not that. She never breaks anything or makes any trouble. Why, the landlady at Basil Street was crying after her—actually crying. Nobody ever cried after me! I think she must be of a roaming disposition, or something of the kind. Perhaps she has gypsy blood in her veins, though she doesn't look like it. At any rate,

I can't be sure of her for a single week, and never felt so unsettled in all my life."

I sympathised with Crossbie. He was a really good fellow, a hard worker, and one who could always be depended upon. I wondered that any housemaid in the wide world could treat him in such a way, or fail to see his merits at a glance. And to keep him changing his rooms every month, and travelling from one end of London to the other, was adding injury to insult. I rather wondered, too, how he could stand it, for Crossbie was one of those fellows who love their creature comforts. He must be hard hit indeed.

When I left him an hour later, I told him to cheer up and make the best of it. After all, I said, it was better that Mary Ann should do all her roaming before marriage than after. With that sentiment he fully agreed.

Ten days later I called to see him again, and found that he had gone. Nobody seemed to know where, and for a long time I could find no trace of him.

Long afterwards, however, we met once more, and he related the whole story of his singular experiences subsequent to the date of my visit. It is a remarkable history.

Mary Ann had soon tired of the Kensington situation. Crossbie saw the change coming, yet he groaned inwardly when at last she declared her intention.

"What? Off again, dear? When will you give it up and settle down?"

She looked at him reproachfully.

"Remember," she said gently, "what I have promised! But you need not follow me this time. I will write to you once a week."

"But," persisted Crossbie, turning quite pale at the suggestion, "what is the need of all this? Let us finish it. Take me now—I have two hundred a year, enough to keep us comfortably"—

But she would not hear him, and at last Crossbie gave in. She had found a new situation in Bartlett Road, and, after some difficulty, he took the only room that was vacant there, and once more settled down.

It was a change for the worse, and he nearly broke his leg on the first evening by falling over a bucket which some one had left in the hall, but he bore it without an audible murmur. He knew it would not last long, and wondered whether the next change would improve the surroundings.

He suffered in many ways owing to these changes. He was obliged to wound the feelings of several excellent landladies by giving them notice without any very good reason, and this troubled him a good deal. Several times, too, he was obliged to pay rent in lieu of proper notice, and these calls upon his purse had to be soberly considered. Moreover, his work suffered, for no sooner did he settle down and get out his writing-pad, than he seemed to be off once more. Acquaintances began to look suspiciously at him, and whispered darkly of duns, while one editor told him in rather vigorous language that he need not submit any further manuscripts until he had fixed upon some address to which they could safely be returned.

The last change was the worst of all. Mary Ann seemed determined to drain the very dregs of housemaid existence, and, as a last experiment, went as sole 'general' to a small lodging-house in Hoxton. Crossbie pleaded in vain, for she was still inflexible, though he pointed out that the work was slavery, that the neighbourhood was bad, and that she could easily get a thousand better places. His own rooms there were dark and dirty, and he found it absolutely impossible to write a single line in them. So he walked about, and idled in the reading-rooms all day, returning in the evening to sleep the sleep of the infinitely perplexed.

After a fortnight of it, he waylaid Mary Ann on the stairs one day and relieved her, despite her protestations, of a tremendous bucket of coal which she was carrying to the third-floor. And when he had finished that little business, he began to plead again, only to receive the same answer.

'You say you love me, and yet you cannot put up with this much for my sake.'

'I can put up with anything,' cried the faithful Crossbie, 'but I must consider you. How can I be happy when I have to see you slaving day after day in a place like this?'

Her lovely eyes softened, and her voice was even tender when she spoke again:

'Is that it really, Dick? How soft-hearted you are! But it will only last another week. I've found another situation, and have already given notice.'

'Oh! And what is the new address?' asked Crossbie, a slight sentiment of hope mingling with his resignation.

'It is a good place this time,' said Mary Ann with a smile. 'Ninety-nine Belgrave Square. They don't take lodgers there, of course, but you can call to see me—if you're not ashamed to visit the housemaid!'

Crossbie flushed slightly. He saw a vision of himself sitting in the kitchen among the footmen, with smirking maid-servants making eyes behind his back. But in a moment his love triumphed over his dignity.

'I would follow you to the end of the earth,' he said earnestly, 'or even to the scullery. But this is to be the last, please?'

Mary Ann nodded, and he was happy. A week later she had gone to her new place, and he had found rooms in a quarter not far distant from Belgrave Square.

Crossbie's conduct throughout surely proved that he was finally and thoroughly in love. There was no lukewarmness about him, but still he had a large share of self-respect, and the prospect of 'courting' Mary Ann in the servants' hall gave him many uneasy moments. He had never thought of asking her to meet him out of doors, and of course it was not her place to suggest such a thing. Go he must, and go he would. Anything and everything must be dared for Mary Ann's sake. Yet his emotions were terribly mixed when one Tuesday evening, at half-past seven, he knocked at the area door of number ninety-nine. For a thriving literary man, who was already a lion in many Bohemian drawing-rooms, to seek a place in the servants' hall—to drop to the level of a 'follower'—oh,

it was awful! He was glad it was dark, so that nobody sitting in the windows of that great house could see him, and he hoped, with a great and sincere hope, that the kitchen would be pretty clear. If this adventure should get abroad he would never hear the end of it.

A solemn-looking page opened the door, and Crossbie, in a husky voice, asked for 'Miss Robinson.' He was relieved to see that the imp did not even smile.

'Yes, sir. Please come this way, sir,' was all he said; and Crossbie followed, bracing himself for a terrible ordeal.

But instead of being taken to the kitchen, he was led up-stairs, and he saw, to his annoyance, that some mistake had evidently been made. But before he could say a word, a door was thrown open, allowing a murmur of voices to reach his ears, and a splendid footman had announced his name in clear, distinct tones.

'Mr Crossbie!'

Flowers, voices, evening dress, ladies—he was vaguely conscious that he was doomed. That idiot of a page had brought him to the drawing-room, where an 'evening' of some kind was evidently being held. Crossbie gazed around him in blank dismay, and in another moment would have bolted to the door. But before he could escape, an elderly lady sailed across the room to his side.

'So pleased that you have come, Mr Crossbie,' she murmured. 'We have been expecting you for some time.'

'Expecting me!' said Crossbie in the purest surprise. 'I am afraid you mistake—it must be some other'—

The lady laughed pleasantly.

'Come,' she said; 'who could mistake the author of those delicious "Idle Idylls" in the *Poetaster*? But let me introduce you to some of the people here.'

She was a pleasant old lady, with a motherly face, but Crossbie was too bewildered to see it. Some awful mistake had been made—but how did she know of the Idylls?

Before he could collect his thoughts, he found himself sitting on a couch between two gentlemen to whom he had been introduced. His amazement was not lessened when he understood that one was a notable editor, and the other a very eminent artist.

How they greeted him, what they said, what he said in reply, he could never remember. He was trying to contrive a means of escape, but was trying in vain, and after a short time his companions resumed their conversation.

'Yes,' said the editor of *Our Own Review*, 'you may call it eccentricity if you please, but it is a good and useful eccentricity. We shall have some new light on the subject now.'

'Do you publish?' asked the artist carelessly.

'Yes. I have secured the series, "Life Below Stairs—The Experiences of a Mary Ann." I think it will go well.'

Crossbie started. The familiar sound had caught his ear, but he soon perceived that it was not his Mary Ann whose name had been mentioned.



He was on thorns. Of course there was only one thing which he could do. He must go to that motherly old lady, and explain.

'I am afraid, madam, that I have been introduced by mistake. I came here to see your housemaid, Mary Ann.' That would put things right, but how could he do it?

And if he did not, the poor girl might come in to answer the bell at any moment. She would see him, and perhaps speak to him. In any case he must speak to her—and then!

He rose in desperation, resolved to brave it out. But at that moment the door opened again, and a young lady entered. Crossbie saw a vision of silk and lace, a figure of familiar beauty, and a face that he knew, and rubbed his eyes in amazement. For the face was certainly the face of Mary Ann!

He turned to the editor.

'I beg your pardon,' he said hurriedly. 'Can you tell me that lady's name?'

The editor looked up in some surprise. Fancy a guest ignorant of the name of his hostess.

'Certainly,' he said; 'her full name is Marion Dallas.'

Marion Dallas—Marion Dallas! Crossbie began to see a ray of light. He had heard that lady spoken of as being young, rich, literary, and a champion of her sex as thoroughly in earnest as she was charming.

The truth broke upon him suddenly and forcibly, and he rose to find the door, feeling dimly conscious that he had been badly victimised. But before he reached it, Miss Dallas stood before him.

'You are not going?'

'Yes,' he said coldly; 'I am going. I have been deceived.'

She saw his mood, and laid her hand upon his arm.

'Do not think so,' she said softly. 'Let me explain. The editor of the *Review* agreed to take up the cause of the domestic servant. A series of articles had to be prepared by a special writer thoroughly familiar with the subject. You know my views—I agreed to write them for him. That was the reason of my masquerade, and the reason also for my many changes of situation. You were very kind to me, but I could not tell you my secret. Don't you understand?'

There was a charming blush upon her face, and Crossbie's anger passed away suddenly. But she continued, still speaking softly:

'I told aunt all about it, and we made these arrangements. I wondered whether you would really come after all, but now—'

She paused with a little smile, and Crossbie looked up into her face. This radiant creature was not his Mary Ann, but something he saw in her eyes inspired him to put his fate to the hazard of a question. The answer he received gave him perfect satisfaction.

'No,' she whispered, 'I am not changed. To you I will always be Mary Ann!'

Crossbie's travels came to an end a couple of months later. He took rooms in the square for good, having followed his little housemaid through the bitter to the sweet. Even those

who are inclined to envy his luck are ready to admit that he thoroughly deserved it, and in Fleet Street we still call him 'Constant Crossbie.'

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ACCORDING to the *Journal* of Geneva, a strange discovery was made at the recent rifle-meeting at Winterthur, in summing up the results of the shooting. It was found that the shots fired from the right-hand side of the range showed a common deviation to the right of the bull's-eye; while those fired from the left side were in a similar manner deflected in their course to the left side of the target centre. This was presumed to be due to the circumstance that on either side of the range were a number of electric wires, and that, as a current-laden wire is attractive to steel like a magnet, the modern projectiles, into which that metal so largely enters, were coaxed out of their true course. Experiments showed that this theory was the correct one; and as a consequence, it is now boldly stated that 'a section of infantry exposed to fire at three hundred yards would enjoy complete safety if a dynamo or accumulator were placed on its flank: a whole company would be in the same security at five hundred yards, and artillery fire could be rendered innocuous at one thousand yards.' We are afraid that such a conclusion is rather too hastily arrived at. It might, with greater consistency, be argued that in a big city like London, it is impossible to shoot anybody with a steel, or steel-coated bullet, because the projectile would at once be attracted to the overhead or underground wires which form such a network in the streets.

Dr Macartney, the medical officer at Chin-Kiang, adverting in a recent report to the injuries arising from compressing the feet of Chinese women and girls, asserts that in Chin-Kiang the feet are more tightly bound than in any other districts in the Yangtze valley; and the practice is more general, too, for it extends to the poorest classes. The women themselves own that the practice is productive of constant suffering, not only during the early bandaging process, but throughout life. Women with compressed feet cannot stand for any length of time without torture. Paralysis of the legs is often the direct result of bandaging; eczema and ulceration are its products, and very frequently amputation of the foot becomes necessary, on account of gangrene induced by this most unnatural custom.

The Royal Commission, which was appointed to look into the practicability of connecting isolated lighthouses and lightships with the telegraphic system of the United Kingdom, have, in their fourth report, just issued, explained the manner in which it is proposed to deal with light-vessels, which, on account of being subject to the action of tides and local currents, offer obstacles to the attachment of a cable in the usual manner. They propose to run a cable from the shore, and to make it describe a circle under and around the light-vessel, so that as

the ship strains at her cable, she is always well within the circle. The vessel itself will be girded with several coils of insulated wire, which will be connected with a telephone receiver on board. Now it is a well-known law in electrical science that a wire carrying a current will create or induce a current in a wire in its neighbourhood. In the case before us, an intermittent vibratory current will be sent through the cable from the shore, and interrupted by a Morse key. Long and short buzzing sounds will in this way be made evident in the telephone circuit, which will be readily translatable by the Morse alphabet. In sending signals from ship to shore, the operations are simply reversed. The commission regards this method of communication as offering greater chances of success than any of the other inventions of the same nature which have been brought before it.

A wonderful increase in the growth of the trade in explosives is shown in the twentieth annual report of Her Majesty's Inspectors, which has been recently issued as a Parliamentary paper. Since the Explosives Act came into operation, twenty years ago, not only has the number of factories more than doubled, but the number of persons employed shows a like remarkable increase, three thousand workers having been added during the past ten years. The introduction of smokeless powders and new nitroglycerine compounds is responsible for this increased industry. But while factories for the making of new explosives show this activity, the gunpowder-works have remained stationary. The number of firework factories has doubled during the past two decades, although large consignments of fireworks come in from abroad. The accidents during the past year were one hundred and fifty-two in number, causing injuries to one hundred and sixty-seven persons, and forty deaths.

It is an old axiom, and one of which the truth has been constantly proved by events, that a theatre is doomed, sooner or later, to be destroyed by fire. With the general introduction of the electric light, and the adoption of a fireproof curtain, which can, at a minute's notice, be let down so as to separate the stage from the auditorium, the risks from fire at a theatre are reduced almost to a minimum. A fire recently occurred at a London theatre, which might have ended in panic and general disaster, had not modern appliances been at hand to reassure the audience—which, by-the-by, was a bank holiday one. The fire broke out on the stage while a play was actually in progress; with commendable promptitude, the iron proscenium curtain was lowered, a hydrant set to work, and while the firemen were busy on the stage, the audience were told by the manager to keep their seats, for they were in no kind of danger. In a few moments the fire was completely subdued, and the play proceeded. The audience, as well as the manager and all concerned, may be complimented on showing presence of mind under very difficult conditions.

The liquefaction of the gases formerly called 'permanent' is one of the first achievements of the century, and there still attaches to

liquid air a mystery which no other fluid can claim. A liquid which boils at 200 degrees below the freezing-point of water is still a curiosity; and at the Royal Institution, where its production has long ceased to be a novelty, audiences never tire of watching experiments with an agent which so nearly approaches in temperature the absolute zero. The most recent experiments with it are due to Professors Dewar and Fleming, who have found that metals are curiously altered in their magnetic and electrical properties by immersion in liquid air, the amount of change depending in great measure upon the purity of the metal under examination. For example, it is well known that copper is a far better conductor of electricity than iron, yet if iron be cooled by immersion in liquid air, it becomes a better conductor than copper by thirty per cent. All pure metals gain this increase of conductivity; but alloys, when subjected to the same treatment, are affected to the extent only of about ten per cent. It is generally known that the greater the electrical current, the bigger must be the cable to carry it; but Professor Fleming states that these experiments with metals at extremely low temperatures tend to show that at absolute zero the entire electric force generated by Niagara Falls could be conveyed by a wire as fine as a hair.

Colonel Maxim, whose machine gun is now known all over the world as the most destructive weapon ever invented, has recently published some very interesting notes relative to repeating-arms generally. It would seem that the first machine gun was invented and patented in this country by one James Puckle as long ago as the year 1718; and Colonel Maxim reproduces a drawing of this old weapon, which was designed to discharge grenades, shells, or bullets. Its principle is that of the revolver, there being one main barrel, with a series of revolving chambers at its breech, turned by a handle. One curious point is that, while one set of chambers are all adapted for spherical bullets, another set interchangeable with the first gives accommodation for square bullets; and in the accompanying description we find that the former is a set of chambers 'for round bullets against Christians,' and that the latter is for 'shooting square bullets against Turks.' This suggestion for regulating the shape of the projectiles according to the religious opinions held by the enemy against whom they are directed is exceedingly funny. But we need hardly point out that the principle of the revolving firearm is much older than the time of Mr James Puckle. When Colonel Colt patented his first revolver, he undertook to investigate the origin of repeating-firearms, and discovered to his dismay that in the Tower of London was a revolver which dated back to the fifteenth century.

The one great difficulty in the development of gold-fields is the want of sufficient water with which to work the machinery necessary to extract the precious metal from its ore. In the arid plains of Central Australia, indeed, many a miner has been driven from a promising claim for want of this first necessary of life. A process of extracting gold from its ore without the



need of wetting it is therefore a matter of great importance; and that recently invented by Mr W. H. Hyatt is said to extract all the metal from its mother-earth at a cost which compares favourably with other systems. The main feature of the apparatus is an iron pipe of wide area, which is bent into a spiral, each convolution of the worm holding a charge of mercury which, however, does not close the passage. Into this coil, the ore, previously powdered as finely as possible, is driven by a current of air, and the mercury is by this means forced into a spray which takes hold of and forms an amalgam with all particles of gold in its neighbourhood. In a recent trial, in which gold-dust was mingled artificially with river-sand, nearly all the metal was detained at the first bend of the pipe.

Another new method of extracting the precious metals from their ores which is highly spoken of is by means of molten lead. The idea is not absolutely novel, but previous attempts in the same direction have not been successful. The ore is first of all reduced to powder, and is afterwards roasted, so as to rob it of its sulphur, arsenic, and other impurities. It is then fed into the bottom of a bath of molten lead, where its natural tendency to rise to the surface is impeded by a series of grids, between which a series of paddles revolve, and turn the particles of ore over and over. By this means every metallic particle combines with the molten lead, and the residue that ultimately finds its way to the top is mere earthy matter.

A writer in the *American Machinist* gives some interesting particulars concerning the use of glass for bearings for machinery. This material was tried for the same purpose many years ago, but with negative results. Now, however, experiments have been conducted in a more thorough way, and it seems probable that glass may be used with advantage in the form of a sleeve for light machinery. Its surface presents such remarkable smoothness that friction is reduced to a minimum, and a great saving in lubrication is effected. The best result seems to have been attained by using a kind of wooden box, with the ordinary bearings removed, and pouring in molten glass, taking precautions that the shaft is held in a central position, and that it is turned occasionally before the glass hardens. Such a bearing, it is said, has now lasted several months, with a two inch steel shaft running at one hundred and eighty revolutions per minute, without heating or visible deterioration.

The question as to the best form of wood-paving for a busy thoroughfare has been occupying the attention of a special committee, appointed by the vestry of Paddington (London). This committee have recently sent in their report, in which they endorse the opinion already expressed by an eminent authority, that 'it is a wicked waste of public money to pave a line of heavy traffic with soft wood.' It has been found that soft wood, such as yellow deal, requires renewal at the end of four and a half years, but that blocks of jarrah, karri, and other hard woods have a life of about fifteen years. Of course the initial cost of the hard wood is greater than that of the soft;

but there is a great saving in the end, without taking into account the inconvenience and loss suffered by shopkeepers in the neighbourhood by frequent removal of the roadway. As a result of the inquiry, one of the busiest thoroughfares in the parish of Paddington is to be repaired with hard wood blocks of not less than four inches in depth, such blocks to be close jointed with creosote and pitch.

According to a recently published report, Austria-Hungary, which country used to consume 105,700 tons of foreign petroleum, is now in a position to become an exporter instead of an importer of that natural product. Nearly two years ago the proprietor of the Anglo-Austrian bank purchased, at Schodniko in Galicia, four thousand acres of land which surrounded an oil-well there. Since that time about fifty borings have been made with invariable success, and in one case such a prolific supply of oil was tapped that it could not be controlled until thirty-six hours had elapsed, and five thousand barrels of oil run to waste. This well, when ultimately established, yielded the first twenty-four hours after opening one thousand tons of petroleum. The oil is conveyed by pipes to Boryslaw, a place thirteen miles distant, from whence it will be distributed by a railway shortly to be laid.

Some time ago our contemporary, *The Engineer*, offered prizes to the value of eleven hundred guineas for competition between makers of horseless carriages, the trial to come off in October next. This competition is now put off until next year; and the reasons given for the postponement indicate so clearly the present position of the horseless carriage question that it will be useful to quote them. The promoters of the competition say that although a considerable measure of success has been attained, and the horseless carriages exhibited at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere are probably the best in the world, nothing nearly suitable to the demands of the English public has yet been produced. None of them is fairly satisfactory; they are noisy, given to much vibration, and leave behind them most objectionable evidence that they have passed. The general public will not buy carriages which are not at once safe, comfortable, odourless, and silent. 'We are quite certain,' says *The Engineer*, 'that in a little time great advances will be made, and vehicles produced which will compare with those now in use, much as a Great Northern locomotive does with "The Rocket."'

In his recent address to the Selborne Society, Sir William Flower touched upon a theme of great importance to those public-spirited men who give time and trouble to the establishment of local museums. He pointed out that such museums, generally opened under the happiest auspices, sank in the course of two or three decades to such a state of neglect, that one might with some reason look for an inscription over the door to the effect that rubbish was shot there. A school without a schoolmaster, a church without a pastor, or a garden without a gardener are no good at all; and in like manner a museum without a curator cannot prosper. 'A curator,' he said, 'is the heart and soul of a museum, and yet we have museums

going to decay because nobody thought of the expense that is needful to keep a curator and his staff going. Sir William Flower further indicated that a museum should be a place which should enter into every scheme for the furtherance of technical education—a place where one could identify any stone, animal, or plant, and that an immense store of useful information could be gained from such an institution.

Many wonderful things have been told about the X-rays discovered by Professor Röntgen, some true, and others false. One of the latest was conveyed in a telegram from America, to the effect that some one there had found out that the mysterious radiations were destructive to Bacteria. No details of the experiments upon which this assertion was based being given, much was left to the imaginative faculties of newspaper scribes, who by no means neglected the opportunity thus presented to them. But Professor G. Sormani resolved to put the matter to test; and has since made experiments on sixteen different species of Bacteria, both in artificial cultures and when inoculated into living animals, and he asserts, as a result of these researches, that the rays have no appreciable effect upon disease germs.

The clever Japanese who during recent years have profited so much by shaking off old trammels and adopting western ideas are naturally great users of iron and steel. Hitherto they have imported the metal from our own and other countries, but they are now about to start huge iron and steel works of their own, which they hope to complete in less than three years' time. The cost of these works will be more than three-quarters of a million sterling, and they will comprise a staff of eighty-two officials of various grades, who will for the first four years be under the control of foreign experts. The estimated output of the works is 60,000 tons per annum at the outset, to be subsequently greatly increased. The amount stated will be made up thus: 35,000 tons of Bessemer steel, 25,000 of Siemens-Martin steel, 4500 of wrought iron, and 500 tons of crucible steel.

### SAWDUST.

No waste product, however humble, that can by any possibility be turned to profitable account, nowadays escapes the searching eye of the practical economist; and amongst them sawdust appears to have received of late years its fair share of attention.

A few of its everyday uses may be mentioned in passing. It is the best possible packing for ice and oranges: for strewing the floors of butchers' shops and bar parlours it takes the palm for cleanliness: builders employ it largely to prevent the passage of sound between rooms: to the cricketer in showery weather it is a price-less boon: to it the rag-doll owes its plumpness; while special varieties have their special uses, that of boxwood for cleaning jewellery, that of mahogany for smoking fish, and those of birch and rosewood for cleaning furs.

Under certain treatments its application enlarges. If, instead of the common practice of

sprinkling a floor with water prior to sweeping it, wet sawdust be employed, as are tea-leaves on a carpet, the work is far more thoroughly performed, and no dust is raised; while the addition of some disinfectant to the wet sawdust makes the cleaning still more effectual.

When carbonised, it makes an excellent filter, used in distilleries in preference to ordinary charcoal ones, and in France to remove the unpleasant flavour common to some of their wines. In Germany, too, after a further chemical treatment, it is employed as a filtering and discolouring material.

Oxalic acid, so largely employed in calico-printing, in cleaning leather and brass, as a solvent for Prussian blue in the preparation of blue ink, &c., and for taking iron mould out of linen, is manufactured on the large scale by oxidising sawdust with a mixture of the hydrates of potash and soda.

In 1893 Mr John Wallace, a great fish-shipper of Washington, found *chilled* sawdust to be not only superior to ice as a packing for fish, but that its employment effected a great saving in every way.

As a manure it is by no means to be despised. It forwards the growth of young trees more than any other kind, and, in moderate quantity, will turn a common bad earth into good garden mould. The ground upon which wood-stacks have stood is always enriched to a surprising degree by the small pieces falling and rotting, and the improvement of barren lands by planting Scotch firs has been advocated, on account of the falling spines, their mouldering and subsequent enriching of the soil.

By the addition of other ingredients its sphere of usefulness still further expands. Saturated with a weak solution of carbolic acid, allowed to dry, and then enclosed in a bag of several layers of fine soft muslin, it forms an excellent antiseptic pad for absorbing the discharge from wounds.

Mixed with tan in the proportion of one to three, it makes a much better floor for a riding-school than does the pure bark, and is so employed in all our cavalry barracks.

With the refuse tar from the gas manufactory added, and compressed into cakes, a fuel is produced in every way superior to soft coal for open fires.

For building purposes it is now extensively employed, more especially in Germany, as a basis for concrete in place of stone. After being mixed with certain refuse mineral products, it is compressed into the form of bricks, a series of experiments on which by the Technical Royal School at Charlottenburg proved them to be very light, impervious to wet, and entirely fireproof: one that was placed for five hours in a coal fire came out intact. The necessity for disposing of the vast accumulations in the numerous sawmills, both in Europe and America, led to an invention for compressing it into roofing boards. The substance known as xyolith or woodstone is nothing more than sawdust mixed with magnesia cement, saturated with chloride of calcium, and subjected to a pressure of one thousand pounds to the square inch: it is very hard and unflammable, but can be sawn, planed, and dealt with generally like wood.



In mortar it is superior even to hair for the prevention of cracking and subsequent peeling off of rough casting under the action of weather and frost.

Its manufacture into bread-stuff in the northern countries of Europe has often been described by travellers, and now in Berlin wood biscuits are made as food for horses. Professor Brand succeeded in extracting gum and sugar (grape variety) by the action of sulphuric acid. Several firms turn out a rough kind of paper from it, while at St Etienne, in France, it is converted into silk which, it is said, can be sold for less than half the price of the genuine article.

When it was reported, towards the close of 1892, that a German chemist had succeeded in making a first-rate brandy out of sawdust, the incident was noticed in a publication under the heading, *A New Danger to Teetotalism*, and commented on in the following amusing strain: 'We are a friend of the temperance movement, and want it to succeed; but what chance will it have when a man can take a rip-saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the use of a prohibitory liquor law if a man is able to make brandy-mashes out of the shingles on his roof, or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs of his kitchen chairs? You may shut up an inebriate out of a gin-shop and keep him away from taverns, but if he can become uproarious on boiled sawdust and desiccated window-sills, any effort must necessarily be a failure.'

Its latest application is reported in a recent issue of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, which informs us that the little town of Deseronto, in Canada, where there are several large lumber-mills, is partially lighted by gas made from sawdust, and that the gas produced gives an illumination of about eighteen candle-power.

#### THE WIND'S MUSIC.

Ever about Life's pathway floats  
Strange music, thrilling and piercing notes,  
Themes which, played by a master-hand,  
Surge through the length and breadth of the land.  
Earth is the keyboard, each new day  
Its keys are fingered in varied way,  
And the master-hand you may seek and find  
With the wild, weird, wonderful, wanton Wind.

Listen: at times there seem to swell  
The dancing notes of a Tarantelle;

To-morrow perchance may the Wind repent,  
But to-day—an elf on mischief bent,  
Whirling the cap from a schoolboy's head,  
Stealing the apples, ripe and red,  
Maddest of pranks for all mankind,  
Wilful, worrying, witch-like Wind!

Darkness falls, and there rolls a Dirge  
O'er the sleeping land and the ocean's surge.  
Great, wild chords in their agony  
Burst out, till ever in minor key  
The music sinks to a mournful wail,  
Rises and falls like some plaintive scale,  
A funeral chant, or a requiem kind,  
Wailing, wuthering, warring Wind!

oftener still, from day to day,  
A strange, monotonous *Requiem* holds sway,  
So familiar grown, that the ear  
Seems scarce its wandering maze to hear—  
Fitting type of man's daily life,  
Notes in continuous, gentle strife,  
Master-product of master-mind,  
Wistful, wavering, weary Wind!

Yet once more. As the Summer's heat  
Of the day is dying, a Nocturne sweet  
Steals from the hills with a soft 'good-night,'  
Rippling a lake in the sunset-light,  
Gently swaying a leafy bough,  
Soft, cool touch for an aching brow,  
Rest for a weary human-kind,  
Welcome, whispering, western Wind!

Ever about Life's pathway floats  
Strange music, thrilling and piercing notes,  
Themes which, played by a master-hand,  
Surge through the length and breadth of the land,  
Glad or sorrowful, grave or gay,  
Varying signature each new day,  
And the master-musician we seek and find  
In the wild, weird, wonderful, wanton Wind!

EVELYN H. M. GLOVER.

#### \* \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of illegibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if illegible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

In the next issue of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL will be commenced a Tale of striking interest, entitled

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING,

BY

GUY BOOTHBY,

Author of *Doctor Nikola*; *Billy Binks—Hero*, &c.

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## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

BY GUY BOOTHBY,

AUTHOR OF 'DOCTOR NIKOLA;' 'BILLY BINKS—HERO,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—BEING A LETTER FROM THE MARQUIS OF INSTOW, IN JAPAN, TO JAMES FORSYTH, ESQ., OF CHESSEBOROUGH PARK, NEAR OXFORD, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR FORSYTH—Before entering upon a description of my own doings, since we said 'good-bye' upon the platform of the Oxford railway station, so long ago, I must thank you for your letter, dated the 1st of July, which came to hand but yesterday. Ever since my receipt of it, I have been puzzling my brain to understand by what manner of means I could best make you acquainted with the curious drama in which my sister Olivia and I have been playing a part since I stayed the night with you at Chessborough, exactly three years ago this week. I feel that it is only right you should know everything, but how to tell you is quite another matter. There is so much to be told, and if it is not narrated in detail, the effect will be lost. This voluminous epistle is the result, and I doubt very much if a more curious experience has ever fallen to the lot of mortal man. Indeed, I must confess to a feeling of apprehension as to whether you may not be tempted to believe that much travelling has driven me mad, and that what I have written is the creation of a deranged imagination, rather than actual fact.

To hark back to the very beginning of things, I must revert to the talk we had together on the evening just referred to. You will remember that during the previous season Olivia had been regarded, and very justly too, I think, as the most beautiful woman in London; and when I remind you of that fact, I haven't the slightest doubt but that it will recall to you the substance of our conversation as we smoked together after dinner. It was patent to all our world that Belgravia wanted to marry

my sister; and you know how disappointed I was because she absolutely and irrevocably refused to entertain the notion for a moment. I have always liked Belgravia: we were at Eton and Oxford together; our properties in two counties adjoin one another; and, what is perhaps more to the point, he is a good soldier, a sterling friend, and as perfect a gentleman as any that walks the streets of London. Poor fellow, I fear her refusal was a blow to him; but women, God bless them, are queer creatures at the best of times, and when they once make up their minds not to do a thing, it is my experience that wild horses will not drag them to it. To protest under such circumstances is worse than useless, while to argue is but to admit a limited knowledge of the sex. For the reason, however, that my sister is my only living relative, now that my father and mother are dead, I would not coerce her into marrying a man she did not love, any more than I would attempt to make her pawn the family diamonds to meet the expenses of her presentation dress. So like a prudent man I accepted the inevitable, assured Belgravia of my warmest sympathy, and took Olivia off to Monte Carlo, thence to Venice, intending finally to have my yacht meet me there, and then to take a run out to Japan and back. It is from the time of our arrival in Venice that I date my story proper.

You know, my dear Forsyth, what an epicure I am in the matter of travel. I must have good weather, or I am nowhere. For that reason, I must be in Paris when the leaves are unfolding themselves on the trees in the Luxem-



bourg Gardens; in St Petersburg, between the middle of November and the 15th of December, when the ice is thick upon the Neva; and in Venice, a fortnight before Shrove Tuesday and the Carnival. On this occasion, we caught the latter place to a nicety, and engaged rooms at Galaghetti's. What recollections the mention of that name conjures up! Cannot you see the proprietor with his queer little fallow face, and piercing black eyes, and hear again the atrocious success which greeted his attempts to pronounce your name? He inquired after you immediately we arrived, and begged that I would recall him to your memory when next I saw you. How little did I imagine then that nearly four years would pass before I should shake you by the hand again. For it is three years now since I bade you good-bye, and I quite expect that another year will elapse before I shall return to England.

One thing is certain, to enjoy Venice properly, one must take one's time. The man who imagines that it is possible to come at the heart of the Queen of the Adriatic in a week, would drink Imperial Tokay to assuage his thirst. One must take it in sips, for to rush from place to place, as do so many of our countrymen, in an attempt to take in the Academy—the Frari—Giovanni and Paola—Del Santissimo Redentore, and, shall we say, Francesco della Vigna in a few days, is to have but the poorest remembrance of what one has seen, and to confound Titian's 'Martyrdom of St Lawrence' with the 'Baptism of Christ' by Cima de Conegliano.

Looking back on that visit to Venice, after the lapse of three years, I am struck by one remarkable fact, and that is the quite disproportionate importance of the events which led up to the extraordinary story I am about to tell you. Taken in their chronological order, they consist of the meeting with an objectionable English member of Parliament, a chance conversation at a café table, and an unexpected invitation to spend the evening at the house of an old friend.

The English member must come first, for two reasons. As if the mere presence in this ancient city of such a blatant windbag were not enough, he must needs appropriate my favourite room in the hotel, and also occupy the table in the window overlooking the Grand Canal, from which, as you know, one can just obtain a peep of the Palazzo Rezzonico in the distance, and which is always my own special spot for meals. When I arrived, Galaghetti was good enough to overwhelm me with apologies; he knew my preference for that table, he said, but Mr M'Sweeney (that was the beast's name) had occupied it for the last month, and, as he was at some pains to show me, it would scarcely be fair to turn him out, in order to make room for a new arrival, however old a customer. Naturally, I bade him think no more about the matter. But I must confess that when I was so magnanimous, I had not seen the man who had forestalled me.

At breakfast next morning (and I am still English enough to prefer breakfasting in my own hotel, at the hour surely intended by nature for the meal, to scampering out to cafés when the

morning is far spent), I was reading my letters, and awaiting the appearance of Olivia, who, like most of her sex, has never learned to appreciate the difference between the stroke of the hour and five minutes past, when I heard a step behind me, and felt a hand placed upon my shoulder. I looked up in some surprise, half expecting to find myself face to face with an old friend whom I had not thought to meet in Venice. But such was not the case. This person I had never seen before. Standing before me, at least six feet high, broad-shouldered, red-faced, red-haired, and seeming to fill half the room, was an individual whose identity I was able to guess without a second thought.

'Good-morning, my lord,' he said, holding out a ponderous freckled hand for me to shake as he spoke. 'I had no idea you were in Venice until five minutes ago. You remember me, I suppose, George M'Sweeney, Member for Middlesworth?'

Much as I should like to have denied the acquaintance, I had to acknowledge that I *did* remember him perfectly. He was a Liberal Unionist, whose only excuse for a Parliamentary career was a sense of duty that was almost that of a Roman father, an overweening belief in his own importance, an imperviousness to ridicule, and a strange capacity for spoiling the chances of his party by inconsequent oratory whenever he was allowed so to do.

Having once broken the ice, he literally overwhelmed me. There appeared to be no subject under heaven upon which he was not, if I may so put it, over-informed. The great European questions of the day he dismissed in a string of clap-trap phrases; the prospects of the ensuing Parliamentary session he gauged with a keenness of perception that could scarce fail to be inaccurate. And yet, dominating it all, there was a certain sincerity of belief and singleness of purpose about the man that I must confess charmed, while it astonished me. By the time Olivia entered the room, we were comparing the merits of Titian and Pordenone, if you can imagine such a thing, and I was receiving such an exposition of the various limners of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries as would have made the bronze horses of S. Mark bow their heads and weep for the consummate vanity of man. In justice to the fellow, I must admit that he had learned his lesson, such as it was, well; but I shall never enter the Scuola di S. Rocco again without feeling oppressed by the remembrance of his glib, self-complacent, criticism. Whatever he may have given to the world, Mr Ruskin, through the medium of the guidebooks, has at least much to answer for in Venice.

M'Sweeney being still beside me when Olivia put in an appearance, nothing remained for me but to introduce him to her. I found a certain enjoyment in doing this, for Olivia's face, as you so well know, is expressive to the last degree. On this occasion, I could see by the way she looked at him that she regarded our countryman with very much the same combination of mild interest and horror that the country vicar's daughter bestows upon a dancing bear. M'Sweeney, on the other hand, behaved

as gentlemen of his stamp invariably do. As an art critic, and when we were alone, he was an amusing anomaly enough; but immediately a third person, and that third person a woman, was imported into the company, he floundered in quicksands of politeness, and made himself an object pitiful to behold. Suffice it that in less than five minutes, two of which he spent in commenting on the weather, and shifting uneasily upon his feet, he had left us to return to his own table, and we were free to commence our meal. Olivia settled herself in her seat with an indescribable shake of her plumage, the meaning of which I know as well as any words. Once I had seen her do it, there was not the slightest necessity for her to tell me that she hoped we should not see very much of Mr M'Sweeney during our stay in Venice. Like Lord Burleigh's nod, her gestures are invariably significant.

Breakfast finished, I was sitting in the hall scanning *Gabian's Messenger* and wondering at the utter absence of news, when Olivia came flying down-stairs. I looked at her in surprise, for, as you are aware, my sister is not prone to excitement. Moreover, she was dressed for walking, and it was only ten o'clock.

'What on earth is the matter?' I asked. 'I did not expect you for at least an hour to come.'

'Get your hat this instant and come with me,' she answered excitedly. 'That friend of yours, M'Sweeney, is looking for you in order to propose an excursion. He stopped me in the corridor up-stairs just now, and informed me that the Admiral had given him permission to visit the arsenal with any friends who might care to accompany him. He inquired where he could find you, and in reply I was wicked enough to insinuate that you were in your bedroom.'

Without more ado, I found my hat, and quickly led the way out of the hotel. Then calling a gondola, I bade the man convey us with all possible speed to the church of S. Rocco. We were only just in time, for as we took our places in the boat and the gondolier gave his first *flirt* of the oar, we saw M'Sweeney appear upon the hotel steps in search of us. Another minute, and we could not possibly have escaped him.

I have narrated this otherwise commonplace incident, not for any interest it contains in itself, but because it seems to me to be the pivot upon which turns all the rest of the curious story I have set myself to tell you. I argue that, had it not been for M'Sweeney's impending invitation, we should not, in all probability, have left the hotel so early, and but for my desire to escape him, I should not have decided upon the church of S. Rocco, which I have seen a dozen times over, but which was the first name that rose upon my tongue, as our destination. In that case we should not have accepted a certain invitation, nor should we have been drawn into the influence of as extraordinary an individual as, I venture to believe, the world has ever seen. Olivia would not be the happy woman she is to-day, and I should not have won— But there—I must not anticipate. You will find out all that when you have read my story.

In spite of what I have said above, I am inclined to believe that of all the places of worship in beautiful Venice, the church of S. Rocco, next to that of S. Mark, and perhaps Santa Maria della Salute might be included in the category, is the most interesting. Though almost insignificant in its outward appearance, it contains a wealth of art treasures which, with the two exceptions just mentioned, ranks it second to no other church in the city. The Titian in the little chapel to the right of the high-altar, alone is worth a visit.

On reaching the building in question, we bade our gondolier wait for us, and entered it. As far as we could see, with the exception of the sacristan, who was eating his breakfast in a corner, we were its only occupants. Despite the brilliant sunshine outside, the place was very sombre, though here and there long shafts of light penetrated the quaint windows, and fell in zigzag patterns upon the stone floor. There was, however, something so restful about the silence, that an attempt to break it by hurrying would have seemed little better than a sacrilege. For this reason, we examined our Tintoretto quietly, lingered over the miracle at Bethesda, slowly considered the Annunciation in all its lights, and gave even a closer attention than usual to the two incidents depicted in the life of San Rocco. Then leaving the high-altar, we passed into the little chapel on the right. Here even a greater quiet reigned, but there was this difference—one glance round showed us that we were no longer alone.

On the steps leading to the small altar at the further end, a man was kneeling in prayer, while at a short distance another stood watching and patiently waiting for him to rise. For some reason, whether it was a premonition of what was to come, or the result of the extraordinary fascination we afterwards discovered this singular being to possess, I cannot say—I only know that my eyes having once alighted upon him, could scarcely withdraw themselves again. And yet his back was all that I could see.

Presently, while we were examining Titian's marvellous 'Betrayal,' the man I have just referred to rose from his knees and turned towards his companion. As he did so, we were permitted a good view of his face. Though it is upwards of three years now since that moment, I can recall the whole scene as vividly as if it were but yesterday. I can see the half-dark chapel—the glittering altar, Olivia by my side, and this strange individual, who was destined to exercise such a potent influence upon our future lives, standing before us.

Clearly, however, as I can recollect the man's face as I saw it then, I find that when I sit down with my pen in my hand and endeavour to give you a description of it, I am quite nonplussed. A bare outline, setting forth the colour of his skin, eyes, and hair, the contour of his face, and the absence of either beard or moustache, would no more enable you to realise him, than to tell a man who had never been in Venice that the Ponte dei Sospiri spans the Grand Canal would help him to picture for himself the Bridge of Sighs. On the other hand, if you can imagine a man about six feet



two in height, very slimly built, with a pure Venetian face (I say Venetian, as opposed to Italian, for, to my mind, there is a distinction with a decided difference), large and lustrous eyes, a lofty forehead leading up to a mass of wavy black hair, small hands and feet, and a grace of movement that would almost warrant one in using that abominable adjective, fawn-like, you will have derived some faint notion of the man whom I shall consider the hero of my life, and about whom this story is most concerned.

The stranger, whose mere personal appearance had thus exercised such an unwonted fascination over me, said something in an undertone to his companion, who bowed respectfully, and accompanied him from the chapel. As a rule, I fancy my worst enemy could scarcely accuse me of inquisitiveness, but on this occasion I will confess to a strong feeling of curiosity as to who this mysterious individual might be. That the person with him was an inferior it was easy to understand, but even he bore himself with the carriage of a gentleman.

As we left the church in our turn and passed out into the bright sunshine, where our gondola awaited us, I turned to Olivia and inquired if she had been at all impressed by the man we had seen.

'I noticed him, of course,' she replied; 'but I must confess I saw nothing extraordinary about him. It is my experience that Venice teems with such men.'

'I fancy, however, that this particular individual must be a little out of the common,' I replied. 'Did you notice the respect with which his companion addressed him?'

'My dear Instow,' said Olivia, with that quietly superior manner of hers that seldom fails to achieve success, 'you must admit you are endowing this man with all sorts of attributes he is scarcely likely to possess. If you could but know the truth about him you would, in all probability, discover that he is either a member of one of the numerous impoverished noble houses that abound in this city, or a mere adventurer; very probably both.'

'You admit, then, that you set him down in your own mind as a Venetian,' I said, with a chuckle of satisfaction, for I have a respect for Olivia's judgment, and like to find it in accord with my own.

'There could be no possible doubt upon that score,' she answered confidently, and with that we took our places in our gondola again.

In response to the man's inquiry whither he should take us, I directed him to the Piazza S. Marco. When we reached it, and I had paid him his fare, I led the way to a café where, at a small table, we seated ourselves. To my mind, there are few things in the world more pleasant on a bright morning than to sit outside a café on this magnificent Piazza, to sip one's wine or chocolate, smoke one's cigar or cigarette, watch the pigeons of S. Mark's, and talk with one's friends.

On this particular occasion, we had been seated at our table for something like a quarter of an hour before we recognised any one we knew. Then Olivia suddenly leant across the table, and, touching my arm, drew my

attention to an exquisitely dressed, dapper little man, with a gray vandyke beard and small moustache, the latter much waxed and curled, who was leaning on his cane, watching through his eyeglass the gambols of two French poodles on the stones before him.

'Surely that is Monsieur de Trailles?' said Olivia; 'I cannot believe that there are two men in the world so much alike.'

Before I had time to reply, the man we were discussing turned, and we were thus enabled to see his full face. As you will have guessed, it was De Trailles, looking exactly the same in colour and features as we both remember him the better part of twenty years ago. He recognised us instantly, and assuming his most grandiose manner, which I used to say was without its parallel in Europe, came, hat in hand, to greet us. A minute later he was seated with us, and we were in the full flood-tide of speech. You know his way; we began with old friends and mere acquaintances, married half, and divorced the rest. It was then that I heard, for the first time, of poor De Sarniac's suicide in Florence, and Berthier's marriage in Turin. I was also given three reasons why Flancourt's widow has not tempted Providence a second time, and was reliably informed as to the events which induced Vocsqual to resign his chamberlainship in Vienna, and to emigrate to Monaco, which is supposed to suit his gout better than the Austrian capital. In fact, to put it in a nutshell, in something less than a quarter of an hour, I was conversant with more than half the scandal of Europe. Personally, I will own to being more than a little afraid of Gustave de Trailles; his tongue is as keen as his invention, and when I am with him, I cannot help entertaining a fear lest it may be my lot to furnish him with food for gossip later on. Olivia, however, thoroughly enjoyed herself. The Countess Flancourt has long been one of her cherished correspondents, and, as you know, she was staying with the Vocsquals when the Prince's health first showed signs of giving way last autumn. Knowing all this, it amused me to see her watching De Trailles through the lace of her parasol as he talked, a little smile hovering round the corners of her mouth meanwhile, and to wonder what she thought of his invention.

If I desired to know the secret of any man in Europe, I should certainly ask De Trailles; and, as I heard him praising or damning half the aristocracy of Venice, I found myself regretting that he had not been with us in the church of S. Rocco an hour before, in order that he might have made us acquainted with the name and history of the man in whom we, or rather I, had been so much interested. Thinking he might possibly be able to help me, I endeavoured to describe the person to him, but I was immediately confronted by the same difficulty as I found in presenting him to you. To speak of a sallow-skinned man with dark hair and eyes—slightly above the middle height, in a place where the majority of inhabitants boasted just such qualifications, was of no possible assistance to a recognition.

'Whoever he is, he seems to have made an impression upon you, *mon cher ami*,' said De

Trailles, when I had finished; 'and, in that case, Venice may claim, as you English say, "to have scored one." For I cannot remember your betraying such interest in a man before.'

'Instow has assuredly got this person upon his brain,' said Olivia, with a slight dash of scorn in her voice. 'For my own part, I must tell you candidly I was not so much impressed. The man looked like an adventurer, and probably is one. Are you still bent, my dear brother, on making his acquaintance?'

'I want to know who he is first, of course,' I said. 'But if he should prove, in any way, a respectable member of society, I shall be only too glad to do so.'

'Bravo, British caution' said Olivia, 'faithful to the last. If all else perish, let us retain our respectability.'

'For all we know to the contrary, this fellow may be a member of the Camorra,' continued De Trailles, with an airy wave of his hand, 'or a mad-headed anarchist bent on blowing up the Ponte dei Sospiri.'

I was about to reply in a similar strain, when I chanced to turn my head in the direction of the Campanile. To my astonishment, the man of whom we were speaking and his previous companion were coming in our direction.

'A truce to jesting,' I said, as nervously as a school-miss who sees, when under her duenna's eye, her lover approaching; 'here is the very man himself.'

'This is delightful,' exclaimed De Trailles. 'Now let me see if I know him.'

Closer and closer the two men came. I saw De Trailles put up his glass and look at the man. Having done so, he dropped it again almost as quickly. At the same instant, he jumped to his feet, raised his hat and bowed politely, the mysterious stranger returning the salute with the easy grace of one accustomed to such deference.

As soon as they had passed, and were out of hearing, I turned upon my companion.

'Now that you know the man,' I said, 'possibly you can tell us who he is. I am glad to observe that he seems to have made quite an impression upon you.'

'If I had guessed that he was the person you were inquiring about,' replied De Trailles, 'I should have been the last man in the world to have laughed at your infatuation. I must beg your pardon. Now I can perfectly understand it.'

'This is really excellent comedy,' said Olivia, clapping her hands. 'Who is he? Tell us that. Is he a Prince incognito, a famous singer, a sorcerer, or only an ordinary commonplace tourist like ourselves?'

De Trailles settled himself down in his chair, and polished his eyeglass with his dainty silk handkerchief before he answered.

'You place me, for the moment, in an awkward predicament,' he said, with the air of a man who has his chance, and is determined to make the most of it. 'Who the man really is, in whom you seem to have taken so much interest, that is to say who he is by birth, I can no more tell you, than I can vouch for the name of the designer of the Bronze Horse yonder. I have

heard it said that his father was a Frenchman of good family, while his mother was a member of one of the oldest houses of Venice, but of the truth of it I can say nothing. Suffice it, that he is now His Majesty Marie I., King of the Médangs.'

'Médangs?' I cried. 'My dear fellow, I have travelled about the world a good deal, but I must confess to never having heard that there was such a place before; pray where is it?'

'That again I cannot tell you,' our friend replied imperturbably. 'It *must* be somewhere, however, for the reason that he is recognised by France and England, also I believe by Russia; but beyond the fact that it is in Asia, and I believe somewhere between India and China, I have not the remotest notion of its locality.'

'And you say this man is king of the country. As he is not a native, pray how did he bring that about?'

'I believe he chanced to hear of its advantages, discovered that it was villainously governed, went in with but one companion—not the man you saw with him to-day, but another who is still abroad, I fancy—braved all risks and dangers, and when the monarch then seated upon the throne saw fit to pay the debt of nature, mounted it himself and by sheer impudence and force of will proclaimed himself king and remained so. That was five years ago. The marvellous part of the story, to my mind, is that he still lives to hold it.'

'Surely you must be jesting?' said Olivia. 'The story seems too strange to be probable.'

I noticed that her eyes turned, as she spoke, in the direction taken by the man of whom we were talking.

'As far as I can gather, it is perfectly true,' replied De Trailles.

'But do you mean to tell me,' I cried, for I found as much difficulty in believing the story as Olivia did, 'that this man went into a savage country with but one companion, and whether the inhabitants liked it or not, elected himself king?'

'Exactly! That is what I *do* mean,' replied De Trailles. 'He proclaimed himself Marie I., King of the Médangs, and remains so to this present moment. I can quite understand your astonishment. The story seems hardly credible, doesn't it? And yet if you knew the man, you would not find it so difficult to believe. Remember the fascination he has exercised over you; and bear in mind that you have never spoken to him.'

'I am willing to admit both facts. But tell me this, if he is king of this country, as you say, how does it come about that he is here in Venice?'

I thought I had set a nice little trap for my friend, but he was prepared with an answer.

'On that hangs one of the most curious, if not the most curious part of the story. At times, I believe, the little kingdom has been sadly put to it for ready money. Incredible as it may seem, this has been supplied by an old woman of Venice.'

'An old woman of Venice! What sort of woman?'

'Ah! That I cannot tell you. I only know



what is known to the world. Do you remember the Palazzo Zuccherini?

'Perfectly well. Is it likely I shall ever forget it?'

'In that case you will recollect the magnificent dwelling next door.'

'Early Renaissance, with frescoes by Giorgione? Yes, we passed it only this morning.'

'Very well, then. Five years ago it was put up for sale. For many months it remained empty, without an offer being made for it. Magnificent property as it was, one of the finest palaces, it is said, in all Venice, no one would take it. One day, however, it became known that it had been purchased for an enormous sum by an old Hungarian peasant. Who she was, or how she had made her money, nobody knew. At any rate, the house was renovated from top to bottom, and is now, so I am told, for I have not been inside it for nearly twenty years, about the most perfect residence in Venice.'

'And does the present owner not make any use of it?' I asked, seeking for the mystery.

'If living in a garret at the very top of the building and never seeing any one at all can be called making use of it, she does. Otherwise the house stands empty. But once every two years His Majesty of the Médangs visits Europe, when the entire dwelling is placed at his disposal free of charge; the rooms are magnificently furnished, the cuisine becomes second to none, while troops of servants take the place of the one old domestic who at other times attends to the simple wants of the owner.'

'And you think that His Majesty of the Médangs obtains his money from this miserly old person up-stairs?'

'Ah! That I cannot say. But you will do me the justice to admit that it looks like it—does it not?'

'And pray what sort of person is His Majesty?' asked Olivia. 'I presume you have spoken to him?'

'On many occasions,' replied De Trailles, who, as you know, makes a point of knowing everybody. 'I can only describe him as fascinating to a boundless degree.'

'Come, come, my dear fellow,' I said, 'we are really growing a little too enthusiastic. You mean that, by virtue of his curious history, he has the gift of exciting and retaining one's attention for rather longer periods than the ordinary run of men.'

'I mean that while you are in his presence, you think of nothing but himself. To sum it all up, he may be described as your English phrase—which so often means nothing, but in this case means everything—has it, he is every inch a king.'

'Really, my dear Monsieur de Trailles, you arouse our curiosity to a wonderful degree,' said Olivia. 'We must endeavour to make His Majesty's acquaintance before we leave. A being who can take one out of one's self in the manner you describe, is a godsend at the end of this prosaic nineteenth century.'

'If you do get to know him, I pray of you beware,' replied De Trailles, with mock solemnity. 'The consequences of such fascination as he possesses are incredible, and if one plays

with fire, one must not grumble if one burns one's fingers. As your Shakespeare has it, "Men were deceivers ever."'

'*Res non potest fallere nec falli*,' I quoted.

'In this case, *Res non potest peccare* would perhaps be more to the point,' said Olivia, with a smile, as she rose and began to button her gloves as a signal of dismissal. 'Come, Instow, we must be getting back to our hotel, if we want any lunch.—Good-bye, Monsieur de Trailles, you have made the last hour pass very agreeably, and it is evident you have taken a leaf out of your king's book.'

'I assure you, you would find it difficult to pay me a greater compliment,' replied De Trailles, as he shook hands.

When we left him, we took a gondola at the steps, and made our way by the Rio di S. Luca to our hotel. As we passed through the hall, I glanced at the letter-rack. A square envelope with Olivia's name upon it confronted me. She opened it as she went up-stairs, and on the first landing stopped and turned to speak to me.

'Fate and His Majesty seem to pursue us,' she said, as she handed me the contents of the envelope.

I glanced at the card, and discovered that it was an invitation from Lady Hamerton, who, with her husband, has taken up her permanent abode in Venice, to an 'At Home' the following evening. In bold handwriting, in the top left-hand corner, was this sentence: 'To meet His Majesty, the King of the Médangs.'

## CHILDHOOD AND SCIENCE.

WHEN Mrs Timmins, seated at her *escritoire*, assumed her ruby-tipped pen, and addressed herself to the composition of that immortal fragment 'On my son, Bungay de Bracy Gashleigh Tymmys, aged ten months:—'

How beautiful, how beautiful thou seemest,

My boy, my precious one, my rosy babe!

Kind angels hover round thee as thou dreamest;

Soft lashes hide thy beauteous azure eye which gleamest!—

when Mrs Timmins, we say, thus attempted the poetical glorification of her rosy babe, she was following many excellent examples. Ever since Hector

The glittering terrors from his brow unbound,

And placed the beaming helmet on the ground,

to relieve his infant's fears, the child has played a part in literature commensurate rather with the honour justly due to the 'father of the man,' than with his physical proportions. But his most splendid triumphs were certainly reserved for the present century, which has given birth to thousands of elaborate schemes for his education, which has brought into existence an enormous literature designed for his exclusive and particular delight, and which has seen great poets wake their lyres into ecstasy in his honour, and beheld the transformation of the laureate of 'Dolores,' that scourge of Popes and tyrants, into a singer who fairly out-babies, as he once out-glittered, all his predecessors. But the crowning achievement of all (and what feat could be greater?),

is that the child has at length secured a firm, and probably a permanent, place, in the serene and unemotional regard of the Man of Science.

How very seriously he has come to be accepted by the *serenitas*, may be learned from Mr Sully's recent *Studies of Childhood*, a work into which no one can dip without finding something to interest or divert. 'It is hardly too much,' Mr Sully declares, in discussing the 'far-reaching significance of babyhood'—'it is hardly too much to say that it has become one of the most eloquent of nature's phenomena, telling us at once of our affinity to the animal world, and of the forces by which our race has, little by little, lifted itself to so exalted a position above this world.' The style is a little pompous perhaps, but the matter is sound enough, for, in truth, every philosopher with a theory to make good hastens nowadays to put the child into the box, and to extort from him the answers desired. Mr Sully himself has, fortunately, no special axe of his own to grind, and, though his bias seems here and there to be slightly anti-theological, he is content to let the facts speak for themselves. And a most portentous mass of facts it is which he has collected and arranged! Facts procured at first hand, and facts borrowed from the records of others; facts about boys and facts about girls; facts about white children, and black children, and red children; facts bearing on all manner of emotions and passions, on all sorts of qualities, intellectual and moral.

No part, we should imagine, of a child's life has been neglected, no mode of thought has been too subtle or too fleeting to escape Mr Sully's attention. For example, he not only deals, and that fully, with such well-known and familiar characteristics as the repugnance to any alteration in the text of a story, or the fondness for inventing an imaginary companion, irrespective of dolls—a sort of Mrs Harris as it were—of whom the child will make a playmate, and on whom it will confer some inexplicable name; but he has also something suggestive to say upon a much more obscure and less notorious phenomenon; the habit, namely, of ascribing a particular colour to certain sounds, and of picturing numbers, &c., in a certain scheme, or diagrammatic arrangement; the latter, in particular, being a tendency much more frequent and much more lasting than is either suspected or confessed. Probably the best chapters in the book are that on the Young Draughtsman, which, with its quaint reproductions of childish drawings, is extraordinarily copious and instructive, and the chapter on Fear, perhaps the most potent and terrible, both in its immediate operations and in its results, of all the emotions of childhood. A boy of three has been known to conceive a frantic, though luckily not a lasting, terror of the whole canine race, merely in consequence of looking at that most admirable and vivid of all Caldecott's pictures which illustrates the first frenzy of Goldsmith's mad dog. So, too, a friend of the present writer can scarcely to this day open Dore's *Don Quixote* without a shudder, so powerful an impression of indefinable horror did some of the illustrations leave upon him as a boy. The flippant reader may feel in-

clined to cap these instances by pointing out that the infantile aversion to a cold bath has often been known to continue well into middle life!

But the industry and perseverance necessary to collect and classify this body of evidence do not exhaust Mr Sully's merits; for he also possesses that much rarer gift, the power to sift and to weigh it. He frequently pleads guilty to a healthy scepticism as to the *bona fides* and spontaneity of some of the remarks attributed to children—more especially in the land of wooden nutmegs. Nor does he at all underrate the difficulty of his subject, or the risks involved in drawing even the humblest inferences from premises of so 'kittle' and complicated a nature. His work, in short, despite a touch of pedantry and of grandiloquence, is a most creditable achievement: a model of hard work and clear-headedness.

Yet it is precisely the excellence of Mr Sully's book and this very superiority of conception and performance that bring home to the despondent and depressed reader a keen sense of the futility even of the most rigorous and exact method of inquiry, and make him mournfully ask the question, whether in all such speculations we are not engaged in performing the nicest and most delicate of operations with the clumsiest and most blundering of tools. We are hemming the finest cambric with a canvas-needle; we are casting for trout with the most gigantic of silver doctors; we are attempting an exceptionally difficult hazard with the butt-end of our cue; we are trying to hole an important 'putt' with a niblick. Or so, at least, one is apt to think. Granted that 'Dickens and Victor Hugo have shown us something of the child's delicate quivering heart-strings;' granted that 'Preyer gives a full and almost exhaustive epitome of the various shades of infantile pleasure and pain which grow out of this life of sense and appetite, and has carefully described their physiological accompaniments and their signatures.' But we had rather be excused from such exercises. Enough for us that the child is 'pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;' we are not to poke, and pry, and probe in the effort to analyse that 'kindly law' of nature. By all means, therefore, let the honour and glory rest undisturbed with 'Pollock's boy,' and 'Binet's girl,' and 'Tiedemann's boy;' no child of ours competes, or claims to be ranked and preferred in respect of a stronger 'anthropocentric tendency' or of superior 'visual space-exploration' or 'colour discrimination,' or of more marked 'nascent groupings of muscular action,' or yet of the more advanced development of 'the higher cortical centres which take part in the co-ordinate and regulative processes of thought and volition.'

Mr Sully suggests that 'in these days of literary collaboration it might not be amiss for a kindergarten teacher to write an account of a child's mind in co-operation with the mother,' whose assistance, he is good enough to own, would be 'quite indispensable.' The kindergarten teacher may possibly hail with enthusiasm this opportunity for getting 'copy;' to how many mothers we wonder will this highly-



organised system of espionage commend itself? No; apart from the direct mischief to the child who, astute to detect that he was being watched, would not hesitate to 'play up,' we are convinced that there is not one honest and competent mother out of a hundred who would not feel that, in thus translating the intangible and uncommunicable traits of her child into the crude and inadequate medium of black and white, she was committing an outrage which, in the imperishable phrase of Mrs Gamp, 'lambs could not forgive, nor worms forget!'

This is not the view cherished by American educationists, who pursue investigations into child-life with as much ardour as Mr Sully, if on somewhat different lines. In the American report of the Commissioner of Education for 1892-3, published at Washington last year, there is a most thorough-going report on 'Child-study,' or, as it is sometimes called, 'Paidology.' A bibliography of about seven pages, in books and articles, shows how much attention has been bestowed on the subject in the United States. Dr Stanley Hill, president of a society for this study, tells us that in 1879 four 'kindergarteners' in Boston took some children aside, and endeavoured to find out the contents of their minds, and the result was published in the *Princeton Review* for 1880. Dr Stanley Hill says: 'Thirty-three per cent. of these children on entering school had never seen a live chicken; fifty-one per cent. had never seen a robin; seventy-five per cent. had never seen a growing strawberry; seventy-one per cent. of the Boston children had never seen growing beans even in Boston. Our school text-books are based on country life, and the city child knows nothing, in the large cities, of real country life.' Here is one instance: a large per cent. of these children, upon being asked how large a cow was, showed that they had little idea. One thought a cow was as large as her cat's tail. Another thought that a cow was as big as her thumb nail. One would like to know if these young folks had never seen the picture of a cow?

The next step taken was to measure the children, when it was found that the average girl is taller and heavier than the average boy from 13 to 14½ years old, but that all the rest of her life she is lighter and smaller. Growth of different parts of the body and organs was found to be an intermittent process, 'even the pupil of the eye has its periods of growth and periods of quiescence.' As the result of a health examination forty-two to sixty per cent. of children were found suffering from defective eyesight. For others it was found necessary to order a milk diet, a rest from school altogether, the attentions of the oculist, or dentist. 'What shall it profit a child,' says Dr Hill, 'if it gains the whole world of knowledge and loses its own health?' No sensible teacher or parent but will agree with this.

Mr C. E. Johnson, of Clark University, in a paper on education by plays and games, gives a list of 440, with an estimate as to their value in mental and physical training. Great men, he thinks, found play in a work, or work in a play that disciplined the powers which made them famous men. 'Dickens playing for days

that he was some character of whom he had read; Darwin with his passion for collections; Stephenson with his boilers; Tennyson and Emerson writing rhymes for fun; Washington playing soldier; Kingsley preaching little sermons; Miss Alcott with pencil and paper, are illustrations.

This is all very good and true; but child-study in this country in connection with elementary education is next to impossible in our public schools. The young folks must study to be quiet, and the teacher must try how much education may be 'crammed' into them within a given period, as chickens are crammed for the market. 'Results' are more studied at present than the physical and mental condition of each child.

## A LOCAL VIEW.

By P. L. M'DERMOTT.

### CHAPTER VII.—CHANGE OF SCENE.

WHEN the morning newspapers announced the astonishing news that Frederick Farnley, the affianced husband of Mary Dalton, had been arrested the night before on the charge of having murdered the late vicar of Crownley, the neighbourhood throbbed with a sensation such as, happily, seldom falls to the lot of a suburb. The local journals, coming out with special issues, enjoyed, in the indulgence of unbounded speculation, the reward of their respectful reticence at the time of Mr Dalton's death.

There was, that morning, more field for speculation than for comment on stated facts. The latter were, for the moment, limited to the two sufficiently startling circumstances that young Farnley had been arrested at Cropham station on the point of stepping into a Southampton train, and that when arrested he was carefully disguised with wig, beard, and spectacles, as an elderly gentleman of somewhat infirm appearance. This fact elicited the local comment that Freddie Farnley was well known, in amateur theatrical circles, as being very clever at disguises and impersonations.

The circumstances of the arrest were all that the public as yet knew, and of course these were very suspicious. The arrest was effected quietly at nine o'clock, just as the late train for the south ran into the station. Quietly as it was done, the fact soon got abroad and went like wildfire, so that at ten (or soon after) the news had reached the servants in Mrs Dalton's house. Neither of the ladies heard of the matter till morning.

It so happened that the same was the case with the third individual most interested. Mr Seth Farnley dined in London and only left by the last train, so that when he was letting himself in with a latchkey, he heard the distant clock of St John's Church strike one. The house was still, and Mr Farnley (who was not quite sober) went to bed and was soon asleep.

Perhaps if the couple of domestics in the place had had much sympathy with their master they would have made some communication to

him; but they had gone to bed, and remained there when they heard him come in. In the morning he knew all the moment he came down. It was in the London newspaper on the table. Seth Farnley was so stunned that (what he habitually avoided early in the day) he had to resort to brandy to compose his senses. He was genuinely astounded, for the remotest suspicion of such a thing would never have entered his mind. He was quite ignorant even of the fact that his son was in England at the date of the vicar's death, quite convinced, on the contrary, that the young man had arrived by the *Ross Castle* on the 12th of July.

Mr Farnley learned from the paper all that was publicly known (the circumstances of the arrest), and his servants informed him the police had been to the house at ten o'clock, or earlier, the night before, to take possession of everything belonging to Mr Frederick.

When he had been able calmly to grasp all the facts of the case, and to arrange them in reference to other matters within his knowledge, Seth Farnley came to certain very decided conclusions that excited to a high temperature all the feelings of a rancorous and combative nature. His son was not in England at all at the time of Mr Dalton's death. That was undoubted. What, then, followed? The fruitless effort of the Croham solicitor to stop the marriage pointed with deadly significance to the only possible conclusion. As a last desperate resort, a conspiracy had been got up to effect the object in view by trumping up a wild charge of murder against young Farnley. Believing, as Seth Farnley did in his heart, that Mr Fairfield would stop at nothing to prevent Mary Dalton and her fortune going to his son, the suggestion of conspiracy at once occurred to a man of his habits of mind. It would be bad if the girl's money should be lost, after having been almost in their hands; but if the conspiracy could be unmasked and brought home, Seth Farnley would be fully consoled. That revenge would be better than a million of money to his resentful heart. There was more than one score against the Croham solicitor to be wiped out.

With undoubted faith in his own theory, Farnley telegraphed at once to engage the services of the cleverest criminal solicitor he knew in London, and to bring him down at once to Croham. He visited the police-station, and surprised them there by the business-like coolness with which he inquired as to the hour the prisoner would be charged in the court. Not the slightest anxiety appeared in his looks or manner, and he betrayed no curiosity at all to learn the grounds on which the charge was to be based. 'He's a hard 'un,' remarked one of the constables when Farnley went out. 'And a deep 'un, too,' was the comment of another.

He waited at the station, unconcernedly pacing up and down the platform for the benefit of all who felt any interest about him, until the arrival of the train from London that conveyed the lawyer. The two repaired to a neighbouring hotel, and there Seth Farnley laid before the other the facts, and his own conclusions.

'Eh!' exclaimed the London man, with some

astonishment, 'but that would be a bold move! Fairfield has a very high standing.'

'It will be all the finer to bring him down. When you know the particulars of this marriage business more fully, you will agree with me. The thing struck me in an instant.'

'I admit,' said the other, with cautious professional appreciation, 'that if we could establish a conspiracy it would be a splendid achievement. We may go upon the idea, at any rate, until we see further. Now, can you tell me what was bringing your son to Southampton—in disguise? Did you know he had such an intention?'

The point from the first had staggered Seth Farnley. He was compelled to admit that he was altogether ignorant. No doubt his son would be able to explain. And he suggested meantime, tentatively, as a possible explanation of the disguise, that 'one never could tell what tricks wild young fellows might be up to—even on the eve of their marriage.' As to this the solicitor offered no opinion.

When Frederick Farnley was brought before the magistrates he was very pale, and, at once fixing his eyes on a desk just under the bench, he did not move them during the proceedings, as though determined to ignore the presence of the spectators. His father sat at the solicitors' table. The proceedings were brief, but startling to Seth Farnley. The information of the police superintendent was read, on which the warrant was issued late the preceding evening. This was to the effect that the deponent, from information received, believed the prisoner to have been present in Crownley Vicarage at or about the time of Mr Dalton's death, and to have had an interest in his death. Evidence was then given of the arrest the night before, and a remand of seven days applied for.

The information possessed an air of ominous reticence, and the circumstances of the arrest were suspicious. It was impossible to do more on the prisoner's behalf, on the present occasion, than to ask for bail—which would be furnished to any reasonable amount—but the application was refused. The gravity of the charge, and the attempted flight in disguise, were ample justification for this refusal. The prisoner was remanded for seven days, and withdrew without a single glance to see who were present.

Seth Farnley had been greatly startled by the positive and wholly unexpected assertion that his son had been at the vicarage at the hour of Mr Dalton's death. On subsequent reflection he was reminded of instances in his own experience when, in critical situations, a bold stroke had been effective. He had himself never wanted courage in such emergencies, and the reflection raised his courage now. That allegation was a daring *coup*, and one that was calculated, even if defeated, to leave its effects after it on the nervous minds of women. In that sense it was well conceived, even if it fell to the ground on the first examination. Now on his side Mr Seth Farnley formed the resolution to be equally bold. He had no doubt of being able to establish at once the fact that his son was not in England on the 5th of July; and although, for the purpose of drawing the toils more effectively around the



conspiracy, it might be politic to elicit more of it through further proceedings, he had personal reasons for desiring to bring the proceedings to an early end. A motive had been hinted at, which could only have reference to the money; and Seth Farnley had an instinctive and very well-grounded reluctance to stand in a witness-box on any matter having financial relations.

'I've concluded,' he announced, when the solicitor came back to the hotel after obtaining further particulars of the evidence, 'I've concluded that, on the whole, it is best to smash them at once. It might suit our purpose better to let the thing go on—but again, it might not; I have private reasons. The proof that he came to England by the *Ross Castle*, which arrived the 12th of July, will at once knock the bottom out of the conspiracy. After that, we must go, tooth and nail, for the conspiracy itself.'

He was very emphatic, very confident. The other lawyer heard him in silence, and was busy opening some papers.

'For the present, Mr Farnley,' he said, rather drily, 'we may let the conspiracy alone, and attend to more serious matters. It is as black-looking a case as I have ever had to do with—unless, indeed, your conspiracy is a marvelously elaborate one.'

'Why—what's up?' demanded Seth Farnley, changing colour.

'They say your son did not come to England by the *Ross Castle*, but by another steamship that arrived the 30th of June. That would enable him to be in Crownley on the 5th of July, wouldn't it? As to this latter allegation, they have as yet no witness—beyond the curious evidence of a photograph.'

'A photograph?'

'A rambling photographer, who, it seems, makes a living by taking views of places and afterwards selling them among the residents, was following his business in Crownley on that 5th of July. They have the man now in Croham, where he left a number of his views for sale at a stationer's shop yesterday morning. Oddly enough,' continued the solicitor, sharpening a lead-pencil, 'your son saw the pictures, and bought all the views of the church at Crownley—except one. The superintendent of police had been interested by this one, and took it, and found the artist, and the negative. I have seen it, and here is a copy. You will observe the time of day by the church clock.'

Seth Farnley took the picture, and examined it in silence. There was the vicarage facing him, with the church a short way aside in the background. The clock pointed to twenty minutes past three. This was all he succeeded in taking in, and thinking a moment, he asked:

'What does this prove? The clock is at twenty minutes past three every day in the year?'

'But that woman doesn't look out of the window every day in the year.'

With a nervous start, he examined the picture again, and noticed (what had escaped him before) the female figure half revealed within the window. He had to obtain the aid

of his glasses, as the picture was rather dim, but whilst he was putting them on he remembered that the window in question looked out of the dining-room, where the vicar came by his death.

Seth Farnley held the photograph up to the light, and after one glance let it drop, with an imprecation. Perspiration broke out on his ashy face. The face at the vicarage window, peering cautiously and earnestly (how well the camera had caught the expression!) in the direction of the roadway, was that of Frederick Farnley. There was no disguise upon the features at that unfortunate and unguarded moment when they became fixed, with instantaneous fidelity, on the photographer's plate.

Seth Farnley was a man of hardened nerve, but this was too much for him. He was stunned, and his dry lips moved in spasmodic efforts to speak. The other lawyer, observing his condition, rang for brandy and water.

'Come,' he said, pouring out a glass of the liquor, 'swallow that. Will you come with me to the police-station? I must see him and learn what I can from him.'

'Is there anything more?' Farnley was able to ask at last.

'I believe there is, but I don't know yet. There is a man named Brock.'

'Fairfield's clerk?'

'The same. His evidence is regarded as so important—or the man himself as so uncertain—that they have him watched. Let us go and see if the prisoner himself can give us any help.'

'It's all very well,' said Farnley, getting his faculties under the influence of more brandy, 'but they have to establish a motive. That will be the critical point. He was engaged to that girl before he went away, and had promised to come back—we can make her prove that, to the hilt—and it was notorious she was to have her uncle's money. What motive could he have had, under such circumstances?'

'We shall see,' replied the other, whose confidence was not so easily aroused.

Frederick Farnley was prepared for this interview, and his coolness was amazing. In the calmest manner in the world, he first of all politely deprecated any parental emotion.

'This isn't the place for so fine a quality, father. Let us get to business and be brief. Mr Picklock has undertaken the defence?'

Mr Picklock assented, wondering in private what might come next.

'Very good. I understand the value of frankness between solicitor and client, and in order to place you, Mr Picklock, in the best position to make the most of your case, I owe it to you to make the whole matter perfectly clear. Knowing everything, your management of the defence will then afford an interesting study to the individual in the dock.'

Mr Seth Farnley's face was a picture of amazement, but the other lawyer was more accustomed to this line of business, and preparing the paper to write, he said:

'Be very careful, though, not to mislead me on any point. It would be better not to speak at all.'

'Don't fear,' the young man replied, with a

smile. 'You see, I already know the end, so that I can give you, as it were, a dispassionate bird's-eye view. When you know you are beaten, it's wonderfully easy, after all, to bear it.'

'That's philosophy.'

'Nonsense! It's common-sense—merely human nature. When you're certain you are broke, father, you quite naturally adapt yourself to the fact.'

'Never mind me,' exclaimed Mr Farnley, resenting the *argumentum ad hominem*; 'go on with your statement.'

'Firstly, then,' continued the prisoner, stiffening himself up a little, and pointing to the photograph which he saw amongst the other papers on the table, 'that's me. I was there—and did it.'

Even the lawyer gave a visible start, which jerked the ink over the sheet. Mr Seth Farnley dropped his hands on his knees and stared.

'When I received a telegram from my father early in June—a movement on the father's part caused a moment's pause, but nothing came of it—warning me to come back at once or the doctor would cut me out with the lady—he was making the running at a pace—I took my resolution. I wrote that I would come by the *Ross Castle* on the 25th of June. I thought it wiser to come by an earlier steamer, and quietly examine how the land lay before showing myself—so I came by the *Negro* instead.'

'That is known,' the lawyer remarked.

Farnley raised his eyebrows in some surprise, and suggested 'Brook?'

'Perhaps—but there will be the steamship agents as well. But Brook is giving evidence.'

'I expected that. I will tell you all he can say. I arrived quietly in London the first of July, and sent him a message. I had done him a service before I went, in the financial line, which I reckoned on turning to account. Brook possesses a very grateful nature, and he had reason to be grateful. I told him, feelingly, that it was the girl I had come back for—that I couldn't exist without her—that having booked a passage by the *Ross Castle* I had not patience to wait for it, and in order to avoid looking ridiculous I must now lie low till that vessel arrived. The good fellow sympathised deeply. He is an honest man enough, but his feelings are his weakness, and perhaps he thought there was no great breach of confidence in telling me that the vicar had just executed a second will, completely cutting out his niece if she married me. You see, he had heard I was coming back—and he was not all charity. I doubted Brook, but he assured me he had witnessed the execution of the document himself—he and the schoolmaster—at the vicarage, and that it was deposited there, in a drawer of the vicar's writing-desk.'

He stopped at this point, as though to give his hearers the indulgence of a couple of minutes' reflection. The lawyer looked up and said, a little sharply:

'Well? Go on.'

'Oh, well,' he continued nonchalantly, 'the rest is mere detail. Utilising my knowledge of domestic ways at the vicarage, I waited in the church till the servants went out on their

Saturday marketing, and slipped in by the kitchen. The study, as I expected, was unoccupied, and the parson dozing in the dining-room, with the back of his chair towards the door. A few seconds transferred the interesting paper to my possession, and then—then,' he added, with appalling *sang-froid*, 'then (as mostly happens, after all) I made two mistakes. Seeing the wine at his elbow, I decided to use the quieter means, and forgot the pistol that I laid on the table while doing so. Then I glanced out of the window, and then retired. Afterwards, I remembered with regret that the weapon bore the maker's name, so that there will be no difficulty in tracing it. That is all, I think, that is material.'

Mr Picklock finished his notes and drew a deep respiration, which signified a great deal indeed. Seth Farnley was literally stricken dumb.

'There's nothing more?'

'I think not. By-the-by, yes—just a little matter, which will bring the ladies into the box, I daresay. I took a sheet of note-paper from the vicarage, and indited myself a little note, dated the day before, from Mr Dalton, asking my pardon for some unspecified wrong he had been doing me, but which he had repented of and undone. You see, this pointed clearly to the destruction of the will, and the letter told with excellent effect—as you know, father—with the mother and daughter at Herne Bay. It almost won the cash for us,' he added unfeelingly, 'but I hope you will wriggle out of your difficulties without it. At all events, I shall be no longer a burden to you.'

After that remarkable interview the two gentlemen walked in silence to the railway station. A London train was on the point of leaving, and as Mr Picklock stepped in, he said:

'I will instruct young Blacker for the defence. The case will just suit him.'

Mr Farnley had never heard of 'young Blacker,' but appeared quite satisfied. The barrister in question was nearly forty, and had never had a chance yet of showing what he was able to do. Mr Picklock regarded Farnley's defence as just the thing; young Blacker would have everything to stimulate him, no witnesses for the defence, and a singularly compact and unassailable case for the Crown; and if he failed in doing credit to himself, he was in no danger of doing injury to the prisoner. From this it will appear that Mr Picklock was a patron of undiscovered merit. But besides, he also had a daughter, whom Mr Blacker admired, and there were four others; and it would be useful to discover whether Blacker had anything in him worth giving a start to. All things in this world, the lawyer reflected on his way back to London, may be made subservient to some good purpose; and at this moral elevation he viewed the case of Frederick Farnley.

Very different were the reflections of Mr Seth Farnley. These, in brief, may be summed up in the statement that as his son's situation was hopeless, it was better to direct his solicitude to his own. That fact of the telegram to Africa (which they would unfailingly discover) would



bring him into an awkward connection with the case. And in addition to other troubles, the affairs of the Popular Bank, and of certain affiliated enterprises, were heavy on his thoughts, and had lately deprived him of healthy sleep.

### 'DECLINING' FARMING.

BENEATH the autumn sky of high white cloud and pale blue, the land lies glorious in all the rich colouring of October; great stretches of variegated woodland, glowing brightly in the occasional gleams of the morning sun; golden stubble-fields side by side with broad pastures; and deep purple-brown squares and polygons where the iron of the ploughshare has already buried from sight all sign of the recently garnered crop. The air has that crisp freshness so welcome after the heat of September. The autumn rain has not yet come in earnest. The roads are dry and firm; and in the hedge-bottoms and ditches, and among the trees of park and coppice the ever-increasing store of leaves which have fallen, fluttering down singly, or in gentle pattering showers, or swept in clouds from their hold by the west wind, is dry and rustling, and very pleasant to walk among. They are falling gently now from the elms which border the up and down road which winds round the hill, and which the traveller may follow with the certainty of presently arriving at some village of local importance, led by the line of telegraph posts supporting a solitary wire which left its companions at the roadside station to pursue its lonely course across country.

The wire ends at last. The road makes a sudden dip into a hollow, where a noisy mill-stream chatters, and then climbs the quiet street of what one hesitates whether to call a large village or a small—a very small—town. We, who know our county history, give it the latter title and can tell how it once possessed a flourishing market and sent two duly elected members to sit at Westminster. The stranger finds it hard to realise this latter fact of a place where a few loafing dogs and a child, too small as yet even to rank with the 'infants' of the school, are among the most prominent signs of life in the streets.

But to-day it is not my intention to loiter among the quaint old black and white houses which are scattered with such profusion through the place, nor to linger at the cheery inn where the old landlord suns himself on the bench at the yard-door. Knowing me and my tastes pretty well by this time, for here I have often 'taken mine ease in mine inn,' he supposes I am going to the church to decipher old brasses and ascend the worn stairs of the tower, and offers to 'step across' the street and borrow for my pleasure a pair of field-glasses, wherewith to examine the minutiae of the bird's-eye view. But I explain my reasons for

a haste which I rarely exhibit in this old-world spot, and leave him. There is regret on both sides; for the old man loves a chat on the sunny bench or in the snug bar, with one who will tell him a few simple details of modern news, and he is always ready to launch out in return into garrulous reminiscences of the country-side; reminiscences which I never find tedious.

A mile of byroad running through meadows where, in the shade of the tall hedgerows, the dew still lingers on the grass, brings me to a square red-brick farm-house, standing in a sheltered hollow, and turning its back on roomy folds and long ranges of buildings. Since my leaving the village two or three dogcarts have passed me on the road, and as I approach the farm there are further signs of something afoot. A continuous lowing and bleating greets my ear; not the casual cry of contented grazing animals, but of creatures driven or penned.

Coming to the homestead, it is easy to see what is going forward. The big fold-yard is full of cattle, white-faced and spreading-horned; and on one hind-quarter of each beast is a small round ticket bearing a number. Passing the stable, through the open door of which there is a constant coming and going, I can see the tails of some dozen or more cart-horses, not swishing lazily to and fro, but straw-plaited and stiff. Were further evidence needed, it would be found on the cover of a catalogue which a lad tenders me; the legend is to the effect that 'Messrs Hammer & Rostrum, having received instructions from Mr Blank, who is declining farming, will, on the twenty-first of October, sell without reserve, the whole of the valuable live and dead farming stock—viz.: &c.

As I read, certain words of a character in *Old Mortality* come irresistibly to my mind, 'A total scattering.' Spoken of those who take the sword, yet they may be fitly used of the human and brute wielders of the ploughshare and the reaping-hook. A few short hours of an autumn day; the fall of the hammer, final and unrepeatable, on some few hundred lots; and horses and cattle, wains and ploughs, all the 'old familiar faces'—who shall say that the worn-out old wagon, mouldering behind the barn, has no face to the eye of affection?—all shall be scattered to the four winds of heaven.

There is a 'sadness of farewell' in all 'flittings,' even those of town and suburban dwellers. As the days which still remain to us under the old roof slip by; as we do things 'for the last time—here,' we cease to grumble at the inconveniences which we are leaving, or rail at the thousand and one demerits which we know so well. A silent, insidious sorrow steals upon us; when the last day comes, and the empty rooms re-echo mournfully the shutting of doors, and the footfalls on carpetless floors, we would go back—many of us—if we could. But we cannot; so we smother a sigh and follow our household gods.

What must it be then to the farmer? He has perhaps been born and bred there. Morning after morning, for fifty years and more, he has seen the sun rise over the park woods before the house, and set in frosty haze or golden summer glory, sinking below the long range of

distant mountains. His school-days were passed at the Cathedral city twelve miles away, but he came home each Saturday. Here he brought his bridle from across the county boundary; here all the events of his life have happened; I doubt if he has spent fifty Sundays from home in as many years; for it is rarely that a farmer of the old school takes an autumn holiday. There is no occupation more difficult for the master to leave than farming. Perhaps every three or four years he will get a few days at the sea, but seldom oftener.

Every animal, every cart and implement on the farm, is as familiar to him as are the faces of his own children. The horses are mostly of his own breeding, and he has reminiscences of dams, grand-dams, and great grand-dams. The white-faced cattle were noted in the time of his grandfather; portraits of equine and bovine celebrities, the work of itinerant artists who flourished before the days of the photographer, adorn the panelled walls of the parlour. The worn-out chaise or spring-cart is not sold when done with, but wheeled away into the dusky recesses of an outhouse, and forms a favourite resting-place for hens, dissatisfied with the poultry-house and stackyard. But now everything must go; the sale brings all such forgotten lumber to light.

A bell rings, and there are cries of 'This way, please, this way.' In the croft or 'home' meadow, the carts, implements, food cutters, and harness are drawn up in rows; a threshing machine and engine are there; together with hurdles and tubs, hencoops and sheep-troughs; and the hundred-and-one odds and ends which come within the description of 'sundries—in lots.' Higher up the meadow the sheep are huddled; the ewes and wethers 'drawn' into pens of five and ten, the stock rams numbered singly.

Business commences with the 'sundries'; no one would stay for these, were the sheep, cattle, and horses sold first. The auctioneer mounts a wheelbarrow or some suitable elevation; there is a short speech, plain-spoken eulogistic of the gentleman who is 'declining' farming, and commendatory of the 'magnificent lot of stock which our excellent friend has, by many years of careful and judicious breeding and purchase, got together.' The auctioneer would especially remind some of his younger friends whom he sees round him, and also gentlemen whom he has the pleasure of welcoming as comparative new-comers in the county, that *now* is an unusual opportunity of obtaining some of the best and most approved blood, both in sheep and cattle. Of the horses he need not speak. Every one knows Mr Blank's teams by sight and by repute. To this peroration, Mr Blank, who is standing near, usually adds his testimony that nothing is 'got up' for sale; the stock is grass-fed, and the horses were at work up to yesterday.

After an hour or two's selling, there is an adjournment for luncheon, which is supplied 'by ticket.' When possible, this precedes the sale which would commence about one o'clock; for it is difficult to get many good buyers together before noon. No one is less inclined to hurry himself unduly than the farmer; and besides, it

is certainly desirable to devote most of the morning to setting his men to work, even if he does drive ten miles to a sale later on. But to-day, the lots are numerous, and the hours of daylight short. So the luncheon intervenes instead of preceding.

Some hundred and fifty sit down under the presidency of the auctioneer in the granary, which is lighted up with oil-lamps. The great barn would be airier and lighter; but farmers, who spend more than half their time in the open air, prefer snugness when once they are indoors. There is bountiful provision of cold joints and poultry. Carvers are at a premium; there is much joking and good-humoured shoving to avoid the vacant seat before a huge round of beef, for the post will be no sinecure. Huge cans of beer and cider circulate swiftly; your glass is filled over your shoulder as soon as empty.

There are neither toasts nor set speeches to-day, for time is precious. Outside, fresh comers are arriving every minute; their phaetons, dog-carts, gigs, and pony traps are adding to the long row drawn up in the lane, and their horses fill all available standing-room in the stables and cow-houses. It is a harvest-time for the great army of drovers and nondescript loafers who flock to farm sales. They pick up innumerable coppers for holding, unharnessing, or generally 'seeing to' horses, and later on get a job of 'droving' from some purchaser.

The hammer is falling again, now over the sheep. Each lot or 'draft' is driven into a temporary sale-ring of hurdles, and walked round for inspection. The shepherd, a 'very old ancient man,' to quote Mr Hardy, is arrayed in a spotless smock, a pleasant sight; the polished iron head of his crook shines in the afternoon sunlight. His dim eyes scan the faces of the throng anxiously, as pen after pen is knocked down. He shakes his head dolefully at his 'boy' when some of the ewes which he has tended from birth, find an owner whose ways with sheep are not his ways, or whose shepherd is an unprofessional person, between a bailiff and a workman, and has not been born and bred a shepherd, and nothing else. But probably the old fellow's thoughts return to his own doubtful future. The incoming tenant is bringing his own shepherd. Even if at his age he can find fresh employment, he will be like an uprooted tree. He is past seventy, and, were it quoted to him, would certainly approve old Adam's dictum, that

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,  
But at fourscore, it is too late a week.

The flock is dispersed, and the crowd gathers round the yard where the cattle move restlessly about, and gaze on the ring of faces with eyes full of questioning doubt. The bullocks are sold in pairs; the cows singly, or with their calves, each name announced with flourish of pedigree, sire and dam, grandsire and grand-dam, receding into the vista of twenty, thirty, and forty years back. Alas! there is a lull in the demand for 'blood' for the States; the echo of the applause which greeted the purchasing bid of a thousand guineas for a 'white-faced' sire, has died away; and to-day



the daughter of half a score of 'Lords' fetches little more than a nameless heifer, who passes to the hands of the butcher at the weekly market.

Then come the horses: 'Boxer,' 'Bowler,' 'Bourzy,' 'Darling,' and the rest. Their feet strike hard on the stones of the lane, as one after the other shows his or her paces. The setting sun sends level rays from beneath the clouds which overhang the line of hills. The departing beams light up the golden stacks, the rich orange of the roof tiles, the gray walls which re-echo the clear strident voice of the auctioneer, the crowd of faces which his keen eye roves over, detecting and acknowledging the least nod or wink which 'means business.' Then the hammer falls for the last time, and the light fades away from the scene; only the western clouds are a blaze of colour in the rays of the hidden sun.

In the gathering dusk, all is bustle and confusion of departure. The auctioneer's clerks are besieged by farmers, eager to settle, and get home before their men 'knock off' work. Drivers are taking the road with such animals as have but a few miles' journey to make. There is a ceaseless rattle of departing wheels. A few friends will spend the evening with their old companion perhaps. The night falls on empty stables and deserted folds. No gentle stirring of cattle among the straw, no rattle of chains in the stable will greet the ear in the silence. There will be no teams going afield at early morning, no calls from the milking-shed to slow-paced cows. The farmer's work is ended; the daily occupations of nearly half a century are gone.

To the onlooker there is a profound melancholy in such a scene. The farmer is retiring from work, honourably and with a modest competence. There has been no failure, no 'difficulties.' Nor is there in this case any group of wistful black-clothed children in the garden or at the windows, to give a sadder explanation of the scene. And yet, there is a feeling of sadness which makes the fading beauties of the autumn day peculiarly and pathetically appropriate.

For this man's life will henceforth run in a narrower, straighter track. Instead of the old home, with wide, panelled rooms and spacious hearths, some trim, semi-detached suburban villa. The open-handed hospitality which would welcome two or three casual callers and press them to 'stay the night—plenty of room up-stairs,' must give place to a scale of housekeeping necessarily limited by capacity of villa larders and bedrooms. No more will our friend be master of a couple of hacks, with a promising three-year-old or two 'coming on,' and a 'four-wheel' gig and pony trap in the coach-house; but at most, a single horse and trap must suffice for this man whose voice was wont to call for his horse when he had half a mile to go. So many of the farmer's pleasures and luxuries are inseparably connected with his calling—the roomy house, the abundant garden, orchard and poultry-yard, and the well-filled stables—that 'retiring' has for him not the unalloyed idea of rest which it carries with it to other workers.

He will have his compensations, however.

From the retreat of his suburban fireside, tiled and 'slow combustion,' he can contemplate the struggles of his agricultural brethren with sympathy and thankfulness. He can congratulate himself on having brought up his children under the old roof, and started them in life with unblemished name and good principle; and in having himself emerged safely from a struggle in which the few now keep their heads above water, while the many sink, overwhelmed in disaster and ruin.

#### THE RETURN OF THE TERRENEUVIERS.

It is autumn in High Brittany, and in the towns, and villages, and in the numberless scattered homesteads of the country about St Malo, standing amid their fields of blood-red buckwheat stubble, and surrounded by their perfumed and heavy-laden apple-trees, the thoughts of all are anxiously fixed on the return of the fishing-fleet from the far-away banks of Newfoundland. The return of the fleet is an important event in all the country-side, as thousands of the men are engaged in it, and spend the whole summer amid the storms and fogs, year after year, from boyhood to advanced age.

It is a terrible life to them, to leave their beloved country and all their home belongings, and go to the fishing, where the life is hard, and rest and sleep insufficient; but hardest of all to the light-hearted Frenchman are the days spent in the sullen silence of the almost constant fogs. No wonder that many men are lost from insufficient watchfulness for sudden squalls when, in the deadly embrace of the silent fog, even the brain itself sometimes gives way and the man becomes mad. But now is the time of the returning home, and all are awaiting the arrival of the first *goelettes*, or schooners, with the news of the fishing. If it has been good there will be more pay to be divided amongst the crew; but if it has been bad there will be nothing to add to what was advanced in the spring, and the men will have to live on what their wives make, or what they can pick up by doing odd jobs about the farms till the first advance is paid in February, when they sign on for the next season's fishing. Soon the first of the boats begin to arrive, and the docks of St Malo which have been empty all summer gradually take on a more animated appearance. It is a busy scene, and interesting to watch, provided that one's olfactory organs are not too easily offended by the all-pervading smell of salt fish. As the boats come in from the bay and one by one take up their berths by the quayside, the women crowd down to meet their husbands and relatives, all anxious to hear the news and how they have fared. It is a good-natured, jostling crowd, mingling in which one sees numerous blue-cloaked customs officers, eager to prevent any landing of forbidden articles.

The first greetings over, the men commence getting their personal belongings on shore, and the search begins in earnest, as of all tobacco or other articles found, the officer finding them is rewarded with one-half of the seizure for

his own use. Besides his huge sea-chest, each *Terreneuvier* has a private supply of salt cod which is packed in a kind of 'creel' or basket, and secured by wrappings of tarpaulin and numerous bands of rope. Through each of these the customs officer passes an auger like a gigantic cheese-scoop in the endeavour to detect hidden tobacco or spirits. When the huge chests are slung on shore and opened up, the eye is struck by the heterogeneous mass they contain, while the awful smell of fish is markedly increased. Everything conceivable appears to have been thrust in pell-mell—hats, coats, boots, trousers are all crushed in anyhow, and even amongst the clothes there are additional bundles of fish, a packet of smoked capelines, or a box of salted cod's tongues, which are considered extra dainties. The inside of the lid is always decorated with a picture of the Virgin, with often a prayer roughly written around it, and in addition there is generally a picture of the owner's patron saint, and perhaps one or two extra attempts at ornamentation. The amount of talking quite deafens one as each is loudly telling his adventures to his own little circle of friends, and shouting greetings to all and sundry, overjoyed at being back once more in France. All down the quays at this time are numerous coaches whose drivers add to the general confusion by calling their destination or the names of the different villages they will proceed to, as soon as they have got together a sufficient number all going in the one direction. And all round one meets in quiet country roads an occasional diligence crowded outside and in by a party of returned *Terreneuviers*, whose singing sounds far through the still clear air. Here and there also passes slowly one of the long narrow farm carts, drawn by a string of three or more sturdy Breton horses, harnessed in single file, and filled with a number of the now familiar, huge sea-chests, and bundles of fish on their way to the distant country homes of their owners.

But if there is gaiety and mirth in many houses there are also some every year which have to mourn for those who have gone out never to return, whose fate is often a mystery—whose wives may long watch by the cross on the rocky point for the ship that will never return. Sometimes it happens that the ship is lost with all hands, in one of the frequent tempests, perhaps going down within sight of others, as last year—when one was seen to founder with the whole crew on deck singing to the Virgin—the Protectress of mariners—their own peculiar hymn, the *Ave, Maris Stella*. Or else it chances that some of the small boats or 'Dorys,' in which the men go out fishing in pairs, leave the vessel never to be again heard of, lost in a sudden storm or drifted away in the fogs. Occasionally but rarely it occurs that a boat's crew drifted off in that way may be picked up by a passing steamer, and after having been given up as lost, the men at length return to their own emerald coast.

At this time of year there are women who watch day by day for the incoming boats, and when they arrive there is none there to greet them; husbands, sons, or sweethearts, the Bank

keeps them, and there is no word, no certainty, for these 'Widows of the Sea.' And on All-Saints' Day, when the priest walks in procession to the cemetery to pray for and bless the dead; when, as the people here believe, those who lie in their graves rise on their elbows to listen to the prayers said for them, and to pass, if it may be, from purgatory to paradise; how many of those who pray look afar to where the sea lies broad and shining, when they join in the psalm, 'Out of the deep have I called to thee, O Lord!'

#### OLD ENGLISH TOBACCO-PIPES.

WHETHER the honour of having introduced tobacco into this country belongs to Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Hawkins, or to Mr Ralph Lane, sometime Governor of Virginia; or whether the claims of the colonists of Virginia (brought back by Drake in 1586), or of Captains Amidas and Barlow (of Sir Walter's first expedition in 1584), to the same distinction can be definitely adjusted, one thing is certain—namely, that smoking was undoubtedly indulged in before the arrival of the famous 'weed.'

Long before the period of the introduction of tobacco, herbs and leaves were smoked for medicinal purposes, and to this day, in some parts of England, colt's-foot, yarrow, and other plants are still used in the same way, with evident relish and belief in their efficacy.

Of the pipes of the ante-tobacco period, we know little or nothing; the earliest specimens to be found in collections dating from the time of Queen Elizabeth, during whose reign tobacco was introduced.

That tobacco-pipes were manufactured at an early date in this country, is proved by the incorporation of the craft of tobacco-pipe makers in 1619 by James I., in the seventeenth year of his reign, and their privileges were confirmed both by Charles I. and Charles II. The Pipe-makers' Company consisted of a master, four wardens, and about twenty-four assistants. The arms of the company are described by Allen, in his *History of London*, as 'Argent, on a mount in base *vert*, three plants of tobacco, growing and flowering, all *proper*. Crest—A Moor, in his dexter hand a tobacco-pipe, in his sinister a roll of tobacco, all *proper*. Supporters—Two young Moors, *proper*, wreathed about the loins with tobacco leaves, *vert*. Motto—"Let brotherly love continue."

Hentzer, a German lawyer and traveller, who visited this country in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was much astonished to see Englishmen 'draw the smoke into their mouths (through pipes of clay), which they puff out again through their nostrils like funnels.' The pipes of this period have very small barrel-shaped bowls, and are usually of a better clay and make than those of succeeding reigns. In the time of James I. and Charles I., the bowls slightly increased in size, but the form remained pretty much the same.

These ancient pipes, so often turned up by the spade during digging or draining operations, are called by the country-people in England 'fairy pipes,' and in Scotland 'Celtic' or 'Elfin



pipes; whilst by the Irish peasantry they are attributed to mischievous demons, named 'Claricaunes,' and are destroyed as soon as discovered. In England, however, they are carefully preserved, the rustics firmly believing that they bring good luck to the finder.

The pipes in vogue during the Commonwealth and the reigns of Charles II. and James II., still retained the barrel-shaped bowl, but in an enlarged form. Some of these early pipes are furnished with a projection, having a flat base, which enables the pipe when placed on the table to remain in an upright position. This flat base or 'spur,' as it is termed, is often stamped with the maker's mark, of which marks there is a large variety. Sometimes the name of the maker is stamped in full; at other times it is abbreviated, whilst more frequently we find the initials only, or a device. A favourite mark is a wheel, in a variety of forms, which suggests the probability of St Catherine being the patron saint of the company. On some of the pipes the initials S. D. (supposed to be those of Samuel Decon, who was living in 1729) occur, together with a gauntlet; and seeing that Aubrey (1680) describes pipes made in his time by a maker named Gauntlett, who marked the spurs with a gauntlet, from which they were called Gauntlet-pipes, it is thought that Decon might have learned the art of pipe-making from him, adopting the mark and adding his own initials.

Aubrey also states that pipes were made of silver, and for ordinary purposes of a walnut-shell and straw; these were passed round from smoker to smoker.

During the years of the Great Plague (1644 to 1666) smoking increased to a very considerable extent owing to a general belief in tobacco as a disinfectant. A large number of the pipes found in London belong to this period.

That most entertaining diarist, Pepys, relates how, on seeing some houses in Drury Lane (the 7th of June 1665) marked with the red cross and the pitiful prayer, 'Lord, have mercy upon us,' he was so much upset that he went into a tobacconist's close by, and purchased a pound of tobacco, not to smoke, it is true, but to 'smell to and chew.'

A few years later, the short pipe, known in Ireland as the 'dudeen,' and in Scotland as the 'cutty-pipe,' was in use at the same time as the ordinary barrel-shape with long stem. A writer of the period (1682) describes the soldiers,

With pipes black as their mouths,  
And short as their pay.

Barrel-shaped pipes ceased to be the fashion with the reign of James II., when the elongated bowl of the time of William and Mary came into favour.

A number of these pipes have been found on the site where the troops of William III. encamped, previous to their embarkation for Ireland; and also on the battlefield of the Boyne at Dunkirk, conclusively proving the period of their production. These long-bowled pipes with curved stems may be seen in the pictures of Franz van Mieris, a Dutch painter, who flourished in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Hogarth in his drawings depicts the favourite

form of pipe of the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. With the introduction of the Dutch type of tobacco-pipe the flat-spur disappeared, as did the barrel-shaped bowl, to be succeeded by one of more prominence if of less utility, and makers' marks and initials are stamped upon the sides of the spur instead of on the base.

Old tobacco-pipes are usually plain, with the exception of a milled border impressed by hand running round the mouth. Ornamental pipes are occasionally found, but are very rare. Pipes were also made of iron and brass in the reign of William III., but were not commonly used.

Broseley, in Staffordshire, has long been famous for its tobacco-pipes, by far the largest number coming from that town, where factories existed as early as 1575, and have continued to the present day. Pipes were also made at Winchester, Vauxhall, Derby, and Bath, as well as at other places in the kingdom; those of Winchester being mentioned by Ben Johnson as great favourites in his time. In the early days of pipe-making, nearly all the work was done by the master of the works, and the largest quantity burned at one time in the kiln was from twenty to twenty-four gross. Each pipe rested upon its bowl, and the stem was supported by rings of clay, the result being that a large proportion was warped or broken. Now the most delicate work is done by women; the pipes are placed in 'saggers,' after the Dutch fashion, as many as 350 to 400 gross being burned at a time, while the breakage does not exceed one per cent.

#### HY-BRASAIL.

##### THE ISLE OF THE BLEST.

'NEATH the pale moon's tranquil beam,  
And the myriad stars that gleam  
On the Atlantic's shining breast,  
Glides our boat, to voice of song  
(While the sweet hours steal along)  
To the island of the blest.

Swift and free our good oars play  
On the blue, moon-lighted bay,  
Looking to the fateful west;  
To the sunset blows the gale,  
To the sunset lies Brasail,  
The dim island of the blest.

All things fair and lovely here  
Fade, while falls the mortal rest;  
But, in that dear land of rest,  
Life is long and gay and sweet,  
And our fathers we shall meet  
In the island of the blest.

Row beneath propitious star,  
To the sunset land afar—  
We must ne'er resign our quest;  
There the brave and great and free,  
Ruled by love, live merrily,  
In the island of the blest.

WILLIAM COWAN.

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## BETTING AND BETTING MEN.

LORD BEACONSFIELD said once, 'The Turf is a gigantic engine of national demoralisation.' If these words were ever true (which we shall not discuss here), they must be so to-day, for betting on the turf was never more widespread in England than it is now. One of the large Birmingham bookmakers, who is not given to boasting, admitted the other day that his business had a 'turn-over' of £250,000 a year, and this must be small in comparison with the sums which are handled by some of the 'leviathans' who have their headquarters in the metropolis. The most notable point about these figures is that they are composed of an infinitely large number of small sums. At one period in the history of racing—say thirty to forty years ago—there was a class of rich men ('plungers' they were called) who lost and won immense sums. Sir Joseph Hawley was one of the most famous and successful; the Marquis of Hastings had the most riotous and tragic career; the late Sir Robert Peel was one of the most recent survivors. But the days of gigantic turf speculation by individuals are over. A bet is seldom taken in thousands, and, even in connection with the biggest races, for an owner to 'put on' £5000 amongst several bookmakers would be considered very heavy business. Such things were nothing like uncommon in the last generation. Reminiscences of those days were stirred for a moment eight or nine years ago, when a person, known as 'the Jubilee Plunger,' managed to rid himself of a quarter of a million of money in the course of eighteen months. But the vastly greater proportion of the enormous stream of money, which flows backwards and forwards in connection with the race-course and its doings to-day, is provided from the pockets of 'all sorts and conditions of men.' It comes from the sporting aristocrat, the idle man of means, the merchant, the doctor, the shop-assistant, the artisan, the actor, the farmer, the barber, the waiter, the cabman, and even the

boy who sells newspapers in the street. And not from one sex only, for that the passion for betting has ramifications amongst all classes of women is only too well established; and if female bookmakers are not to be seen on the course itself, they can be found in all large cities. Women who bet are notoriously the most reckless and infatuated of all gamblers.

Racing and betting men have a peculiar and extensive vocabulary which is used to meet the special requirements of their pursuit. It is pretty generally known that the 'bookmaker' is the person who lays the odds against the different horses, which may vary from 'even money' to as high as two hundred to one, according to the chance which each runner is supposed to possess and the amount of money which is being invested upon its prospects. Unless a bookmaker has private information which leads him to lay short or long odds against a particular horse, the 'price,' as it is called, is regulated by the demand for it amongst the backers, who are commonly known as the 'punters.' Thus the horse which is generally regarded as most likely to win has the shortest odds laid against it, or the backers may even be required to lay odds on its chance; if the betting, say, is 'two to one on,' they will have to risk two pounds in order to win one. When a betting man wishes to express his absolute confidence in a horse being successful, he refers to it as a 'pinch' or a 'snip'; it is also spoken of as a 'moral,' a handy abbreviation of 'moral certainty.' In endeavouring to escape from the monotony of terms which the restricted interests of their subject inflict upon them, sporting writers take to a variety of synonyms. The bookmakers appear in alternate sentences as 'layers,' 'pencillers,' and 'fielders,' and collectively as 'the ring.' The 'books' in which their transactions are entered similarly become 'volumes.' These are specially ruled and printed for the peculiar class of calculations which are necessary for the bookmaker's business. Not only is each bet noted down as it is made, but



in the same line the whole extent of his transactions over the particular horse is carried forward, so that he can see how he will be affected by its success or defeat. The system, which it would be difficult to explain in a few words, is a very ingenious one, and is priceless to the bookmaker, who, as he stands on the course, betting large sums in rapid succession, requires to know at each moment what his position is, in order that he may vary the odds on different horses, so as to preserve his margin of profit.

There is nothing essentially dishonest about the bookmaker's ways of doing business, except in so far as all betting is to be condemned. The qualifications for the calling are a general experience of racing affairs, a knowledge of the recent performances and reputation of the horses in a race (as a guide to what the public are likely to 'fancy'), a head for figures, plenty of nerve and coolness, and the ordinary gifts demanded by any speculative business. He must have a character for honesty in paying his bets, or he could not carry on his occupation for a day. The public hear occasionally of 'welshers,' who make bets and decamp without paying them, but these are simply ordinary thieves, who take to any form of dishonesty which offers itself. The professional bookmaker, who makes his living from the vocation, may and usually does have a fair share of human failings, but his honour in the ring must be unimpeachable, for it is the corner-stone of his position. It will be all the better for him if he has a good gentlemanly presence; and he finds it a distinct advantage to have a pair of lungs that will enable him to shout the odds with as much volume of sound as his rivals. The betting on any race usually follows the same routine. When the numbers of the horses which are to run are exhibited upon the board, the 'ring' begins to offer at the pitch of its voice certain odds 'on the field.' This means that they will bet at the rate mentioned against any horse that backers like to name; and if the odds are liberal enough, there will generally be a rush to back some particular animal which is highly thought of, and which thereupon becomes the 'favourite.' If there are six or seven horses running, for instance, 'two to one on the field' will not improbably be offered, and a number of people will excitedly rush to accept this rate about A. If the favourite comes into greater demand than was expected, the odds will presently be shortened to 'seven to four' or 'six to four,' and meanwhile the bookmakers will begin to shout perhaps 'four to one bar one,' which means that they are open to bet four to one against anything except the favourite. Admirers of B and C will possibly be found ready to do business on these terms, and one or other may be supported so strongly that his 'price' becomes reduced to 'seven to two' or 'three to one,' for obviously the bookmaker

does not wish to risk losing more on one horse than will be repaid by his winnings from the others. Offers of five or six to one will possibly find response from a few that attach themselves to the chances of D, E, or F, and there being no symptom of a desire to befriend the claims of G, offers of ten to one will be forthcoming for the accommodation of any stray gambler who dissents from the views of the majority. A horse which few are anxious to back is known as an 'outsider,' and if it should win, those who have made it their champion congratulate themselves on having 'pulled off a long shot.' The noise and excitement of a crowded betting ring constitute a strange scene. The odds fluctuate as each horse comes in greater or less demand, and the throng sways like an angry sea now and then when a report goes round favourable to the chances of some candidate. Occasionally a commission is thrown on the market for what has been an outsider in the early stages of the betting, and in an instant, half-a-dozen agents are all over the place, negotiating every bet they can, the odds shortening as they go, and an eager crowd following at their heels. On the other hand, a report detrimental to the favourite may get abroad—perhaps the owner or the jockey does not intend that he shall win, and one or two bookmakers have been instructed to lay against him on their behalf—and a longer and longer price is offered against it, to the serious misgiving of those who have accepted a short rate. In such a case the horse is said to be 'knocked out.' When the race is over and the jockey's weight is announced to be 'all right,' the bookmakers pay those who have backed the winner, on receiving the numbered tickets which have been given as evidence of the transactions. Disputes over payment are very exceptional, and the settlement usually passes over in a very quiet and business-like fashion. The bookmaker receives the backer's money when the bet is made, and only those who have won come to him after the race to have their own stake returned and receive the odds. The larger bookmakers bet with their regular customers on credit, accounts being settled every Monday; but the amount of ready money in Tattersall's Ring (the principal enclosure) at an important race-meeting is very large, and many of them carry two or three thousand pounds on their persons in gold and notes for such transactions.

The bookmakers frame the odds in such a way that they must win in the long run, but they often lose on individual races. The theory of betting is a little abstruse, but a simple illustration may be given of the advantage which the bookmakers hold. If there were three horses in a race, and all held equal chances, each would have one chance in three, or in other words, there would be one chance in its favour and two against it; that is, the odds against it would be two to one. Let us suppose the actual chances possessed by the three are in the ratios of three, two, and one. The just odds will then be calculated as follows: A has a chance (three) exactly equal to that of the other two put together (two and one). Therefore its chances of success or defeat are even. B has two chances of winning against four pos-

seduced by its rivals (three and one), as that the odds against it are four to two or two to one. C has only one chance against the five held by the others conjointly (three and two), so that the odds against it are five to one. The proper odds would therefore be: Evens A, two to one against B, five to one against C. But the odds laid by the bookmakers would be something like this: Evens A, six to four B, four to one C. Represented in another way, the chances of A, B, and C, as we have estimated them, are  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{3}$ , and  $\frac{1}{6}$  of the whole chance of winning, and added together, they make an exact unit. At the odds laid by the bookmakers, they are credited with chances of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{2}{3}$ , and  $\frac{1}{3}$ , which, added together make  $1\frac{1}{6}$ , and the odd tenth is the bookmaker's profit. On this principle the layers of odds are bound to win upon the average, but they frequently bet more heavily against the favourite at the outset than they are able to cover by their other transactions, and if it wins, they are out of pocket. Strange to say, the bookmakers win most heavily by the success of horses against which the longest odds are quoted in the market, the reason being that they have few backers to pay; and now and then a horse wins which no one has backed at all, so that they win all bets and pay away nothing. This agreeable experience is known in the expressive language of the ring as 'skinning the lamb.'

The great majority of people cannot attend race-meetings, except once or twice a year, when these take place in the district in which they reside. But they can bet upon them none the less to the fullest extent. The great modern development of betting has sprung up under what is known as the 'starting-price' system. Any one living in Birmingham, say, who wishes to back a horse which is running in a race at York, goes to a starting-price bookmaker and deposits his stake, which is the amount he will lose if the horse runs unsuccessfully. If the horse wins, he receives the odds laid against it at the moment of the race starting, which are accurately reported in the newspapers. Nineteenths of all the betting in the country is done in this way, and the numbers who patronise the system are enormous. The well-to-do man who bets in sovereigns, communicates with his bookmaker by letter, telegraph, or telephone, or perhaps meets him at a club. The small bookmakers who subsist upon the shillings of working-men, do their business in the streets, where they are constantly pounced upon by the police, to be brought up and fined. The men who do what might be termed a middle-class trade in sums ranging from half-a-crown to half-a-sovereign have agents in various guises. The backer hands his five shillings perhaps to a restaurant waiter, who conveys it to a harmless-looking tailor's shop a little way along the street, and the tailor's boy transmits it to the bookmaker wherever the latter's quiet retreat may be. The vigorous and well-intentioned efforts of public authorities to repress betting cannot be said to have had, in the aggregate, any very substantial effect. As fast as one channel is stopped, another ingenious device takes its place; and, although it may be driven under the surface, its volume is not really diminished. It can only be hoped that, as

other vices in social history have done, it is only running a temporary course, to become attenuated and pass away, ultimately, like some spent epidemic.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER II.—LADY HAMMERTON'S 'AT HOME.'

WHEN we were both younger, and more prone to speak disrespectfully of our elders, you will remember that we invariably referred to Lady Hammerton's residence at the Palazzo Contaglini, as Nebuchadnezzar's Caravanserai, for the reason that at her receptions, held every Thursday evening from nine o'clock till midnight, one met 'all people, nations, and languages.' I believe at the time we found those formal gatherings slow enough in all conscience, but looking back on them now, at the end of twenty years, I am touched with a sort of, what might almost be called pathetic reminiscence, at any rate something that is half a pleasure, half a pain, difficult to describe, but not unlike that conjured up in the poetic mind by the odour of *pot-pourri*. Poor old Lady Hammerton, she is dead and gone now; and all the frailties and inconsistencies of her extraordinary life must lie in the tomb forgotten, with that painted, bedizened, addled old pate; while, contrary to the general rule and strangely enough, considering her career, her unceasing charity and boundless good-nature are alone remembered by the world. So may it fare with all of us.

The hands of my watch pointed to a quarter past nine as our gondolier brought us to the steps of the palace. We disembarked, and, when I had assisted Olivia with her train, made our way up the steps into the hall. What a hall it was, hung with tapestry, and decorated with fifteenth century armour, the value of which was priceless! Here the servants, English every man Jack of them, and attired in the Hammerton livery which, handsome though it may be, always sets my teeth on edge, relieved us of our wraps, and then escorted us up-stairs to the drawing-room, where our hostess was receiving her guests.

As soon as our names were announced, she hastened forward to meet us, her poor cranky old head painted like a mask, and surmounted by a plume of feathers, like a Zulu warrior.

'My dear Lady Olivia,' she cried, taking my sister's hand in both of hers and shaking it heartily, 'how much too good of you to come.' Then turning to me, 'and you too, Lord Instow. I did not for a moment expect you. Hammerton heard that you only arrived in Venice yesterday morning.'

'We arrived on Tuesday,' said Olivia, unfurling her fan, and looking at her hostess over it. 'Had you not so kindly invited us to-night, we should have called to pay our respects to you to-morrow.'

'I protest you are kindness itself,' replied our hostess, mincing her words in her most artificial eighteenth-century manner.

As she spoke, her husband, Sir John, put in an appearance. I tell you, Forsyth, he looked for all the world as when we saw him last,



not a day older (he must have been seventy-nine if a year), and not a day younger. His hair was as black and thick as my father remembered it at Eton; his eyes were as bright and keen as the day he shot Von Ollerswitz in Paris more than fifty years ago. He also is gone now. He caught cold, they tell me, at his wife's funeral six months after we left Venice, and followed her to their atrocious family vault a week later. But he was juvenile to the last. I heard that he pinched his waist, painted his face, and dyed his hair on the morning of the day that he expired.

His first action, after greeting us, was to pay Olivia one of his customary compliments, capping it with a Virgilian quotation that was certainly, if perhaps a little wanting in the niceties of taste, at least *à propos* of the occasion.

'I am rejoiced that you are able to give us the honour of your company, my lord,' he said, turning to me, 'for I flatter myself that to-night I shall be able to act the part of a showman for once in my life to advantage. Our guest on this occasion, as you are aware, is His Majesty, the King of the Médangs, a personage whose character and career are alike worth studying.'

'I look forward with considerable pleasure to being presented to His Majesty,' I answered, with a smile at what I then considered, God knows how erroneously, the ludicrousness of the situation.

The man was certainly a king, that is, if all I had been told were true, but even then of what a state, and of what a country? A wild tract peopled by an uncivilised community, where might was right and the weakest went to the wall. I endeavoured to pump Sir John concerning him, but just as he was about to satisfy my curiosity, a servant entered to inform him that the king had arrived. Sir John immediately begged me to excuse him, and went off to receive his guest, while Olivia and I remained by our hostess's side, at her request, to assist her in welcoming him.

Here I must record a curious experience. As you know I have, all my life, been more or less favoured with opportunities of being in the royal presence, and for this reason I have, in a great degree, become exempt from that peculiar sensation of nervousness which afflicts so many unfortunates prior to the entrance of a sovereign. To my astonishment, however, I discovered that on this occasion I was conscious of a decided quickening of the pulse as I stood beside my hostess and watched for the incoming of the King of the Médangs.

When he *did* enter the room, accompanied by his aide-de-camp (a Greek, whose name I afterwards learned was Conrad Manolaki, and whom I recognised as being the man I had seen waiting for him in the church of S. Rocco the previous morning), he did not look about him, but made his way instantly across to where his hostess was standing, just as if he had known, previous to seeing her, the exact spot where he would find her. Whether it was the adventurous story I had been told of his career, the remembrance of his extraordinary nerve and pluck, or the fascination of his mere

presence, that moved me, I cannot say, but I know that it seemed to me as he stood before us then, that I had never in my life before seen so majestic—I use the word advisedly—a figure as he presented. He was attired in the perfection of evening dress, but with a neatness the like of which I had never before encountered. A parti-coloured ribbon, denoting some order, that of Marie I., I discovered later, crossed his chest, and gave a little variety to his sombre appearance; otherwise he was without ornament or decoration of any sort or description. Taken altogether, from the soles of his elegant patent leather shoes to the topmost hair of his well-brushed head, he bore the unmistakable impress of a gentleman, a little foreign, perhaps, but still a gentleman.

'Your Majesty does us great honour,' said Lady Hammerton in Italian, as she welcomed him.

'I assure you it gives me the greatest pleasure to come,' he answered in the same tongue. 'You are one of those who have shown me great kindness, Lady Hammerton.'

I saw the old lady thrill with pleasure at this mark of his esteem, then turning to the king again, she said: 'If your Majesty will permit me, I should like to introduce to you the daughter of one of my oldest friends, Lady Olivia Wokingham.'

Olivia curtsied, as no other woman in England, or Europe for that matter, can, and I saw the colour rise on her cheek.

'I remember Lady Olivia Wokingham perfectly,' said the king in English, with a faint smile upon his face, 'though I fancy she is hardly able to recall the circumstances under which we met.'

'Your Majesty's face seems strangely familiar to me,' answered Olivia. 'I saw you yesterday in the church of S. Rocco, but I feel sure that I have met you somewhere else before that. In fact, I said so to my brother only this evening.'

'You will be the better able to appreciate the compliment I pay you then,' he answered, 'when I say that, while you have forgotten the circumstance, I, who have been here, there, and everywhere since that night, have retained a vivid remembrance of it. Can you recall a journey you made in the Orient Express, when the train stopped at midnight on the Turkish frontier? You wished to make a request to a railway official. The man, however, did not understand English, and some one in the carriage had the pleasure of interpreting.'

'I recollect the incident perfectly now,' cried Olivia; 'and so your Majesty is the gentleman who behaved so kindly to me on that exasperating occasion?'

'It must be very unpleasant not to be able to speak the language of the country one is travelling in,' he replied gravely. 'For my part, alas, I am compelled to be able to converse fluently in an almost Pentecostal number of tongues, and often a patois of each. My subjects, you see, embrace some of almost every Asiatic nation, besides representatives of a great many European ones.'

At this moment, Lady Hammerton begged permission to present me to him. On hearing

my name, the king turned sharply round, and singling me out from the gentlemen among whom I was standing, held out his hand.

'Lord Instow,' he said, 'this is a great and unexpected pleasure. It delights me to meet you at last, and to be able to thank you in person for the service you have rendered the world in general, and myself in particular, by giving it *The Making of Nations*. What your book has been to me, I cannot tell you. I value it beyond measure.'

'Your Majesty flatters me,' I said, with an inexplicable feeling of delight at his praise. 'I am grateful, indeed, to think that you should have found it useful.'

'Useful is scarcely the term,' he answered, looking at me with his great dark eyes that had such a wonderful fascination in them. Then, with peculiar emphasis, he continued: 'Your book, sir, has helped to make me what I am. Upwards of a million people at this present moment have good cause to laud your name. Pray, are you remaining long in Venice?'

'For another week, I expect,' I answered, wondering why he asked the question.

'Indeed! In that case, if you will permit me, I will do myself the honour of calling upon you. I should like to have a long talk with you on certain matters connected with your volume. When you leave here, it will be to return to England, I presume?'

'No! When my sister and I say good-bye to Venice, we leave Europe in my yacht for the East. We have neither of us seen Japan yet, and we are thinking of taking a long holiday in that direction.'

'You could scarcely choose a more charming place,' he answered, and then turned to his hostess, who had some more friends she was desirous of introducing to him. Half an hour or so later, he encountered Olivia standing by one of the open windows.

'Since you visit it so often, I presume you are fond of Venice, Lady Olivia?' he said, in his low musical voice. 'But there, I need not ask the question, how could one help loving it? What other city has such a history wrapped up in its every stone? I sometimes stand at the window of my own house at night, and look out upon the water. Then it seems to me I see the slow ground ages go floating by on the tide. See, the window is open; may I conduct you outside and ask you what you see?'

He led her through the open window into the balcony. Once there, they stood side by side looking down on the waters of the Grand Canal. It was a lovely night, a young moon showed faintly above the opposite housetops, touching the water in the centre of the canal with its uncanny light; but on the far side, all was wrapped in deepest shadow. A little farther to the left the Ponte di Rialto showed gray and ghostlike in the semi-darkness. At intervals, a gondola shot out of some side-street and darted round a corner with a cry of warning from the gondolier, otherwise the canal was deserted.

'Listen to the water,' said the king, during a pause in the music in the room behind

them, placing his hands on the ironwork of the balcony and looking down. 'What a song it is singing of days gone by. Songs of Anguish, and songs of Triumph, hymns of Victory, and the death-chant of a nation that thought itself so strong that it could never fall, and yet crumbled into dust before those whom it had once boasted it had crushed for ever. What a lesson, what a lesson!'

For more than a minute, he stood looking away towards the rising moon. Olivia confessed to me afterwards, when she gave me a recital of the conversation I am now setting down, that the expression of his face, as he spoke, was almost unearthly. It haunted her memory for hours afterwards. At last, he found his voice again, and began to recite:

'I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,  
A palace and a prison on each hand.  
I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand.  
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying glory smiles  
O'er the far times when many a subject land  
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles.

'Oh, if one could only see it as it used to be,' he said, 'and learn a lesson from it! Think, Lady Olivia, of what this city has been. Think of it first a wind-tossed group of islands, where the streams of the Alps and Tyrol had their meeting, and only the sea-birds found a dwelling-place. It is possible that on this very island, upon which this house now stands, some half-savage king of the Veneti may have stood, and, looking out over the water, have dreamed as I am dreaming now. If only it could have been possible for him to see the glory of the place as it was to be. When driven out of the Euganean hills by his conquerors, he came to build his hut, and dwell in safety on these yellow sands. It was not for him to know the grandeur that was to be its portion in years to come, when Angelo Partecipazio should have completed his gigantic work, and wrested the islands from the treacherous sea. If only he could have watched the fleets of the new Republic ploughing the waters of the Mediterranean, bearing merchandise to all the great nations of the earth. If he could but have witnessed its ships of war sailing off to the conquest of the Turks, the Saracens, and the Genoese; and have seen its pride growing more and more insufferable each year, what would he not have tried to do to avert the catastrophe? Thirteen hundred years of greatness, and then a fall such as the world has never seen. Heavens! what a lesson could be learned from every ripple and every stone if only they could speak.'

There was something in the man's face that seized upon Olivia's pity. Hitherto she had been almost cold to him, now she leant forward, and placed her hand upon his arm, hardly conscious that she had done so.

'But, sir,' she said, 'you forget that there is another side to the picture. Had it not been for the overweening pride you speak of, and such careless statesmanship as men would scarce believe, Venice might be the centre of the



world's commerce to-day, as she was five hundred years ago.'

The king stooped a little towards her. His eyes shone in the bright light like diamonds, and his voice, when he spoke, had a clearer ring than it had yet possessed.

'You are right,' he said; 'you are quite right. It is the sin of pride, of overweening confidence in one's self, that a ruler must guard against, more than masterstrokes of diplomacy. Oh for one hour's prevision of my country's future! What would I not give for it! Lady Olivia, in all your brilliant life, your social conquests, there is one sweet you have not tasted. You do not know the joy of winning a kingdom against enormous odds, and establishing a dynasty for one's self. I doubt even if you, clever as you are, understand what it means to an ambitious man like myself to know that I have done it by the strength of my own right arm. Indeed, I doubt very much if I know exactly the extent of my own feelings.'

'I think I can hazard a very good guess.'

'You have heard my story, then?'

'I have heard what was supposed to be your story, but whether it is the correct version I cannot of course tell. You see I have no means of judging.'

'Well, some day, if you will allow me, I will tell you my history myself. I think you will say that you have never heard a stranger.'

'But you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have succeeded. No one can rob you of that.'

'I have succeeded up to the present, but the question that haunts me day and night is, shall I continue to do so? There are so many difficulties in the way, and sometimes the path lies over such steep hills, that it seems hopeless to expect that one will ever arrive at the top.'

'That is not the account I have heard of you. Only to-day I had you described to me as a man of dauntless energy, whose boast it is that he does not know the meaning of the word "fail!"'

'Ah, I fear your informant flattered me. But I agree with you that is what the man who is to succeed must be. I must rouse myself, I must throw off this depression which has seized me, and play the part of a man. The truth is, I have been ill; I was only induced to leave my country when it became absolutely certain that unless I did so I should die. I went to Hong-kong, but they advised me to come home to Europe and consult a specialist. I came here, and next week I am to learn my fate. One tries not to be a coward, Lady Olivia, but one cannot help dreading what one may be told. So much depends upon my life, you see, the happiness of thousands, the fate of a new throne, even the independence of a country.'

Olivia looked up into the pale, handsome face of the king, and, as she did so, she heaved a heavy sigh.

'Will you believe me when I say how much I pity you?' she asked. 'I sympathise with you from the bottom of my heart.'

'I thank you,' he answered. 'When I inter-

preted for you on the Turkish frontier that dark night years ago, I was leaving Europe with all the world before me. My future was a blank page, on which I had then to write my name. It is a strange coincidence that, when I return to Europe, my name assured, you should be the first woman to whom I unbare my soul. But I must not detain you here. The night is growing cold, and our hostess will be wondering where we are.'

Olivia rose with a little shiver. Whether it was the damp night air, or the effect of the king's words, she could not say, but she felt more miserable than she had done for some time past. Inside the drawing-room the musicians were playing a selection from Gounod's *Faust*; and the plaintive melody seemed in keeping with her thoughts. She could not divest herself of the idea that it was all unreal. It was like a dream, vivid while it lasted, but from which she might expect any moment to awake. The moon rising above the house-tops, the dark shadow of the buildings opposite, the cries of the gondoliers as they turned into the narrow streets to right and left, the music in the room behind, and the mysterious King of the Médangs standing beside her, telling her of his throne, and the jeopardy in which his life was placed.

He pushed open the window for her, and escorted her into the room, where they found their hostess near the door, talking to the English consul. Bidding her good-night, and thanking her for her hospitality, the king accompanied Sir John down-stairs, followed by his aide-de-camp. On the stairs I encountered them.

'Good-night, my lord,' said the king, pausing for a moment to speak to me. 'I must repeat what a pleasure it has been to me to meet you. Perhaps, if you can spare the time, you will pay me a visit before you leave Venice; I shall be so glad to see you.'

'I will do myself the honour of waiting upon your Majesty whenever it will be most convenient to you to see me,' I answered.

'Shall we say on Saturday, then? At three o'clock, if that will suit you.'

'Three o'clock will suit me admirably,' I answered. 'I will be sure not to keep your majesty waiting.'

'I thank you. Good-night.'

I bade him good-night, and then went on up-stairs to the drawing-room, in search of Olivia. When I had found her, we made our *adieux*, thanked our hostess for the honour she had done us in introducing us to the king, and took our departure. One thing impressed me immediately, and that was my sister's quietness. We were no sooner under weigh than I rallied her on the subject by inquiring, now that she had seen His Majesty, the King of the Médangs, what she thought of him.

'I don't know what to think,' she answered. 'Victor, there is something very extraordinary about the man. Some magnetic quality that I cannot understand. Since I have spoken to him, I can only say that I do not at all wonder he has succeeded. He is the sort of man who would carry any enterprise through, however difficult. But I fancy he is very ill.'

'Ill?'

'Yes, very ill. He told me that that was the reason of his being here now. He is very despondent, and the way he spoke of the future of his country, if anything should happen to himself, almost brought the tears to my eyes.'

'He has asked me to call upon him on Saturday. I shall do so, but to-morrow I shall write to Blenkinson and ask him to let me hear by return of post all he knows of him. If there is a man in the world who is likely to know—he is that one.'

'Doesn't that seem a little as if we hardly trusted him?' asked Olivia. 'Ought we to make inquiries in that way, do you think?'

I looked at her in surprise. Could this be the same woman who, only that morning, had spoken of him as a mere adventurer? Verily, I thought to myself, if this is a sample of what he can do, His Majesty has indeed the power of converting his opponents to his own side. But whatever I may have thought, I was too wise in my generation to say anything to Olivia on the subject.

#### MORE ABOUT HORSELESS CARRIAGES.\*

IN Eastern fairy tale, when a man wanted to transport his body from one place to another, he unrolled a square of carpet, seated himself upon it, uttered a few mystic words, and in a twinkling was at the particular haven where he would be. This is certainly the simplest form of locomotion ever conceived, but unfortunately its secret has been lost. It is a pity that romance has, in this case, outstripped reality, for there is in human nature a restlessness which inspires a man to be on the move, and the quicker he can travel the better he likes it. To a child even, the prospect of a ride, a drive, a journey on the railway, or a lift on brother Tom's bicycle, is an event to be looked forward to with the greatest zest. There is a sense of exhilaration in being carried rapidly over the ground without self-exertion, and as it is a luxury which hitherto few could command, it has become customary to regard those who can afford to maintain a coach-house and stable as a race apart, who are distinguished from their less fortunate fellows by the appellation 'carriage-folk.' It is true that the gulf which formerly separated them from the common herd has been partly bridged by the bicycle, but still the man who keeps his own conveyance is 'a somebody.'

The thoughtful know full well that the keeping of horses brings with it anxiety, trouble, and expense, from which the man who is obliged to content himself with 'shanks's mare' is altogether exempt. Hence it comes about that the possibility of possessing a vehicle which shall be quite independent of animal power for its action—a little carriage which requires only the touch of a handle to set it bowling along at ten miles an hour or so—is a most tempting thing to hold out to those whose aspirations have never

reached higher than an omnibus, tramcar, or, on state occasions, a cab. The power of purchasing such a vehicle seems to bring one very near the flying carpet of the Eastern magician; and there is no romance about it, for the time is most surely near at hand when such vehicles will become comparatively common on our highways. Let us consider the present position of this important new departure.

Owing to legislative restrictions under which any vehicle which carries its own means of propulsion is regarded in the same light as a heavy traction engine, the horseless carriage industry in this country is held in abeyance. This enforced quietude must not be regarded as an unmitigated misfortune, although there are many who deplore the start given to foreign manufacturers by the freedom which they enjoy from any such restraint.

But it should be remembered that the manufacture of horseless carriages is as yet in its extreme infancy, and it must go through some years of probation before the best types are decided upon. As matters at present stand, we are looking on, while other nations are doing a vast amount of pioneer work, from which we presently shall reap much advantage without paying the premium of costly experiments. Recent exhibitions have made the public acquainted with the outward form of some of these new vehicles, and it must be apparent to most observers that they are at the best clumsy constructions which are capable of vast improvement. There is no necessity that they should slavishly follow the models supplied by the carriage-builder, and although this is the case at present, as it was for years in the matter of railway carriage design, we may feel sure that ultimately a new and distinct form will be found for these horseless vehicles, a form which will combine both strength and elegance.

Many forms of motive-power have been tried for road vehicles. They have been driven by wind, carrying sails like a ship; by coiled springs; by the expansion of gas, generally ammonia, or carbonic acid; and by ordinary coal-gas, compressed in cylinder, or carried in huge bellows. All these methods we may at once consign to oblivion, by reason of their impracticability. There remain three methods of propulsion which come within the bounds of things practical—and these are by electricity, by oil-engine, and by steam. We shall briefly consider the claims of each.

It may be thought that because tramways and railways are now being successfully worked by electricity, the same agent is applicable to highway use for other vehicles. But this is not so. In electric railways the heavy machinery and its attendant steam-engine for the generation of the current is stationary, and the electricity is conveyed to the vehicles through the medium of the rails, or from an overhead wire. To use the current for a vehicle independent of rails, we must carry secondary batteries or accumulators, and the weight of these is so excessive in comparison with the energy they afford, that the carriage becomes heavy in structure and most unwieldy. Moreover, the use of such carriages presupposes stations in every town where spent batteries can be exchanged for

\* See also *Journal* for 1895, page 563.



freshly charged ones. It may certainly become possible in the distant future to establish overhead lines on our highways which will supply currents to any vehicle hooking on to them, but at present this can only be regarded as a dream. We may therefore at once put electricity out of court, except as an agent for igniting the explosive vapour in an oil-engine, the next method of propulsion which comes under review.

An oil-engine is, in point of fact, a gas-engine, for the oil which it carries is vaporised—that is, turned into gas and mixed with a certain proportion of air before it can be utilised. This mixture, when exploded, in most cases by an electric spark, gives energy to a piston in a cylinder, and motion is obtained by a crank in the familiar manner. No boiler is necessary; the working parts are few and simple, and we may at once say that the system is admirably adapted to a light vehicle for the use of one or two persons. Such a vehicle is said to have travelled on one occasion at the rate of sixty miles per hour. But it is obvious to any mechanician that a speed so high, if desirable, could only be possible for an extremely short distance, on account of the rapid heating of the working parts. Speed, however, is not a first requisite, and it stands to reason that, for the sake of pedestrians and others, the rate at which these autocars travel must be regulated within well-defined limits.

For heavy work no motive-power has been found so tractable and satisfactory in every way as steam, although engineers have not yet learned how to utilise more than ten per cent. of the energy expended in raising it. And what applies to the steam-engine employed for other purposes, applies equally well to steam as a driver of horseless carriages. But the popular idea of a steam locomotive, which may be tersely summed up in the formula 'Puffing Billy,' must be at once dismissed from the mind. It is a new type of engine altogether which will invade our highways.

It will have a smokeless fire, and its boiler will consist of coiled tubes, kept at a low red heat, into which a little water will be injected periodically, to be instantly converted into superheated steam. On rough, hilly ground, a slight increase in the water-supply will make additional steam, so that the energy at command can be doubled or trebled, and the hill conquered without difficulty or reduction of speed. And it is here, especially, that the steam-engine compares so favourably with engines of the petroleum kind; for the latter have no reserve power to fall back upon when additional force is needed. Another advantage in favour of steam is that coke and water are obtainable everywhere, except, perhaps, in the desert of Sahara.

In the suburbs of Paris there are several tramways which are already worked by steam, as they are in various towns in England. But in Paris the Serpollet, or tubular boiler, is used exclusively, and the cars are driven at high rates of speed. These tubular boilers, it is asserted, are quite free from any risk of explosion, and they are officially allowed to be worked up to a pressure of ninety-four atmospheres—which is equal to more than one thousand four hundred

pounds, the tubes having been first tested to more than double that pressure.

It is not generally known that the use of steam on our high-roads is no novelty. At the beginning of the century many vehicles driven by steam were tried as rivals to the stage-coach, and some of them ran at a fair speed, and carried passengers from town to town. There was much opposition to them, and all kinds of obstacles—including such solid ones as heaps of stones laid across the roads—were placed in their way. A few unfortunate accidents, added to other difficulties, eventually signed their death-warrant, and the traffic came to an end. But now, as we have already indicated, the use of the steam-engine is placed upon an entirely new footing. Owing to the introduction of mild steel, it is possible to combine in one vehicle great lightness and extreme strength. The bicycle is a splendid example of what can be done in this way, and, in addition to strength of construction, we have mild steel as a material for tubular boilers. It is fair to assume that the future autocar, instead of being a copy of the coach-builders' model, will be something quite different. It would be well for intending manufacturers to offer prizes for the best designs sent in for horseless vehicles, making it a condition that neither the modern carriage nor the railway coach shall be taken as a model. Designers have now the opportunity of offering us something of a novel character, and they should bear in mind, in drawing out their plans, that they have in modern steel, and in aluminium and its alloys, materials which readily lend themselves to strength and lightness.

The bill which is now before Parliament will probably become law before many months have passed, for no opposition to its passage is anticipated. It provides that the new vehicles shall be placed on exactly the same footing as horse-drawn carriages; but, of course, the altered conditions of their construction require special regulations. For instance, the petroleum which is necessary to many of them comes under the head of an explosive, and great care has to be exercised in dealing with it. It is true that some of the vehicles are adapted for the use of heavy, non-explosive oils; but these compounds are generally so objectionable by reason of their strong odour, that they will never come into common use. The liquid mostly used is known as benzine, and as it gives off an inflammable vapour at ordinary temperatures, it is certainly a dangerous thing to deal with, and must never be handled except by daylight. The new bill makes suitable provisions as to the storage and use of this treacherous agent, and the Secretary of State is empowered to issue instructions with regard to it. The maximum weight of a horseless carriage is to be four tons; it must never be left without control, it must not whistle or make any other disagreeable noise, and its construction must be of an unobjectionable nature. These are the principal provisions of the bill, which has already been read a second time in the House of Lords, and which, there is every reason to believe, will meet with equal support in the House of Commons.

An important amendment on the bill has been made when before the standing committee, to the effect that there be left out of the bill the prohibition against the light locomotive drawing any vehicle, and to insert a provision that one vehicle might be drawn, which should not exceed with the locomotive, weight unladen, four tons.

A new industry is pretty sure to attract that ubiquitous individual known as the Company promoter. No sooner is a discovery made, a new thing patented, or an old one revived or improved, than it is scented by these vultures of the financial world. The horseless carriage is no exception to the rule, and Companies are already flaunting their banners, in the form of prospectuses, before the public eye, in the hope of raising capital with which to work out their plans. But let the public hesitate before investing their money in projects which are, at present, in quite an experimental stage. Even if the whole enterprise were cut and dried, and if the most perfect form of motor and vehicle had been achieved, it is a grave question whether any Company promotion is necessary. In no country in the world are better carriages built, or more wonderful engineering feats achieved, than in Britain, and it may safely be assumed that we have scores of firms who are competent enough and wealthy enough to build any kind of autocar which public demand may call for. As soon as the bill now before Parliament becomes law, manufacturers will vie with one another in the production of efficient horseless carriages, and the public will have many to choose from. We need hardly say that the great natural law of the survival of the fittest will apply here as in other things.

## A LOCAL VIEW.

### CHAPTER VII. (*continued*).

THERE is one case, at least, in which to be grateful on account of a fellow-creature's death calls for a high form of human charity. Frederick Farnley furnished such a case. Nature forestalled the law in exacting her debt. When the day of execution arrived, the condemned man was in the delirium of rheumatic fever, and before the lapse of the respite, he was dead. It is right to state that the event was almost universally lamented, and the general feeling, far beyond the small limits of Crownley, was that the law had been unfairly cheated of its due.

Two persons alone were glad that death had intervened. We need not inquire into their motives. They were Mary Dalton and her mother, who learned of the condemned man's death far from England, and shrouded his dark memory with their gentle charity. Mr Seth Farnley, also in voluntary exile, heard the news as an unexpected 'bit of luck.' To that extent it gratified him. Mr Seth Farnley's place of exile, it need hardly be added, is Argentina, where he proposes to settle for good.

The lapse of a year, assisted by the absence

of those most nearly connected with the events of this story, removed these events back into local history. It was known that Mrs Dalton and her daughter would never return to Crownley; and not long after their departure for Italy, the house they had lived in was sold by the trustees, together with all its contents. They corresponded for a while with one or two friends in the parish, and then the letters ceased, and they passed out of local interest.

Maitland was generous enough not to be wounded by a formal farewell, in the presence of others, and by an apparent forgetfulness of him which they showed after leaving Crownley. Yet, he asked himself, why should either mother or daughter write to him from abroad? The latter would hardly do so, and the former could have no wish to do what might revive hopes now past realisation. All was over; and instead of indulging vain regrets, Dr Maitland shut them up in a secret tabernacle of his breast, and applied himself with greater earnestness to his work.

One afternoon in late September, the two ladies sat in the drawing-room of a quiet Kensington hotel. They had returned to England two months earlier, and had spent the interval at a western sea-side place. They were not much changed, outwardly, except that Mrs Dalton looked stronger, and her daughter, if a little older now and settled by trial, gained rather than suffered in point of beauty by the experience. They were discussing the project of a place of future residence, for of travelling and hotel life both had had enough.

'A new house, with everything in it also new, takes a good while to make into a home, Mary,' said Mrs Dalton.

'It is a pity everything was sold at Crownley,' was the answer, regretfully spoken.

After a silence, the girl added:

'Would it not save Mr Fairfield's time, mamma, if we went to him this evening, instead of bringing him here?'

'I think it would, Mary; Mr Fairfield's time is of value. Send him a little telegram that we are coming to call.'

The alacrity with which Mary proceeded to send the message was hardly needed to show Mrs Dalton the secret wish that underlay her daughter's suggestion. They went to Croham, and spent half an hour with the solicitor; and then, as they were leaving, the suggestion was softly made by Mary Dalton that they should walk quietly as far as Crownley, and take one look at the place.

And so they went, recognised by none, until they came in view of the church. For some little time they remained gazing silently. Strangers occupied the vicarage now, and they—the visitors—felt like ghosts of the past who had no right to intrude in those precincts. They knew there was an affectionate tablet in



the church to the late vicar's memory, because they had a photograph of it.

Turning back by another road, they saw a short way before them a certain detached corner house. The girl was the first to recognise it, and to hesitate. It was the house Dr Maitland had taken, fifteen months before—and how long ago it seemed!

'What ought we to do, mamma?' she whispered anxiously. 'I—I should not like to pass. Shall we go back?'

'I think not, Mary, and I am sure you do not wish to do so unkind an act,' said Mrs Dalton, who suspected more than she put in words. 'Don't you remember,' she added, dropping her voice as they slowly approached the house, 'the promise we once made, to come and see his new house? We have not fulfilled it.'

The girl lowered her face and made no reply. They were at the door, and they did not notice that it bore no brass plate. A maid answered the bell.

'Dr Maitland?' the servant answered, with surprise. 'No, ma'am; I believe the doctor once lived here, but he is not in the neighbourhood now. He went away.'

They went quickly back to the station, and returned to London. Neither mother nor daughter said a word about Dr Maitland during the whole journey—and very few words about anything else. Their silence told the tale of their disappointment, and of much more. Wherever Maitland now might be, he certainly filled the thoughts of those two, to the exclusion of all else, and made them both unhappy.

'Mamma,' said Mary, late in the evening, 'don't you think London is the best place to settle in? There is so much—so much to interest one, every day, in London.'

'As you wish, darling,' said the mother tenderly. She understood her daughter's feeling. 'And I see your wrist is swelling again, Mary, and we must show it to an English surgeon. I don't half trust foreign doctors—though they may be clever enough.'

Mary Dalton pulled up the sleeve off her white wrist, and looked at it carelessly. It had received a sprain some months before. It was undoubtedly swollen.

'Yes,' she answered, 'we will go to a doctor in the morning. There is one close by, in the square, for I noticed the lamp.'

There is no more to be told, excepting an incident connected with this consultation. On ringing the bell, and learning that the doctor was in, the servant, for some reason, showed them into the doctor's study instead of the usual waiting-room, and closed the door.

'Mamma!'

Mrs Dalton was equally startled. The old vicarage study seemed reproduced (points of difference being at first unnoticed) by the table, the writing-desk, the arm-chair, the very books even (for many of them were here, on the old shelves), the portrait over the mantel-piece, and, in the same position, beyond the hearthrug, the cosy little chair her uncle had kept in his study for Mary's own use.

Before they could ask themselves the meaning of all this, the servant came back.

'The doctor is in the consulting-room,' she said; 'will you please come this way?'

Mary Dalton followed the maid, and did not notice, until she was entering the consulting-room, that her mother had not accompanied them. As the door was at once closed by the maid, there was no time to think about it.

Mrs Dalton sat down and waited. In a few minutes she heard them coming, and turned an expectant face to the door. The doctor entered, laughing, along with the young lady.

'Dr Maitland! I am so—glad!' Mrs Dalton exclaimed, blushing with happiness, and standing up with extended hands.

The doctor not only pressed the two small hands within his own, but, most unprofessionally, bent down and kissed her forehead. Mary Dalton, meantime, shyly looked on.

'We thought, when we called yesterday at your old house,' said Mrs Dalton, tears and smiles mingling on her face, 'that we had—we had lost you! And it is only by a mere chance—because of Mary's wrist'—

The recollection seemed to bring her back to a more serious vein, which perhaps was only assumed. 'By the way, what do you think of Mary's wrist?'

Dr Maitland was obliged to confess, with a smile, that this was the first he had heard of the trouble. Mary held it out to him now, averting her face with very pretty shame, and the doctor examined the white wrist as attentively as circumstances allowed. But, in all probability, the result proved eventually satisfactory.

THE END.

## THE SPECTROSCOPE: ITS ACHIEVEMENTS.

Of all instruments of scientific research, the most subtle is certainly the spectroscope. It outstrips the telescope itself in the investigation of the nature of the heavenly bodies and phenomena of interstellar space, and far surpasses the microscope in the detection of infinitesimal particles of matter. Until within a few years the telescope was the only instrument by which astronomical investigations could be carried on, but it was unable to do more than give information as to the form, size, and colour of the fixed stars and nebulae—those hazy patches in the sky whose nature had hitherto puzzled astronomers. With the aid of the spectroscope, however, not only is the nature of these celestial bodies revealed, but also their condition as regards relative age, temperature, and motion towards or away from the solar system.

The spectroscope is an instrument for analysing light. It consists essentially of a triangular bit of glass through which the light to be analysed and examined is passed. The three-sided prisms often seen hanging around gasaliers, vases, &c., and which attract our attention by the resplendent colours into which light passing through them is decomposed, are really spectroscopes in the rough. Glass shaped after the

fashion of these prismatic drops has the power, as Newton showed long ago, of separating a ray of light which is a blend of various colours into the colours which compose it. White light, Newton proved, was such a blend, and not a pure colour, as had hitherto been believed. But that philosopher was unable, though he made the attempt, to detect what was of far more importance from a practical point of view than the separation of light into its constituent colours—namely, dark spaces or gaps in the colours so separated. These spaces or gaps are the essential objects of study in spectrum analysis. The honour of first observing them falls to Wollaston, who used sunlight as did Newton, but experimented in a different manner. Wollaston employed a fine slit—the other necessary part of the spectroscope—through which he first passed a ray of light before allowing it to fall on the prism. He did not, however, recognise the value of his discovery, probably regarding it as peculiar rather than important; nor could he have imagined for a moment that the study of these dark spaces or lines—for they are really images of the slit—would subsequently reveal the constitution of the sun to us. In 1814, Fraunhofer, a Munich optician, examined and mapped the positions of five hundred and seventy-six of these lines, which have ever since been called Fraunhofer's lines, though they have now increased to three thousand. The importance of these lines as a means of investigation is at once apparent when it is mentioned that every simple or elementary substance, when heated till it becomes a glowing vapour or gas, possesses a set of lines peculiar to itself whose positions remain fixed. By an examination of the light from glowing gases, then, the nature of the gases is instantly revealed, and their composition unerringly detected. The decision of the spectroscope is almost infallible.

The surpassing delicacy of this instrument renders it indispensable in the domain of chemical research, in regard to the constitution of rare substances occurring in such minute quantities that ordinary means of measurement and analysis by chemical processes are altogether out of the question. When every other means of research is exhausted, one look into the spectroscope is sufficient to reveal the presence of a substance. The mere clapping of the hands or the striking together of the pages of a dusty book in the presence of a gas-jet is sufficient to produce a certain line of yellow light—the unfailing sign of the presence of the metal sodium, the chief constituent of common table salt—in a spectroscope placed at some distance. Sodium is a constituent of a great number of organic substances, but it occurs in such minute proportions that, even were it isolated, the microscope would be quite out of court in the detection of the metal; yet by

simply burning a substance containing it, even in infinitesimal quantities, its presence is shown by the spectroscope without the possibility of a mistake.

By the employment of spectrum analysis, that is, analysis by means of the spectroscope, a number of elementary metals have been discovered. The German physicists Bunsen and Kirchhoff were the first to make a discovery of this kind. Cesium and rubidium were discovered by them, to which were soon added thallium by Crookes and indium by Reich and Richter; then a fifth, gallium, by Lecoq de Boisbaudran. All these metals are somewhat rare, and would in all probability have escaped detection for a long time to come but for this comparatively new method of research.

Quite recently the spectroscope played an important part in the discovery of the new gas, argon, which has been found by Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay to form about one-hundredth part of the earth's atmosphere. And only the other day, as a result of extended researches on the above gas, the spectroscope is responsible for the announcement made by one of the above-mentioned scientists, Professor Ramsay, that he has discovered in company with the new gas, obtained from a rare Norwegian mineral, the substance helium—a mysterious substance which had hitherto only been observed by the spectroscope to exist in the sun, and whose occurrence on earth or anywhere else was problematical. These are a few of the triumphs of this exquisite instrument as a potent weapon of discovery in the regions of chemistry and physics.

But wonderful as have been the achievements of the spectroscope in the examination and discovery of terrestrial substances, they have been even more remarkable in the domain of astronomy, and, as results of its work, celestial chemistry and physics have arisen as branches of that science. By a comparison of the 'spectrum' or lines observed in sunlight with the spectra of substances found on earth, Kirchhoff demonstrated that a large number of terrestrial elements exist in the sun, amongst which are the well-known substances, hydrogen, iron, nickel, zinc, copper, lead, and aluminium. It appears to be an extraordinary fact that oxygen, which is so lavishly prevalent on earth, seems to have deserted the sun altogether—none being observable in that luminary. For an element to attest its presence in the spectroscope, it must not only be present in considerable relative quantity, and in the gaseous form, but must occupy a position in the sun's atmosphere where its spectrum may be made manifest by the light from the body of the sun shining through it. Thus it is probable that all terrestrial elements exist in the sun, but are not in a condition to make themselves evident. Further, the spectroscope shows that there are substances in the sun, and still more in the fixed stars, which have not yet been met with on earth.

The sun consists of two distinct portions—the body of the sun, which is called the photosphere; and a layer of gaseous matter which envelops it, called the chromosphere. Spectroscopic examination indicates that the photo-



sphere is an extremely hot solid or liquid mass; while the chromosphere consists chiefly of glowing hydrogen and helium rising in huge tongues of flame to a height of from five to ten thousand miles, or in the form of vast overhanging clouds, connected with the photosphere by columns or stems like colossal waterspouts, reaching from ten to one hundred and fifty thousand miles above the sun's surface. Sun spots, the spectroscope shows, are either relatively cooler portions of the sun's body, or matters in the sun's atmosphere which intercept and absorb the light from the photosphere. The corona, that haze which is seen to surround the sun like a halo during a total eclipse, is shown to be mainly due to sunlight reflected from the meteoric dust which surrounds the sun on all sides.

While the planets give the same spectra as sunlight, the spectra of the fixed stars are distinctly different from that of the sun, confirming the surmise that they do not shine by reflected sunlight, but are suns themselves, and self-luminous. But 'one star differeth from another in glory.' Though there are numerous lines in the light of the stars observed coincident with those in sunlight, showing that many substances which are present in our sun and on earth exist also in those other far-away suns, there are many lines which have no counterpart in the solar spectrum. This is to be attributed, however, not so much to a difference in their constitution as to a difference in their condition as regards temperature; and it is highly probable that all celestial bodies differ not at all in the stuff they are made of.

An exceedingly interesting application of the spectroscope has been its employment in a determination of the rate of recession or approach of the so-called 'fixed' stars. By the nature of light, the lines in the spectra of a luminous body are shifted from their normal position to one side or another, according as the body is receding from or approaching the observer. Using this delicate method of observing the motions of stars, it has been found that a number of these suns are approaching ours, while others are receding. The same method has been successfully employed in determining the movements of the clouds of hydrogen in the solar atmosphere; and filaments of glowing vapour have been observed to rush upwards to a height of two hundred thousand miles above the sun's surface, at the rate of one hundred and sixty-six miles per second. Other examples of this striking application of spectrum analysis has been the determination of the sun's rotation, the rotation of Jupiter, and the motion of Venus in the line of sight.

The answer given by the spectroscope in regard to the nature of nebulae is that, while some of these curious shreds and patches of light are clusters of stars, others are masses of luminous gas, chiefly nitrogen and hydrogen. It has been unable, however, to give any decisive verdict as to the constitution of comets, meteors, and the aurora or 'northern lights,' the extreme faintness of the light in one instance, and the short duration in the other, rendering the investigation of these objects one of great difficulty. But further developments

of the instrument, and more perfect methods of observing, will undoubtedly in the near future bring these strange phenomena well within the sphere of spectrum analysis.

## GEORDIE'S JUSTICE.

By A. M. F. CLELAND.

### I.

THOSE who have ever had the misfortune to travel by road or by rail through the 'Black Country' will not have failed to notice here and there strange piles of buildings, surmounted by numerous squat chimneys belching forth rolling clouds of thick smoke. At the base of each chimney stands an open furnace, dull-red in appearance when viewed in mid-day light—or what passes for such in those parts—but glowing with a brilliant brightness at night-time, and casting lurid beams athwart the murky atmosphere.

It has occasionally happened that a traveller has had the still greater misfortune to be detained, for a few minutes, opposite such a pile of buildings contiguous to the railway. He may have then observed numerous black figures, like imps in Purgatory, flitting about the mouths of the furnaces, snatching therefrom glowing masses of material that hissed and sparkled and sent shooting-stars of light far and wide, which morsels the imps forthwith conveyed to the maws of repulsive ogres standing near by. These would seize the fiery tit-bits in their revolving teeth, with horrid clangour, noise, and din, masticate them well and then expectorate them as plates or bars or rods of blue-gray iron, which would be speedily carried away and deposited in assorted heaps in various parts of the yard, where they would cause the surrounding air to vibrate for hours after.

It is such a factory, or rolling-mill, that is the scene of our story. The particular rolling-mill we are interested in had had for three months now a specially busy and profitable time. The firm had secured a large contract for plates and what not, required for some most important bridge-work in India, and all hands had been working nearly night and day for some weeks back. So anxious, indeed, were the Indian engineers to have the contract completed in time that they had promised the firm a premium of five hundred pounds if the order were executed by the date agreed upon. The manager of the mill in his turn had offered each man a bonus of two pounds, over and above the good wage he had been drawing since the order came in, if the firm should gain the premium. Loyalty, hard work, and united effort seemed as if they would win the day; the last week of the allotted time had been entered upon, and so far the work was not an hour behind.

Now in every body of men there are some malcontents and grumblers. And so surely as one drop of quicksilver runs into another, so does one disaffected man seek a second, and together they bemoan their hard fate.

In Top Lane Works, Blacktown, the mill in question, the disaffected ones had all amalgamated into one gang, that in charge of No. 4 Train. Each gang numbered five men, and in the one specially attached to No. 4 Train were Bob Rowe and Sam Tappit, with three others, all grumblers more or less.

What were the primary causes, real or imaginary, of their disaffection it would have been useless to inquire. Some men are born grumblers. Perhaps it originated with the newly-appointed manager, who, as Sam Tappit said, 'was a sight too tight with them' in his ideas of discipline, and always insisted on getting a shilling's worth of work for a shilling's worth of wage.

This 'tightness' on the part of the manager would not, in itself, have led to anything serious, for, as a rule, a British employer of labour deals with his hands in a fair and equitable manner, and the members of No. 4 gang would, in time, have bowed to circumstances and done their allotted portion of work perforce, though grudgingly.

Unfortunately, before this good time arrived they made an ingenious attempt to swell the daily weight of iron passing through their hands, which formed the basis of their rate of pay, by treating it in an imaginative or fictitious manner. Their hypothetical multiplications and additions being detected caused a loss of a week's wage, and likewise made them the laughing-stock of the whole mill. Then they felt they had a grievance.

Now when the British workman has a grievance—writ large, in capital letters—he does not stick at trifles. The members of No. 4 gang smarted under the daily ridicule they were subjected to, and to such a height had the tide of their ill-humour risen that it threatened to swamp their loyalty to the firm and their fellow-workmen. So little pleased were they, apparently, with the good and regular wage they had been drawing for so long a period, with the exception of that one unfortunate week, that they were actually casting about for means whereby they might prevent the punctual completion of the contract.

They would thus be able to spite the firm, the manager, and the men. The firm would forfeit the premium; the manager would lose a certain amount of credit; and the men would lose their bonuses. Of course, Bob and his friends would also lose their bonuses; but for that they did not care a button, so long as they could find a vent for their spleen.

At length a likely suggestion was made by Bob, eagerly taken up by Sam and the rest of the gang, and between them they had shortly concocted a nice little plot.

The plot suggested was simple enough as plots go. In all manufactories where there is much machinery, one man, one boy even, can

work incalculable mischief if he be so minded. The only difficulty is to avoid detection at the time or discovery afterwards.

Now none of the precious members constituting No. 4 gang had any desire, or intention, to be detected if they could possibly avoid it. The employees at Top Lane Works were exceedingly democratic in their tendencies. They would be sure to take a perverted view of the proposed action of the malcontents, perhaps misunderstand their motives. The result, in case of discovery, would be one exceedingly painful to the feelings of Rowe, Tappit, and Company. Therefore it behoved them to be exceedingly cautious.

Each gang had attached to it a boy of thirteen to fifteen years of age, whose main duties were to look after the men's breakfast and dinner cans, and frequently, far too frequently in fact, to bring them huge bottles of freshly-drawn beer, the work of a rolling-mill being of an exceedingly hot and dusty nature. He had also to be at work every morning half an hour before the men, in order to oil and clean the machine.

Now Bob's idea was for their boy, or 'nipper,' as he was called, to place a piece of iron about the size of his fist among the cog-wheels of No. 4 train, as he was cleaning it, in such a position that on the first revolution of the rollers the wheels would break. The delay so caused—a couple of days at least—would lose the firm the premium. The plot was laid on Saturday, and was to be put into execution on the following Monday morning. The time allowed for the contract terminated on Tuesday at five in the afternoon; the work turned out from No. 4 train was the most important of all; if No. 4 broke down the premium was off. 'Bootiful,' cried Bob, giving his huge thigh a resounding smack. 'Tom-may!' he bellowed out; and at his cry, Tommy, 'nipper' in ordinary to No. 4, came running towards where the group composing the gang was standing.

Bob Rowe was the strongest, biggest, and most brutal man of any in the yard, where all were strong and big, and not a few, alas! brutal. Only too well did Tommy know him to be a gentleman who would not allow his 'nippers' to keep him waiting long. So he hurried up and stood in the midst of the group of five swarthy, bare-armed, leathern-aproned men, gazing inquiringly from one face to another.

'Tommy, lad,' said Sam Tappit, 'you're fillin' out fine. You'll soon have a gang o' your own, boy.'

Sam Tappit was a man whose sole aim in life was to get as much 'brass' as possible with as little effort as might be. The long spell of hard work under the present contract had disgusted him, more especially as Geordie Donce, the foreman, had kept a sharp eye on No. 4 gang, and gave them no chance for idling.

'Here, nipper, here's a tanner for you,' said another of the five, pitching a sixpenny-piece across to Tommy; 'that old grannie o' yours don't give you many such, I reckon.'

Now Tommy was only fifteen years old, and not over big at that. He had never attended either day, night, or Sunday school, nor had he ever entered a church. His clothes were somewhat tattered and excessively grimy. Tommy's



face, too, looked as if it would benefit by an introduction to Mistress Soap and her children, Water and Towel. And yet, beneath the grime, an acute observer might have seen somewhat of an angel, although by no means an orthodox one.

As before stated, Tommy had never yet seen the inside of a place of worship. His mother had died when he was a three-months' baby. Shortly after his father was killed, scalded by molten iron, through an accident at a foundry in another part of the town. So Tommy's life had all along been a hard one, spent with his sole relation, his grannie, who, poor body, drew a precarious income. A little charring and an occasional job as caretaker in some empty house, plus Tommy's weekly wage—five shillings—had to keep them both. Her ideas on matters of worship were somewhat in want of repair.

'No, lad,' she would say, 'we'se can't go to churches or chapels; such isn't for the likes o' us. 'Tis only gentlefolks go there.'

There was no bitterness in this. It was to her one of the facts of life she accepted, without troubling to understand it, just as she accepted her general poverty and hard lot.

But, Tommy, she would continue, laying her wrinkled hand on his shoulder, and bringing her dim eyes to bear on his, 'them as does go to churches and such like, and them as musn't go, or all to do the same thing; they're all got to act square.'

And that was all Tommy's theology and dogma, all his creed and articles of belief: to act square, which he understood to mean that he was never to scow or idle, or seamp his work; and never fight, unless with a lad of his own size or bigger. Swear he did hourly, and likewise loved ratting and dog-fighting, and on rare occasions a pull at the men's beer; but lie or steal he would not.

Had you asked him to repeat the eighth commandment he would have stared at you blankly, and perhaps with some suspicion that you were 'takin' 'im out for a holiday!' But had you asked him why he did not steal, he would instantly have replied, 'cos it ain't square.'

There was also a good bit of native shrewdness in his character, so that his suspicions were at once aroused by Sam's compliments and the unexpected and most unusual offer of a sixpence. He kept his fists in his breeches' pockets, and shifted about his heavy clogs, between the tops of which and the bottoms of his rather skimpy trousers his grimy sockless shanks appeared.

'Wot d'yer want?' he asked shortly, looking at them from under his shaggy red hair.

Sam Tappit explained the plot in detail, and told him how and when they expected him to carry out his part of it.

'Why, yow'd lose yer bonuses,' he exclaimed contemptuously.

'Bonus be hanged! What's a matter o' two quid?' burst out bully Bob, aiming a kick at the nipper, which Tommy nimbly avoided. 'Are yow goin' to do it or arn't yo?'

'No, I'll not,' said Tommy boldly; 'it's a—shame.'

Thereupon he was threatened with fearful

penalties if he refused. He should, they told him, be kicked and cuffed, though, in common with all the nippers, he had plenty of that every day. He should be made to sit on hot bars; he should work double time in front of the furnaces; and in short, as Mr Rowe put it with native elegance, 'they'd pull his — soul out of his — body' if he refused to do their bidding.

Then Tommy thought in his crafty little brain, if he should promise to do it on Monday morning and not keep his word, the machines would not be stopped again till Tuesday night at five, when he and all the yard hoped premium and bonuses would be gained. So at last he consented and was released, with threats of what would happen to him, if he showed the white feather.

Monday morning came, and with it, promptly at six o'clock, came Bob and his gang, with Nipper Tommy. All was eager expectation in the gang; everything was ready; the men were at their posts, and Geordie Donce superintending.

Geordie, as he was always fond of telling visitors, had been with the firm forty years. He habitually wore a waistcoat that had once been of fur, but looked now like a piece of old leather. The first three fingers of his left hand were missing, having been cut off, nearly thirty years ago, as an act of revengeful spite on the part of a fellow-worker. 'But we squared matters,' Geordie would say, with a savage grind of his teeth, 'we settled up all reet;' and looking at the stern old man, with his short, thick crop of iron-gray hair, keen blue eyes, and straight-cut mouth and thin lips, one felt sure that the balance of that account would be on his side.

Shortly after six all the machines, No. 4 included, began anew their weekly grind. Round went the rollers Bob and his men were so interested in with never a hitch. To Geordie's surprise the men stopped and gaped and looked so foolish that he called out to know if anything was wrong. Tommy grinned in spite of himself, whereupon Bob, in passing, aimed a blow at him with his fist. It missed the boy as his kick of Saturday had done, but the attempt was not unobserved by Geordie. Now Geordie had a good heart beneath that fur waistcoat, and always tried to stop wanton cruelty towards any of the boys, who in return gave him loyal service.

'Od rot ye, Bob; keep yer hands off the nipper; he's doin' nowt to ye.'

No nipper ever thought of taking liberties with 'Mister' Donce; such would have been followed by curses and peradventure by laying on of blows. But the life of a nipper in a busy iron manufacturing establishment is one that induces a preternatural degree of sharpness in those humble workers, and they were not slow to detect a heart which held a soft core beneath that old leathern waistcoat. A word now and then a little less gruff than usual, a half smile playing round the thin straight lips, or a kindly look in the keen blue eyes were sufficient for them; and as a consequence they were imbued with a spirit of loyalty to Geordie from their greasy caps to their iron-shod clogs.

He was about the dirtiest man in the whole yard. In fact, he was wont to say when some one might ask if he'd washed himself that week: 'No, lad, I've done wi'out soap fur twenty year, and I'll do wi'out it till I die; they can wesh me then if they like.'

Tommy quaked, however, at dinner-hour, and kept out of the way of Bob and his friends. In fact he did not seek their company all that day, nor the next. Nothing was said, to his great delight, and he fondly hoped the matter would pass over. Tuesday night came and the premium was won, with great rejoicings on the part of all the men. Wednesday and the rest of the week passed, and still nothing was mentioned by either Bob Rowe or Sam Tappit. Saturday came round in course, and Tommy was making his way across the shed on his way home, happy, and with his five shillings in his pocket, when he heard a heavy tread behind him and felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder, whilst the deep voice of Sam growled in his ear:

'Nipper, yo're wanted.'

With the heavy hand still on his shoulders, Tommy was led to the end of the shed, and there found the rest of the gang assembled. He was placed in the midst; and, looking first at one brutal face and then another, wondered with fear what they would want him to do this time.

'Well, nipper,' said Bob, 'yo thought yo'd diddle us, did yo? Blame me, yo'll find Monday mornin's work was the worst yo ever did.'

Tommy set his teeth, whilst his heart beat quick and fast. Plainly they meant business now.

'We're not goin' to be hard on yo', Tommy; but yer owe it to us to do summat to make up for the shabby trick yo played us.'

This was from another of the gang, whose heart was not quite so hard as those of the others, and who was inclined to be lenient.

'Yes, by G—,' burst out Bob, 'and he'd better pay up soon, too.'

They then told him that, in order to show them that he was sorry for the fraud he had practised on them, and in order to teach him to obey orders in future, he was to take the earliest opportunity of poisoning the 'gaffer's nag.'

Poor Tommy; this was touching him in a very tender place indeed.

Next to his mill, the manager loved his noble brown mare that bore him proudly from his home to the works, and back again from the works to his home, regularly every morning and evening. During the day she was stabled at the works, and condescended to munch at the hay and oats provided for her, excellent of their kind, but with surroundings such as she disapproved of strongly.

Often in the dinner-hour Tommy would steal into the shed that formed her stable, and gently stroke her soft glossy sides, and she would rattle her chain and turn her beautiful neck round and gaze at him with soft eyes. Then he would rub her velvety nose, and she would bend one clear-cut ear towards him and dilate her moist red nostrils, and even take white oats

out of his grimy hand. So that a strange and curious affection had sprung up between these two creatures: the human, ragged and ill-fed; the brute, waited on by two men and a boy, warmly housed, never hungry.

Tears started to Tommy's eyes, and ran in brown channels down his dirty cheeks, as he begged and implored the hard men around him to ask him to do anything rather than that. But no; the more he begged the more obdurate they became. Sam produced a poisoned ball, coated with sugar, which he said Tommy was to give the mare on Monday morning.

No: the boy could not do it, let the consequences be what they might. But when they told him that, if he refused, they would tie him to a plate and put him through one of the mills, his courage nearly failed him. True, he did not think they would actually kill him, but many a boy had been maimed for life by such brutal men as those he had to deal with. One boy he knew had had all his hair burnt off by a man 'in joke' bringing a red-hot bar close to it; and others he had heard of who had suffered, some to a greater, some to a less degree. Still he could not kill that beautiful creature, who always seemed to be expecting him every day he entered the stable.

'Come along then,' said Sam, 'put him through.'

They seized him and strapped him down on a piece of iron plate, stretching his left arm along the plate above his head and binding the other to his side. Then, carrying the plate to one of the machines standing behind a great heap of bars, they placed it on the table in front, whilst Sam went to the starting lever and Bob took hold of the plate and pushed it up to the rollers. They really intended then to put him in. He should have to give way. But just then he heard the familiar 'trot, trot' of the mare, as she swept past the end of the shed which abutted on the high-road, bearing the manager on his way to his happy home and her respectable stable. No, a thousand times no; he would be killed himself rather than kill her.

'Will yo do it?' asked Bob, bringing his cruel eyes down close to the terror-stricken orbs of the courageous lad.

'No'—the reply came in a dry, thin voice.

'Set her goin', Sam,' Bob called out.

Sam pulled the lever and the roller slowly began to revolve. The plate was gradually dragged in till a space of but two feet intervened between the rollers and the outstretched fingers. They creaked on—the machine was an old-fashioned one and seldom used—and the distance became eighteen inches. Turning his head a little, Tommy could see the top roller moving down, the bottom one creeping up, and the distance now only a foot; nine inches; six inches.

'Yes, yes, I'll do it,' he sobbed; 'oh! take me off, take me off.'

'Stop her, Sam.'

Sam pulled at the lever. It would not move a hair's-breadth. The rollers still creaked on. Three inches only were left.

'Blast yo, stop her, stop her!' shouted Bob frantically; 'he'll be in, sure as death!'



The other men rushed to help Sam, but the lever would not budge, tug at it as they might.

One inch; half an inch! Then, as he felt the cold rollers touch his fingers, one piercing shriek reverberated through the length of the shed.

(*To be continued.*)

### THE DECLINE OF THE MALAGA RAISIN TRADE.

THESE are sad times for Malaga. Twenty years ago, five million boxes of dessert raisins were produced and shipped. Nowadays scarcely a tenth part of that quantity is grown, while the difficulty of sale is increasing yearly. The falling-off is due to two causes. First, the phylloxera, which wrought terrible havoc in the vineyards, and left the luxuriant hillsides bare. Possibly the trade might have recovered from this blow with the replanting of the vines, had not the Malagueños themselves chosen a delightfully characteristic way of fatally injuring it. Finding they received larger orders than they could cope with, they ingenuously commenced shipping short weight, and exported eighteen pounds of raisins in boxes which, by rights, should contain twenty-two, and eighteen pounds of more or less rubbish at that. Naturally, this state of things could not last. Malaga fruit got a bad name in the world's markets, and similar raisins began to be grown elsewhere. Denia (near Valencia), which previously only produced the common pudding raisin, took to growing the dessert fruit. Australia also started, and finally California became the worst competitor of all. So that, by the time the Malagueños came to the conclusion—based on experience, not on innate morality—that honesty is the best policy, they found that it was too late. The second reason for the decrease is the competition caused by the canning of fresh fruit in Canada and the United States. Raisins used to be nearly the only dessert obtainable in England in the early months of the year; now there are so many kinds of preserved fruit that they are all but forgotten.

For all that, the Malaga district is busy enough in autumn. Without describing the production of raisins too minutely, we may say that when the grapes—white, not black, as many people imagine—are ripe at the end of August or the beginning of September, they are spread out in the sun on the drying grounds (*paseros*) attached to each farm. The great question then is for them to get sufficient sunshine; if, as occasionally happens at that time of year, the sky is overcast, they have to be dried by means of ovens, to their very great detriment. Once sufficiently cured, they are packed in boxes, the loose raisins by themselves, the others according to the beauty and size of the bunches and the fruit. The finest are arranged in artificial bunches with the most exquisite skill, and a clever labourer can only prepare one or two of these boxes in a day. From the farms they are transported on donkeys to the town, and there stored in warehouses, whence they are sold to the merchants

for shipment abroad. Perhaps the most curious fact connected with them is that, beyond the shippers, nobody appears to make a penny out of the fruit. The farmer grows his crop at a steady deficit, the warehouseman in town has generally advanced more money to the farmer than he ever gets back; while the dealer, be it in England, America, or on the Continent, simply buys raisins because his customers for more profitable articles expect him to keep them in stock against an occasional order.

As may be imagined, many farmers have already abandoned raisins in despair. A worthy Colonial, who came to Malaga with a view to learning something about their cultivation, and applying his knowledge in Australia, was thereby led to write a pamphlet, showing how fine an opening was offered to English farmers in Spain. Land and vines were to be had for a song. All they had to do was to go south, apply their knowledge and superior intelligence to raisin growing, and after a few years return to England with their fortunes made. The pamphlet was cordially received by Foreign Office officials as wise as its author, and was immediately published by Government. Fortunately, it attracted but little attention. Still, the writer is acquainted with one young Englishman who eagerly embraced the scheme, only to discover, on his arrival in Malaga, what every one there already knew—namely, that Spanish farmers understood more about raisins than he, the Englishman, would learn in a lifetime, and secondly, that wheat-growing in England meant a gold-mine compared to fruit-farming in Spain. So, wisely desisting from his project, he took to growing vegetables for the English market instead, and was rewarded by dropping scarcely half the money he would have lost had he gone in for raisins. This, considering the present state of agriculture in Spain, may be called a highly creditable result.

### UNSPOKEN.

AH, never doubt my love is true  
That not in speech it flows,  
For, dear, I cannot tell it you,  
My heart no language knows,  
And still can only yearn and ache  
In silence, though it break.

But not by any speech is known  
The hidden lore of deep and height;  
The sea has nothing but a moan,  
The dark is silent, and the light:  
The grandest music needs no word  
To make its meaning heard.

You dwell amidst my daily strife,  
A thing apart, divine,  
And all that's noblest in my life  
Is incense at your shrine,  
For every worthy deed I do  
Is done for love of you.

A. ST JOHN ALCOCK.

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## IN DISTRESSFUL SPAIN.

HE who has lately made Spain his play-ground cannot fail to have been sadly impressed, and to have reluctantly added to the list of the distressful countries of the world a land which yields to none in its wealth of romantic and historical associations, or in its own natural fertility and capabilities. Everybody's first visit to Spain is made in the spirit of realising a life-long dream. The most ordinarily impressionable nature becomes imprinted in childhood and youth with the association of Spain with sunshine, and song, and dance; with stately buildings and grand scenery, so that the shock is doubly severe when realisation presents the stately buildings and the sunshine, but little else. Perhaps the most striking impression, and that which disappoints the most, is the sadness of the Spanish people. We are taught to accept a stately gravity of demeanour as the proper characteristic of the Spanish grandee, but under such bright skies and in such a nature-blessed land one looks for cheerfulness amongst the people. But, making due allowance for the two causes which at the present moment are unnaturally depressing the heart of Spain—the burden of the miserable and seemingly endless war in Cuba, and the almost total ruin of every harvest but that of the vineyard by an unprecedented drought, we are assured that under the most hopeful circumstances the Spaniard is never thoroughly cheerful, and we had ample opportunities of observing that he takes his pleasure quite as sadly as the traditional Englishman.

If the unusual melancholy of the Spaniard of 1896 was the mere sternness of activity and energy in the work of remedy and reform, it might claim our respect; but as it accompanies listlessness, inertness, and hopelessness, it moves that pity which is closely allied to contempt. No sadder example does the world offer of the fallaciousness of trading upon tradition and faded prestige than does Spain offer at the

present day. The Spaniard, be he grandee or peasant, is the proudest of men. There are scores of gentlemen bearing names renowned in the most glorious periods of Spanish history who are content to starve themselves in the attics of their ancestral homes rather than put their hands to work of any kind. How they live is a problem, but they appear regularly upon sunny afternoons on the places of fashionable resort, correctly attired to all outward appearance, although a near inspection reveals frayed linen, and a general buttoning up which suggests a mask for deficiencies beneath, comporting themselves with the most finished air of independent well-to-do-ness.

In Burgos, not many weeks back, the writer, prowling about the fine old mansions which were once the homes of the local nobility, but are now sadly fallen from their high estate, and are let out to cheap lodgers and petty tradesmen, was attracted by a peculiarly quaint and fine knocker on the majestic door, surmounted by a many-quartered coat of arms. Upon inquiry about the house, and if it was possible to see over it, the answer was that permission could only be obtained from the Count H—, naming one of the most historical families in Spain, who lived on the 'fourth floor back.' Respect, however, for the poor gentleman's feelings forbade me from passing through the majestic hall, now a mule stable, and up the stately, but shattered marble staircase to the regions above; and I was told that not only Burgos, but all the once famous old Spanish towns such as Toledo, Cordoba, Segovia, Valladolid, and Salamanca, were full of these fallen representatives of ancient families. The man of the people possesses equal pride, and treats you, if not with the condescension of a superior, with the ease of an equal; sells you a box of matches with the air of conferring a favour, and is to be addressed as '*Señor*.'

*Pan y Toros!* 'Bread and Bullfights.'

These three little words, scribbled upon many a Spanish wall, are full of significance at



the present time, and are a veritable sermon upon the condition, or rather upon the disposition of a large section of the people; for by them we are reminded of the desperate, heedless cry of the Roman people, when the Empire was in its last throes, for *Panis et Circenses!* Let it not be understood that one who writes simply from the point of view of a traveller would for a moment hint that the present condition of Spain is at all to be compared for hopelessness and helplessness with that of Rome, when the cry ran for Bread and the Games; yet, when a people, ground almost beyond endurance by taxation, paralysed by the incessant drain of a costly and inglorious war, and with little hope of help, at any rate for the present year, from a kindly Nature which has rarely refused help before, speaks words like these—and wall-scribbings are often the voice of the people—one secret of Spain's present unenviable condition is revealed.

'Bread and the Bulls!' With an empty exchequer, with a country-side burned to dust, despite Image processions and prayers for rain, with poverty and distress blatant on every side, the Sunday Bull Ring is always crowded. Starvation for to-day is preferable to being debarred from the two hours' luxury of a seat, even in the *Sol*—in the fierce glare of the afternoon sun—never mind after to-morrow! Never mind the importunate creditor, the landlord, and the tax-collector! Never mind the children crying round the empty larder! Are not *Guerita* and *Reverte* the *espaldas* of to-morrow's *Corrido*; and are they not to despatch half a dozen of the finest bulls of the most famous Andalusian *ganaderos*.

All over Spain, except at such centres of commerce as Barcelona, Bilbao, Malaga, and Cadiz, we see but too clearly the results of this national apathy and indifference to the future.

Nowhere in the world are there more magnificent historical monuments than in Spain. Nowhere in the world are magnificent historical monuments in such a condition of neglect and filth. Even the Alhambra at Granada is far from being kept as it should be; and if we excuse the tardiness in the progress of needful restoration and repair on the plea that a nation, sore-pressed to find money to pay its army, can hardly be expected to spare much for the execution of sentimental work, there is no reason why the halls, and chambers, and gardens of the most fascinating group of buildings in the world should not be kept ordinarily clean, especially when we remember that the city of Granada, annually visited by thousands of money-spending strangers, must be almost well-to-do, if not rich.

Cathedrals such as those at Toledo and Burgos, and the glorious mosque at Cordoba, are in the filthiest and most neglected condition. The dust of long years lies unstirred upon their matchless ironwork and their wood-carving; the marble pavements are discoloured with dirt; repairs seem to be never dreamed of; if a cornice or an ornament shows signs of decay, it remains until it falls, and lies when it falls; grass and weeds grow apace between the stones of the delightful old Moorish *patios* or courts, scaffoldings tottering from long existence, and

crumbling walls remain to vex the eye and mar the scene; and yet—there are gold and silver, and a wealth of gorgeous vestments in the sacristies of which the value is incalculable.

It is when one sees Spain at such a time as the present, when the national vices of apathy and dilatoriness are rich in their most hurtful fruits, that the genius of the Moors stands forth in mighty pre-eminence. The fanatic hatred of the Christian for the Moslem accounts fairly enough for wholesale destruction or obliteration by alteration of such Moorish buildings as mosques and palaces, or even of private houses; but it cannot be adduced as a satisfactory reason for the wholesale neglect by Spaniards of the wonderful works of public utility with which the Moor covered the land. Without going so far as to say that the terrible results of the drought of this year might have been staved off altogether, it is quite certain that they might have been very appreciably minimised if Spain had only troubled, in times past and present, to keep in repair the irrigating system which the Moors left behind them. At any rate, it is historically true that very many of those vast, desolate, featureless, melancholy tracts of country, through which the Spanish trains creep on their weary way during long days and nights, were, under the Moorish rule, olive-gardens, vineyards, and cornfields. Remains of these irrigating works, of mills, of aqueducts, of canals, of storehouses, are to be seen everywhere. No hand is ever stirred to repair them, so that during the past spring, there has been a waste of superabundant water in such favoured places as Granada, whilst the country, for hundreds of miles around, has been turned to dust for lack of a proper distribution of the precious fluid. If to the student of the Past and the lover of the beautiful in Art it is distressing to note how the Spaniards have despoiled and defaced, where they have not utterly destroyed, it is sad for the ordinary traveller to see how wilfully the practical benefits bestowed on the land by the Moors have been allowed to fall into uselessness. One instance out of a score which we might quote will suffice. In Moorish Cordoba there were nine hundred public baths. In Spanish Cordoba there is not one.

So far we have dwelt upon the effects of Spanish inertness in the Spaniards themselves as are apparent to the eye of the ordinary traveller; let us now see how it affects the latter.

Spain has always been a land of beggars. Now, it would seem, beggars are more than a very strong minority in the population. Leisurely attention to the objects of interest is rendered a veritable penance by the importunities of all sorts and conditions of beggar men, women, and children at all times and at all places. The old-time beggar had generally something heart-touching to show in order to loosen purse-strings—he was blind, or maimed, or age-bowed, or fitted out in scanty rags. But the beggar of to-day is, as often as not, a decently clothed and well-fed individual. The mere appearance of a man is no guarantee of his respectability. If you are sketching, let us say, and one who is apparently a well-to-do

tradesman or artisan takes a polite and intelligent interest in your work, you are affable with him, and perhaps encourage him to talk by asking questions and making remarks, but do not be surprised if, when you have completed your sketch and are raising your hat to wish him good-morning, he puts out his hand and asks a trifle of you for the love of God! Men beg with cigarettes between their lips, women with loaves of bread under their arms, children with their mouths so full that they can hardly articulate *cinco centimos*. In Seville and Toledo the plague is bad enough, but in Granada it is so virulent that it goes a long way toward driving visitors away from a city in which they would fain linger for some time. Yet the proud Spanish gentleman sees the poor foreign visitor thus waylaid, and pestered, and tormented, and feels not a spark of shame for his countrymen; and indeed would probably endorse the Spanish mendicant creed that he who gives is doing himself spiritual good exactly in the ratio that he is physically benefiting the recipient.

Again, extortion is rife, and the tipping system has developed into a positive curse, although for this we who tip must be held primarily responsible.

'My poor carabineers must live somehow: their pay is next to nothing!' replied a Cadiz custom-house official of position to a visitor, who had complained that after his luggage had actually passed examination, a carabineer had pounced on it, insisting upon it being re-examined. By which he clearly meant that all inconvenience and unpleasantness might have been avoided by the judicious outlay of a *peseta*.

The one consoling feature of the tipping plague in Spain is that the Spaniard is satisfied with a very little. The uniformed official whose counterpart at home would not condescend to accept a tip, gives a hearty *muchas gracias* for a couple of reals—fivepence. One grand exception to a general rule, however, must be made. Priests in cathedrals, liveried officials in museums and show-places, railway officers—all look for tips, but the men of the civil guard—that fine, smart body of picked military police, without the existence of which, life and property in Spain would not be safe, are incorruptible. The extortion to which the visitor is exposed is principally practised by the hotel-keepers. Some sort of excuse perhaps may be made for the custom amongst Seville landlords of doubling their rates during Holy Week, and the annual four days' Fair; but why Granada, a long day's journey off, should follow suit, it is difficult to comprehend.

Hotels have much improved in Spain outside Madrid and Seville during the last few years, although very much remains to be done before strangers can be induced to remain in such towns as Burgos, Segovia, Salamanca and Valladolid for an hour longer than is absolutely necessary for the seeing of the sights there. But first-class rates are charged for what is nothing more than third-class accommodation, and often for what is very much worse. Two reasons explain this. First, the all-devouring Cuban war, which means heavy taxation upon all householders; Second, monopoly. In very

few cities, except the great centres of business and pleasure, is there more than one hotel at which a civilised traveller can put up, and the owners of these hotels, knowing the fact, gather in their harvest. Trains in Spain usually start at unholy hours of the morning, and the hotel-landlords take advantage of this fact to carry out the national 'to-morrow' creed with adroitness. Guests who intend to leave by the four or six A.M. train, usually demand their bills over-night, but some excuse is invariably forthcoming which enables the landlord to present his bill the next morning when it is half dark, and the departing guest is but half awake, and the railway omnibus is at the door, and every minute is precious: the result being that the victim pays just what is put down, unless he chooses to argue the case and lose his train—as often as not the only one of the day.

A rule which should never be neglected, is to have your agreement for prices to be paid thoroughly understood beforehand. Generally it is advisable to write for rooms ahead, so that an answer in black and white is received which effectually checks the extortion which will assuredly be attempted.

That all these evils should exist to militate against the comfort of travelling in Spain is a thousand pities. A little energy, a little foresight, a little smothering of the national contempt for anybody who is not Spanish, would mean the opening up of a country second to none in point of human interest, however lacking it may be in natural beauty, to thousands of tourists who are justly deterred from making Spain a holiday ground by travellers' tales which are, in this case, but too true. Assuredly Spanish pride need not be affronted by imitating the examples of other European countries, which have realised that a very sensible national benefit accrues from offering every inducement for strangers with money, and ready to spend it, to come annually. There are places on the Spanish coasts which, with outlay and enterprise, would rival the famous Riviera resorts of which people are beginning to tire. There are pleasant cities and towns in Spain, which might be made the centres of foreign residential colonies.

As it is, positively no inducements are offered. The Spanish railway service, except the tri-weekly Sud-Express—is simply execrable. A journey of two hundred miles occupies an entire day, so slowly does the train creep along the single line of rails; and if the carriages are well enough, comfortable travelling in them is entirely nullified by the fact that smoking is allowed in every compartment but one or two in each train. As for the Spanish Post-office, and its Poste Restante arrangements, and its system of losing letters, and the utter indifference of its officials to complaints and reclamations—the less said about it the better.

Still, Spain will always fascinate the traveller. Indeed, by some enthusiasts for the old order of things everywhere but in their own immediate world, the very drawbacks we have enumerated make a recommendation for those who are weary of the new-fangled, luxurious science of modern travel. 'Sir,' said an American to the writer, 'I would not have a beggar the less in Spain. I've always read that beggars



were a feature of old Spain as well as of modern : I've come to see one country on God's earth where things are as they were, and Spain's the locality.' The next minute he was wildly cursing a horde of beggars who had sniffed him out, and declaring that the plague demanded Government interference.

Summing up, Spain is a charming holiday-land for hardy young men, for ladies who do not mind putting up with a certain amount of discomfort, and above all, for those travellers who are not pressed for time. But not yet for delicate ladies, much less for invalids.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER III.—I HELP THE KING.

IN placing before you the circumstances which brought about the curious adventure which it is the purpose of this narrative to relate, my one dread is, that you may not see it in the light I intend, and that you may therefore set down the action as being too precipitate to be likely to influence a man of my admittedly peculiar temperament. If you *do* come to this conclusion I will forgive you. Indeed, I will go even further than that, and confess that you have every excuse for so thinking, for now that I come to look through what I have written, myself, I find that it impresses me in the same way to a very large extent. In reality, however, short as was our acquaintance with the curious individual who had constituted himself King of the Médangs by such romantic, though unorthodox means, we found ourselves, by the time we had met him a dozen times, regarding him with just that sort of friendliness we should feel for a person whom we had known all our lives long. Having told you this, it would seem trite to describe him as a man of extraordinary parts, for, to be plain with you, I have never met such another in the whole course of my experience.

During my first interview with him, as arranged at Lady Hammerton's 'At Home,' I was permitted an opportunity of studying his character more carefully than I had yet done. I found him diplomatic in his utterances, very reserved as to his own opinions, if possible a little too prone to look for interested motives in others, and yet with it all, if such an anomaly can be understood, generous and impetuous to the last degree. His territory, so I gathered, lay somewhere in the *hinterland* of Annam, a fertile region clearly capable, if his account could be relied on, of great developments. Of his earlier exploits in the country he said not a word, nor did he tell me any of his adventures connected with the usurpation of the throne. He spoke modestly of his own achievements, but referred with gratitude to the help he had received from the white men he had imported later on. As far as I could gather, the chief thorns in his side were the Jesuit priests who, though they had welcomed him as king in the beginning, and had derived con-

siderable benefit from his rule, seemed determined to leave no stone unturned to harass and annoy him. He also accused them of trafficking with his neighbours the French, whose Government you must understand had tacitly recognised him as monarch of the country. For nearly two hours we sat in the balcony of his house talking and looking down on the canal, and during every minute of that time I seemed to be coming nearer and nearer to a proper understanding of the man. I may tell you that the fascination he had exercised over me since I had first set eyes on him had in no way abated, and I was now doing my utmost to strengthen it by a sincere admiration. When I rose to go, he held out his hand.

'Good-bye, my lord,' he said. 'I have to thank you for your call. I have enjoyed my conversation with you immensely.' Then, as if an afterthought had struck him, he added, 'I trust your sister, Lady Olivia, is quite well?'

'Thank you, she is in the best of health,' I answered. 'She has met some English acquaintances this afternoon, and is showing them the sights of Venice. I think my sister informed me that your Majesty intended to obtain an opinion from a doctor here regarding your own health?'

'I am to see him on Monday next,' he answered, with a look in his eyes that at the time I did not understand; 'then I shall know my fate. I find that it takes all the fortitude one possesses to meet it bravely. When one is playing for such high stakes, it seems so hard to have to run the risk of losing all through ill-health, does it not?'

'But perhaps there is nothing really wrong with you. Some little disorder which will soon be set right. We must pray for you, and hope for the best.'

'I should be grateful for your prayers,' he answered, with that literal seriousness which I soon discovered was characteristic of the man. 'God knows I want to live. I have so much work before me. When do you leave Venice; have you decided yet?'

'We have made up our minds to remain for a week longer,' I replied. 'I am having some improvements made on board my yacht, and she will not be ready before that time.'

'Then I trust I may be able to persuade you to give me the pleasure of your company again. Your society is both pleasant and profitable to me.'

'Your Majesty honours me, I am sure,' I answered. 'I shall place myself at your disposal whenever you care to see me. Good-bye.'

We shook hands, and I went down-stairs.

As De Trailles had said, the owner of the house, whoever or whatever he or she may have been, furnished and managed it superbly while the king was in it. A more beautiful residence could not have been desired, and as I made my way down the stairs, and saw the crowd of lackeys spring to attention in the hall, I could only use the old expression familiar to our childhood, and say that it was a palace 'fit for a king.' I felt, however, that I would have given something to have known the secret of it all.

When I reached the Hotel Galaghetti, I found

Olivia already returned from her excursion. She inquired after the king's health, and I noticed that when she spoke of him, there was a different look upon her face than it had worn that day when we met him for the first time in the church of S. Rocco. And yet Olivia has not the reputation of being, by any manner of means, a woman easily impressed.

'You seem to be very much interested in the King of the Médangs, Olivia,' I said, with a smile, after I had described my visit.

'Could one help being so when one had once met him?' she answered. 'It irritates me now to think that I ever scoffed at him. When do you expect to hear from Lord Blenkinson?'

'On Monday, I hope.'

'You will let me know what he says, will you not?'

'I think I may very safely promise to do that,' I answered. Then, as if on an after-thought, I turned to her and took her hand. 'Olivia,' I said, 'I hope, my dear, you will forgive me for what I am about to say—but—but—well, to put it bluntly, you know the extraordinary fascination this man exercises over people. There is no fear of?—?'

'Of my falling in love with him, I suppose you are going to say,' she cried, her cheeks flaming. 'You need not exercise yourself on that score. I am not a schoolgirl that I should fall in love with every man with whom I am brought in contact.'

'I should be miserable if I thought I had offended you, dear,' I said, as I placed my arm round her waist. 'I had no other intention than to warn you. For there can be no denying the fact, the man is undeniably handsome; he has also just that savour of romance about him that appeals with such irresistible force to the majority of women.'

'Thank you,' she answered, a little haughtily. 'I hope you will not include me in the category. His Majesty is most charming, I admit, still I fancy I have met a sufficiency of charming men to be able to steel my heart against his fascinations. It is hard upon a woman that she cannot sympathise with a man who has set his heart upon great deeds, without its being supposed that she must necessarily fall in love with him. I cannot help thinking you are unjust, Instow.'

With this Parthian shot, she rose from her chair, and left the room. That I had offended her I had no doubt, and that I was sorry I had done so was equally certain, but at the same time, I could not help congratulating myself, should there have been anything of the sort in trail, on my astuteness in having warned her in time. I loved my sister, and I am also immensely proud of her; and, however romantic and fascinating the King of the Médangs might prove, I had no desire that he should spoil her life for her.

The thought that Olivia's heart might prove susceptible to His Majesty's influence had hitherto been the one thing which had prevented me from cultivating his acquaintance as thoroughly as I should like to have done. Now, however, that I was reassured on that point, I resolved to avail myself, as far as was possible, of all the opportunities which presented themselves

of seeing him. There was not the slightest difficulty in this, and by the time Blenkinson's letter arrived, which was on the Tuesday following the conversation above narrated, I began to think I was as familiar with his character as one man could well be with another's. The letter ran as follows:

'THE FOREIGN OFFICE, 12th March 18—.

'DEAR INSTOW.—My hearty thanks are due to you for your letter of Wednesday last. I should have replied to it sooner had I been able to lay my hand at once upon the papers connected with the matter to which you refer. You ask me what information I can give you regarding one Marie David de Méraut, who styles himself King of the Médangs. The following is, I imagine, all that is generally known concerning that romantic, and, if a Foreign Minister may so far commit himself, very interesting personage.

'From what is known of him, it is supposed that Méraut made his first appearance in the East, during the years 1880 and 1881, in the French Colony of Tonquin, where he saw service in guerilla warfare against the Chinese pirates that abound along the coast. In 1883 he left the French, and joined the Dutch, fought against the Atchinese, and proved himself made of such good metal that he was entrusted with the command of a regiment employed on special duty. In 1885 he turned up in Hong-kong, where he remained for a week, and then vanished in the direction of Japan, staying there six months or thereabouts, eventually returning to Tonquin on some mysterious errand, the exact importance of which was by no means understood then. Eighteen months later, however, it was announced that he had invaded a country at the back of Annam, inhabited by a tribe called the Médangs, and had appointed himself Regent for the imbecile king, then upon the throne. Early in 1888 we were officially informed that he had declared himself king, with the full and free consent of the people; had signed treaties with the adjoining tribes, was fast developing the country, and more extraordinarily still, by the exercise of almost superhuman impudence and diplomacy, had induced his big neighbour, France, to accept him at his own valuation. Since then it is understood he has proved himself a beneficent ruler; the country has made wonderful progress, its industries are being developed in every direction, and if only the present ruler remains at the head of affairs, which is always a matter of chance in those regions, and the French do not see fit to change their present line of action as far as he is concerned, there is no saying what his future may not be. One glance at the map will show you that beyond a contingent interest in the welfare of Siam, England has no share in the question, France, China, and Siam being the only nations brought into close contact with the Médangs. For this reason, we neither countenance nor oppose him. I trust my information may be of service to you. If I can help you in any other way, you know how gladly I will do so. With kind regards to Lady Olivia and yourself, believe me, my dear Instow, always cordially yours,  
BLENKINSON.'



I read the letter carefully through, and then placed it in my pocket. The man's career, as here set forth, agreed very well with what I had been told. I felt glad that there was nothing in it of which any one could feel ashamed. His personality had interested me more than anything had done for years past; and I should have been sorry indeed had I found him out in anything discreditable. When I was with him I seemed to partake of his enthusiasm, to catch a glimpse of the object of his life, and to feel rising up in my heart the thrill of the most deadly of all ambitions, that of throne creating.

When Olivia came down to breakfast, I showed her the letter I had received. She read it in silence, and after she had finished it, handed it back to me. I waited for her to speak, but it was some moments before she did so.

'If I were His Majesty, I think I should be a very proud man,' she said, with a sparkle in her eye that I could not help noticing. 'How many kings can claim to have accomplished so much in so short a time?'

'If what Blenkinson says is true, and I have no reason to suppose it is not, he is a wonderful man indeed,' I answered; and then changed the subject by inquiring what she intended doing with herself that morning. She replied that she had arranged to call upon Lady Hammerton at eleven, in order to go shopping with her. I was glad of this, for I wanted to be alone to write some letters, and to execute some business at the English Consulate.

While she was speaking, a servant approached us. He informed me that a person of the name of Wells was in the hall, and desired to speak to me.

'Wells? Then the yacht has arrived,' I said, turning to Olivia. 'Now we must make up our minds when we shall leave Venice.'

I thought that Olivia's face suddenly turned a little pale, but for several reasons I did not comment on it. I rather let her go to her room, and went out into the hall to find my skipper. He informed me that the repairs I had authorised to be made in the yacht had been effected sooner than he expected, and that everything was now in readiness for the voyage to the East, whenever I was prepared to start. I told him I would communicate with him later on in the day, and then returned to my daily paper.

It was nearly half-past eleven by the time Olivia was ready to go out. I hailed a gondola for her, and put her into it, and then set off on my own concerns. On reaching Sir John's residence, she went up the steps, and inquired from the butler if Lady Hammerton were at home.

'Her ladyship is in, my lady,' answered the man, 'but I fear she cannot see you. Her ladyship, I regret to say, is indisposed to-day, and is confined to her bed.'

'I am exceedingly sorry to hear it,' said Olivia. 'Will you please give her my love and inform her that I called.'

'I will be sure to do so, my lady,' replied the man; and Olivia was turning to go down the steps to her gondola again, when she became aware of a man who had just disembarked, and

was coming up. One glance told her that it was the King of the Médangs. He raised his hat, and as he did so, Olivia noticed how haggard and worn his face had grown.

'Good-morning, Lady Olivia,' he said. 'Have you been calling upon Lady Hammerton?'

'I was going shopping with her this morning,' Olivia replied, 'but I have just been informed that she is not well, and is unable to leave her room to-day. I am the more sorry as I fear it may be the last chance I shall have of seeing her.'

'Indeed. Are you then contemplating leaving Venice so soon?'

'We may leave at any moment now,' she answered. 'The yacht arrived this morning, and I fancy my brother is eager to be off.'

The King was silent for a few moments. Then he said, very slowly:

'I am sorry to hear that you are going. It seems my fate to make new friends only to lose them again as quickly. I wonder if you would dismiss your gondola, and permit me to walk back with you to your hotel? You were kind enough last week to say that you would like to hear my doctor's report. I have received it to-day.'

She looked up at him and coloured a little as she acceded to his request. He accordingly dismissed both gondolas, and returning to my sister's side, escorted her down the river towards the Rialto Bridge.

'And what has your doctor told you?' asked Olivia, as they walked along. 'I hope he has relieved you of some of your anxiety.'

'He has relieved me of my anxiety, I must confess,' replied the other with a grim smile. 'But hardly in the way I understand you to mean. I have no longer the dread uncertainty hanging over me, for I know my fate!'

She hesitated a little before she put her next question.

'And what has he told you?'

'Ah! can you not guess?' he asked. 'The sum total of his report is that under ordinary circumstances I have not two years to live.'

Olivia uttered a little cry of horror. She could hardly believe that she heard aright. Apart from his thin face and large sunken eyes, the man looked strong and well enough. Seeing her consternation, he was quick to express his sorrow.

'I should not have told you so abruptly,' he said. 'It was wrong of me, and I ask your pardon. In the presence of one's own misfortune, one forgets to think of others. Can you forgive me?'

'There is nothing to forgive,' she answered. 'But oh, I cannot believe that it is as bad as you say. Surely you must have misunderstood what was said to you. There are other doctors in Europe. See them. Try Paris—try London—try Berlin. Seek the cleverest men; they may tell you differently.'

He only shook his head.

'I have seen so many now,' he said, 'and though they differ in one or two minor details, they agree in the main essentials. No, Lady Olivia, I know the bitter truth at last. Hard as he has worked, terribly as he has toiled, I fear Marie the First's reign is nearly at an

end. Another two years, and the kingdom I have devoted my life to building up, will fall again to the ground like a house of cards. I have been ploughing in sand, that is all.'

She saw that he was quite unstrung, and with quick womanly tact, endeavoured to divert his thoughts into another channel. She was too artistic, however, to do so by changing the subject altogether.

'I suppose in this case you will soon be thinking of returning to your country?' she said.

'God knows,' he answered. 'Now that I have learned the truth, I hardly know whether I shall ever go back. What can I do there?'

'But you *must* go back,' she cried, pressing her advantage. 'The country requires you more than ever.'

'The country will soon have to do without me altogether,' he replied. 'But there, Lady Olivia, I must not talk to you any more about my wretched self, or you will set me down as a coward. You do not think I have proved myself one so far, do you?'

'I shall never think you a coward,' she answered. 'Have I not heard your story?'

She could scarcely have paid him a more delicate compliment, and it was evident he appreciated it at its full value.

## OUR IMPORTED VEGETABLES.

By R. HEDGER WALLACE.

Is this subject of any importance? some may ask, for the import of fruit and vegetables must be small on account of their perishable nature! When in reply it is pointed out that we pay away over *one hundred and sixty-six thousand pounds sterling weekly* for fruit and vegetables, as was done in 1895, it is surely of considerable importance, and that a little inquiry into the subject will not be misspent. In 1895 was spent, under this head, altogether over 8½ millions, and in 1894 over 9 millions sterling, the reduction last year being due to our smaller importations of apples, cherries, plums, and pears. From what countries do we draw our supplies? In our endeavour to answer this interesting question we will at first restrict ourselves to three items in our trade and navigation returns—to the imports of raw onions, potatoes, and unenumerated raw vegetables, under which head are included peas, French beans, cauliflowers, spinach, beetroot, radishes, turnips, and cucumbers. As regards onions, Egypt, Spain, and Holland send us over a million bushels each. France sends over half a million bushels, and Portugal, Belgium, Germany, Turkey, and the United States send us smaller quantities. From Malta we get about 50,000 bushels, and from other British possessions about 3000 bushels. When we turn to potatoes, the Channel Islands lead the way by exporting hither about 57,000 tons, followed by France with 45,000 tons. We also import from Holland, Portugal, Belgium, Germany, Canary Islands, Malta, and Spain in quantities varying from 13,000 tons to 700 tons. Turning now to the figures of raw, unenumerated vegetables,

we find that we are indebted to most of the chief countries of Europe for our supplies.

The market for imported fruit and vegetables is in London, even such a town as Glasgow drawing a large proportion of its supplies from the metropolis. We are apt to think there is only one market in London, the well-known Covent Garden, but in reality there are three. Covent Garden is the best emporium for luxuries and rarities; but Spitalfields is in some respects the most important of the London markets, and is amply supplied with the plainer kinds of green food, immense quantities of potatoes, peas, cabbage, and every conceivable vegetable finding their way hither. Similar to Spitalfields is the 'Borough' market on the south side of the Thames, and there is also a small market at Farringdon Road. Covent Garden is held under a charter granted in 1661 by Charles II., and the same monarch granted a charter for Spitalfields in 1682. The 'Borough' market is established by virtue of a charter granted by Edward VI. These markets deal in gigantic quantities; it is as easy to buy in them 20 tons of grapes or tomatoes as 100 tons of potatoes. The wholesale fruit and vegetable markets of London are exceptional in their resources; it is stated that in no other country in the world is the accommodation so ample, and that nowhere are supplies dealt with and handled on such an extensive scale. It is interesting to note how the foreign trade in vegetables and fruit seems to be in Hebrew hands, and this applies not only to the auctioneers and salesmen in Covent Garden, but to large dealers in London and other towns, even as far north as Glasgow.

That the supplies of foreign produce compete with the early produce of our farmers and market gardeners cannot be gainsaid. Our own farmers compete with market gardeners as regards greens and cabbages, with this advantage that when the market is glutted they can feed their stock with the green stuff. A few farmers also who are favourably situated as regards accessibility to a good steady market, grow for the vegetable market peas, beans, turnips, and early potatoes. But what our market gardeners feel in this competition with foreign produce is that the fancy prices given for early produce goes into the foreigners' pockets, as their early vegetables and salads are now imported some weeks before those grown in England are ready for market. Among the expensive dainties obtainable in London this year in February were asparagus, new green peas (from France), French beans, and the pale greenish haricots, called flageolets. Early turnips, carrots, peas, and French beans come from France, the Canary Islands, Madeira, and Algeria long before the earliest crops are ready here. Lettuces are imported in large quantities from France and the Canary Islands as early as January. In France, crops of lettuce and endive are systematically raised in succession, but similar methods, as far as we are aware, are not attempted here. Along with their lettuce the French send us a somewhat ungainly bulbous root called celeriac which West-end *chefs* use in soup, when celery is not to be had, seeing that it has the same flavour. Bona



side market gardeners at one time looked upon celery as a very paying crop; now it is grown by farmers especially upon sewage farms, and markets are over supplied. Large quantities are grown in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. Cucumbers are now imported so largely from Holland, and are usually so plentiful and cheap, that most market gardeners have ceased to grow them. A large quantity of cucumbers are sold to go to Lancashire and Yorkshire, for towns like Leeds and Bradford. Our own growers send their cucumbers to Germany, and this trade, which is on the increase, is due to the care taken in grading and packing, and using a suitable and uniform package. From Holland, also, large importations of beetroot and red cabbage for pickling are made. The consumption of table beetroot has increased enormously, and hundreds of tons are used in the manufacture of high-class dog-biscuits, as it improves the food, and allays the heating of the animal's skin. This is not mangel-wurzel or Suffolk beet, but table beet, which is more tender and of superior texture. As the consumption of table beet has increased, the sale of Jerusalem artichokes has declined. It is now an unfashionable tuber, and few retailers will venture to stock it. Radishes, a profitable crop, are now imported in large quantities from February to April from Paris, St Malo, and the Channel Islands, completely forestalling the English produce. Asparagus also produced a considerable profit, but the importations from Toulouse, Dijon, Paris, and parts of Spain, which begins in January, and continues till the English asparagus is ready, has rendered the crop less profitable.

Asparagus, packed carefully in fresh grass, is one of the vegetables which lends itself well to locomotion, and travels as easily from Brittany as from Twickenham or Isleworth. Again, in severe winters when English savoys and broccoli have succumbed, Italy and Algiers send us cauliflowers, but on account of long carriage they are costly. This year, in January and February, few Italian cauliflowers reached this country, and, owing to the mildness of the winter, Brittany cauliflowers, which are splendid specimens, ousted the smaller southern cauliflowers from popular favour, while a large proportion of our supply came from Cornwall.

Perhaps some idea will be gained of our foreign importations if we simply note the fruits and vegetables offered for sale in London one day this year, the second of April, for example. The unenumerated vegetables came from Holland, France, Belgium, Bristol, West Indies, Italy, Germany, Mauritius, and the United States; onions from Germany, Holland, Egypt, France, Belgium, and Spain; garlic from Spain; tomatoes from Italy, France, Spain, and the Canaries; and potatoes from Malta, Germany, France, Belgium, and the Canaries. As regards fruit, there were lemons from Spain, France, and Italy; oranges from Asiatic Turkey, Spain, and France; bananas from Madeira and the Canaries; pine-apple from St Michael's and Singapore; grapes from the Cape and Guernsey; almonds from Teneriffe, Portugal, Spain, and Italy; walnuts from France; figs from Italy;

green figs from Guernsey; apples from Canada and Tasmania; cocoa-nuts from Ceylon and the East and West Indies; ginger from Hong-kong and Japan; olives from France; rasp pulp from Melbourne; peanuts from the States and Japan; and small nuts from Germany, France, Spain, and Asiatic Turkey.

Let us carry our inquiry a step further. We have scanned the shipping list for arrivals at nine of our seaports, and find that at the same date—on April second—there were vessels at these ports with flowers, fruit, and vegetables from the following sources. At Harwich, from Rotterdam, with cut flowers, flower roots, onions, grass seed, and vegetables; from Antwerp with fruit, new potatoes, apples, clover-seed, and vegetables; and from Hapburg with potatoes and vegetables. At Folkestone, from Boulogne, there were packages of new potatoes, cut flowers, plants, vegetables, and onions. At Newhaven, from Dieppe, were landed packages of apples, plants, new potatoes, vegetables, oranges, cut flowers, fruit, clover-seed, and onions; from St Nazaire, apples, plants, and vegetables; and from Caen, apples, plants, dried fruit, trees, and onions. At Dover, from Calais, there were packages of cut flowers, vegetables, fruit, plants and dates; and from Ostend, cut flowers. At Bristol there were onions from Valencia and Boulogne, vegetables from Amsterdam, potatoes from Hamburg, and oranges from Castellon. At Hull were landed packages of onions, vegetables, cut flowers, cabbages, and apples from Rotterdam; vegetables, cut flowers, onions, and cut fruit from Boulogne; oranges and onions from Valencia; flowers from Amsterdam; almonds from Bari; nuts, oranges, and lemons from Messina, and fruit from Palermo. At Southampton, there were from Jersey, vegetables, cut flowers, new potatoes, figs, and grapes; from Guernsey, vegetables, new potatoes, cut flowers, green figs, and new grapes; from Cape Town, tomatoes, grapes, and pears; from Madeira, bananas and French beans; from Rotterdam, onions, plants, and beans; from St Malo, vegetables; from Pernambuco, plants; from Honfleur, cut flowers, spring cabbages, broccoli, apples, onions, clover, and grass seed; from Havre, vegetables and plants; from Cherbourg, broccoli and spring cabbages; from Tréguier, potatoes; from New York, oranges, apples, and bananas; from Granville, fruit; and from Dominica, limes. At Liverpool were landed oranges from Burriana, Smyrna, Bordeaux, Castellon, and Oporto; onions from Smyrna and Oporto; apples from St Nazaire, St John (N.B.), Boston, Portland (Maine), Halifax, and New York; vegetables from Amsterdam; peas from Hamburg; nuts from New York; potatoes from Portland (Maine); and prunes, plums, tomatoes, walnuts, and mushrooms from Bordeaux. Last of all, at London, there were cut flowers, prunes, monkey nuts, oranges, new potatoes, walnuts, orchids, pine-apples, plums, tomatoes, onions, bananas, almonds, pistachios, cabbages, apricots, garlic, cut fruit, lemons, and herbs. Among the various ports of origin for some of these consignments are Flushing, Bordeaux, Singapore, New York, Tréport, Teneriffe, Ostend, Rotterdam, Las Palmas, Madeira, Naples, Messina, Palermo, Boulogne, Valencia, Havre,

Amsterdam, Alexandria, Gibraltar, and Lisbon. The imports of fruits and vegetables to Manchester by the Ship Canal, in 1895, were 22,000 tons of oranges, 3,100 tons of potatoes, 700 tons of lemons, 200 tons of apples, 200 tons of pomegranates, 500 tons of tomatoes, 100 tons of melons, 160 tons of grapes, 13,400 tons of onions, and 5200 tons of dried fruit.

There are two vegetables which call for special attention—namely, potatoes and onions. As regards potatoes, the British-grown tuber holds its own. During the past twenty-five years, the character of the potato trade has undergone a great and significant change, and the volume of imported potatoes has decreased considerably. For the three years ending 1875, the average annual importation was 268,157 tons. For the three years ending 1895, the annual average importation was 154,835 tons.

As we write, the current price for potatoes is £1 per ton, and we know farmers in Lincolnshire who will be glad to get 10s. per ton, and be clear of their stock. Yet in the poor districts of London, potatoes are retailed by the shopkeepers and costermongers at the rate of 4 lb. for 2d., which amounts to £4. 5s. per ton for inferior and small potatoes, the best kinds of which are retailed in the West End to private families, hotels, and large firms of caterers at prices that give £6 per ton. The importation of German potatoes has greatly declined, yet some years ago the German redskins held a high place in the market. The Belgian kidney used to be the very best potato in the market during September, now it has no longer a place in the market reports for that month. The growing of early varieties of potatoes was formerly an important source of profit to the British market gardener, but it is not so now, owing to the steady supply from the south of Europe. The arrivals of new potatoes commence about Christmas-time and continue in increasing quantities till May, when the Channel Islands' season begins, and then they carry on the importation till August.

When we turn to onions, we find there has latterly been a most extraordinary increase in the importations. Onions, some years ago, were regarded as a safe-paying crop, but latterly, owing to foreign competition, it is a crop by which growers have lost heavily. Some profit, however, is still made from young 'bunching' onions in May and June, as onions are not imported in this form. Twenty years ago, Holland was the largest exporting country for onions, but our imports from this source have now considerably decreased, while they have much increased from Germany, France, and Spain, and have been more than quadrupled from Egypt. To describe the foreign bulb in a few words, it may be stated that Belgium, the north of France, and Germany supply the small kind of pale-coloured flat onion, resembling those of Essex and Bedfordshire. Holland sends the same kind, and also a red-fleshed onion, not very big, but of lower value. Germany exports the 'globe' variety, solid and firm. From the Bordeaux district we get an onion of a larger size, pink-fleshed, and less firm in texture than those grown in higher latitudes. Portugal and Spain send a mon-

strous onion, sold per pound by grocers, and known as Spanish. These magnificent specimens are due to a favourable climate, with ample and continuous heat, the practice of irrigation, and the system of ridging up the soil so as to shield the bulb from the fierce rays of a noonday sun. Egypt exports a very compact, sound onion, rather larger in size than the English sample, which travels well, and reaches England in splendid condition, clean, bright, free from dirt or sand, and having an inviting aspect when presented for sale.

We have noted how our imports of onions have increased from Egypt, and it is acknowledged that this country is at present the most active and aggressive competitor in the onion trade. Egypt has been regarded by some people as the land of pyramids and mummies only, but it has from time immemorial had a reputation for onions. Ancient Egyptians swore by the onion, and regarded the plant as sacred. The inscription on the pyramid of Cheops tells us that the workmen had onions given to them; and from the Bible we learn that the Hebrews, when slaves under Pharaoh, enjoyed these bulbs, and that when far away they remembered 'the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic.' The trade with Egypt for onions is now so important that four lines of steamers are engaged in the traffic, bringing consignments from Alexandria to Liverpool, Hull, and London. The Egyptian onion is a handsome and useful vegetable, and by selecting the best strains of seed the quality tends, year by year, to improve. The Egyptian knows two varieties, the 'Baali' and the 'Miskaoui,' but supplies of the latter kind are seldom sent abroad, as they absorb so much moisture from the frequently irrigated ground in which they are grown that they do not stand a sea-voyage well. The 'Baali' onion is the more popular Egyptian onion, and is grown in yellow soil, which is sparingly watered while the bulbs are maturing, in order that the onions may stand a lengthy sea-voyage with little risk of 'sprouting.' So excellent in quality are these onions, that efforts are, it is said, being made in other countries to raise onions from Egyptian seed.

Under the social and economic conditions of life in England, market garden land must be high-rented, as such land is always desired close to large centres of population. Of course, it is possible that rents may come down; but this is one of those cases where a thing is possible, but not at all probable. What handicaps the industry more than high rent is the scarcity and dearness of labour. As regards female labour, it is a matter of sentiment; but undoubtedly their labour is most useful in some of the processes of cultivation and after-management of vegetables. Excessive railway rates constitute a legitimate grievance, and the action taken lately by the leading companies is in itself an acknowledgment that they have been giving the foreign grower the preference, to the disadvantage of the home grower. Such associations as the British Produce Supply Association, of which Lord Winchelsea is originator, have been formed to 'inaugurate a new and improved system for the purchase, distribution, and sale of British agricultural produce.' As an



illustration of the excessive charges which we have had to submit to, it may be mentioned that it costs less to bring agricultural seeds from Chicago to London, a distance of about 4000 miles, of which 1000 are by rail and 3000 by steamer, than it does from stations within 150 miles of London. The scarcity of distributing centres, which is also engaging attention at the present day, will no doubt be adjusted in conjunction with railway rates, with which it is closely connected. But the practice of consigning the major portion of the produce grown to the few existing markets there are in the country is responsible at present for gluts and unremunerative returns. It is strange that, however abundant the produce might be, and however bad the prices ruling at the market, still to the local consumer the price rarely falls. And yet some people are surprised that others go into town for their supplies.

The want of technical knowledge is susceptible of self-adjustment, and depends on the grower himself. It is not a question of digging and hoeing, but of giving care to small details; of being in close touch with the markets, and, therefore, well and regularly posted up as to supply and demand; of getting reliable and continuous information as to immediate and prospective market wants; and of being always on the lookout, and ready to adapt 'ideas' though they may be 'new.' A writer in the *Kew Bulletin* on this subject points out another cause for the large importation of vegetable produce—the increasing prosperity of the country, and the rise in the 'standard of comfort;' that is, we have got rich and lazy, and would rather buy an article of consumption from outside than take the trouble to produce it ourselves. So long as the foreigner is ready and willing to deny himself the enjoyment of the produce of his soil and climate so that he may draw on our wealth, and so long as the price of labour allows cabbages or any other vegetable to be grown more cheaply in Holland or anywhere else than they can be grown in England, these vegetables will be imported, and compete on favourable terms with our own produce.

## GEORDIE'S JUSTICE.

### II.

THAT despairing shriek brought unexpected aid to poor Tommy. It reached the ears of Geordie Donce, and Geordie's experience told him that such a shriek could only be caused by some most unusual accident.

He ran quickly from the corner of the shed in which he had what he called his 'office'—a bare stool and desk black with age, smoke, and grease—and in a few seconds reached the scene of the tragedy.

At once his keen, sharp eyes took in the situation; Sam and another of the gang making frantic efforts to move the lever, great drops of perspiration oozing from their foreheads; one man trying to undo the knotted cords, whilst another made desperate attempts

to cut them with a blunt jack-knife; big Bob Rowe using his herculean strength in an endeavour to draw back the plate from the grip of the roller. All this Geordie saw at a glance.

Near by there stood a gigantic sledge-hammer, a hammer which was the joy of Bob's life. None but he could wield it. Nothing delighted him so much as to bring it down, on forging or anvil, with a ringing blow that would shake the ground for yards around.

This mighty tool Geordie seized and swung round his head once—he was sixty-five that day; twice, and the swollen veins on his forehead seemed ready to burst; a third swing he gave it, and once again the bright head of the hammer flashed through the air with cutting 'swish.' Then, with a final turn, he brought it down full on the edge of the slowly moving cog-wheel at the end of the upper roller. So fair and heavy a blow had he dealt that the great wheel was broken in three pieces, which fell, with dull thuds, to the ground.

The sudden jar released the lever, and back it swung, dealing Sam a heavy blow on the stomach; the plate ceased to move, and Tommy was saved, but not before the cruel, grinding roller had gripped fingers, hand, and wrist.

What has taken so long to describe only occupied the fractional part of a minute in its execution. Not a word did Geordie utter; his thin lips were closed like a rat-trap over his square, straight-cut mouth.

Having dealt his record blow he began, with imperious gestures, to direct the men to raise the upper roller and so release the plate. His broad chest panted with the effort he had made. His greasy, black cap had fallen off, and his stiff crop of hair seemed to rise up in suppressed indignation.

The plate released, he proceeded, with rough gentleness, to bind up the crushed hand. With scant ceremony he tore off strips from Bob's shirt, improvised a tourniquet, and so stopped the fearful bleeding. Tommy's first scream had been his last. He lay quite unconscious on the plate, the rust on which formed a dark plane across which streams of blood slowly trickled, and fell drip, drip, drip, drop upon the dusty floor of the mill. Piteful little moans issued from his pallid lips, which seemed doubly pallid in contrast to the general griminess of his face.

The cords unloosed and the hand bound up, Geordie next carried the still unconscious boy to the watchman's hut at the entrance gates. Staunch old bachelor though he was, he bore him along as if he had been accustomed to babies all his life. Some one brought a cab; and Geordie, still with Tommy in his arms, stepped in, and was quickly driven to the hospital.

The rattling of the wheels somewhat roused the boy.

'I'll do it,' he murmured, brokenly; 'I'll do it—if yo'll—ony—take me—off.'

'Whist, then, lad, whist!' said the old man;

'ye're all reet now. It's me as 'as ye. Don't yer know me—Geordie?'

At the sound of the rough, kind voice, Tommy opened his eyes, and seeing the well-known, rugged features of the friend of the 'nippers,' but still not realising that he was safe, sobbed out:

'Please, Mester Donce, don't let 'em do it. I'll kill the nag if they ony let me go!'

Thinking to quiet him, Geordie questioned him, as to what them — chaps had been going to do to him. Then, in broken accents, and with sobs and shivers of dread, he told him all—how they had wanted him to break the machine and how he had 'bested' them; then how they had insisted on his poisoning the 'gaffer's nag,' and, on his refusing, threatened to put him between the rollers.

'An' indeed, indeed, Mester Donce, a wouln' 'a promised fur to do it, ef a adn' seen they was boun' fur to put me in.'

'Never yo' min', m' lad; never yo' min'. We'll be upsides wi' un. They got Geordie to deal wi' the skunks.'

But then, to the honest fellow's great dismay, Tommy continued the conversation, but on most irrelevant subjects. He told Geordie, among many other things, how he had lately been to a grand ratting-match — how his grannie had bought him a new cap which he was to wear to-morrow for the first time, that day being Sunday; and so on, and so on, harking back every now and then to Bob Rowe and his threats.

At last, to the old man's great relief, the hospital was reached, and here willing hands would have relieved him of his burden. But no; Geordie would give Tommy up to no one but 'Mester' Doctor. So he was allowed to carry the lad to the doctor's room.

The latter examined the hand, looked at Tommy's bright eyes, listened to his rambling utterances, and shook his head.

'Will it finish him?' asked Geordie, in what was meant to be a whisper, pointing to the crushed hand.

'Oh no, that's nothing,' replied the doctor; 'but the poor fellow is in high delirium, and that is what I am afraid of.'

'Oh his chump, like?' queried Geordie.

'Yes; however, leave him now, and look in in the morning. I may have a more cheerful report to make then.'

— growled Geordie, between his set teeth, as he thrust his hands deep in his breeches' pockets. Had acute eyes followed this action they would have observed peculiar knobby excrescences rising from under the old man's iron-stained moleskins, and would have rightly inferred that each pocket enclosed a huge clenched fist. With this he left the doctor and took himself away.

Geordie lived in a small house wedged between an iron merchant's store on one side and a foundry gate on the other. Opposite was a boiler-maker's yard, and at the back a locomotive shed. The atmosphere of the street had that peculiar smoky flavour so congenial to Geordie's nasal organs, and the air was full of the ringing din he so dearly loved and in which he had spent his entire life. His bodily

comforts, so far as his independent spirit would allow, were attended to by a married niece who lived near. Geordie would allow no woman to live in his house. Every morning his niece came and did what was necessary for the day, running in towards five to make up the fire and put the old bachelor's dinner on the hob.

Having left the hospital the kindly-hearted and indignant foreman trudged off to his lonely home among the ironworks. Entering his kitchen, he took his hot dinner from the hob, and sat him down to his lonely meal. An odour of onion pervaded the small apartment, as Geordie delved among the contents of the brown basin in front of him, and fished up huge squares of meat or great pieces of potatoes. These he transferred to his mouth and masticated with much the same action as one of his mills. The table contained little else than a knife and fork, one blue jug keeping company with a plate of salt.

He held his two-pronged fork in some peculiar manner between the thumb and remaining finger of his left hand. Steadily working his way to the bottom of the basin, he hardly lifted his eyes, or ceased the regular up and down movement of his square jaws till he had scooped up the last drop of gravy on the end of his knife.

Grave thought sat on the old man's face as he ate, ground one might rather say, his simple though very ample meal. His brows were still contracted as when he left the hospital; the echo of his muttered oath seemed to hang about the small kitchen. The basin emptied, set in the sink and filled with water, Geordie's next move was towards a barrel standing in one corner of the room. Drawing a brass key from the pocket of his leathern waistcoat, he filled the blue jug to the brim with foaming beer. Raising the jug to his lips, he opened his mouth to take a huge draught, first blowing off the froth and scattering it in a shower of iridescent bubbles. But before the fragrant liquor touched his lips the frown on his brow relaxed and a light seemed to break upon him. The jug was set down on the table with its contents untouched. The light broadened, the thin lips relaxed, the blue eyes shone with suppressed merriment.

'— my soul and body,' he cried ecstatically.

With which reprehensible exclamation he brought his heavy right hand down upon his thigh with an echoing crack that would have made another man's leg ache for a week after.

'That's it,' he shouted, 'that 'ill fetch 'em. Blame 'em, they won't forget it in a hurry. Ha! ha! ha! I see 'em now.' His loud laugh made the four walls ring again.

Twice he attempted to drink, and twice the secret joke proved too much for him, and the jug had to be set down untasted. The third time he succeeded, and poured in the beer—it would not be correct to say he drank it—without pausing once.

His usual pipe followed, but ever and anon the hidden thought would come between him and his smoke, causing him to emit peculiar sounds, compounded of grunts, laughs, and coughs.



Next morning, as soon as the rules of the institution allowed, Geordie was at the hospital, once more anxiously awaiting the doctor. The old man was dressed as on the previous day—lenthern waistcoat, greasy cap, iron-stained mole-skins. Sundays and week-days were all the same to him. Geordie never attended any place of worship: he was a stranger to all churches. He would not have found their atmosphere congenial, unless, perhaps, he had been allowed to sit in some belfry-tower whilst the bells were clanging their loudest. Then he would have been perfectly and peacefully happy, surrounded by hideous noises and cold black metal. He stood in front of the fire in the doctor's room as stiff and stolid as a newly founded casting.

As the doctor had said, it was a simple matter enough to amputate Tommy's maimed hand. In fact, within an hour after his admission to the noble building, Tommy was lying on his cot in No. 2 Ward, his stumpy forearm bound up, and made comfortable for the night. He himself was cleaner than ever he had been in his life before, and stretched between snow-white sheets. A snow-white pillow also supported the aching, throbbing head, which tossed from side to side in raging fever.

Very anxious was the doctor that night, but towards dawn the nurses observed an improvement; and when the doctor made his rounds at breakfast-time he found the danger, though not entirely absent, still much lessened. By the time Geordie put in an appearance, that is, at ten o'clock, professionally speaking Tommy was all right.

'Well, Donce,' the doctor said cheerily as he entered his room, 'I think he'll do.'

'Does that mean he'll pull through, Mester?' Geordie queried eagerly.

'Yes, he's quite safe. The arm is going on well, and the fever has almost left him.'

Geordie was silent, his features working strangely. Then he turned away, saying:

'Yow keep yowr rooms too hot, doctor,' making a motion to wipe perspiration from his brow. But, curiously enough, the perspiration seemed to have gathered in his eyes.

'You're a kind-hearted fellow, Donce,' the doctor said, with a sharp look. Then, with quick tact, continued:

'Tell me how the accident happened.'

'Gammon, gammon,' muttered Geordie, in allusion to the doctor's first observation. But before he could reply to his question, he had to spit violently into the fire and make two or three big efforts to swallow something that had hopped up in his throat and stuck there.

'It happened this how,' he burst out, when he felt master of himself. Then he gave the doctor a true and full account of the whole affair. For respectability's sake we must repress the frequent oaths he introduced into the recital; they were but indications of the depths to which a strong nature had been moved, mere heavings of an ocean of love seldom disturbed.

'The brutal hounds,' exclaimed the doctor, when Geordie had done. 'What's going to be done to them? They deserve penal servitude for life.'

'No, no,' laughed Geordie, 'that 'ud never

do. They wouldn't care for pinnel servitude, bless ye. W'm goin' to judge 'em ourselves. And,' he went on with a chuckle, 'I reckon our verdict 'll be one theys goin' to remember.'

'Well, I hope so, Donce; they richly deserve to suffer. However, I must bid you good-morning. My patients will be requiring me.'

'Mornin', Mester,' replied Geordie, turning to go.

'Say,' he said, stopping on his way to the door, 'mappen yo' couldn't let me 'ave a luk at 'e,' pointing with his thumb in the direction in which he supposed Tommy's ward to lie.

'Certainly,' the obliging doctor replied, 'come along.'

So together the strangely matched pair passed out into the large entrance hall and up the broad staircase. They offered a curious contrast. The dapper little doctor, treading almost as lightly as a bird; his beard neatly trimmed, spotless attire, and bright looks. At his side the huge, heavily built iron-man, lifting each foot as if it weighed a ton, dressed in a skin waistcoat with bits of fur still sticking to it here and there; his head still covered, for Geordie was far too independent to remove his cap for any one. Stepping as a young elephant might be expected to, he followed the doctor into No. 2 ward, and planted his heavy person by the side of Tommy's cot.

Tommy was sleeping quietly, with one bright spot on each cheek, his bound-up arm lying outside the sheets. As the old man gazed at his little friend, a strangely soft look crept across his rugged, hard-lined face. He bent down to listen to his gentle breathing.

'God bless yo' fur a brave lad,' he whispered, as he turned to follow the doctor to the door.

There he was dismissed, and forged his way down-stairs alone, as silently as he could. Crossing the hall again, his attention was attracted by a box standing near the door. It looked like a letter-box, only the slit was too small. It had also some words painted on it, but reading was not easy to Geordie.

'What's that thing fur?' he queried of a neatly attired nurse, who crossed the hall at that moment.

'That is for visitors' contributions,' the nurse answered, with a smile.

'Visitors' contributions; well, I'm a visitor. But what's contributions?'

'Money given by those who come here to see their friends,' she explained, much amused.

'Oh,' said Geordie, 'you'll be meanin' brass.'

Therewith he dived into his right hand trousers' pocket and brought up a miscellaneous collection of sovereigns and half-sovereigns, silver, coppers, nails, string, shreds of tobacco, and what not.

With the useful thumb and remaining finger of his left hand he dropped in first one golden coin and then another, then a third, each falling with a happy clink to the bottom of the box.

'I reckon that'll put it rect,' he remarked, as he turned away, leaving the nurse petrified with astonishment at the strange apparition. Having discharged this duty and so eased his mind, he wended his heavy way back to his home.

The rest of this memorable Sunday was spent by Geordie, for the most part, in the exercise of some peculiar gymnastic feats, of which more anon. One of his acts, however, must be mentioned here. So impressed had he been with the painful cleanliness of everything connected with the hospital and its inmates that he felt it absolutely necessary to make some attempt at 'weshing' himself, if he carried out his intention of visiting Tommy as often as he was allowed to do so.

Therefore he set to work that afternoon and used soap and water for the first time for many years. True, the resulting improvement was only partial, and his heart only half in the work of reform. As he explained, in an apologetic way to his surprised niece that evening, 'he couldn' abide the mucky stuff,' meaning the soap, 'and on'y did it for that little nipper's sake.' However it had this good effect: whilst Tommy lay in hospital, Geordie visited him every Sunday; and so sure as he was found, at three o'clock, with his queer attire, mounting the steps leading to the hospital door, so would he have been found, two hours earlier, making a brave effort to cleanse face and hands, using the brown basin from which he had eaten his dinner a few minutes previously.

#### SPECTACLES.

NONE of the five senses with which we are endowed is more precious than sight, nor is there one more liable to deterioration with both young and old, defects in it developing more rapidly, and at an earlier period, than in our faculties of hearing, smell, touch, or taste. With the right use of our eyes, we have an enviable amount of independence, in contrast to those afflicted with visual defects, and a capacity for enjoying all that makes life beautiful and desirable. We need be neither a burden to our friends nor a weariness to ourselves. Partial or total blindness is a contingency that may come to all; yet the neglect of little troubles to our eyes is notorious, and the commonest care to preserve them to the utmost, is quite the exception. At the first sign of any bodily ailment we seek remedies, but too often defer a consultation with an oculist until irreparable mischief has been caused by delay. Clever oculists and skilful opticians have brought to great perfection remedies and appliances for defective sight, which were totally unknown to former generations.

Of these spectacles are the most familiar to us, though it does not appear that the ancients used them at all. Italy, the country to which we owe so much in the arts and sciences, claims the invention, but authorities differ about the name of the inventor, and also in the date of their introduction, somewhere at the close of the 13th century. Jourdan de Rivalto, who died at Pisa 1311, stated in one of his sermons, 'that it is not twenty years since the art of making spectacles was found out, which is indeed,' he adds, 'one of the best and most necessary inventions in the world.' At Pisa also, preserved in the Convent of Santa Caterina, are chronicles dated 1280, wherein we find that Alessandro de Spina, a friar of the order of the

Predicanti, on hearing 'that another than himself knew of it,' first communicated the result of his own invention of spectacles. This 'other' may possibly have been Salvino degli Armati, a Florentine noble, who, dying 1317, has inscribed on his tomb, that he was the first to invent spectacles. But there are traces of spectacles in the writings of the eleventh-century Arab author Alhazen. And Friar Roger Bacon, who ended his days 1294, describes a pair thus: 'This instrument, a plano-convex glass, or large segment of a sphere, is useful to old men, for they may see the smallest letters infinitely magnified.' It was only learned men and monks in those early days who required those 'segments of a sphere' to read their precious manuscripts and to illuminate their beautiful missals. Now every one reads, and new theories so upset old traditions, that even the Venerable Motto of the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers, 'A Boon to the Aged,' is no longer correct. Glasses are now an equal boon to the young, as to the old, and infants of tender years are getting as habituated to wearing them, as their elders are to seeing them on their little noses, a preventive as much as a curative measure for defects to which young people are specially liable, but which until recently, left unchecked, were a source of discomfort and of lasting disfigurement.

In the joyous age of inconsequent youth, we are said to view the world through 'rose-coloured spectacles.' But the time arrives all too soon, when these enchanted aids to happiness are dim, useless, and unserviceable, just like our real eyes, when we have unwillingly to acknowledge 'we do not see as well as we did.' The laws of natural decay are immutable, and every portion of our complex bodies—including our eyes—undergoes certain changes as years creep on. All our nerves are differentiated, each with its own special mission to fulfil. The auditive nerve responds to infinitely delicate vibrations of sound, which have no effect whatever on the optic nerves, whose peculiar work is to transmit, by fine vibrations, impressions into the back of the brain, by means of which medium alone we see. After the age of forty or forty-five, the lenses of the eye become more or less flattened, and the result is a decrease of the refractive power, and a sensible diminution in the acuteness of vision. This well-known failing betrays itself when the things we are looking at require to be held at an ever-increasing distance, before they become sharp and clear. The lessened transparency in the media of the eye is a gradual but marked process, and from it oculists can form a fairly correct idea of the age of a patient. When keenness of vision is lessened, even in a small degree, an oculist—not an optician—should be consulted without delay, who will advise the right kind and proper strength of spectacles suited to the case.

If we think of the construction of the eye, its delicate tissues and sensitive lenses, we will readily understand that none but those who have made the difficult science of optics their study, is fitted to treat its defects and diseases. The standard of vision is not invariable, it is relative, rather than absolute; the eyes of no two people are alike, and even the two eyes of



an individual frequently differ materially. It is clear, then, that many different glasses are required to suit all visions; for if unduly strained by unsuitable lenses, the sight is apt to give out long before it should, had proper precautions been adopted. The three primary properties of lenses are to modify the inclination of the luminous rays of light at their incidence upon the cornea; to modify the quantity of light; and to modify colour. A great variety is in use, both for scientific purposes and for spectacles. For the latter we have the non-focal coloured glasses, the plano-convex, the plano-concave, the double convex, and double concave, and the double focus or Franklin lens, that appears cracked across the centre, but is in reality two pair of lenses in one frame, to suit eyes of different focus—no uncommon occurrence, though often unsuspected, and therefore not attended to as it should. The oculist has every form of lens at his command, for the various kinds of defective vision, the commonest of which are 'astigmatism' or irregular sight—'myopia' or short sight, and 'Presbyopia,' old or long sight. This last with the aged arises from rigidity, but many young people are liable to the trouble. The lenses for spectacles are made usually from crown-glass, the cheapest of any; but convex glasses, which from their shape are peculiarly liable to injury from scratches, are nearly always constructed from either rock-crystal or flint-glass, both extremely hard substances, possessing, besides, superior dispersive powers over other material. The cheaper kind of spectacles sent over in quantities from Germany and elsewhere, are seldom free from blemishes, and as the slightest flaw in a lens is injurious to the eye, care should be taken not to use any that have tiny air-bubbles or minute specks on their surface.

Like everything else in this progressive age, spectacles have been rapidly perfected, not only in the quality of the lenses, but more especially in their mounting. The heavy framework of bone, horn, and tortoise-shell, worn by our grandfathers, are a contrast indeed to the dainty light setting of modern glasses, the aim of the good spectacle maker of to-day. A frame of the slightest fine steel, or the lightest of gold, compatible with the safe holding of the lens, makes the wearing of glasses much less irksome than they must formerly have been. Pince-nez have frequently no setting at all beyond the necessary bridge; and the heavy double gold eyeglass, once such a favourite with young-old belles and antique beaux at Spas and fashionable watering-places, is now quite obsolete. Another craze too is gone, when every one who wished to be thought smart, was bound to carry an eyeglass, in order that they might properly recognise friends, and effectually avoid detrimentials. There is a survival of this fashion on the Continent, in the constant use of the long-handled lorgnette.

When the advisability of wearing spectacles is once granted, care should be taken, not only to procure lenses that suit, but also to have comfortably fitting frames. The bridges of our noses on which they rest, we all know, vary in width, and the distance between the eyes is

seldom the same in two individuals. Attention ought to be paid to this fact; for if spectacles are improperly adjusted, the focus is imperfect, causing the eyes to ache, and instead of assisting us to see better, the fault may aggravate disease, if it exists, or even induce it. The apathy shown by people about their eyes is difficult of logical explanation. We see glasses with crooked frames, and lenses quite dull with constant use; and hear the wearers of them complaining of failing sight and increasing inconvenience, all through neglect of the simple precaution of a periodical examination by a skilled oculist. Not to use this precaution is a source of absolute danger where men are employed in any public capacity. The primary cause of many a collision at sea and accident on railways is doubtless often due to defective eyesight of the lookout man in the one case, and of the signal-man on the other.

The first fruits of the slow growth of optical science was not spectacles, but the single microscope, in the form of a glass globe filled with water. The next known magnifying lens is one of rock-crystal—now in the British Museum—found by Layard in the Palace of Nimrod. But it was not until three centuries after spectacles had been introduced, that the first compound microscope was made in 1590 by Zacharias Jansz or Janssen, or by his father, Hans Jansz, spectacle makers and natives of Middleburg, a town about four miles from Flushing. A Jansz microscope was in the possession of Cornelius Drebell, of Alkmar, when staying in London, as Mathematician at the Court of James VI., but this primitive effort cannot compare with the perfect modern instrument that has revealed to us a world of infinite minuteness, not less wonderful than the knowledge obtained with the aid of the telescope of the infinitely remote heavens. Practically, the invention of spectacles led to the making of the telescope; for although astronomy was the earliest science cultivated by the ancients, they do not appear to have had instruments, but obtained their knowledge of the phenomena of heavenly bodies by constant, direct observation and close study. If Galileo did not actually originate the telescope—as some claim for him—he at least perfected it sufficiently to take observations which upset the erroneous theories held by wise men for ages, and to establish a more reasonable basis of study for the future benefit of scholars.

It is said that Galileo, when residing at Padua, where he was Professor of Mathematics at that university, one day went to Venice, where he heard that a Dutch spectacle maker, called Metius, was exhibiting to the Venetians a combination of lenses by which distant objects could be seen comparatively clearly. The great experimental philosopher, refusing either to look at or examine this marvel, returned home to puzzle out the hint he had received. The instrument known as 'Galileo's Tube' was completed the following year, 1609, and later, his perfected double-eyed telescope was given to the world. The sad sequel of his efforts in the cause of science is well known—how he was cited by the church for spreading heretical doctrines contrary to the direct evi-

dence of Scripture, was afterwards imprisoned, and on his release, banished from his native Florence for many years. Then came blindness, and Galileo, a broken and disappointed man, passed away in his seventy-eighth year, in his battlemented, stroug, old tower, which still stands boldly out against the blue Italian sky, on the crest of a hill overlooking the lovely Tuscan vale of Arcetri.

## ROMANTIC TALES OF THE INDIAN WAR.

### AN UNPUBLISHED INCIDENT OF THE SACK OF LUCKNOW.

By W. FORBES MITCHELL,  
Author of *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*.

JUST after the Mutiny of 1857-58, some meddling philanthropists in England tried to get up an agitation about the wanton cruelty of our Army in India. They entirely overlooked the nature of the war and the fact that we were engaged in putting down mutiny and rebellion, and in punishing the murderers of helpless women and children; and omitted to reflect that until after the fall of Lucknow, the enemy—wherever met—far outnumbered the British, rendering it morally impossible to guard prisoners even if they had been taken. It was also forgotten that the revolted Sepoys had proclaimed the war of extermination, not the British; and no apologist of the mutineers can honestly assert that they were actuated by patriotism to cast off the yoke of the oppressor. As regards cases of wanton cruelty said to have been perpetrated by Sikhs or Goorkhas during the sack of either Delhi or Lucknow, it must be fully recognised that the greater part of the native army on our side consisted of newly raised levies from the wildest districts of the Punjab, and the Hills of Nepal. Many of those in the ranks of the Punjabi regiments, and most of the native officers, were old men who had fought against the British during the wars preceding the annexation of the Punjab, and who had in 1857 actually taken service with the British in the hope of plunder and to pay off old outstanding grudges against the revolted Sepoys. They above all men looked upon mercy shown to a fallen enemy as the height of imbecile weakness.

I well recall the disgust and disapprobation of an old Sikh Sirdar (a native commander of a troop or squadron of cavalry) in the Umbeyla Pass campaign of 1863, seven years after the mutiny, because a picket of the enemy, which were surprised in the defiles and taken prisoners, were merely disarmed and sent to the rear. I asked the old man what he would have done with them. He replied, 'You Anzeze (English) are far too lenient; you don't know the ingratitude of these people. I remember on my first expedition into these hills, in Runjeet Singh's time, we surprised a picket just about this very place. We flayed every man of them alive, and tied them on ant-hills to be eaten alive by the ants. That is the proper way to deal with those people.' And when I asked him how he would appreciate such treatment himself, he replied: 'If we were to fall into the hands

of these scoundrels they would treat us far worse if they had time; they would impale us alive on a sharp stake, with hands and feet tied, and keep us there until the jackal by night, and the vultures by day, would in pure mercy come to put an end to our sufferings.' Such were the men composing the newly raised levies of 1857, who in most instances had to be controlled by only *one*, or at most *two*, European officers per battalion. Can it therefore be wondered at if there were some cases of wanton outrage? The only wonder is that there were not more. But as to cases of real wanton cruelty or outrage committed by European soldiers, none came under my own notice; and during the sack of Lucknow, I only heard of one well-authenticated case of wanton barbarism committed by a European officer. He was the son of a captain who had been in the service of the late king of Lucknow, and knew very little about European or Christian refinement, having been born and educated in Lucknow, and later on presented with a cadetship by Lord Dalhousie, in recognition of the services of his father at the time of the annexation of Oude.

But to my story. In pages 342 and 348 of the first edition of *My Diary in India*, Dr (now Sir W. H.) Russell, special correspondent to the *Times*, notices the outrage, but not its sequel and punishment. This may not have been exactly legal, according to the Queen's regulations and the articles of war, and was consequently known only to a few. In describing a run through the captured positions, Russell writes: 'I came upon the'—(I need not name the regiment). 'They are a fine set of fellows, but there is one among them who did a bloody, a cruel and cowardly act this day; but I am glad to know his comrades feel towards him as he deserves. After the Fusiliers had stormed the gateway, a Cashmere boy came to them, leading a blind and aged man, and throwing himself at the feet of this officer, asked for protection. The officer, as I was informed by his comrades, drew his revolver and snapped it at the wretched suppliant's head. The men of the regiment called shame on him. Twice again he pulled the trigger, and the weapon still refused to act, so thrice had he time to relent. The fourth time the gallant officer succeeded, and the boy's life-blood flowed at his feet, amidst the indignation and the outcry of his men.'

Such is Russell's account, which is exactly what was reported in the camp and told to me by men who were eye-witnesses to the barbarity. Now for the sequel, which I witnessed myself. After the capture of the Begun's Palace, my regiment, the 93d Highlanders, was allowed a few days' rest in camp, but returned to the city on the 18th March. By that time every effort was being made to put a stop to plundering and to restore order. General Sir Hope Grant himself, with a squadron of his cavalry brigade, patrolled part of the city and the roads, leading from the camp and the gardens alongside the Gunti, to put a stop to marauding. My company of the 93d was posted in a large house and garden near the Mint. Shortly after we had been posted, the General rode into the garden and called on Captain Dawson for a



guard of about a dozen men, and a drummer with his cat, to go and secure a party of marauders, who were plundering in a close or blind alley near by. I, with a dozen men, and drummer MacLeod, was at once detailed for the duty, and went with the General. After going round several turnings, we came on a party of about a dozen men, a sergeant, and an officer of the — Fusiliers, the same officer who had shot the Cashmere boy two days before, as described by Russell. They were all arrested and shut into a small court, the entrance to which, a narrow *cul de sac*, was guarded by a party of the 9th Lancers. Sir Hope Grant dismounted, leaving his charger with the mounted men in the street. Taking the guard of the 93d inside the courtyard, we were joined by Sergeant Peter Gillespie, our deputy provost-marshal, with a set of triangles and an unusually formidable 'cat-o'-nine-tails.' Sir Hope Grant ordered the whole of the marauders to fall in with the officer on the right, whilst Sergeant Gillespie fixed the triangles in the centre of the court. As soon as these arrangements were completed, the General, addressing the officer, asked him if he had not heard the Commander-in-chief's orders against marauding and plundering, and whether he knew that those caught in the act, no matter what their rank, were to be summarily flogged by the provost-marshal and returned to their regiments. Declaring that, having himself caught the party red-handed, he meant to do his duty, and flog every one of them, he then ordered the officer to strip. The latter remonstrated, but Sir Hope Grant replied, 'Come, come, sir! no nonsense: strip and take your punishment like a man; otherwise I must order these Highlanders to lay hands on you and forcibly tie you up. We have no time to waste for general counts-martial upon men like you; so strip at once.' The officer saw that there was no escape, and most reluctantly stripped, threatening Sir Hope Grant with a report to the Horse Guards, damages in a civil court, &c. But all his threats produced no effect; Sergeant Peter Gillespie strapped him firmly on to the triangles, then throwing off his coat to enable him to wield the cat with more effect, called out, 'Ready, Sir Hope!' The General gave the command, 'Lay on,' and counting the lashes himself, Peter laid on—up to twenty-five, which the officer stood with a good deal of wriggling, but up to then he did not howl outright. When he completed twenty-five lashes, Peter stopped, and saluting the General, said, 'My arm is tired, Sir Hope: drummer MacLeod is left-handed; let him give the remainder.'—'All right, all right,' said Sir Hope. 'Certainly! certainly! let drummer MacLeod finish the job!'

Non-military readers who have never seen a man flogged may not see the force of the change from a right-handed to a left-handed operator with the cat, so I must explain. The lashes given with the left hand cut diagonally across those already laid on with the right hand, making a St Andrew's cross, multiplied by nine at every stroke on the back of the patient, and the pain of a cross-flogging is excruciating. The halt had allowed the strokes already administered to swell, and the blood was flowing

freely, for the cat had been purposely prepared, as a punishment for the shooting of the little boy, as described by Russell. So drummer MacLeod assumed the cat in his left hand and flogged with a will; and at the second or third stroke the officer commenced to howl, but this had no effect. Sergeant Gillespie counted the lashes, and Sir Hope Grant stood in front of the triangles, calling out: 'Now, now, don't howl and disgrace your regiment; take it like a man! take it like a man!' When he had got his fifty, Sir Hope said: 'Now on with your clothes, and off to your regiment, and if you don't say anything about this yourself, no one else will; be off, and don't plunder any more, lest a worse thing befall you.'

The officer dressed and disappeared as sharply as he could, Sergeant Gillespie saying stingingly to him, 'You're not so brave on the triangles as when shooting little boys.' As soon as he was gone, Sir Hope Grant turned to the sergeant and the men, telling them that if they would each promise not to plunder any more, he would let them off, in consideration of the bad example which had been set them by an officer. This they all gladly promised, and were allowed to go. I afterwards learned from Sergeant Gillespie that the whole was a prearranged plan, the sergeant only being in the secret, as the officer in question was known to be an inveterate plunderer, and a cowardly cur. He shortly afterwards sent in his papers and retired from the service. He was eventually drowned in one of the Assam rivers by the upsetting of a boat.

#### THE COMMONPLACE.

SHALL we but value what is rare—  
The flawless gem, the peerless face—  
And none of our affection spare  
For what is only commonplace?

The gifts of God, like words, abound  
On every page of Nature's book:  
There's something worthy to be found  
Wherever you may chance to look.

We do rank common things before  
God's rarer wonders, now and then,  
As common bread is worth far more  
Than diamonds to hungry men.

And always in God's common things  
There's beauty, if we care to seek—  
The sober brown of sparrows' wings,  
The wrinkles on a furrowed cheek.

'Tis not perfection icy-cold,  
In earth beneath, or heav'n above,  
That can alone our heart-strings hold:  
Hearts cannot tell us why they love.

God help us all if men should care  
For only what is full of grace,  
Lest love itself should then be rare  
And we should still be commonplace!

C. J. BODEN.

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## VOTING SUPPLIES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

THE House of Commons, composed as it is of the elected representatives of the taxpayers of the realm, has sole control of the collection and expenditure of the national revenue; or of the mode in which taxes are raised, and the manner in which taxes are spent. Before the Revolution supplies were voted by the Commons, on the direct application of the Sovereign, without any specific information being afforded as to the financial needs of the State, or any guarantee being given that the money would be spent solely for the public weal. The money went into the Royal Treasury, and the king spent it, as a rule, for his own pleasure, and to sustain his own influence and power. If the Sovereign had at his disposal a fat purse, he paid little heed to public rights or public wrongs. But when his treasury was empty, he went to the Commons to solicit further subsidies in a repentant and yielding mood, real or pretended, and then the representatives of the people were able, as conditions precedent to voting the money asked for by his impecunious majesty, to have grievances redressed; to extort concessions; to make the bounds of freedom wider yet. The votes of supply are now founded on annual estimates prepared on the collective responsibility of the Cabinet. These estimates are carefully calculated to raise just so much money as will cover the expenses for the coming year. And that money is strictly appropriated within the year to the specific purposes for which it is voted by the House of Commons.

Long ago, too, the House of Lords exercised co-ordinate control with the Commons over the national revenue. But the interference of the Lords in supply was always regarded with jealousy and resentment by the Commons; and at last, after many hot controversies, the people's representatives succeeded, after the Revolution, in establishing for evermore their exclusive right

to determine 'the matter, the measure, and the time' of every tax imposed upon the people. The principle upon which this exclusive right of the Commons is founded has been well expressed by Lord Chatham. 'Taxation,' said he, 'is no part of the governing or legislative power. The taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the Commons alone. In legislation, the Three Estates of the Realm are alike concerned; but the concurrence of the peers and the crown to a tax—the gift and grant of the Commons alone—is only necessary to clothe it with the form of a law.' Accordingly, all proposals involving the raising or spending of taxes can only originate in the Commons: and although all Bills embodying such proposals are, after they have passed the Commons, sent up in the usual fashion to the Lords; and although the Lords may in theory reject a Money Bill (they are expressly prohibited from modifying its clauses or altering it in any way), the rejection of any such bill would now be considered a breach of constitutional usage, if not an invasion of the privileges of the representative chamber.

The sums of money necessary for the administration of the affairs of the United Kingdom and the defence of our world-wide empire are enormous. Over ninety millions of money is annually raised for this purpose. In the year ending with March 1894 the exact amount was £91,302,846; in the last financial year it was £93,918,421. These figures do not include the payments out of the national exchequer to local bodies in aid of local taxation, which of late amount to over six millions per annum; so that the gross imperial expenditure at present is close on £100,000,000 a year. This enormous public revenue comes, either directly or indirectly, from the pockets of the people.

The tendency of the national fiscal policy in our days is to remove imposts from articles of consumption—especially those which are necessities as distinguished from luxuries, and from raw materials used in manufactures, and to



increase the taxes on income and property. But, nevertheless, the vast bulk of the revenue still comes from the indirect taxation yielded by the Customs and Inland Revenue. Customs are imposts levied on a part of the foreign trade of the country, or on tea, tobacco, wine and spirits that come to us from abroad. The Inland Revenue consists of revenue derived from the internal resources of the country, such as excise duties on home-produced beer, spirits, and malt, income tax, and the various other taxes on property. Of the £98,466,798 raised in 1895, the greater portion, or £62,835,263, came from the Inland Revenue (which includes both direct and indirect taxes, the latter, however, yielding the most revenue), and £19,974,601 from Customs. The Post Office Service yielded £10,472,876; the Telegraph Service, £2,534,262; and the remaining sum, between two and three millions, is derived from miscellaneous sources, such as fee stamps, patents for inventions, and the hereditary revenues of the Crown from woods, forests, and lands (£414,450) which have been handed over to the State in exchange for the Civil List, or the £407,301 (including £60,000 for the Queen's privy purse) paid for the salaries and expenses of the royal household. This sum is exclusive of the £187,796 granted in annuities and pensions to other members of the Royal Family.

The entire revenue of the country is gathered in from its various sources by the state departments charged with its collection; and it forms, when paid into the Bank of England and the Bank of Ireland to the account of 'Her Majesty's Exchequer,' one common fund which is called 'The Consolidated Fund.' Payments from the national exchequer are of two kinds—namely, 'Consolidated Fund Services' and 'Supply Services.' The first services consist of regularly recurring annual charges, that have been already authorised and made permanent by acts of parliament, and which, therefore, are issued to the Treasury without having to come every year under the supervision of the House of Commons. These charges amount to about £28,500,000. As much as twenty-five millions of this sum—being indeed the biggest slice of the public revenue—go to pay interest on our national debt (which amounted at the last financial year to about £669,104,024), and to create a sinking fund for its redemption. Over half a million of the consolidated fund service goes to the Queen and other members of the Royal Family; another half a million for the salaries and pensions of our judges and magistrates; about £339,000 for annuities and pensions for certain naval and military services (including annuities to the heirs of Nelson and Wellington), and for diplomatic, political, and civil services; about £82,000 for existing salaries and allowances to high state functionaries—as, for instance, the £20,000 to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the £5000 to the Speaker of the House of Commons; and the remainder, or about £337,000, for miscellaneous services.

The effect of placing these charges on the Consolidated Fund is that they are entirely removed beyond the criticism of the House of Commons. The idea, of course, is that such subjects as the payment of our national debt

—on which the credit of the country depends—and the annuities of the Royal Family, the allowances to the descendants of national heroes and faithful servants of the State, and the salaries of our judges and magistrates, and other high state functionaries, ought not to be liable every year to discussion, and perhaps heated and undignified criticism, in the House of Commons.

Over the 'Supply Services,' or the second class of charges on the national exchequer, the House of Commons has entire control, as they must be specially voted by the House every year. They come to about £63,000,000; and are divided into three classes—Army, Navy, and Civil Service. The Army estimates last year amount to close on twenty-one millions; the Navy estimates to nearly twenty millions, and the Civil Service estimates to about twenty-two millions.

The Estimates are, in the first instance, prepared by the ministers at the head of the various state departments which spend the money. The Secretary for War is responsible for the Army estimates; the First Lord of the Admiralty for the Navy estimates; and—to mention only two of the seven departments which come under the general head of 'the Civil Service'—the Postmaster General for the Post Office estimates; the Home Secretary for the Home Office estimates. But these estimates of the amounts which in the opinion of the ministers are required to carry on the work of their departments for twelve months are subjected to careful scrutiny (to see that they are framed with a due regard to economy) by the Treasury, a department which exercises a jealous control over the other State departments, in all matters involving the expenditure of public money—before they are adopted by the Cabinet, and formally submitted to the consideration of the House of Commons. The Treasury, by all accounts, keeps a tight hold on the strings of the national purse; and its approval of any proposal which would compel 'Sandy, Taffy, John, and Paddy' to put their hands deeper into their trousers pockets is difficult to obtain, unless indeed, it involves a question of policy, to which the party in office is pledged when, of course, the economical scruples of the Treasury must give way.

Unofficial members of the House of Commons have not the right to propose a motion for the increase of any of the estimates before the Committee of Supply. It is easy to account for this restriction on the privileges of members of parliament. Constituents frequently make unreasonable demands on their representatives; and it is to be feared that if members could propose the expenditure of public money, it is not ninety millions, but nine hundred and ninety-nine millions, that would be required to meet the claims members would be compelled to make on behalf of their constituents.

A member therefore cannot move to increase a vote. That can only be done by the responsible minister. But a member may move a reduction in a vote. Committee of Supply, therefore, affords to every member the opportunity of raising any grievance his constituents or the public generally may feel against any of the departments or ministers, whose expenses and salaries are covered by the votes. This practi-

cally means that any question may be raised in Committee of Supply. There is no doubt that the anticipation of criticism in Committee of Supply has a restraining influence on ministers, and tends to maintain that honest and pure administration in the State departments which has been so long the proud boast of this kingdom.

The business of Supply is extended over a large part of the Session. But as the votes are agreed to in Committee, they are reported to the House, when, as on the report stage of a Bill, their proposals may be again debated and rejected or adopted. Sometimes what is called 'a vote on account,' which is usually for a large amount, is taken by the Government, to enable it to carry on the services of the country until the regular votes have been adopted. Under the authority of those 'Supply resolutions,' the Comptroller and Auditor General—to whom they are sent direct from Parliament—grants to the Treasury a general credit on the Consolidated Fund in the Bank of England. The Treasury, however, does not pay over to the various departments the funds appropriated to their services directly they are voted by Parliament. In fact, the money does not reach the departments at all through the Treasury. Armed with the warrants issued by the Comptroller and Auditor General, the Treasury directs the Bank of England to place the money to the account of the Paymaster General, who acts as the banker of the departments. Payments are made by the Paymaster General only against orders issued upon him by the departments. These orders are like bank cheques, and the books of the Paymaster General are kept in a similar manner to those of a banker—that is, each department is credited with the amounts received on its account from the Treasury, and is debited with the various sums paid on the orders or cheques it issues. Each department has the power only of spending during any year the amount voted for its service. If the funds voted by Parliament for the purpose should prove insufficient, owing to a miscalculation in the estimated revenue, or in the estimated expenditure, the Treasury can raise the amount necessary to cover the deficit by the issue of Bills on the security of the Exchequer, which are subsequently redeemed by means of supplementary votes of supply granted by Parliament. On the other hand, should a department spend less than the amount voted for its service, the surplus has to be returned to the Exchequer, into which such department has also to pay any amount it may have received from any other source than its 'vote,' as for instance the proceeds of the sale of old stores.

The amount of taxation each year being thus calculated to provide for the expenditure which it is estimated will be required during that year and no more, it may be asked how are new and unforeseen demands on the national exchequer met? Has the Treasury to wait for another year to receive the money from Parliament? Two permanent reserve funds have been created to meet such contingencies arising during the parliamentary recess. One is the 'Treasury Chest Fund,' consisting of £1,300,000, for unexpected public services at home and

abroad; the other is the 'Civil Contingencies Fund,' consisting of £120,000, for departmental services of a like character. Any money advanced to the Treasury from either of these funds must be repaid by a special vote of supply when Parliament again assembles. This is the only attempt made by the State to set aside funds to meet the 'rainy day' mentioned in the proverb.

The passing of the Appropriation Act at the end of each session is the consummation of the control which Parliament exercises over the public expenditure. In this Act are consolidated all the votes passed in Committee of Supply, and its purpose is to insure that each vote is appropriated to the objects for which it was granted by Parliament.

But nevertheless, it cannot be said that there is a rigorous supervision of the Estimates by the House of Commons. Indeed, that is not possible in the circumstances of parliamentary life, and happily it is hardly necessary. Adequate scrutiny of the spending of the national revenue is supplied by other means. There is the Audit department of the Civil Service, whose business it is to examine the accounts and vouchers of the expenditure of the various branches of the public service. But that is not all. Every session the House appoints a Public Accounts Committee—consisting of experienced and clear-headed business men—whose duty it is to supervise the work of the Audit department. The system by which the public funds of the realm is administered is indeed beyond suspicion. Under it, extravagance—not to speak of peculation—is impossible, and all the money is spent on the objects for which it is voted by Parliament. That no doubt is the reason why the sums asked for by ministers are so readily granted year after year by the House of Commons.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER III. (continued).

THEY were crossing the Rialto bridge by this time. About midway the king stopped, and standing side by side, they looked down at the Canal. It was a lovely morning—overhead the blue sky was flecked with swift flying clouds, and beneath them the green water of the canal danced and curtsied to the fresh breeze. Here and there gondolas dotted its surface, but the great thoroughfare was scarcely as busy as usual.

For some little time neither spoke—the king was gazing down at the water, as if trying to make up his mind to say something, and yet hardly caring to do so, not knowing what answer he might receive.

Olivia looked at him with a great pity upon her face.

'May I know what you are thinking of?' she said, when the silence had lasted upwards of three minutes.

He gave a little start as she spoke, showing thereby how far away his thoughts had been.

'I must beg your pardon,' he answered



quickly. 'I am afraid I make but a poor companion. What was I thinking? I fear I can hardly tell you. Perhaps I was wondering at the seeming contrariness of Fate. I intended to do so much, I started so well, and now that the game is in my own hands, I am plucked out of it, like a flower that is just opening to the sun.'

He moved a little closer to where she leant her arms upon the coping of the ancient bridge. The expression on his face was sadder than she had ever yet seen it.

'Lady Olivia, I think if you only knew how much I intended to do—what lofty aims and aspirations I had, you would give me all your divine pity.'

'But I do pity you, sir. I have told you that I pity you with my whole heart.'

There were tears in her eyes, and the king would have noticed them had his thoughts not been elsewhere.

'I dreamed such dreams of all I was going to do. I found my kingdom going begging, and having taken possession of it, I devoted my life to building it up. It has been my child, my all. I have thought for it, schemed for it, nay, even fought for it. At first I could make no headway at all. The people were orientals, and their prejudices against me were in their blood. But I was patient; I humoured them, I taught them to respect me, and at last I won their confidence, and next their love. This once gained, little by little I began my work of improving them. Here again I had to exercise all my caution, their ways were not European ways, and customs and traditions that have been handed down from father to son from generation to generation for hundreds of years are difficult foes to fight. But still, by unlimited patience and perseverance, I began to make headway. My staff, all picked men, helped me; the French priests, having discovered that I was not going to interfere with their mission work, lent me their co-operation, and every year saw my kingdom growing in power and solidity. I pictured myself as the founder of a country that should in time take its place among the great nations of the earth. Physically there could not be a more enchanting land. It is the Garden of Eden itself. My people are strong and industrious; with proper tuition, they make the best of workmen. They are patriotic, and in capable hands can be manufactured into excellent soldiers. I have a standing army of five thousand men, recruited and drilled by European officers, and at a day's notice I can raise reserves of twice that number. Having accomplished all this in so short a time, what could I not have done in another ten years had I only been spared?'

'But you *will* be spared. I cannot believe that it is as bad as you say.'

'Ah! again you think to cheer me. But alas, nothing you can say can alter what I

have been told must happen. My lungs are seriously affected.'

'But if you are careful—if you do implicitly as the doctors tell you—then surely your life may be spared for years to come.'

'You try to make me see the bright side—but alas! the decree has gone forth, and I cannot shut my eyes to the truth. No, no! Let us talk of something else. Remember after to-day, if you are going away so soon, I probably shall not see you again. After to-day we shall only be memories to each other. It seems to me, Lady Olivia, as if I had known you all your life.'

She hung her head a little, and it might have been the reflection from her sunshade that gave the colour to her face as she answered:

'And I, your Majesty.'

'If you could only understand how pleasant our intercourse has been to me. Kings, Lady Olivia, are at the best but lonely men. Even such small kings as I. And yet we try to make friends.'

'But you have many friends.'

'I fear not! I fear not. I only wish I could think otherwise. Oh, if we could implicitly trust those about us, how different life would be! I have been deceived so often that I sometimes wonder I have any faith left in human nature. Small as my kingdom is, it is surrounded by jealous foes. China would wrest it from me were she strong enough; France has long cast envious eyes upon it. Even now I am never certain when the latter may not find a pretext, and endeavour to take it from me. But she shall not have it without a struggle. Of that I am determined.'

'You would fight to the bitter end to prevent such an injustice!' cried Olivia. 'What right has France to your kingdom? It is yours by right and might, and yours it must continue. Let her be content with what she has already.'

'Ah,' replied the king, 'I fear you have but a small knowledge of the ambition of a nation. France has more than she can manage already, but that is no reason why she should not endeavour to take my ewe lamb from me.'

'But you will not let her. I have no fear. I know you too well for that.'

As she said this Olivia drew herself up proudly and looked at the man she addressed. Had such an action been necessary, I believe she would have girded a sword upon her thigh, and gone forth to his rescue, like a second Maid of Orleans.

'No; I shall not let her, if I can prevent it; you may be very sure of that. But the question is, can I prevent it?'

'You must—you must. It would be the cruellest injustice that she should have it.'

There was a light in his eyes like the flash of steel. It was evident he was about to answer her in a similar strain, but he stopped himself suddenly, and drew a little closer to her side.

'Lady Olivia,' he said, and his voice throbbed with the intensity of his emotion. 'If I am ever called upon to do battle for my kingdom, shall I have your good wishes for my success?'

As if in anticipation of what might follow her reply, my sister turned suddenly very pale.

'You will always have my good wishes,' she answered, and then, as if she had said too much, she hastened to add, 'You have right and justice on your side—how could I help but sympathise with you.'

'You will only wish me well then, because I shall be in the right of the quarrel?'

She glanced swiftly at him, and then as swiftly withdrew her eyes.

'You press me to a disadvantage.'

'And pardon my saying so, you endeavour to turn me from the point at issue. Forgive my importunities. I should not have worried you with my questions. I am always so thoughtless.'

'You have not worried me; I am proud to answer you. I sympathise with you, because you are a brave man, and I think you try to be a good ruler. I cannot say more than that.'

'I will not ask you to do so,' he answered gently. 'I must consider myself fortunate to have won so much where so many have failed.'

After that there was another silence; then Olivia, having stolen a glance at her watch, suggested that it would be as well if they continued their walk. His Majesty agreed, and, side by side, they accordingly crossed the bridge, and made their way in the direction of Galaghetti's hotel.

When they reached the steps, the king paused, and held out his hand.

'Good-bye, Lady Olivia,' he said; 'I am very grateful to you for your sympathy. I shall remember your kindness all the days of my life.'

She was pulling off her gloves, and, as she extended her hand, one of them fell to the ground. The king stooped and picked it up. In the excitement of the moment, he did not return it, nor did she, strangely enough, ask him for it.

'Good-bye,' she answered, and then added, with a little quaver in her voice—'And may God protect your Majesty.'

'Amen,' he answered, and then replaced his hat upon his head, and went down the steps, while she entered the building.

She found me in the drawing-room, cutting the pages of a new book I had that morning purchased. As I greeted her, I saw that she was deathly pale, and for a moment I thought she was going to faint. But, as she insisted that she had never felt better in her life, I was constrained to believe her, against the evidence of my senses.

'And how did you find Lady Hammerton?'

I inquired, when she had seated herself.

'I did not see her,' she answered. 'The poor thing is not well, and is confined to her room. I had my journey for nothing.'

'I can sympathise with you. I, too, had my excursion for nothing—the Consul is not at his office to-day. But you are late. How did you put in your time? You have been gone nearly two hours.'

She rose from her chair, and, picking up her parasol, prepared to leave the room.

'My dear Instow,' she said, 'how very curious you are. One would imagine, by the way you talk, that I am too young to be

trusted alone. Venice is not Central Africa; a woman is as safe by herself in the streets here as in Piccadilly.'

Like a prudent man, seeing the way the wind blew, I held my tongue; but it was some time before I gave up wondering why she declined to tell me.

After lunch I was smoking a cigar in the smoking-room, when a servant entered with a note upon a salver. He handed it to me, and stood waiting for an answer. The envelope, which was addressed in a bold handwriting, was perfectly plain, but the paper it contained bore, in the left-hand top corner, a small gold crown. To my surprise, it was from the king's aide-de-camp, and ran as follows:

DEAR LORD INSTOW—Could you make it convenient to call upon His Majesty immediately on receipt of this. By doing so, you would be rendering him a great service.—Yours very faithfully,  
CONRAD MANOLAKI.

I scrawled a note to say that I would start at once, and then went upstairs to prepare myself for the visit. What could His Majesty want with me, I wondered, as I dressed.

On reaching the palace, I found that my arrival was expected. The aide-de-camp, Manolaki, was waiting to receive me, and, as soon as I was announced, he came forward.

'His Majesty is most anxious to see you, my lord,' he said. 'If you will follow me, I will conduct you to his presence.'

We ascended the great stairs together, and eventually reached a room in which I had never been before. It was furnished as a study, and I found the king pacing up and down in it. He was plainly in a state of agitation, and directly he saw me, he came over to where I stood, and shook me warmly by the hand. I noticed that he was no longer the apathetic, listless man I had hitherto found him, but showed himself now, as he must have been when he took the throne of the Médangs, quick, eager, and resourceful, with an eye that spoke for his command of men, and a brain that enabled him to make the most of every possible advantage. I never encountered a greater change in a human being.

'I am obliged to you for your promptness in responding to my request, my lord,' he said. 'I took the liberty of sending for you, as the matter upon which I desire to consult you is of the utmost importance. To be brief with you, I think you are my friend?'

'I desire that you should always so consider me,' I answered. 'If there is any means by which I can prove it, I shall be glad if you will tell me.'

'It is in your power, and I will show you how. See here.' He crossed to the writing-table in the centre of the room, and took from it a slip of paper, which he handed to me. 'This is a telegram in cipher from my prime-minister,' he said. 'Translated, it means, "Return with all haste. Fear serious trouble impending with the French."'

I held the paper in my hand, and looked from it to the king, then back again.

'I fear I do not quite understand,' I said. 'In what way can I be of assistance to you?'



The king wheeled round, and fixed his eager eyes upon me.

'From this message, you will understand that it is absolutely imperative that I should reach my country as soon as possible. In fact, I have already replied to the effect that I am coming. But how to do it puzzles me. The P. and O. steamer sailed yesterday for the East. There is not another boat leaving here for three weeks. I must be off without a day's delay, and endeavour to intercept a Messagerie boat at Port Said. I sent for you in order to ask if your lordship will convey me thither. Remember a kingdom's happiness hangs upon your answer.'

I replied without a second's thought. All my preparations were complete. I should travel faster than the majority of mail-boats. What was to prevent me from taking him all the way.

'I will gladly do more than you ask,' I answered, catching something of his enthusiasm. 'If you will accept my hospitality, I will convey you to your kingdom. My boat is ready, and we can leave to-night, if you wish. By that means you will save some days.'

The king's face lit up with smiles.

'I thank you, my friend,' he replied, shaking me by the hand. 'I thank you from the bottom of my heart. If ever I can repay you this service, be certain I will do so.'

'When will you be ready to start?'

'In an hour's time, if necessary. This inaction kills me—I must be doing.'

'Shall we say ten o'clock to-night?'

'By all means. At ten o'clock I will be ready. Manolaki will remain behind to settle everything. He can follow as soon as possible.'

'Then I will go out at once, and give the necessary instructions. You know my vessel?'

'The *Iunthe*? I saw her only to-day, lying beyond the Custom House. I will join you on board at ten.'

'In the meantime, I will bid your Majesty *au revoir*.'

'*Au revoir*, and many, many thanks. You are a friend in need.'

'I trust I may prove a friend in deed.'

With that I made my exit, and set off, first to the yacht, where I gave Wells the necessary instructions, and then back to the hotel. Olivia met me on the stairs.

'Can you be ready to leave Venice at ten o'clock to-night?' I asked, as I greeted her.

My abruptness must have startled her, for she gazed at me in astonishment.

'My dear Instow, how impetuous you are,' she said, when she had recovered a little from her surprise. 'This morning you had no idea when you would start; it might be to-morrow, it might be next week; now you want me to pack up and be off in a few hours.'

'There are urgent reasons for hastening our departure, dear,' I replied; 'you must not blame me.'

'But what reason can be so urgent as to demand this hurry?' she asked.

'I have seen the king,' I answered, as if there were but one sovereign in the world and he lived in Venice. 'He has received

important news from his kingdom that necessitates his immediate return.'

It may have been my fancy, but I could not help thinking her face had grown a little paler.

'But how does that affect us?' she asked. 'What have we to do with His Majesty's movements?'

'As he has just missed the boat here, and it is unlikely he will catch one at Port Said, I have offered to convey him to his country,' I answered. 'I hope you have no objection?'

I expected to see her express some pleasure at the prospect of helping the man for whom she had shown so much admiration, but, to my surprise, she seemed to take my action in ill part. One might have been excused had one imagined, from her behaviour, that the king's presence was likely to prove distasteful to her, so unsympathetically did she greet the announcement of his coming. However, I did not argue with her, but went off to find my man, that I might tell him to pack at once.

By nine o'clock Olivia and I were on board; shortly before ten His Majesty made his appearance, and, almost while the clocks were striking, the anchor was raised, and the screw began to revolve. An hour later we were well out in the Adriatic, and beautiful Venice was a thing of the past.

## THE SAFETY POINT IN OIL AND LAMPS.

By A PRACTICAL CHEMIST.

At present there is an investigation going on before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, regarding the dangers of petroleum, and how they can best be obviated: whether by raising the standard of flashing point of the oil, or by enforcing the use of safety lamps, or both. Petroleum being the lighting material of the poor everywhere, and to a large extent also that of the middle class, there is no commodity more bound up with the comfort and refinement of the people. Wherever the standard of flash is low, dreadful deaths and serious fires are of frequent occurrence; but anything that would add materially to the cost, so as to limit its use by the poor, would be a national misfortune. The fatalities and fires are mostly from lamps, and according to Professor Dewar there are 10,000,000 lamps in use every night in the United Kingdom. Could the lamp manufacture and sale be regulated so as to prevent danger of accident? The accidents in storage and carrying, however, although they have been comparatively few, have been very serious and dreadful when they did happen, and these must not be neglected.

Whence arises the danger of petroleum? Chemists tell us that there is a series of compounds of carbon and hydrogen called paraffins. The first of the series is a very light gas, called marsh gas; the next is a heavier gas; the next heavier still; then they get condensable into a very

volatile liquid, then a denser liquid less volatile, and by and by liquids and solids non-volatile. There is another series called olefines, beginning with light gases also, gradually getting denser—volatile liquids, then less volatile, and the end of the series in this case is thick viscous non-volatile liquids. Both in natural petroleum and in the products of the distillation of shale all these are represented—gases, volatile and non-volatile liquids, and generally solids. Russian petroleum has no solid paraffin and has another series of liquids of its own. The gases from the petroleum wells are valuable fuel in America, and similar gases are used for fuel at the shale retorts in this country. The volatile oils are separated and sold as naphtha, benzine, gasoline, &c. The thinner, less volatile liquids are used for lamps, as paraffin oil and kerosene; while the heavier and more viscous liquids are used for lubricating machinery; and the solid goes to make paraffin candles, &c. In crude petroleum or shale oil, all the different series are present, and the first step in refining is a distillation. The volatile oils boil off first, and are run into the naphtha tank; the burning oils come next; and then the heavy oil and solid paraffin. If some of the naphtha is run into the burning oil tank, the lamp oil gives off vapours at ordinary temperatures and is dangerous for explosion or catching fire. These and the following notes are taken from the evidence put before the Committee.

The danger in lamp oil is from the volatile oil or naphtha present. The danger is gauged by taking what is called the flash-point. One way of taking the flash-point is to fill a bottle half full of the oil to be tested, heat up to 73° F., shake up air and oil together, let the spray settle, and put a light into the mixture of air and vapour over the oil. If a blue flame fills the bottle for a moment, going immediately out, then the oil is under the legal standard of 73°. If this does not take place, the oil is above standard. But oils flashing 73° to 90° are somewhat dangerous for lamps, and require some care. The better brands of foreign petroleum and all home-made oil, when tested in this manner, give off no vapour until 100°. There is no danger of explosion in a lamp and little danger of the oil catching fire unless the oil is heated above the flash point; for unless heated above flashing point there is no explosive vapour present. Small lamps only heat the oil 5° above the temperature of the apartment. The ordinary larger lamps, if with glass fount, heat the oil 10° or even 15° above the temperature of the apartment, with metal fount 20° or perhaps even 25°. So ordinary lamps charged with 73° oil, such as is free from surveillance in our present legislation, have often an explosive mixture in the reservoir; but if the wick fills the burner completely, and there is no passage open between the flame and the oil-reservoir, explosion cannot take place. For an explosion three things are necessary: vapours in sufficient quantity, air in

sufficient quantity, and a flame applied to the mixture. To prevent the flame getting to the mixture the London County Council recommend that the wick be incased in a metal tube going nearly to the bottom of the reservoir, so that it will be impossible for the flame to get down the heated wick-tube to the vapour mixture. With oil in a lamp heated above flash point, if the oil is set free in any way by breaking or oversetting the lamp, the oil takes fire almost explosively from the sudden evolution of vapour, and this causes many more fatalities and fires than true explosion does. To obviate this, the L.C.C. recommend the reservoirs to be of stout metal. Other authorities, however, think that metal tubes and reservoirs are objectionable. All lamps leak more or less if upset, and if the screw is imperfect, or if it is not screwed in tight, the leaking may be great, and the heating of the oil by the metal tube and reservoirs adds greatly to the danger in such a case. As was pointed out to the Committee, the present type of lamp was introduced to suit high-flashing oil above 100°, and was meant for strong glass reservoirs, as glass is a bad conductor of heat. And it was shown that if the present low-flash oil is allowed, a new type of lamp must be adopted; for the metal fount and tube while decreasing danger in one direction, greatly increases it in another.

Mr Spencer, the chief officer of the London County Council in previous years, gave the opinion that raising the standard of flash point would do no good, and that our only safety is in regulating the sale, storage, and carrying of oil, and above all in enforcing the use of safe lamps. Before this Committee he has modified his opinion, and acknowledges that if raising the flash point is practicable, it would cover all the danger; but he thinks the minimum allowed should be 120° if all accidents are to be prevented. He handed in experiments showing the heating of oil during burning in lamps, &c.; but according to other authorities, his heats were excessive and deceptive. He did not think that safe oil was practicable, and still advocates legislation as to lamps. Sir Vivian Majendie, of the Home Office, had previously explained the present state of the law, the law proposed in 1891, &c. Mr Redwood, the able secretary to the Petroleum Association, in previous years opposed legislation, but now approves of a law on the lines of the 1891 Bill. He admitted that the higher the flash, the safer the oil, and that there were too many lamp accidents; and although 100° must be safer than 73°, yet he held that oil at 73° should not be reckoned a dangerous article of commerce. He thought that to get oil of the same specific gravity as at present, and 100° test, that of the present ordinary petroleum of commerce 30 per cent. would require to be rejected in the case of American (namely, 15 per cent. naphtha and 15 per cent. heavy oil), and 15 per cent. in the case of Russian (namely, 10 per cent. naphtha and 5 per cent. heavy oil). This he thought might make the safe oil too dear. The greatest of all physicists in the world, Lord Kelvin, and one of the greatest of all chemists, Mendeleëff of St Petersburg, declared that 100° was necessary for safety, and that there would be no practical



difficulty in procuring it. Mr Redwood thought that after taking out naphtha without taking out heavy oil, the oil would not burn well. But Mendeleëff assured the Committee that oil of 200° flash point could be burned quite well in lamps modified to suit, and that the present lamps would burn quite well with oil of 100° flash, got from ordinary petroleum by taking out naphtha only. The Scotch manufacturers showed that taking out the necessary amount of naphtha presented no practical difficulties, that it meant at most 7 per cent. of naphtha kept out of the lamp oil and sold as naphtha, and that this would not increase the cost to the manufacturers more than  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per gallon; and the deficiency in quantity would at once be made up by refining more crude oil, which was superabundant in the world. But practical refiners from America are yet to be heard on this point. The lamp manufacturers strongly oppose legislation as to lamps, and say that it would cripple their home trade, and destroy their foreign. They also advocate raising the standard of flash to at least 90° or, better, to 100°, which would prevent all danger, and the lamp trade might be left free.

Evidence from Professor Attfield and others showed that our present standard was adopted through a mistake. Our first law of 1862, passed on account of the numerous fatalities and accidents, prohibited the use of oil that gave off inflammable vapours at 100°. There were no inspectors appointed, and dangerous oil came in as before, although now contrary to the law. A Special Committee of the House of Commons in 1867 recommended an 110° standard. The schedule regarding the test was handed over to Professors Abel, Attfield, and Lethaby. They reported in favour of a certain test, which gave the same point as the Abel test does now, and agreed that *with it* the standard might be reduced to 100°. The Act adopted 100°, and at the last moment put in the old open test, which gives about 27° higher than the Abel test; and this was done without raising the standard to suit, or even putting it back to 110°. The change to 100° close test standard would have disturbed the petroleum manufacture and trade for a little, but would have saved lives and property; but, instead of this, the law allowed oil to come in as dangerous as before, but now took all responsibility from manufacturer and merchant. One hundred degrees old open test thus became the standard, which allows an oil that gives off vapour, and is dangerous for explosion and fire, at 73°. Legislation caused no decrease of accidents.

Evidence was also given as to Germany. The Commission there was composed of merchants, chemists, &c. They had evidence that England and Austria both lost a large continental trade by adopting a standard a little higher than the continent accepted; that when the Commission sat 40 per cent. of the continental trade came to German ports, and if the standard were made as high as in England, they would lose all this; and that 73° Abel as in England was practically no safer than 70° Abel which they proposed. The government then handed the matter over to the chemists to fix the apparatus and standard, but the standard was on no account to be fixed

higher than the English standard. A standard of 70° was fixed, while its danger was fully acknowledged; and a memorandum was sent out to the German states and cities to regulate its sale and storage.

Witnesses showed that in Scotland, where oil above 100° is the rule, there are no fatalities, and that in England with 73°, oil fatalities are numerous. It was asserted against this that Germany, with a standard of 70° had no accidents either, and that both in Germany and Scotland the secret of the immunity was the sobriety and steadiness of the common people. Proof was then brought that Germany had really as many accidents as England, and that in Scotland the common people were not more sober and careful than the English. A standard of 100° or 105° was shown to be more effective for good than the proposal of the 1891 Bill, which classed all oils under 150° flash as dangerous. A standard of 100° will cause all the household oil to be sent in above 100°, and it would leave the oil and lamp trade free; but a safety point of 150° would cause all the oil of the common people to come in about 73° as at present, and the danger would continue, while the necessary regulations to suit this standard would greatly impede both the oil and the lamp trades.

It was further elicited that in 1874 the consumption of refined petroleum in this country was at the rate of 640 gallons per thousand of the population. In 1884 it had risen to 1084 and in 1894 to 3482 gallons. The importation of petroleum into London in 1894 was 1,500,000 barrels.

All the evidence yet produced, even from Messrs Spencer and Redwood, has been in favour of raising the standard to 100°; but no doubt the petroleum trade has good witnesses in reserve who may put a different complexion on the whole matter. It would be well for the general public to take an interest in the proceedings, as the safety and cheapness of petroleum are both of great importance, and there is just a suspicion that both in Germany and England the interests of the people have not been sufficiently protected against the numerous and ubiquitous members of the petroleum trade, who, under a common leadership, act throughout Europe as one man. It is evident that the trade representatives have not been kept at arm's length in Europe as they are in America. The people themselves must see to it that government, parliament, and press attend to their true interests.

In regard to the management of lamps, the writer has much personal experience. One of the advantages of a strong clear glass reservoir is that you see the height of the oil at all times, and there is no danger of filling too full. A danger in connection with a metal reservoir is that it may be filled too full, and if it is ordinary petroleum, it is dangerous to bring a light near the orifice so as to shine in. After stowing in the wick, the vessel may be quite full. When the lamp is lighted, the metal conducts the heat to the oil and it expands. The only relief possible, often, is for the oil to escape up the wick tube and overflow the burner, and give a great flare up the chimney that cannot be commanded by turning down the wick;

the oil may even overflow the burner and blaze up outside the chimney also. In such a case there is no danger of an explosion; but most people do not know that, and would throw down the lamp in terror and probably cause a fire. If the wick is too tight for this, the strongest reservoir would be rent, and the warm oil allowed to escape; when, if the flash were low, it would blaze up suddenly and fiercely from the evolution of vapours.

If the airholes below the burner get filled up with dust or wick trimmings, the lamp burns with a red flame, evolving much heat and causing smell; and if this waste gets soaked with oil, it may catch fire and blaze up, causing alarm and danger. The airholes should be kept quite clear and clean. No smear of oil outside the reservoir or burner should be tolerated. Whenever the lamp warms on lighting, it evaporates this oil, causing smell. If, on filling up the lamp, some oil is spilt outside the fount, and roughly wiped, the oil from inside the lamp comes over by surface attraction, and soon the oil is in drops outside the fount. If the fount and burner are free from oil at first, the oil cannot syphon out in this way. It is quite a mistake to think that oil comes through glass or metal. Any spill outside the reservoir should be wiped with a wet soapy cloth, and dried with a towel free from oiliness, and then no oil can syphon out. On trimming the lamp during the day, the wick should be turned down into the burner. Some people leave the wick turned above the burner, and even above the dome to be ready to light at night, but this greatly increases the syphoning over of the oil to the outside by surface attraction.

To bring about an explosion, there have generally to be several things wrong—such as dirty oil or wick, or dirt about the airholes to cause extra heating, and too small a wick, leaving a passage down the side, which is increased by the expansion of the metal by the heat. The flame can go down through a rather small passage when the tube is highly heated. So the wick must fill the wick-tube without being too tight, and this prevents nearly all danger. But everything should be clean, and then the lamp burns cool and with a bright white light. The wick should be dried before being put into the lamp, as the hygroscopic moisture it retains prevents the free course of the oil, and reduces the light considerably. A moist cloth should never touch the wick in trimming the lamp; and the lamp should never be allowed to burn dry, otherwise the wick free of oil attracts moisture. Wicks should be renewed whenever they get dirty.

In cold weather in winter the oil should be warmed up to the ordinary temperature of the house before the lamp is lighted, particularly if glass reservoirs are used. In country places this often happens: the oil barrel is in an out-house exposed to frost, and the lamp is filled with this cold oil and lighted at once. The capillary action is greatly reduced by the cold, and the oil cannot rise fast enough to give a proper light; then the wick is turned up too far, perhaps until it gets beyond the dome, and a proper light cannot be got until the lamp is retrimmed. Cold weather always causes an outcry that the oil is bad, when it is really all right.

The lamp should be filled in the morning, or else the tin can, filled in the morning, should be left all day in a warm kitchen; not near the fire if ordinary petroleum is used.

## GEORDIE'S JUSTICE.

### III.

PUNCTUALLY at nine o'clock the next morning the disciplinarian manager passed through the mill gate. He sat astride the beautiful creature that had, unconsciously, caused Tommy so much suffering. When he had seen her properly stabled—there was no groom at the works—he entered his office, and settled down to his letters before beginning his tour of the mill.

He had not been at his desk long ere the familiar face of old Geordie appeared on the other side of the glass partition which separated the manager from the rest of his staff.

'Mornin', Mester,' said Geordie, opening the slight door with a burst that almost shook the glass out of its frame.

'Good morning, Donce,' replied the manager. 'Is anything wrong?' it being an unusual thing for his foreman to enter the office so early.

'There's a dommed lot wrong,' growled Geordie, with black looks in his eyes.

'What, then?' queried the manager. 'Has some young woman married you against your will since I saw you on Saturday?'

'No, sir,' said Geordie.

At that 'sir,' uttered slowly and with reluctance, the manager knew there must be something seriously the matter. Only on very rare occasions indeed did Geordie introduce that respectful word into his laconic conversation. The manager became at once all attention, put down his paper-knife, and listened whilst Geordie, in his slow and heavy way, made a detailed report of all that had occurred on the previous Saturday.

The manager was horrified at the base cruelty inflicted upon Tommy. He had young children, boys and girls, of his own, and sensible though he was of the difference in station between them and the 'nippers' employed in his mill, his heart was moved by Geordie's recital. He also greatly admired the staunch courage of the lad and the affection he had evinced for his beautiful horse.

'The barbarous savages,' he ejaculated. 'If I don't get them six months each I'm not manager of this mill. Send for his grandmother at once. We'll get her to take out a summons against the whole gang.'

'Nay,' said Geordie, 'we won't hev no summonses. No. The magistrates don't know how to deal wi' a case like to this 'un. No, Mester. We'm goin' to deal wi' 'em this how.'

Thereupon there ensued a long conversation between the manager and his foreman, at the close of which the former said:

'Very well, Geordie. I'm perfectly willing; but I think I'd better not appear to have anything to do with it.'

Geordie looked at him with a twinkle in his blue eyes.



'Mappen yo' couldn' think o' some one down town wantin' ye a bit,' he suggested with a sly look.

'Good, very good,' said the manager delightedly. 'I do happen to remember an appointment I ought to keep. Yes, that will do. And Geordie,' he continued, as his foreman was disappearing through the door, 'I'll remember to send in to you a score of jars of ale. It's warm weather, and the men will be thirsty this afternoon.'

'Lord love yow,' laughed Geordie. 'Yo does un'erstan' us chaps.'

With that he went away to his multifarious duties.

Nothing occurred during the morning to cause any uneasiness to Bob and his friends, and they began to congratulate themselves that the little matter would pass unnoticed.

But shortly after the great bell had summoned the men to work again after dinner word was brought to each of the gang that the 'gaffer' wanted them.

They entered the office, shuffling in one after the other in their great clogs. Big bully Bob; sneaking Sam Tappit; Wat Merrill, an unsociable, snarly kind of human bear; Tim Shankin, a 'prig,' drawing good wages, whilst his children went barefoot; and, lastly, dark Jack Pete, the 'furriner'—that is to say, he came from the south of England—quarrelsome, revengeful, and passionate to a degree. Altogether as pleasant-looking a crew as could well be found.

The manager received them suavely; harangued them in a set speech, in which he said he regretted their 'little joke' had led to such serious consequences to the 'nipper,' but he could make allowances, and so on, and so on. However, he concluded, he must take some slight notice of the offence, for discipline's sake, and they must therefore consider themselves discharged for a fortnight.

With that he dismissed them, opened a private door into the road, and wended his way down town to keep his appointment.

The five culprits tramped along the passage leading to the office entrance, offering mutual congratulations on the manager being such a 'softy,' and passed out into the yard.

Here they pulled up short, with some appearance of anxiety on their faces.

The gates were closed for one thing, which in itself was unusual at that time of day. Further, every man in the works was assembled on the open ground fronting the office; worse still, each had his shirt sleeves rolled back to his shoulders; but, worst of all, every man toyed with a thick pliant leathern thong, or pulled it through his open fingers, or rolled and unrolled it in his hands, or cracked the air with it. Things looked rather ugly.

Geordie stepped forward as spokesman.

'Chaps,' he said, 'we want a word wi' yo afore yow leaves us.'

'Go to blazes,' snarled Bob. He did not like the situation at all.

'Arter yow, lad,' Geordie replied; 'there's some as I knows on has to go afore me.'

He gave a signal, the men closed round, the implicated gang was surrounded, and after an

ineffectual struggle—for what were five against eighty—each man was stripped of coat and waistcoat, and his hands tied behind his back. The rest then formed into two lines facing each other, and placed their prisoners at one end.

The self-appointed 'magistrates' were at first inclined to look upon the whole affair as a good bit of rare horse-play, one which would enable them to pay off old scores against a very unpopular gang; but their temper was uncertain on account of the suggested attempt to rob them of their bonuses, and it needed but a touch to give their muscles that stiffness which they would otherwise have wanted. That touch was forthcoming.

For, just at this moment, old Mrs Potter, Tommy's 'grannie,' passed across the yard on her way to the office, and somehow the sight of her gray shawl with white fringe, patched gown, and old-fashioned black bonnet, beneath which a white cap appeared—all Mrs Potter's best—roused the men to anger.

'One!' cried a black-bearded man near the end of the line. With that he brought down his thong on to Bob Rowe's broad back. The shock jerked an ugly oath through that gentleman's set teeth, and made him wince involuntarily.

'Two!' sang out the next man.

'Three! four!' came in rapid succession from other two, with as much *sang-froid* as if they had been checking over iron bars.

'Tally!' shouted the next, and for once in his life at least Tim Shankin knew what real pain felt like.

The culprits bore the many blows without flinching, thinking by dogged endurance to balk their judges somewhat of their revenge.

But they had underrated their power; the blows were delivered with such force and fell so quickly. They were bound to move. With sullen scowls they crept down the line of bare-armed men till they reached the end. Here they fondly hoped their punishment would cease, but were doomed to disappointment, as the towering form of Geordie blocked their exit.

'Back again, chaps,' he cried, 'back again. Now, lads, cut it out of 'em, cut it out!'

Down the lane Bob and his fellow-prisoners had to turn again.

Admonished by Geordie, the 'lictors' strokes fell more thickly and more heavily. The victims' slow walk became more and more rapid till it increased to a run.

Each blow raised dark brown wales beneath their thin shirts, which were soon cut to shreds. The thick blood slowly trickled down their palpitating flesh.

Still the wretched fellows were forced to run up and down that terrible lane, walled in by muscular, fiercely indignant, angry men. The thongs hissed through the air and descended with sickening cracks on backs, shoulders, arms.

'For the love o' heaven, ha' done, lads,' gasped Mat.

Still the blows rained down. Convulsive sobs shook Sam's strong frame. The nails of Jack Pete's fingers were almost lost in his palms, as he clenched his fists in agony.

Six times were they compelled to run that fiery gauntlet, each blow scattering a little cloud of blood-dust in the air, the ends of the thongs growing limp, sopping, and wet.

'Open them gates,' shouted Geordie, in a stentorian voice, when the sixth run had been made.

The heavy gates began to swing back as the prisoners shot across the intervening space between the end of the line and the works' boundary. Half-a-dozen of the hands, headed by that terrible old man, rushed after them to give a few more parting strokes.

'Now go to blazes,' old Geordie shouted as they fled. 'I reckon ye'll not get it hotter there nor ye've found it here.'

With that he collected all his remaining strength for one last blow. His thong flew through the air like a vengeful snake and caught Bob as he passed. He jumped a clean three feet in the air and gave vent to a yell that would have done credit to a red Indian, so cunning was the blow, and such an adroit twist did Geordie give to the point.

Blind with terror and rage, the five passed through the gates and into the road but—not yet into freedom.

For shrewd old Geordie had spread abroad the tale of Tommy's wrongs, and so much had they roused popular sympathy that a crowd of women and children awaited the culprits as they left the works. They were greeted with hoots, yells, and hisses, followed by a shower of bad eggs, rotten apples, cabbage stalks, a dead cat or two, offal from a neighbouring slaughter-house, mud, or anything else that was handy and offensive to touch or smell. The jeering, merciless crowd chased them down the road till each sought shelter in his own home.

'Eh! chaps,' cried the delighted Geordie, as he joined the other men and lifted up a can of foaming beer with his right hand, while he wiped his lips with the back of what remained of his left. 'Eh! lads,' he cried, 'they magistrates wouldn't a treated 'em so. Gie us a health, chaps, gie us a health; here's to Geordie's Justice, and may it never die!'

'Geordie's Justice' rang out from the east-iron throats, and into each dry mouth the cool beer—the sly manager's gift—was poured in a refreshing stream.

It was brutal justice, perhaps, and severe, but nevertheless most effectual. For many a long day after any cowardly bully was immediately quieted if threatened with a taste of 'Geordie's Justice.'

He is dead now, is honest Geordie. No longer is his leathern waistcoat, which seemed to cling to his person like sheet-iron, seen passing from mill to house and house to mill.

Less than two years after the events above related, a slight accident led to his being carried to the same institution to which he himself had carried Tommy.

A slip on a piece of ice and a fall on the edge of a plate of iron fractured his thigh; and whether it was his enforced inactivity in hospital, or the abnormal amount of 'weshing' he had to undergo, and at the hands of women too; or whether his vital forces were too low to resist the effects of the shock caused by his

accident; whatever the reason, he quickly sank, and in less than a fortnight his spirit had quitted his horny body.

His life had been a hard one. His character and practices might in many respects have been improved. His language was coarse; his person dirty. But perhaps his sterling honesty of purpose, his strict sense of justice, would stand him in good purpose in the after-world. Certainly his love for little 'nippers' in general, and Tommy in particular, would not be forgotten by the Great Judge. Possibly, on its entry into the kingdom of heaven, his soul would require far less 'weshing' than the bodies of many of the cleanliest people on earth!

At his funeral none attended with more sincere respect than did the nippers. They went in a body to the manager to 'ask off' to go to Geordie's 'burying,' for, as their spokesman put it, 'though Mester Donce would a kicked the innerds out o' a *man* as soon as look to 'em, 'e was allus a good chap to us nippers,' and so they honoured him to the best of their ability.

THE END.

## SAND-EELING.

By H. HERON, Author of *Shore-shooting*, &c.

'WHAT is sand-eeling?' is usually the first question that greets the mention of this subject. Sand-eeling is one of the many pleasant experiences which can be obtained during a stay in the Channel Isles. Sand-eels are small, slender, silvery fish about six inches long, which are to be found in some of the sand-banks surrounding the islands. They are procurable only on the occurrence of the spring tides, when the sea recedes much farther than usual from the shore, and leaves the banks favoured by sand-eels, some few uncovered, but more generally under a foot or two of water.

Summer is the season when sand-eeling can be most enjoyed, as well as being the season when the fish are numerous; but they are very capricious in their habits, and the chances are even whether they may not choose the occasion of the spring tides as an opportune moment to forsake their usual haunts. At other times the sand literally swarms with fish, and the sport, in consequence, becomes fast and furious. Sand-eeling may be almost regarded as a national pastime among the islanders; for when the suitable tides occur in the daytime, whole families turn out to take part in the amusement, and people come from all directions to the places upon the coasts where sand-eels are likely to be found. Such spots are generally among the flats below the tide-line on long stretches of sandy beach. There the sand-eelers congregate and spend the exquisite summer day paddling about in the warm clear water, some neglecting the sand-eels, and devoting themselves to catching the big shrimps that can be seen lying on the golden sand below or darting about amongst the weed hanging from the weather-blackened



rocks, which lie thickly scattered about these miles of shallows.

One of the best localities for sand-eeling is situated on the south-east of Jersey, near La Rocque, where an immense expanse of weedy flats and sand is uncovered at low tide. Starting from a point some distance north of La Rocque, it is possible to walk along this sea-floor for two or three miles, while across the intense blue of the sea rise the white cliffs of La Manche, dazzling in the sunshine, and under the nearer shore spread out low dark levels of rock, which culminate seawards at about a mile from the land in a mass of granite crowned by a martello tower. Beyond and about this tower stretch the sand-eeling banks indefinitely.

Most of the people come by the coast road, passing down the greasy slip at La Rocque, and so on to the raised cart-track, which winds across the brown plain of rocks, and in and out amongst the larger up-standing groups, and so thread their way to the sand-eeling grounds. Some walk, carrying what appear to be hay-rakes upon their shoulders; others go a-fishing after a unique fashion—in carts! These latter jolt slowly along over pebbles and slippery surfaces and through sun-warmed pools for more than a mile, till they approach fairly close to the scene of action. There the horse is tethered under the lee of some tall rock, with an armful of hay to amuse him, while the men and women join the scattered parties of fishers. Some are moving about knee-deep in the rippling inlets and pools, using their rakes; others again gathered on outcropping islands of sand, stooping and plying their hooks. Farthest out to sea, a small number of weather-beaten men, to whom the occupation of the hour is serious business, not the careless pleasure of a sunny afternoon, can be seen wading about in deep water, where the eels are larger and more numerous.

Looking landwards, one sees broad reaches of sparkling water, and yellow spaces of smooth sand, broken here and there by clusters of still warm weed-bound pools, and edged by a line of thin foam where the margin of the ocean lips the shore. Along this line flocks of gulls swoop and settle, quarrel and cry; while companies of lesser birds wheel hither and thither like white thistledown blown about by the soft wind. Strewn everywhere at random are black knots and stumps of stone, with an occasional granite giant standing in the shallows uncassined with fringing weeds. On many of these spurs of rock, cormorants—the Isle of Wight parsons—sit solemnly watching the scene, their outlines looming dark against the shimmering blue of the horizon.

As for the sport itself, it can be carried on in two different ways—either with a large iron-toothed rake, or with an instrument resembling an excessively blunt reaping-hook. The rake is for use in the water. The fisherman has a basket slung in front of him, then he rests the long handle of the rake on his right shoulder and walks backwards, pressing the teeth into the sand. The eels lie about an inch below the surface of the sand, and so are impaled upon the prongs. When he sees he has some fish impaled, he raises the rake and dexterously

and quickly transfers them into his basket, though many manage to wriggle off and escape, be he ever so adroit and rapid with his fingers. The hook is perhaps the more sporting method of the two, and is certainly the less cruel. In this case the fisher places his basket upon the sand-bank beside him, and, stooping, makes rapid semi-circular scrapes with his hook, thus knocking the eels out of their beds in the ooze. The fish being usually unhurt, vanish like a flash into the sand, so that a quick grasp with the left hand is necessary to secure them. The hook cannot be used even in shallow water, as it would require exceptional skill to capture the slippery eels in their own element.

Visitors to the islands occasionally wish to take part in this sport, but few ever reach the really best banks, and the excursion often ends in disappointment. To enjoy this, and indeed most other forms of sport, the individual must not be too much concerned about his or her appearance.

Very frequently the best tides occur during the night, and sand-eeling by moonlight—or, in default of the moon, with the aid of lanterns—is not an experience to be lightly foregone or forgotten. Moreover, the best catches are invariably made in the night-time, always exceeding those attempted by day. Five hundred fish is a common take for one person, and at night the number is usually far greater. It cannot be considered a hardship to spend the night wading waist-deep in the warm phosphorescent sea, when with every step and movement you leave a shining track behind you, while now and then a golden bead remains like a jewel on your fingers. If you hold the jelly-like atom for a few moments on your hand the little light dies out gradually.

Then home, when the early morning light is spreading like milk over the surface of the water, and the shore, as you approach it, glimmers in a line of opal pink under the gray western sky. A couple of hours' sleep, followed by a breakfast of crisply fried sand-eels, eaten with thin bread and Jersey butter, rounds off the expedition in first-rate style.

The delicate, silvery, toothless fish must be cooked and eaten while absolutely fresh, or when dried. The islanders dry them in great quantities for winter use, first gutting them immediately on the return from fishing, and then placing them in the strong sunshine to dry.

Besides sand-eels, large soles are often impaled by the rakes, and sometimes devil-fish, whose spines are poisonous, and produce a painful swelling in a few minutes.

Sand-eeling should never be undertaken by strangers without a guide. The danger on these coasts is the rapidity with which the tide rises, racing in over the shallows with alarming speed. People, when far out, often imagine themselves quite safe as long as the water is not apparently encroaching on the slip of sand or rock where they happen to be standing, and forget that, owing to the inequalities of the sea-bed, their particular mound or ridge may still be high and dry a quarter of an hour after the water is many feet deep in some wide hollow between them and the land, and that presently the whole expanse will be submerged

with the exception of a high rock here or there, to reach which may just be as impossible as to gain safety on the mainland. In this way a good many accidents have happened even in broad daylight, but a moderate amount of caution and good sense should entirely prevent the occurrence of such misadventures.

This warning applies even more especially to night-fishing, when the turn of the tide takes place so softly as easily to pass unnoticed, and by the time one becomes aware of the rising of the water, it may be a difficult matter to outstrip the rush of the tide. Then there is the further danger of losing one's way among the bewildering spread of rock and shallows to be considered. In the darkness they either look deceptively alike, or to perplexed eyes assume a strange and unfamiliar aspect, apt to mislead the wanderer. Men born and bred on the coast have occasionally been deceived. For instance, a farmer and one of his neighbours—both of whom had passed their lives within a couple of miles of La Roque—went astray there one dark night some years ago. Knowing that the tide was about to turn, they slung their baskets, heavy with a splendid catch, on their backs, and set out confidently for the shore, as they thought. They had proceeded about half-a-mile, when it suddenly struck them that something was wrong. Fearing that they had lost their way, my friend the farmer stooped and gathered a handful of gritty sand at their feet. Both men examined it with keen interest, as may be imagined. 'This is the wrong gravel; we must be walking straight out to sea!' exclaimed his companion. In this way their intimate knowledge of the coast saved them—a means of safety that could not be possessed by any stranger. They turned at once, and hurried through the gloom in the opposite direction, well aware that they were hastening for their lives. They barely managed to make the shore in time, after a prolonged struggle breast-high, through the hiss of the rising tide.

It is therefore wise for visitors to secure the services of a reliable man belonging to the neighbourhood; and in most cases those who go sand-eeeling will be eager for a second instalment of so pleasant and novel an experience.

## THE PURLOINED WILL.

By HERBERT KEEN.

OLD Barker was a fossilised Q.C., who had long ago retired from practice. Ill-natured people said that his practice had first retired from him, but his age and infirmities alone justified—if they had not compelled—his withdrawal from active life. He was a wealthy bachelor, residing in the Albany, where he possessed a cellar of port wine which was the envy of his friends. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the gout which severely afflicted him; but his tastes were luxurious, and self-indulgent in other respects also. He was an art patron of a very shrewd and discriminating type; his pictures were valued at several thousands of pounds, and his collection of china was unique. Nevertheless, he was extremely thrifty, not to say

stingy, with his money, and he had never been known to give away a sixpence in his life.

In fact, old Barker was a thoroughly selfish, ill-conditioned, old curmudgeon, whose choleric temper was emphasised by a sort of savage humour, which caused him to be treated with awesome respect. He had a wicked old squint or cast in one of his watery pale blue eyes, and he uttered his most trenchant remarks with his defective optic glaring in such a manner as to complete his victim's discomfiture. His nephew, Charles Gascoigne, had frequently noticed this unpleasant peculiarity, for next to the old man's valet—a crushed, down-trodden creature, who retained his post only from the hope of a legacy—this young gentleman was the subject of the Q.C.'s cruellest witticisms.

It must not be imagined from this circumstance that Gascoigne lacked manliness or self-respect. On the contrary, he was a very spirited young fellow, and this was one of the main causes of his uncle's displeasure. But after all, when one is heir-presumptive to a hundred thousand pounds—which was considered the most modest estimate of the old man's wealth—it is sheer folly not to exercise a little patience and self-control. Gascoigne was by no means averse to the prospect of a life of ease or luxury in the near future; and in view of this agreeable contingency, he took things very easily at the bar, though he suffered from occasional misgivings and twinges of conscience on account of his idleness—for he had brains enough to perceive that he was wasting his opportunities.

If he could only have felt reasonably sure of his uncle's testamentary intentions regarding him, his conscientious scruples would have troubled him very little. But the old man delighted to perplex him by contradictory hints and threats, and constantly reminded him that he had a cousin, the wife of a country parson, whose claims were equal in point of kinship to his own. It was true that this young lady had mortally offended old Barker by marrying without his consent, but this might not have prevented him from making a will in her favour. Gascoigne was too high-minded and generous to feel any resentment against his cousin on this account, and he would have been perfectly satisfied to know that he would inherit equally with her. But what perpetually worried him was the irritating suspense which his uncle seemed purposely to inflict; and there were moments when he felt strongly inclined to sacrifice his future prospects for the luxury of giving the old gentleman a piece of his mind.

One eventful morning Gascoigne called at his uncle's chambers, and was ushered into the old man's sitting-room, a gloomy apartment, full of artistic treasures, but rendered obnoxious to



the dutiful nephew by association with its owner. It was tenantless, however, at the moment; his uncle's capacious arm-chair drawn up in front of the blazing fire had evidently just been vacated; while upon an adjacent table stood a japanned tin-box, inscribed with the old man's name in white letters. Gascoigne stood for a few moments on the hearthrug, gazing impatiently around him and wondering what sort of welcome he would receive, when his attention was attracted by the edge of a piece of paper which protruded from beneath the lid of the tin box. Absently, and acting upon a mere idle impulse, he stepped forward and endeavoured to force back the paper into the box. Not succeeding at his first attempt, he put out his other hand in order to ease the pressure of the lid, when, to his surprise, it yielded to his touch, and he then perceived for the first time that the box was unlocked.

Up to that moment nothing had been further from his thoughts than to play the spy; in fact he had scarcely been conscious of what he was doing. Nor, indeed, even when the uplifted lid revealed the contents of the box, which consisted of a number of documents neatly docketed, did he experience the least sensation of curiosity. But, unluckily, just as he was closing the lid again, after releasing that fatal slip of paper, his eye was caught by a prominent inscription:

WILL  
OF  
WILLIAM BARKER, ESQ., Q.C.

Without making excuses for the young man's next action, it should at least be recorded that it was entirely unpremeditated. There, to his hand, lay the solution of all his doubts and difficulties. If he was his uncle's heir, well and good; his present negligent mode of life need trouble him no more. But if he had only been left an insignificant legacy, and his cousin—or some other person—was destined to inherit the fortune, then it behoved him at once to set about making up for lost time, by applying himself assiduously to his profession. This reflection passed like a flash through Gascoigne's mind, and made the opportunity for enlightenment so irresistible, that he seemed to rush upon temptation rather than yield to it. One second of anxious listening, during which the only sound he heard was the tumultuous beating of his heart, and then he had seized the momentous document and was eagerly scanning its contents.

Though brief, it was, unluckily, in his uncle's crabbed handwriting, and Gascoigne was compelled to carry it away from the box a little nearer to the light. A hasty glance was sufficient to convey to his trained mind its full purport. A paltry legacy to the long suffering valet, a picture or two to himself, all the rest of the contents of the testator's chambers, with the cash at the bank, to the niece, Mrs Marsden; and the residue 'to my nephew, Charles Grant Gascoigne, whom I appoint sole executor to my will.'

Gascoigne gasped as he read the concluding words, which meant that he was absolutely heir to his uncle's vast wealth. He was glad on his

cousin's account too, for the art treasures bequeathed to her were of considerable value. But to know that he himself was the possessor—practically the possessor—of the remainder of the old man's fortune, was a revelation which caused his pulses to thrill with excitement, and made the sunlight dazzling.

Perhaps because he was momentarily carried away by the pleasurable excitement of the discovery, the young man's vigilance was relaxed; or perhaps, old Barker intentionally burst in upon him unawares. At all events, without a moment's warning, while he still held the will in his hand, the door of the room was opened, and Gascoigne had barely time to thrust the document into the side pocket of his coat before his uncle, with his hat on, and muffled up for going out, suddenly stood before him.

'Hullo!' growled the old man, blinking in the sunlight, 'so you are here?'

'Yes, uncle,' replied Gascoigne tremulously; 'didn't Rogers tell you?'

'He never tells me anything, the lazy scoundrel,' grumbled old Barker, shuffling in, and giving his nephew a distorted forefinger to shake. 'What do you want?'

'I called to inquire—I was sorry to hear you have been so unwell,' said Gascoigne, thanking his stars that he had not left the lid of the tin box open.

'So I have; but you are disappointed, you see. I'm nearly right again. I was just going out,' snarled his uncle, advancing to the tin box as he spoke.

Gascoigne's heart stood still, as the old man lifted the lid of the box. He apparently remembered that he had left it unlocked, and the action was evidently designed to assure himself of the fact. Had he laid a trap for his nephew, and entered the room abruptly with the idea that he would find him prying? Such a project would not have been foreign to the old gentleman's disposition, and Gascoigne trembled lest his uncle might open the box. But apparently this suspicion was groundless, or else Gascoigne's position at the window had been suggestive of innocence. At all events, old Barker proceeded to lug out his keys from his breeches pocket, and locked up the box with a shaky hand.

'Can I do that for you, uncle?' inquired Gascoigne, prompted by a wild hope of being able to slip in the will unobserved.

'No; you stay where you are!' said his uncle over his shoulder. 'This is where I keep my will. You would like to see it, I dare say?'

'No, indeed, sir,' said Gascoigne hastily, dreading that his uncle might be disposed to gratify him.

'Not curious enough, eh?' snarled old Barker. 'Well, that's a good thing. You would be disappointed, I can tell you. Don't expect anything from me.'

'Very well, sir,' said Gascoigne, too much overwhelmed by the consciousness of having the will in his pocket to appreciate the humour of the situation.

'Quite disinterested, eh? Mark my words, young man; not one farthing will you get from me till you are making five hundred pounds a

year by your profession. Do you hear?' cried the old gentleman, cocking his eye at him.

'Yes, sir,' answered Gascoigne, with tolerable composure.

'Then you had better set about it. Not but what you have plenty of time,' he added hastily. 'I'm good for twenty years yet—the doctor says so.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' said Gascoigne dutifully.

'No, you're not. All the same, it is as well for you that you should have a few years to work up a practice in, for if I were to die to-morrow, you would get nothing.'

'Are you going out, sir?' inquired Gascoigne, puzzled what to say to this enigmatical utterance.

'Yes; I'm going to take that box to my bank. You can come with me, and pay half the cab fare,' replied his uncle, chuckling at this characteristic joke.

He rang the bell, and sent his man for a cab, to which, in due course, Gascoigne escorted his amiable relative, while the porter carried the tin box. If his uncle had been in an observant mood, he would have remarked that the young man submitted, with much better grace than usual, to his jokes and sarcasms. This was hardly surprising, for it is not difficult to be long-suffering with an elderly relation when one knows he has manifested his benevolence in the most effectual manner. On the other hand, the awkward fact that he was carrying off, clandestinely, the old man's will was sufficiently disconcerting to render Gascoigne a trifle absent.

When he had deposited his uncle and his tin box at the bank—after duly paying his moiety of the cab fare—Gascoigne had leisure to reflect upon the predicament he had placed himself in. Needless to say that he bitterly repented of his unpardonable curiosity; it would be more just to dwell upon his honest shame at what he had done. It seemed to him that only two courses were open to him; one, the more honourable, was to return the document frankly to his uncle; the other, to keep it carefully and say nothing. The latter plan was the one which he finally adopted, not so much from self-interested motives, as because he could not bring himself to face the old man's wrath. The more he thought about the matter, the more bitterly ashamed and humiliated he felt. As for the fortune, he regarded that as absolutely and for ever forfeited, whichever course he took. If he confessed his fault, he knew that his uncle would ruthlessly strike out his name. The same thing would happen if he kept his own counsel, for it was inevitable that the old man must, sooner or later, miss his will, and it would be quite natural and easy to conjecture how it had disappeared. In Gascoigne's view, he had only a choice of evils; and he simply elected to spare himself the scourge of his uncle's tongue.

There are natures which need the stimulus of some unforeseen event or misfortune to awake their slumbering energies. This was the case with Gascoigne, for being firmly convinced that the result of what he had done would be to deprive him of his looked-for inheritance, he

applied himself from that day forward to the drudgery of earning his livelihood. He had many friends and some influential connections, but, more important still, he possessed talent to which he had never hitherto attempted to do justice. A lucky chance, the absence of a learned leader in a notorious case, afforded him an opportunity of making a name, and almost without effort—so great a lottery is success at the bar!—he found himself in a position which was envied by his contemporaries.

The process occupied nearly three years, and during this period he avoided the society of his uncle as much as possible. He was haunted by a constant dread of the discovery of his secret, and was more than indifferent about offending him. Old Barker, on his part, grudgingly acknowledged his success, and was disposed to be more gracious; until, at length, having invited his nephew to dinner one evening, and entertained him royally, he said, quite good-humouredly:

'I suppose you are making five hundred pounds a year now?'

'Yes,' replied Gascoigne.

'Then I shall have to alter my will. You would like to know what is in it, I expect?'

'I do know, sir,' said Gascoigne impulsively.

'What!' exclaimed the old man.

'Your will is at my chambers, sir. Do you recollect that day when you left your tin box unlocked upon the table here? In your absence I opened it, saw your will, and was unable to resist the temptation of reading it. You returned suddenly, before I was able to replace it, so I have kept it ever since,' exclaimed Gascoigne, very pale and shamefaced.

There was a painful silence for full a minute; the old man's evil eye seemed positively to glare upon the offender, who looked precisely as he felt; and then Gascoigne said:

'It was a mean trick, but I'm heartily ashamed of myself, and I beg your pardon.'

'And that is to be the end of it, eh?' sneered the old man, slowly recovering from his amazement.

'I expect not,' said Gascoigne half defiantly.

'Your cousin ought to be much obliged to you,' said old Barker with a harsh laugh.

'She needs the money more than I,' said Gascoigne.

'By Jove! sir, she shall have it too. What is more, it shall come to her from your own hand,' roared the old man, purple in the face.

'I don't understand,' said Gascoigne quietly.

'I'll make a fresh will on the spot.'

'Very well, sir.'

'You shall take it down from my dictation.'

'As you please. It is rather like signing my own death-warrant,' said Gascoigne with a nervous laugh.

'So it is; so much the better; serves you right. There's a sheet of paper and a pen over yonder. Sit you down,' said the old man excitedly.

Poor Gascoigne obeyed silently, and not without an uncomfortable pang. It was, as he had said, uncommonly like signing his own death-warrant; but after all, it was only what he had anticipated, and he felt a certain sense of relief at having unburdened his conscience.



'I suppose you had better have the pictures and the things here,' said the old man grudgingly. 'She wouldn't appreciate 'em.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Gascoigne meekly.

'There may be a few pounds at my bank—not worth speaking of. In fact, this will may as well be in similar terms as the last, with your name and Margaret's reversed,' said old Barker, with his malevolent old eye glistening.

'Margaret is to be residuary legatee, in fact,' said Gascoigne, with a sinking heart.

'Yes. How much do people say I'm worth.'

'£100,000 at least,' answered Gascoigne, with assumed indifference.

'Ah! a good round sum to lose for a little curiosity, isn't it?' sneered old Barker.

'It can't be helped,' said Gascoigne philosophically.

'Indeed it can't. Now are you ready?'

'Yes,' said Gascoigne, grasping his pen firmly.

The old man dictated, and the sight of his nephew's ill-concealed discomfiture was evidently so amusing to him, that he paused at frequent intervals to chuckle and laugh. At length, however, Gascoigne's penance was ended; witnesses were procured; and the will was duly signed. Old Barker took possession of it, and when his nephew departed—for naturally the evening soon flagged after this exciting episode—the old man said:

'Good-night. What a fool you have been! Those pictures and things are not worth a quarter of what I gave for them. Still I suppose you will get a couple of thousand clear.'

'More than I had any right to expect,' said Gascoigne, as heartily as he could.

'More than you deserve, you mean. Shake hands!'

'You've forgiven me?'

'Yes, but you'll never forgive yourself! You were a fool to look at the will, but you were a worse fool to tell. If you hadn't, I should very likely never have missed it,' said the old man, leering at him.

This was not exactly consolatory to Gascoigne, who, though he realised the satisfaction of having relieved his conscience, experienced the natural disappointment of a man who has wantonly thrown away a vast fortune. It is true that he had always expected this, and at least he had saved something out of the fire. But it was a bitter pill, and it was fortunate that his professional engagements prevented him from brooding over his disappointment. He was also spared any further discussion on the subject with his uncle, for within a week the old man had an apoplectic seizure, from which he never rallied. Gascoigne was of course summoned to his uncle's bedside, but the patient was unconscious, and in that state he passed away. His will was nowhere to be found, but in searching for it, Gascoigne came across a note addressed to him by the deceased, stating that the document was in the custody of his solicitor, and requesting Gascoigne to see this gentleman at once, before communicating with his cousin. The young man naturally lost no time in calling upon Mr Bush, of Lincoln's Inn, an old friend and client of his uncle's, and he was perhaps, a trifle disappointed when the lawyer placed in his hands the identical

document which he had himself assisted to prepare.

'I thought, perhaps, my uncle might have made a subsequent will,' he observed half involuntarily.

'He could not have made a will more favourable to you,' said old Mr Bush. 'His pictures and things must be worth £10,000 at the very lowest estimate, and his bank balance—which he leaves you also—amounts to rather more, as I happen to know. I should think you will take altogether £30,000 when the effects are realised.'

'It is an agreeable surprise,' murmured Gascoigne. 'Still, my cousin is residuary legatee, which means, I suppose, £150,000.'

'Nothing of the kind, my dear sir,' exclaimed Mr Bush. 'The lady will only get the proportion of his annuity due at the date of his death—perhaps £1000 or so.'

'What!' gasped Gascoigne. 'His annuity!'

'It will surprise many people,' replied the lawyer. 'He was supposed to be very wealthy, and so he was, in a sense. But he sunk his fortune many years ago in the purchase of an annuity of £5000 a year, and a precious good bargain he made of it. It is a good thing for you that you are not his residuary legatee.'

'I was once,' exclaimed Gascoigne, marvelling at his narrow escape, and at his uncle's peculiar method of showing resentment.

'Yes; that was before your success at the bar, on which I congratulate you,' replied Mr Bush. 'The fact is, that our departed friend was fond of a joke. Fortunately, as your cousin expects nothing, she won't be disappointed at getting only £1000. If his old will had stood and you had found yourself in her position—'

'That would have been a sell certainly,' said Gascoigne, who felt that he could now afford to laugh.

#### ROSE-ELF RIDDLES.

THE Rose-Elf laughed with glee

As he put this riddle to me:

'What is yet fairer than I?

Prithee attend!'

I hesitate not to reply:

'The face of a friend.'

The Rose-Elf shook with mirth,  
And a dewdrop fell to the earth.

'What rarer jewel is now?

Prithee attend!'

'The tear that is sympathy-born  
From the heart of a friend.'

The Rose-Elf bowed his head,  
And a fragrance around was shed.

'Dying, my sweetness is past!

Ah! what can eternally last?

Prithee attend!'

'That, born of God, hath no end,  
So—Love, in the heart of a friend.'

REBE MILLS.

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## THE SALT AND GAS WELLS OF CHINA.

By E. H. PARKER.

ONE of the most remarkable industries in the world is the salt factory of Tsz-liu Tsing, on a branch of the Upper Yang-tsze River, in Western China. The name means 'self-flowing wells,' and refers to their peculiar capacity for supplying both the raw material itself and the fuel for preparing the material—salt brine and natural gas—at one and the same time. It would be of very little use to say what towns they are near, as all topographical names in that region are equally unknown in Europe; but their exact situation is in north latitude  $29^{\circ} 30'$ , and longitude  $105^{\circ}$  east of Greenwich, about thirty English miles from the walled city of Fu-shun. I visited them in 1881, and at that time certainly not half-a-dozen Europeans in all had even seen them, not to say accurately described them.

The number of wells in actual working is about five thousand; but for official purposes—that is, squeezing and corruption—they are reported at a quarter of that figure; and the area under active operations covers, perhaps, four or six square miles. One of the first things that attracted my attention, as I strolled amongst the works, was a man leisurely tapping the rock with a heavy steel weight suspended from a framework by strips of bamboo, to which it was firmly attached: he had already done a little over two inches, having only begun the day before. A little farther on, I saw a similar hammer being raised by a youth from a well mouth not more than six inches in diameter. This man said his grandfather had commenced the work, which had gone on uninterruptedly through the life of his father, and was now in its seventieth year. Two inches of rock are an average day's work, which, at three hundred days a year, would make fifty feet, or half a mile for the seventy years. But, of course, that was an exception, and he had suffered accidents. As a rule, bottom, or rather absence

of bottom, is reached in anything between one and ten years, and the majority of the wells are between two thousand and three thousand feet deep. The weights or hammers are shaped like a closed fist, with two projecting knuckles, and the operator simply dabs this against the rock by leisurely raising and letting go the bamboo line. As the slush accumulates and deadens the effect of the hammer, it is hauled up in a bamboo bucket, that is to say, in a length of bamboo, fitted with a self-acting leather valve at the bottom, and about as bulky as a beer bottle: the weight of the descending bucket opens the valve, and allows the slush to run in: the moment the bucket is raised, the valve imprisons the slush. As the well gets deeper, the force of the human arm is insufficient to raise the hammer. A scaffolding is then built, and the man works a lever with his feet. A second man often assists to twitch the cord sideways, so as to give a rotatory motion to the heavy weight.

When the man 'strikes ile'—that is, brine and hydrogen gas—a terrific explosion usually takes place. The force of the gas is sufficient to annihilate any portion of the man who may be standing in its way; and for many weeks it is impossible to put anything down the well, until the gas has been partially exhausted. This is done by piercing small holes in the side of the well (which, for the first three hundred feet, is lined with cedar wood), and attaching thereto long pipes, through which the gas can be subdivided, conveyed any distance, and ignited for any required purpose. The force of the rising hydrogen thus expends itself upon these outlets, and it becomes possible in time to block up the well with a heavy stone. In the case of the one I closely examined, the hydrogen was carried along some distance by two main bamboo pipes, very solidly strengthened with a heavy clay skin: these two mains were then subdivided into twenty. These twenty had been fiercely burning, night and day, for many weeks, but the supply was so plentiful that no attempt at economy was



made, although each small jet would have more than sufficed for boiling several salt-pans in perpetuity. The annual rental on such a subdivided jet is about £10 a year: in one establishment which I visited, seventy pans were kept going day and night, so that their owner would have to pay £700 a year, at least, to the proprietor of the hydrogen well. This explains how it pays to go on dabbling away, generation after generation: the longer a man works, the less wise it is to abandon what he has accomplished. He can borrow on the security of work done, and if he himself does not make a fortune, his grandson will; meanwhile, he himself mortgages future certainties. It is only the wells which have gas, but no brine, which are thus unmanageable and inexhaustible. Where there is brine as well as gas, the latter is kept within bounds by the former, and the proprietor uses as much of his own gas as he wants to boil his own brine, letting out the rest at a rent. There is a great deal of uncertainty about the gas of the brine-wells: sometimes, after issuing with the brine for years, it suddenly gives out; at others it as unexpectedly recommences, or even begins for the first time.

The gas from one of the subdivided jets has enough power to evaporate five hundredweight of salt in an iron pan three inches thick. Notwithstanding this force, the flame is at once extinguished if a small paving-stone is placed at the muzzle of the jet; the gas then escapes into the air through two smaller tubes, which are opened for that purpose, a few feet back from the muzzle; and if all the outlets are blocked, of course the gas forces its way through the one where there is least resistance. Nothing could be simpler or less expensive than these arrangements.

The wells must have been worked from the most ancient times, for I find the following sentence in the Chinese commentary to a work almost two thousand years old: 'As to these fire wells, if it be desired to extract their fire, the way is to throw some ordinary fire into them: in a moment there will be an explosion just like a clap of thunder, and a blaze of light visible for miles round. This fire can be conveyed away in bamboo tubing, in such wise as to make charcoal or coal unnecessary. Having thus got the fire from the well, you can boil the brine from the well, and you will get from forty to fifty per cent. of solid salt out of it: whereas, if ordinary fire were used, you would not get more than twenty or thirty per cent.' The viceroy of the province who was in power when I visited the wells, and who himself published a book on the reorganisation of the industry, places the date of their first profitable working towards the middle of the fourth century of our era.

A pair of enormous shears, well stayed and very firm, are fixed directly over the mouth of each well, and to the top of them is attached a strong pulley, round which passes the bamboo cord which supports the 'bucket.' The term bucket is only a makeshift expression for an immense tube, from twenty to fifty feet in length, fashioned of bamboo joints connected together with hempen cord tightly wound round

the screw-like thread cut into the outer face of the bamboo, and strengthened near each end by stout iron rings. The rope from the pulley passes under another wheel in a horizontal direction to the circumference of what may be described as a huge timber teetotum or deagonal framework, the axle of which is a perpendicular beam revolving in iron sockets below and above. Projecting spokes allow the attachment of four buffaloes, each of which a driver grasps by the tail with one hand, while with the other he belabours with a whip or rope-end. Through the nostrils of each buffalo is run a halter, so tied in front of him that he gets a cruel tweak each time he lags. The pace commences with a brisk walk, which gradually increases into a sharp trot, and even a gallop, the wretched animals panting for their lives, and lashing themselves into a tempest of perspiration. It took twelve minutes to haul up the particular bucket I stood watching. By measuring the number of times the rope encircled the teetotum, and then taking the diameters of this last, I found the depth of the well must have been as nearly as possible two thousand five hundred feet, or say, half a mile.

As with a nautical log-line, so with this rope; the last hundred feet or so at each end were marked with hide tongues, so as to give warning that the bucket was approaching, or the rope running out. Two of the four buffaloes are then slipped, and the pace is eased for the two remaining ones. The bucket contains about two hundredweight of brine, the emptying of which only occupies a few seconds: the brine is carted out into a tub or cistern let into the ground, from which a conduit carries the liquid through a rough filter into a roofed reservoir, kept under lock and key. The teetotum is then allowed to revolve backwards at a fearful pace, the weight of the long bucket giving the necessary impetus. As the top end of the rope draws nigh, a brake is applied by the foreman in charge. Like all the other native apparatus, this is extremely simple. It consists of flat bamboo strips, tapering into a twisted rope at each end, and one end is attached to the building, while the other runs half round the teetotum: the foreman simply sits on the flat part, when, of course, his weight checks the speed. The same four buffaloes are again immediately harnessed to, each team hauling up two buckets in succession, at intervals of about five hours. After their turn is over, the beasts are carefully groomed and stalled, and are, besides, regaled with a swim once in every twenty-four hours; their food is expensive, as all the country around has long since been denuded of vegetation.

Any one who has not a well of his own can buy brine from the reservoirs. As the country around is undulating, it is easy to convey the brine in any direction by the simple force of gravity, all that is necessary being that the starting point be a few inches or feet higher than the destination, and higher than any hillock over which the bamboo tubing may be conducted. The brine is, of course, not all of one quality; the blacker it is the better, and

the yellower it is the worse. The owners I spoke to did not place the yield of salt so proportionately high as the ancient authority I have quoted; the chief one said the best brine would only boil into twenty per cent. of solid salt. But it is only the fiercest furnaces that can produce the block salt at all; the jets of ordinary vigour will only produce granular salt, which is of lighter consistency. A cake of block salt weighs six hundred pounds, and this is deftly split into four quarters, each of which forms a man's load. One cake for each pan a day is exceptionally good work. I found that seventy pans produced, on the average, seven tons a day, taking granular and block salt together, at the particular establishment where I made close inquiry.

The boiling sheds reminded me very much of an English tannery, and also, to a certain extent, of the salt factories at Winsford and Northwich in Cheshire. The furnace over which each pan is placed is simply a hole in the ground, about six feet square and deep, and the gas tubes are conducted into this hole. The mouth of the gas tube is not more than half an inch in diameter. There are about six pans to each brine reservoir. These reservoirs are made of wood covered with clay, like tan-pits, and are automatically fed by conduits through which the brine trickles slowly into the pans. The wages are extremely high for China, about ten shillings a week, and food found; but good food (rice and pork) costs little in China, threepence a day being enough to feed any reasonable man. Each man works twenty-four hours at a stretch, and then rests for another whole day of twenty-four hours. He gets no holidays except at the New Year. The work is, of course, very trying, especially during the insufferable heats of summer; but the roof arrangements are good, and there is plenty of ventilation. The smell from the fresh brine and unburnt gas is decidedly bad, but the fumes from the furnaces did not appear to me to be at all offensive. The discrepancy between the ancient account and the modern, as to the proportion of salt that may be extracted, possibly arises from the fact that the 'curds and whey' of beans are in modern times poured into the boiling brine, in order to facilitate crystallisation; the result of this I was told was, that half the total solid product was 'sweet salt,' and half 'gall-cake.' This 'gall-cake' is too acrid for eating purposes, and is used to make paint and plaster bind firmly, and also to separate the curd from the whey of bean juice.

The salt costs about a halfpenny a pound at the factories, but government duties and the cost of carriage soon bring it up to threepence or even sixpence a pound. In fact, I found that I could roughly calculate the distance I was from any given spot in this province by inquiring the local price of salt. It is not easy to ascertain the exact production for each year, but it is certain that the government derives, from the Tsz-liu Tsing industry alone, an annual revenue of at least £500,000, even at the present low silver rate. It is everybody's interest to conceal the truth, and everybody concerned speculates wherever there is opportunity. I

spent a considerable time in trying to work out the approximate truth, and came to the conclusion that 600,000 tons a year would not be too high an estimate of the gross production of all the wells, including in this the Fu-shan and all other districts within a circuit of one hundred miles. Quite 30,000,000 people use this salt; so that, at this rate, there would be two tons for every thousand people, or from four to five pounds a head per annum.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER IV.—WE REACH THE MÉDANGS.

OF our voyage from Venice to the Médang River I find, on looking through my diary, that there is little or nothing of importance to tell. We reached Colombo, where we had arranged to call for coal, two days in advance of the French mail-boat, and nearly a week ahead of the P. and O. steamer by which the king would, in all probability, have otherwise been compelled to travel. The stamp of the engines resounded night and day, and every noon the record of our progress was hailed with eager acclamation. It was extraordinary how every one on board the boat, from the person most interested, down to the very ship's boys, seemed to be impressed with the necessity of speed. I think of all the gifts vouchsafed to man, the most enviable is the power of affecting others with a participation in one's own desires, such as the King of the Médangs undoubtedly possessed. Sometimes, when I lay awake in the still watches of the night, I found myself almost wondering at my position. What was there in this man, I asked myself, to compel me to such haste, to make me spend my money so recklessly, to induce me, who detested haste so cordially, forego my own carefully planned arrangements, and find no satisfaction so great as the frothing of the water under our bows, and the high figures recorded on our patent log? And yet when I was in his company, it never occurred to me for an instant to wonder. I paced the deck by his side, cast anxious glances at the weather, prayed that no storm might arise to hinder us, and continually interrogated the captain and engineers as to the progress of the boat.

Under the influence of his excitement, our passenger's despondency about his own health seemed entirely to have left him. Never once did he refer to his doctor's report in any shape or form. He was occupied from morning till night, plotting and planning, and preparing himself for every possible contingency that might await him on arrival in his dominions. Sometimes he made me his confidant, at others he would keep himself strictly to himself. At all times, however, he was consideration and courtesy itself. A guest more charming, or one more easily pleased, it would have been scarcely possible to find.

When Ceylon was once behind us, and we were steaming across the Indian Ocean, bound for Singapore as fast as our engines would take us, every one's restlessness seemed to increase by leaps and bounds. In less than a fortnight we



should reach our destination, and our friend would know the worst.

On the afternoon of the day that we entered the Straits of Malacca, I was seated near the saloon-companion reading, when the captain descended the ladder from the bridge, and came to speak with me.

'I am sorry to have to tell you, my lord,' he said abruptly, as he touched his cap, 'that the engineer thinks he is running short of coal.'

There was always a standing feud between the bridge and the engine-room, and Wells was only too glad to have a chance of presenting his enemies to me in an unfavourable light. I therefore resolved to make inquiries before I committed myself to any line of action.

'How much has he still in the bunkers?' I inquired.

'Plenty,' he says, 'to take us into the Gulf of Siam,' was the answer, 'but not sufficient to see us across it.'

'You infer by that, I suppose, that we shall have to call at Singapore,' I continued. 'That will mean a long delay and, as you know, under the present circumstances, every hour is of importance.'

'I am quite aware of that, my lord,' he replied, with an aggrieved face. 'I told Mr McGill so myself only ten minutes since.'

'Send Mr McGill to me, if you please,' I said. 'This is a very serious matter, and we must not decide hastily.'

A moment or two later the skipper returned with the engineer, a weather-beaten old Scotchman who had been in the service of my family ever since he had been able to earn his daily bread. I questioned him on the subject of the coal, only to learn that it was necessary beyond doubt that we must call at Singapore, otherwise we should be unable to reach our destination. There was nothing for it but to make the best of a bad bargain. I accordingly gave the required instructions, and rose from my chair to go and inform the person chiefly concerned. Just, however, as I was about to enter the saloon-companion, I espied him coming up the stairs from below. When he reached the deck I turned and walked with him to the rails. He looked eagerly at me.

'You have some bad news for me, Lord Instow,' he said, with that peculiar abruptness characteristic of him. 'I can see it in your face. What has happened?'

'Something that will cause you some annoyance I fear,' I answered. 'The chief engineer has just been to me to say that he has not sufficient coal in his bunkers to carry us to our destination. Steaming at the pace we have done has caused the store we took in at Colombo to vanish in half its ordinary time, and we must therefore put into Singapore for a fresh supply.'

The king's face clouded ominously.

'Another delay,' he muttered, 'another delay. And every hour of vital importance.'

He walked a few paces from me and I saw his fists clench, and his mouth harden. Suddenly he wheeled round, and came back to my side.

'I am proving myself sadly ungrateful,' he said, 'after all your kindness to me. I hope

you will forgive me. For a moment, I must confess, I was disappointed, for I am so eager to get to my kingdom that I can bear no delays. But I know that you are as sorry as I am. How long do you think it will take us to get in a fresh supply?'

'At most not more than five hours,' I answered. 'I cannot tell you how vexed I am that such a thing should have occurred. But I fear it could not be helped.'

'Say no more about it, I beg of you,' he answered. 'In any case, we shall be there some days before I could possibly have reached it in the ordinary course of events.'

'And then you will know everything. And your mind will be set at rest.'

'Yes. I shall know everything,' he replied, with an infinite sadness in his voice. 'How much that means, "know everything!" But there is one question I have been wishing to ask you every day. When you have deposited me at my destination, what do you and your sister intend doing?'

'We had thought of calling at Haiphong, and then proceeding on our way to Japan,' I answered.

'Are you in any great hurry to reach the Land of the Chrysanthemum?'

'No,' I replied. 'We are idle folk, and there is no particular need of haste.'

'Then why not stay with me for a week or two? I should like nothing better than to have an opportunity of repaying all the kindnesses I have received at your hands. There is much to be seen, believe me, and to one who, like yourself, takes such a vivid interest in the building up of new countries, there are endless traits to be studied in the people themselves. Come, Lord Instow, what do you say? Will you remain with me for a while?'

He looked at me with his dark lustrous eyes, as if more than I could guess depended upon my answer.

'I should enjoy it immensely,' I replied. 'But I must first consult my sister. If she has no reason for hastening on to Japan, I shall be only too glad to accept your hospitable invitation.'

'We must place the matter before Lady Olivia, then, and see what she says.'

Accordingly that evening at dinner our guest introduced the subject, and when Olivia had given her consent, it was definitely settled that we should accept the invitation extended to us. For my own part, I must confess, I was glad. I will own to a vulgar curiosity. I wanted to examine his country carefully, to criticise his rule, and I was also anxious to learn what untoward event had called him so suddenly from Europe. Such a favourable opportunity might never occur again, and under these circumstances I was resolved to make the most of it.

Two days later we reached Singapore, spent a miserable day coaling in the harbour, and continued our voyage the same evening. Once in the Gulf of Siam, we were nearly at our journey's end. In three days or thereabouts we should be in the Mélang River, which the king had informed us was navigable up to his capital; and then for a spell ashore!

As the distance that separated us from the

land decreased, the king's anxiety became almost painful to watch. Throughout the day he paced the deck, casting anxious glances ahead and astern, as if by so doing he could hasten the progress of the boat.

On the evening prior to our making the land, while I was engaged upon the bridge, he discovered Olivia standing at the taffrail, watching the water creaming in the wake. The night was warm, and the sea was strangely phosphorescent.

'In forty-eight hours or thereabouts you will be in your own country once more,' said my sister, when they had been standing side by side for some few minutes.

'Yes, I shall be at the head of my kingdom again,' he answered, in a low voice; 'and from what I imagine, it will be about time. It is a good thing, Lady Olivia, that few people are compelled by fate to know the suspense that has been my portion these five weeks past. And it also falls to the lot of but few to have such good friends as yourself and your brother. How I shall ever be able to thank you both sufficiently for all your goodness to me I do not know.'

'I'm sure we have equal cause to be grateful to your highness.'

To this he offered no reply, but glanced round the horizon, and then up to the multitudinous stars shining in the firmament of heaven.

'Shakespeare tells us "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,"' he continued; 'but he says nothing of how we are to guard it when advantage has been taken of the flood, and the fortune has been acquired. My kingdom is my fortune. I have won it; am I to keep it or not? That is the question that the next few weeks have to answer.'

'Keep it?' cried Olivia with conviction. 'As I said to you in Venice, you *must* keep it, come what may.'

'You wish me success, do you not?'

'With all my heart I do,' she answered; 'you must not even *think* of failure. It could never be.'

'You have said you wish me success with *all* your heart, Lady Olivia,' he said, with peculiar emphasis; 'have you any notion of what construction those apparently simple words may have put upon them by a lonely man?'

She gave a little start, and her hand suddenly clenched upon the rail before her; she did not answer, however.

'You must remember,' he said very slowly, and with increasing earnestness, 'that after all, sovereigns are men first and kings afterwards. To win your esteem I would accomplish anything possible to mortal man; nothing could be too difficult for me. But I am frightening you. I had no right to do so. Forgive me; I will say no more now, but will content myself with one question. Having said so much, can you still bid me go on and prosper with *all* your heart?'

She looked up into his face, and then in a voice so soft that he could scarcely hear it, whispered:

'I do. Go on and prosper.'

He bent his head over the hand he held, and pressed his lips upon it. She did not try to

prevent him; but, as soon as he released her, she turned on her heel and sped away along the deck towards the saloon companion-ladder. When she came to bid me good-night half-an-hour later, her eyes were red as if with weeping.

'Why, Olivia,' I said, holding her beautiful face up to the light that I might examine it, 'what does this mean? You have been crying. Come, come, darling, what has made you unhappy?'

'I cannot tell,' she answered, her face now buried on my shoulder. 'I do not know.'

Seeing that she was in a state when it is not wise for a man to make any attempt at comfort, I changed my tactics, bade her not be silly, and having done so, led her to her cabin. Afterwards I went on deck, more puzzled as to the reason of her tears than I cared to own.

I found the king pacing up and down before the smoking-room. To my surprise, I found he was in happier and more confident spirits than I had seen him since we left Venice.

'We are making the best of headway,' he cried, as I came up with him. 'I should say we're doing a full sixteen.'

'I can tell you exactly,' I answered, going to the ladder that led to the bridge, and calling the mate to me. From him I inquired our speed, and was surprised to hear him reply 'sixteen and a half.'

'That being so,' said the king, 'we should have the coast in sight at daylight, and twenty-four hours later should see us at our destination. After that I can get to work. I feel as if we are on the threshold of great events.'

'You seem somewhat more confident this evening.'

He looked at me very closely for a second or two, and then, gathering from my face that I knew nothing of his interview with Olivia, continued:

'I *am* more confident. As I approach my country my old spirit is coming back to me. I am determined that my arrival shall mark a new epoch. What I have done in the past shall be as nothing to what I will do in the future. I will let you see of what great deeds I and my people are capable, and then you will be able to judge for yourself what our future is destined to be. Lord Instow, who can say that I am not building up the nucleus of what may some day be the ruling power of the East? You think of India, of Russia, of China, of Japan, and you smile incredulously. You deem it impossible, but I am not abashed; to-night I am prophetic and can see clearly into the future. I see my people increased to more than double their present number; I see the soil of my country utilised to the best advantage; I see my cities filled with honest traders, my borders extended to the China Sea on one side and the Bay of Bengal on the other; I see ships carrying the produce of my land to the other great nations of the world, and the vessels of those countries at anchor in my harbours. Trains traverse my plains, all the latest aids to civilisation are known and utilised by my people, I live at peace with my neighbours, and having done my life's work I see my son ready to take my place when I shall step down from the throne.'

'God grant it may be as your highness pre-



dicts,' I answered, quite carried away by the eloquence with which he spoke.

'God grant it may,' he answered, lifting his hat from his head as he spoke.

Then taking my arm, we began to pace the deck together, building up and perfecting the empire which he had so sanguinely anticipated. It was a lovely night, and as the king was not tired, we continued to walk and talk long after the bell had struck midnight; then, as the dew was falling heavily, we adjourned to the smoking-room, and continued our discussion there. When we had finished, I discovered, to my astonishment, that it was on the stroke of three. In an hour and a half at most it would be daylight, and soon after that the coast should be in sight. Under these circumstances, we determined to remain upon deck to welcome it.

An hour later it was light enough to enable us to see the yacht from stem to stern. We accordingly left the smoking-room and ascended to the bridge. Here the air struck strangely cold, and a slight mist hung upon the water. I inquired our speed from the skipper, who had just joined us, and he answered, 'Barely ten.'

In less than an hour the sun rose on our starboard bow, and when he was well above the sea a faint line revealed to us the land ahead. From contemplating it I turned to the king. His eyes were fixed upon it, and his mouth was firm set as if he were clenching his teeth that he might prevent himself from betraying his emotion. Proportionately as the land rose above the waves his excitement increased, until, when it was close enough for us to be able to discern its general outline, he could contain himself no longer, but putting out his hand, squeezed mine in it, and muttering something I could not catch, vanished below. A quarter of an hour later I followed his example, and turned into my bunk to sleep like a top till breakfast-time.

When we visited the deck again, we were close in-shore, approaching, under easy steam, the entrance to a large river whose broad mouth emptied itself into the sea between two lines of thickly wooded cliffs. Evidently this was the Médang River of which his highness had so often spoken to us. Olivia was by my side, pale and heavy-eyed, as if she had not slept a wink all night, which I afterwards discovered had been the case. The king joined us a few moments later, and, standing at my elbow, watched the scene with straining eyes. And indeed the picture presented to us then was one that might have appealed to the most blasé of travellers. You must picture for yourself a cloud-capped mountain range, the foremost peaks of which rose almost precipitously from a green jungle, that stretched well-nigh to the water's edge. Indeed, though I looked for it, beach I could see none. Straight before us, without bar or other hindrance, lay the dark sluggish waters of the Médang River, out of which the palm-clad hills rose abruptly to a height on the right of six hundred feet, on the left to possibly a thousand. With the strip of green sea before us, and the lights and shadows thrown by the clouds upon the hills ashore, we were presented with such a view as I

doubt any one who saw it that day will ever forget.

It was evident that the captain had made himself thoroughly conversant with the locality, for he steamed boldly in, keeping as far as possible in the centre of the stream, in order to avoid snags and dangers of a similar nature. Clustered on a plateau at the foot of the eastern hill were a few small huts, otherwise the landscape was devoid of human dwellings. Indeed, the king informed us that with the exception of a small town situated fifty miles or so inland, there was no settlement of any importance between the sea and the capital.

(To be continued.)

### THE SMALLEST PRINCIPALITY IN EUROPE.

VERY few of the tourists who travel along the Arlberg railway every autumn on their way from Switzerland to the Tyrol are so much as aware of the existence of the tiny principality of Liechtenstein, through which they rapidly pass in the express train. Between the Swiss frontier-station at Buchs and the Austrian town of Feldkirch the line traverses for five miles one of those small, independent states, which by some miracle have survived down to our own day in the midst of their powerful neighbours, and show us, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, what the miniature principalities of the middle ages must have been like. Every one has heard of Monaco, the little Italian republic of San Marino is dear to collectors of postage-stamps, and the Spanish commonwealth of Andorra is occasionally mentioned in the newspapers; but of Liechtenstein, the fourth and last of these curious mediæval survivals, the British excursionist knows hardly anything. Yet it well repays a visit from the traveller who has a spare week on his hands. If he be a sportsman, he can make friends with the Prince's forester and perhaps have a shot at the chamois which haunt the mountains at the back of the principality. To the botanist, the fields and hillsides are full of attractions; the philologist will find ample scope for his science in tracing out the many relics of the Romance language which abound in the villages. Vaduz, the little capital, is a beautifully situated place of about eleven hundred inhabitants, planted amidst its luxuriant vineyards, beneath the frowning crag upon which the old castle of Liechtenstein stands to keep guard over the valley of the Rhine below. Although it is so small, Vaduz can boast of a delightful old inn, where the beds and the cooking are all that can be desired, where the black-coated waiter has not yet made his appearance, and the genial landlord and his wife do everything they can to make their guests comfortable.

The little principality is a perfect miniature of one of those great states with which we are all so familiar. Liechtenstein has its Prince, its Constitution, and its Parliament. The Prince, John II., who succeeded to the dignity in 1858,

is not very much in the principality, but resides for the most part either in Vienna or on his other Austrian estates, which are very large. But he usually comes in the autumn for the shooting, and the new hunting-box which he has built near the old castle will probably bring him more frequently to Vaduz. Among his people he is very popular; *er ist ein sehr netter Mann*, said an old villager, pointing to the Prince's portrait which hung over the mantelpiece, and added that it was a pity he did not enjoy better health. Fifty-six years of age and unmarried. By disposition the Prince is rather shy, but he is a keen sportsman, and, like most of his people, a very devout Catholic, as the new Gothic churches which he has built at Vaduz and Schaan fully prove. It was even rumoured at one time that the pope himself, if he quitted Rome, might find in Liechtenstein a second Avignon. There is a story too that the proprietors of Monte Carlo once meditated removing their famous tables to the little Alpine principality, but that the Prince promptly refused to permit it. The Liechtensteiners are such a simple-minded, honest folk, that it would be a great pity if anything of the kind occurred, and it is certain that the reigning Prince will never sanction such a step.

By the Constitution of 1862, Liechtenstein possesses a local diet, composed of fifteen members, three of whom are nominated by the Prince, and the remaining twelve are elected by manhood suffrage, every male citizen of full age who lives in the country having a vote. This miniature House of Commons meets once a year, and is elected every four years. The executive consists of a regent or *Landesverweser*, who acts for the Prince in his absence, and under him are the communal body and forester's department. There is a court of law in Vaduz, with an appeal in the first instance to Vienna, and in the second to the Austrian superior court at Innsbruck. It has been found convenient to allow the Austrian Government to manage the post, so that Liechtenstein—to the regret of philatelists—has no stamp of its own, using instead the ordinary Austrian stamps and coins. By a recent convention, the principality is combined for custom-house purposes with the Austrian province of Vorarlberg, but in all other respects it is perfectly independent. Its inhabitants devoutly wish that it may remain so, and not without reason. For Liechtenstein enjoys the almost unique distinction among continental nations of having no army and no compulsory military service. Before the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, Liechtenstein formed part of the Germanic Confederation, and was bound to furnish its quota of troops to the Federal army. Always Austrian in sympathy, it voted for mobilisation against Prussia, and sided with Austria in the struggle which ended at Sadowa. But, after the war, its little army of eighty men was disbanded, and has not been revived. Naturally, those who wish to avoid the conscription in other neighbouring countries migrate to Liechtenstein, and it is to this fact that the considerable increase of its population—now about 10,000—and the preponderance of males over females are due.

It is jokingly said that in the rearrangement of Germany in 1866 and 1871 Liechtenstein was left out because Bismarck forgot the very fact of its existence. But its people, according to their own account, have every reason to congratulate themselves upon their exclusion from either of their heavily-taxed neighbour-lands. Obscurity has its advantages. The only serious fiscal burden under which they suffer is the tax imposed for the maintenance of the dam which is necessary for keeping the Rhine within its bed. Every winter the stream, which forms the western boundary of this little state, overflows its banks below Vaduz, and floods the low-lying meadows which separate the river from the mountain-range of Liechtenstein. Great damage is done to the farms in that neighbourhood, and the cost of keeping the river-banks in proper order falls very heavily on the little community.

The greater part of the Prince's territory consists of mountain. At the northern extremity, where the railway runs through it, the country is fairly level, and broadens out into a plain, which is, however, broken by the low ridge of the Schellenberg, once an independent principality, belonging to counts of its own. But from Vaduz to the extreme south boundary there is very little space available between the mountains and the river. Here and there are hamlets dotted over the mountain side, or nestling among the vineyards in the valley. There is Triesen, once, it is said, a famous Roman settlement, overwhelmed by an earthquake in some bygone age. There is the picturesque village of Balzers too, with the fine old ruined castle of Guttenberg above it, of which strange legends are told. A lovely walk up the mountains through a tunnel, known as the Triesenberger Kulm, leads into the wild and romantic Samina valley, the home of the eagle and the chamois. Another and easier excursion is over the pass of St Luziensteig, which is commanded by the now disused Swiss fortress of that name, into the canton of the Grisons, and down to Ragatz and Mayenfeld. But the most interesting walk is up to the old castle of Liechtenstein itself, with its fine ivy-covered walls, part of them dating from Roman times, and round through the woods to the dismantled Wildschloss, once a robber-stronghold, from which the watchman could spy the boats, laden with rich merchandise, as they sailed down the Rhine. High mountains, it must be confessed, there are none—at least, in the sense in which the Alpine Club use the word. The 'Three Sisters' above Vaduz are barely 8000 feet high, the Naafkopf, the highest mountain in the principality, only 8560. But of fine mountain air and varied mountain excursions there is plenty, and almost every hill and valley has a legend of its own. Liechtenstein, like Vorarlberg, is very rich in folklore, and the learned Dr Vonbun, who knew the locality well, has made a most interesting collection of local legends.

The people themselves are the descendants of a Germanic race which gradually swallowed up the Rhaetian colonists who formerly inhabited the land. Originally a Roman settlement, Liechtenstein still preserves many traces of the



Romance language, which was still spoken there as late as the seventeenth century. Vaduz, the name of its capital, is a corruption of the Latin *vallis dulcis*, or 'pleasant valley;' and such names as Gamprin, Schalun, Valorsch, Samina, Gavadura, Valtina, Mazoura, which all occur in the principality, are, as Dr Umlauf of Vienna has pointed out, all of Romance origin. Quite recently there has been a large importation of Swiss labourers to work the cotton mills at Schaan, but the people are still happily unc cosmopolitan, and are quite content to live as their forefathers did before them, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.' A couple of years ago they actually attained to the dignity of a parliamentary crisis and a paragraph in the European press. But that was a rare exception.

### THE GREEN-CUB MINE.

A WEST AUSTRALIAN STORY.

By ROBERT BAIN, M.A., Author of *A Buceaneering Raid*, &c.

#### I.

I HAD just returned from my bun and milk lunch, and was sitting down to copy a deed, when I received a telegram.

'Hallo, Tommy,' said Brown, 'who on earth's sending you a telegram?' For the clerks in our particular department of Law & Livingstone's, 171 St Regent Street, Glasgow, always gave special instructions to their aristocratic friends not to send telegrams to the office, or the governors would be for reducing their salaries. So at least they said, but as the average amount of the salaries in question was something like eighty-five pounds a year, the statement is open to doubt.

I opened it, and a smile of delight flitted across my face as I read: 'Central Hotel—come—immediately—important—just—arrived.—Jemima.'

I can hardly hope to describe the effect produced upon me by that signature; for Jemima was my old chum Billy Johnstone, whose indomitable pluck and reckless boyishness had not sufficed to remove the nickname which his gentle voice and girlish face had won him. But what gave me the actual pleasure was that I had not seen him for over two years, but had only heard from him at long intervals from Albany and Coolgardie. I had not even called on his folk at Cutheart, other interests of a pleasanter, if more heart-disturbing nature, keeping me generally in the western districts of the city.

As I did not know how long I might be out, I showed the telegram to old Livingstone, and readily got permission to go. I rushed down to the Central, wondering what the important business could be, and five minutes later was shaking hands with the best fellow I've ever known—the only one I have ever met who was at once scholar—in a moderate sense—and player, man and boy.

But what a change these two years had

wrought in him! Three inches had been added to his height, and the feminine note in his face had changed, and left only a pleasant memory of it in his eyes, blue and soft as of old, yet with the same old laugh lying in ambush behind them. The other interests already alluded to tended to make me sentimental, but he quickly cut short my apostrophes with a new, strange, business alertness which I was quite unable to account for.

'Here, I didn't send that telegram just for fun, Tommy. I've got the finest investment in the world for you, and there's just a possibility that in a couple of hours your chance will be past. Have you any money?'

'About ten or twelve pounds,' I said, after a moment's reflection to consider if there was not another odd pound to be scraped up somewhere.

He laughed. 'That blessed law! Why didn't you go in for the kirk, Tommy, or buy a public-house on borrowed money? But the law! Oh, I could write melancholy epics about the law!' He had been in a law-office for eight months himself. 'Ten pounds! And what can you borrow?'

I hesitated, for I am Scotch.

'Is it safe?' I asked.

'Safe! D'ye think, you ruffian, I'm a Jabez Balfour? I tell you that except what's necessary to keep me for another month, I haven't a farthing that isn't in it, and every one of these farthings will be ten within three months!'

I became excited, as a prospect of fabulous wealth opened up before me. 'I can get fifty pounds from old Service, I think; and I believe I could get about other thirty.'

'Ninety pounds. 'Tisn't so bad. Then gallop and get it, and be back here within forty minutes. Every minute's pure gold.'

'But it's impossible!'

'You must. It means nine hundred pounds, Tommy, and I've heard about some one called Peggy. Get a cab, and run the horse off its feet. It's ten to one just now. You'll be here by one-thirty,' and he thrust me out of the door.

I hailed a passing cab. We were more than once like to be stopped for furious driving, but I scarcely noticed, for I was in a world of impossible dreams. Old Service wasn't in his warehouse, and I had to hunt him up at his club. He saw the excitement in my face, and it was impossible to screw the money out of him without telling him all I knew.

'Who is your friend?' he asked suspiciously. I told him.

'He's to be trusted!'

'Like gold.'

'H'm!' He pondered. I was in fidgets.

'I'll tell you what. If you're open to take the risk, I'll give you a cheque for three hundred—half to go in my name. Eh?'

I almost fainted, but recovered—took the cheque, almost leaped over the stairs in my excitement, but managed to find the cab-door without misadventure. The cab seemed to crawl as we drove round to the others I wished to visit, but at one-twenty-five, I rushed into the hotel in frantic excitement, and met 'Jemima' in the entrance hall.

'How much have you got?'

'One hundred and sixty for myself, and a hundred and fifty for Service!'

'By George, you've done well. Come on then, into the cab again!'

We entered. 'Stock Exchange,' he called to the driver. We were there in a couple of minutes. He sprang out and hailed a passing broker:

'How are "Green Cubs" standing?'

'Four-and-six, I believe. I'm not certain, however. There's not many dealings in them.'

'Buy three hundred and ten pounds' worth, and send the note to—have you a card, Tom?'

I gave him our office card.

'To Thomas Buchanan, care of Law & Livingstone's, St Regent Street.'

'All right, sir,' and he left us.

'Jemima' turned and shook my hand.

'That's the best day's work you ever did, Tommy, my boy. One-sixty divided by five shillings—six hundred and forty shares, and by this time to-morrow they'll be worth a pound a piece. In a month you'll get any money for them.'

'Good gracious!' I exclaimed, startled beyond all measure, 'how do you know?'

He took out a cablegram, evidently from Australia, and showed me that it contained the one word, 'Grip.'

'Do you know what that means?' he cried triumphantly. 'Ten ounces to the ton, and the best mine in West Australia!'

'But how do you know anything about it,' I asked.

'Me! I'd like to know who should know better. I'm the "Green Cub"!'

## II.

It would be useless for me to give a column of the interjectional remarks uttered by me on hearing this astounding statement. The more so, as 'Jemima' would not volunteer a single word of information till we had driven back to the hotel, where, having ordered coffee, he gave me, while we drank, a full and true account of what bids fair to be the most famous Australian mine.

'You remember my last letter from Coolgardie?'

I nodded. For from previous letters I had learned all his progress in Australia, from the day he landed in Albany to that of his arrival in the mining capital of the west. I knew all his adventures, too—how he had helped to load a ship with coal at a pound a day, immediately on his landing—of his first night out on the Australian plains, and of his long tramp north to his first mine—all of which might be spun out to many most interesting pages—of the life at the diggings, where he arrived on a Sunday to find an international athletic meeting in full swing; and of all the wonder that comes flooding on the 'new chum,' and flings into prosaic relief the old life across the seas. Yes, I remembered, for had not the first romance almost whirled me from my feet and whirled me too off in quest of phantom fortune at the gold mines?

'Well, I told you what a go-ahead place Coolgardie was; every man dead-nuts on making

money, and never a moment of rest; chokeful of brains, work, and money, and a mighty tight corner for the man who is not particularly blessed with any of the three. I soon saw there wasn't much chance for me there, for let me tell you, Tommy, what the engineers in Coolgardie just now don't know about mining isn't worth knowing.

'So I tramped out north, and got a berth at the Scandinavian Reefs, about a hundred and fifty miles to the north-west. I was there exactly three months, and had managed by that time to save thirty pounds—of course you know the regular wage was three-ten a week and water; and as I could live comfortably on a pound a week, I simply saved hand over hand. We usually stopped work at four when on the day-shift, and one day on coming back to my tent, I found things in considerable disorder and my money gone.

'I at once raised an alarm, and the rest of the miners, who had tents near by, all came rushing up. At that very moment my neighbour, a wages' man like myself, came running out of his tent with the cry that he had been robbed. We all ran to his tent, and found that there too, as in mine, everything was in confusion; but after further examination, his money was found all right. The affair was rather a serious one; for there were only twenty-three in camp at our mine, and one of these, it seemed, must be the thief.

'Under the circumstances all volunteered to let their tents be examined, and a committee of three having been appointed, a search was made, but nothing was found. When all was over, they came back to my tent and made a minute examination of the ground, and as one of the three had been a tracker in the Sydney police, they were not unfitted for the business. The traces had been carefully removed by trailing the sand over them, but in one corner was found a solitary heel-mark, and a peculiar one at that. For on the inner side it had been roughly cobbled, and the coarse patch had left a clearly-defined impression. Now, rightly or wrongly, suspicion had fallen upon my neighbour—Macnaughton was his name—and, in his absence, his tent was searched that very evening, and a pair of spare working-boots found whose right heel corresponded exactly with the heel-mark in the tent. Still, this was too slight a clue to build a case upon. Next day, however, two of the miners who had left the camp a little before sunrise to try a little prospecting on their own account, on their return brought back the somewhat significant news that they had seen Macnaughton walking along the edge of a lake, a mile distant, shortly after dawn. Certain movements of his were deemed by them so suspicious that they thought fit to report the circumstance to the committee. The latter regarded the information as so important that two of them, including the tracker, slipped down to the lake. Of course the rest of the camp was now at work, and no one was aware that anything was on. On reaching the side of the lake at the spot indicated, they found a clear trail running along the shore of salt and sand for half a mile, and stopping at a large boulder which lay at the lake's edge.



'I should mention that the lake, like most of those in West Australia, was a salt one, and covered with a sheet of salt just like ice; but at several places this had been broken close to the shore, and the boulder lay half in and half out of the water at one of these spots. There were no marks on the shore side, so one of the two waded into the water, and dipping his arm, felt along the foot of the rock. At one point his hand came in contact with a large stone which seemed to block up a gap in the base of the boulder, and he had to use both hands to lift it away. Thrusting his hand into the opening, he immediately touched a canvas bag. He drew it out, and on opening it found that it contained my thirty pounds, neither more nor less. This was brought to me without any stir being made, and so the first great mistake was made. For, whether they, being members of such a small camp, disliked doing anything without certainty, or whether they simply desired to take the man red-handed, I cannot say; at any rate they did not make any attempt to arrest him, and that same afternoon Macnaughton expressed his intention of leaving for the Barrier Reef fifty miles to the south.'

'But where was the mistake?' I interrupted.

'Oh, that will come out in the sequel. But they should not have removed the money if they wanted to catch him in the act. Of course it was at once seen that he was about to play into our hands by visiting the boulder where he had left the money, and next morning when he packed up, and shouldered his traps for the southward tramp, one of the committee said that he was going that same day to a neighbouring reef, about six miles distant, and would take the chance of his company along the road. Of course there was no excuse for refusing such an offer, and the two went off, while those in camp awaited with considerable eagerness the turn of events. As for me, my practical share in the affair being over, I determined to get my money banked as soon as possible; so, borrowing a horse, I proceeded to ride to Clearhills, the nearest banking station. Meanwhile, the two men had left the camp and tramped off to the south. After walking some four miles, however, Macnaughton complained of an old sprain, and told his companion he would wait for an hour or so, and rub it with some whisky. The other needn't wait however.

'The other didn't wait, but walked for about a quarter of a mile, then doubled back under cover of some scrub that lay to the east, and lay watching his man. The latter waited for about ten minutes, then rose, looked searchingly along the southward road, and finally moved back towards the camp at a swift pace. The watcher cut across the scrub, and reached the end of the lake and lay down. Soon afterwards, he saw Macnaughton come out of the bush between the lake and the road, and walk along the high bank until he reached the boulder.

'Even then he seemed suspicious, and it was only after a careful scrutiny of the lakeside that he ventured into the lake. He stooped and drew the stone aside, and then, to give the

very words of the man who was looking, "he staggered against the rock, and I'm blest if I didn't think he was going to drop."

'I believe that at that moment he must have fancied the eyes of the whole camp upon him. He stood for a moment leaning his head against the stone, then, with the manner of a hunted animal, crept into the bush and disappeared. The watcher at once ran round to the road, but as he was lying about the middle of the southern shore, the other, though only the third of a mile off across the lake, was about a mile and a half ahead by the road. The result was, that though half the camp turned out to search the scrub, they failed to find their man, though he was thought to be still lying in the neighbourhood. Mistake number two; and now the "Green Cub" comes into the yarn.

'To understand what follows, you must know the lie of the roads. From the Scandinavian Reefs you travel five miles along the Coolgardie road to the Blue Boulder Mines due west; then a seven miles' ride slightly north-east brings you to Clearhills. But from our camp to this road is barely two miles across a country of rock and high scrub. Picture me then riding confidently along this road two hours later garbed à l'Australienne—if that be the proper French for it. I felt rather proud, I can tell you. Only eighteen months from home, and here was I, rigged out like the best of them and just as formidable-looking, cantering across a West Australian plain. You see I was an old enough hand to have caught the style, and new enough to have retained the sense of novelty.

'I was just thinking how I would startle the natives if I were to ride out Crosshill way in the same guise, and what a dash I would cut as I galloped through Mount Florida, when I saw some one hurrying forward half a mile ahead. I innocently yearned for company, and gave my horse a dig, that sent it forward at a gallop.

'When I was still about a couple of hundred yards behind, the person turned and stood staring at me for a little as I rode up. I could perceive that, whoever he was, he had had a heavy tramp, for his clothes were almost in shreds as if with forcing his way through the bush. At the point where he was standing grew a gray wilderness of almost leafless trees, as impassable as the scrub itself, and into this he dived as I approached. Coming up to the spot, I looked about me in wonderment.

'Now, had I not been a bit of a jay, I would have ridden on with the reflection that if a man in a wild country wishes his privacy respected, it is advisable to give him all he desires. But, being a jay, I dismounted and walked forward to the point at which the man had disappeared. I was still peering forward when a shot came from a point not many yards in front, the bullet whistling past the side of my head, and striking the rock which bordered the other side of the road with a sharp click that I fancy I can hear yet.

'I turned and ran for my horse, but another bullet caught me in the hip; and though I

contrived to stagger to the bridle I fell, as much through fear as pain I fancy. Through the mist of failing consciousness came the dim vision of a face seen somewhere else, and then all was dark.

"When I came to, the sun was well to the west, and his rays were reflected from the white road in a hot blinding glare which was unbearable; so, to get out of the direct heat, I crawled painfully across the road to the solitary ridge of rock on the northern side, which rose above the general level beyond like a whale's back. Irregular bush varied the monotony of the waste, and the outliers of the leafless wood made a thin disappearing fringe along the road-side.

"Once against the rock, and partially sheltered from the heat by a gray trunk, I began to consider the situation my stupidity had landed me in. It wasn't a pleasant one. My precious money was gone for a second time, and with it the borrowed horse; and here was I, lame and faint with loss of blood, half-way between two stations. I sank down disconsolately, and to tell the truth, I cried from pure anger against the cruelty of circumstances. Suddenly, I caught sight of one memento of Australia, the flattened bullet which grazed my head. I picked it up, and the next moment fairly gasped. Some small yellow particles were sticking to it. A few fragments of rock had fallen with the bullet. These I picked up with considerable trepidation. *They were literally sown with gold.*

"Despite the pain it caused me, I stood up again, and examined the place where the bullet had struck, and I believe I yelled. I didn't know much yet about mining, still I knew there wasn't a reef like it as far as Coolgardie. I'm not joking, Tommy—the gold was simply sticking in it like peas.

"My pain vanished like magic. I tore up a scarf I wore, bandaged the wound the best way I could, broke off the branch of a tree, and, using it as a stick, crawled into Clearhills, and registered the spot as my claim."

"But I thought you could establish a claim by merely pegging out," I exclaimed.

"As a matter of fact I lost my head, and was mortally afraid of pegging out myself, if I waited. But listen to the sequel. My horse, instead of being stolen by my assailant, as I imagined, had galloped back to Blue Boulders, with the result that a couple of miners rode out in search of me, while word was sent back to the camp and a pursuit organised.

"Three hours later these two came riding into Clearhills in a fever of excitement. They had come across the trail of blood from my wound and seen where I had crawled to. While examining the spot they had noticed the remaining particles of rock, re-discovered the reef, and pegged out as many claims as they thought they could hold. They galloped up to the registration office in order to make doubly sure.

"Already registered," said the agent.

"Great Scott! Who by?"

"William Johnstone of Scandinavian Reefs."

"Put down our names for the nearest claims, and we'll see how the business dollics out."

"Then they went to find me. I was lying in the hotel in a wild confusion of weakness and intoxicating dream. They stood gazing at me in wonder while I told them all that had happened.

"And you crawled in here?" said one. I nodded.

"Well, I've been at the game for ten years, and have mined from Queensland to Coolgardie, and have never struck it rich yet till now; and here you go cavorting around like the little green cub you are, and play at being popped at with guns, and hang me, if the blamed bullets don't go prospecting for you. A blooming little green cub as we used to call them at Bendigo."

"Then he turned with a grin to his companion.

"Hang it, Jim, if we don't name it the 'Green-cub Mine' as an insult. Lor', I wish some chance would come along and insult me. Never mind, young one, we don't grudge you your streak of luck, for if you are a cub, you're a blamed plucky one," and he gripped my hand in a fiercely-gentle way that made me squirm.

"I needn't bother giving you all the details of how I clubbed with them and other two pals of theirs, and so held the reef till we sold it to a syndicate for six thousand pounds and a thousand shares apiece; but you may guess how confident I am when I tell you that I've practically sunk every penny of it in the company."

"And what about Macnaughton?" I asked.

"I don't know where he disappeared to. As a matter of fact, I forgot all about him in the excitement of my find, and when I did think about him, I felt rather obliged to him than otherwise. On the whole, I think we were easily quits. And now, are you for a game at billiards?"

"You forget I've the office to go back to," I replied.

But I couldn't have played in any case. The gold fever was upon me, and I was trembling with excitement. I rushed back to the office, and went to work at high tension, unable to keep my thoughts concentrated for five minutes.

That night I bought all the evening papers in the hope of finding fresh quotations. Our buying had already sent the shares up to six shillings, and my pulse danced with the thought that I had swayed the market. Next morning's *Herald* contained a telegram reporting an extraordinary crushing at our mine, and the rest of that day I was even more unfitted for business than the day before. But at ten past three the door swung open, and Johnstone strode in. He leaned across the counter and caught my hand:

"Best congratulations, old fellow. Market closed to-day with 'Green Cubs' at twenty-two and six, and selling like wildfire!"

I stared incredulously, and dropped my pen with a sort of paralysed laugh. However, I soon recovered. But the best is still to come, for three months later I sold out at 11½, and cleared a profit of something like nine thousand pounds; and my visits to the west end of the city assumed a business-like regularity. All the



same, I would not recommend any one to follow my example unless he too can get hold of a Green Cub. It's safe then—but—not otherwise.

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE recent celebration of Lord Kelvin's jubilee as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow will long be remembered as an event of unusual interest and importance. Lord Kelvin's life-work covers such a wide field of knowledge that very few are able to gauge the immense value of his labours to mankind at large. A special feature of the late celebration, which took place in the presence of distinguished visitors from all parts of the world, was the exhibition of some of Lord Kelvin's principal inventions. Among them was the mirror galvanometer, without which long-distance submarine telegraphy would be next to impossible; models of his wonderful machinery for paying out and recovering deep-sea cables; his beautiful compass; and his deep-sea sounding apparatus. These inventions alone would guarantee lasting fame for any man, but Lord Kelvin is also noted for abstruse investigations of the highest order; and it is not too much to say that he has laid the whole world under an immense obligation for his untiring labours in the field of scientific research.

The last consular report from Naples alludes to an invention by Mr H. Linden, secretary to the Zoological Station at that port, which may possibly have some influence on the future of boat propulsion, although as yet it seems in its toy stage. Mr Linden, taking nature for his instructor, has fitted a boat with fins, which are fixed on outriggers projecting over the stem and stern of the vessel, and he finds that by their aid the boat can be propelled by the action of the waves. The rolling and pitching of a boat in a choppy sea, as well as the vertical action of the waves, will also help to work these fish-like appendages. At first the result was not encouraging, for the boat travelled only two kilometres (about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile) per hour, but by careful adjustment of the fins this speed was soon greatly increased. A boat 14 feet in length was made to run at 5 kiloms. an hour in the Bay of Naples against a south-west wind, and nearly as fast against a north-east wind. It is said that the fins can be easily adjusted to any boat, and that they are inexpensive. It will be noted that this system is useless in still water.

An animal made of tinplate, of the shape of an elongated fir cone, about three feet in length, which crackles and rustles with every movement, is one of the latest acquisitions of the Zoological Society of London. Its name is the Pangolin, or Scaly Ant-eater, and it belongs to the same family group as the Armadillo and Platypus. It has excited great attention at the 'Zoo,' for it is—if we are correctly informed—the first animal of the kind which has been exhibited there. Its home is where the termites, or white ants, are found; for the animal feeds on these destructive creatures, and possesses claws

which are designed to break down their strongholds. The claws are also necessary for burrowing in the ground, for the pangolin excavates a cave for himself and his mate eight feet or so below the surface of the earth, and in this strange home one or two young are produced every year. The pangolin at present at the 'Zoo' is fed upon ants and their eggs, and also exhibits a partiality for cockroaches scalded in milk. The scales with which its body is covered are hard and sharp as steel, and it can give a terribly cutting blow with its powerful tail. It can roll its body up into a ball like a hedgehog when it so wills.

The art of smuggling goods, so as to escape the Customs duty, has been carried on to very great perfection; and all kinds of dodges have been adopted to hide articles from the vigilant eyes of the officers. It would seem, indeed, that every form of concealment had been practised, from simple hiding to the manufacture of articles out of contraband material; for instance, innocent-looking oil-cake, made in reality of compressed tobacco. But the American smuggler has lately found out a new method, albeit one which is rather risky, as the recent discovery shows. At New York an exhausted pigeon fell into the hands of the police, the reason of its failure to reach its home being that it carried a number of comparatively heavy diamonds, some under its tail, some on its legs, and others round its neck. Now there is, under the present United States tariff, a heavy duty upon these gems, and the police theory is that the intercepted pigeon is the property of a gang of smugglers, who regularly take birds to Europe, and when on the homeward voyage attach precious stones to them, which are purchased abroad, and set the birds free before the Customs scrutiny takes place.

The outcry of all humane people against the wanton destruction of bird life for purposes of personal adornment has so far affected the attitude of the retail traders in feathers, that some of them are selling artificial goods instead of the real article. Many ladies, who would scorn to place real feathers in their head-gear, are by such representations induced to buy so-called 'Osprey' feathers, a name which for some unknown reason is given in this trade to the delicate plumes of the small white herons or egrets. But, *caveat emptor*, the so-called 'artificial' plumes are in reality genuine plumes, which, let it be remembered, are only developed on these beautiful birds during the season in which they have their nests and young. It is to save the consciences of their customers that the sellers make use of this unworthy subterfuge, and unless the practice be exposed, 'one of the most beautiful of birds'—we are quoting the words of Sir W. H. Flower, who has recently written a strong protest on this subject—'will be swept off the face of the earth, to minister to a passing fashion, bolstered up by a glaring falsehood.'

The great difficulty found in cities and large towns of disposing of the ever-increasing amount of waste products, rubbish, and animal and vegetable refuse, which find their way to the household dust-bins, has led to the extensive adoption of parish destructors, which are huge

furnaces in which this unhealthy matter is purified by fire and turned into harmless dust and ashes. A new destructor has recently been opened by the St Pancras (London) Vestry, where the ash and clinkers are converted into a valuable mortar and concrete; and where also an ambitious attempt is being made to utilise the gaseous products as a heating agent for raising steam. Adjoining the destructor premises is an electric lighting station, and the heat from the furnaces of the destructor is carried to the boilers next door. The system is at present under trial, and there is very much doubt whether it will prove successful. The refuse will most probably require the aid of coal to help it to come up to the standard necessary in a fuel for the raising of steam.

Carbolic acid is now so generally employed for disinfecting purposes that familiarity is apt to breed contempt for its highly corrosive and poisonous qualities; hence the value of knowing of a good and easily obtained antidote to its dangerous effects. Professor Carleton states that vinegar applied to a cutaneous or mucous surface which has been burned by the acid will immediately give relief, the characteristic bleaching of the skin quickly disappearing, and subsequent scarring being to a large extent prevented. It is also useful when the poison has been taken internally; and, unfortunately, large numbers of lives are lost annually through carbolic acid poisoning—chiefly cases of suicide. For internal administration the vinegar should be diluted with an equal quantity of water, and taken by the patient as soon as possible.

It was some time ago pointed out by Nordenskiöld, the Swedish scientist, that water might often be found by boring through granite and other crystalline rocks, his theory being that changes of temperature must cause shearing strains between the upper and lower layers, which would lead to fissures through which surface water would percolate. A well made in 1894 on the Swedish coast under such conditions is now yielding four thousand four hundred gallons of fresh water a day, and other wells have since been bored to about a similar depth (one hundred and ten feet) which give encouraging results. It is believed that many lighthouses and other outlying stations can be provided with fresh water by boring through the rocks upon which they are situated.

The transport from one end of the earth to the other of the most perishable articles of food is now becoming quite a common thing, and the plan usually adopted is that of the refrigerator. But recently quite a new method has been discovered of packing butter for shipment without the aid of ice or refrigerating machinery. The butter is packed in a box made of six pieces of ordinary glass, the edges being secured by strips of gummed paper. Over the glass is placed a layer of plaster of Paris, which, being a bad conductor of heat, preserves the butter at an even temperature. Butter packed in this way at Melbourne has been shipped to South Africa, and then taken seven hundred miles overland to Kimberley, where it has arrived in perfect condition. Cases holding as much as two hundredweight of butter are now being made for this new trade

departure. The cost of packing is about one penny per pound.

In a Government report from Colombia appears the description of a tree, known as the chaparro, which possesses the property of being fireproof. It grows on the vast plains of Colombia and the north of South America called savannas, extensive districts which are parched with heat, except during the rainy season. It has long been the custom to clear the ground for the new vegetation which springs up so luxuriantly on these plains after the rainy season by means of fire; and such fires, miles in extent, kindled by the herdsmen, destroy everything in the shape of vegetation except the chaparro tree, which survives to afford a welcome shade in an almost treeless region. It is a small tree, seldom growing to more than twenty feet in height, with a girth of about three feet, and it owes its protection from fire to the nature of its hard thick bark. The bark lies on the trunk in loose layers, which do not readily conduct heat to the more delicate parts of the structure. It is a general idea among the natives that this tree grows only where gold is abundant in the soil below. That it is common in auriferous districts is indisputable, but there is no ground for supposing that it does not grow elsewhere.

Every one who travels much by our railways will admit that, while there is much to admire in the way that they are officered and managed, there is room for reform. We do not allude here to the regular unpunctuality of certain lines, for that at present seems, for some obscure reason, to be irremediable. But there are various little matters in which the convenience and comfort of passengers might, with advantage to both customers and companies, be better secured than they are at present. For example, there is no reason why a return ticket, for which hard cash has been paid, should not be transferable as well as available at any time after issue. A step in the right direction has been taken by the North Eastern Railway Company in the issue of books of coupons for one thousand miles of travel, at a reduction of about twenty per cent. on the usual fares. But the privilege is confined to first-class passengers only, and is so hampered by red tape restrictions that we fear it will not be highly valued. Still it is a step in the direction of much-needed reform, and we look forward to the time when such books of tickets will be available at any time, for any person, and on any railway in the kingdom. Possibly railway officials will regard such a proposition as being impossible, if only on account of the forged tickets which would soon be in circulation. The same argument would apply to bank-notes, but no one would think of suggesting that because a note is forged now and again, the present system of paper currency should cease to be.

In a Belgian paper a wonderful story is told by M. Fiston, of certain observations which he has made upon the habits of eels. He had planted at a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards from the bank of a river where eels were plentiful, several plots of peas. As the peas reached maturity he noticed that some of the pods were gnawed through with an even clean



cut, and he at once attributed the damage to field mice. But his gardener one day informed him that he had visited the ground very early in the morning and saw several 'serpents' come from among the peas at his approach, and go to the river. The next morning M. Piston himself went to the field, and threw a stone into the middle of the peas, when at once out came a dozen eels which fled towards the stream. It has long been known that eels will leave the water and take to land in search of insects, and they have also been said to eat cereals, but a diet of peas for such creatures is something new.

It is said that one of the latest products of the electric furnace is a compound of boron and carbon, which is so hard that it will cut glass as easily as will a diamond. The new substance is due to M. Moissau, who makes it by heating together boracic acid and carbon; it is black, and, unlike the diamonds made artificially some years ago, which were microscopic in size, the new material can be procured in large lumps. If this be true, the compound will be hailed by engineers as a valuable aid in the drilling of hard rocks.

At Blackpool, Lancashire, a new system of traction has been inaugurated on a tramway line which runs from that place to Lytham, a distance of six and a half miles. The novelty consists in the car carrying its own motor, which is an Otto gas-engine, driven by gas compressed in steel cylinders, which are carried beneath the vehicle. The cars weigh seven tons each, and can be driven at a speed of twelve miles an hour. Like many of the autocars now upon probation before the public, the engine in this car is kept going whether the car is in motion or whether it is standing still, the flywheel making two hundred and sixty revolutions per minute. The gas and air with which the cylinders are charged is ignited by means of an electric spark, and the working parts are kept cool by water circulation. The new car seems to be a great improvement upon previous attempts in the same direction, and it is alleged that the system is more economical in working than horse traction, steam, or electricity.

While so much is being done to reform our methods of highway travelling, it is interesting to turn back a few pages of history to see what was being done in the same direction by our forefathers. In 1802 the first tramway, or iron railway for horse traction, long before railways as we now know them were thought about, was laid between Wandsworth and Merstham in Surrey; and a large basin was made at Wandsworth to accommodate thirty barges which brought their freight *via* the Thames. There was a double line of rails, and 'points' were used to transfer the vehicles from one line to the other. Great surprise was evinced at the ease with which a single horse could draw immense weights on such a railway; and once, to settle a bet, an animal dragged twelve wagons loaded with stones, each wagon representing a weight of three tons, for six miles. A contemporary writer says: 'Notwithstanding the advantages of iron railways with respect to facility and motion, this road does not appear to be much used, nor is it probable that railways will ever come into general use.'

Mr Maxim, of Maxim-gun celebrity, is still sanguine as to the future of the flying-machine. It will be remembered that he has built a huge machine of this description which is driven by an enormously powerful steam-engine of comparatively light construction. He points out that until within the past six years, the experimenters with flying-machines were little better than charlatans and mountebanks, and that it is only quite recently that men of science have turned attention to the subject. In this way much valuable information has been gained from actual experiment, as opposed to mere theory. Mr Maxim believes that it is now possible to make a successful and practical flying-machine 'which will at least be a valuable adjunct to the offensive and defensive powers of highly-civilised nations, who are able to make and operate delicate and complicated machinery.'

An article in the *Journal* for June 1896 dealt with cider-making in England: since then the *Board of Trade Journal* has called attention to the cider industry in France, and to certain curious developments in Germany. Normandy is *par excellence* the country of cider. It was in Normandy first of European countries that cider was made into a wholesome and popular beverage. Normandy still holds that her ciders are the finest in the world. The cider product of France varies enormously from year to year. The recent average has been about 14,000,000 hectolitres per annum; but in 1893 the total was 31,600,000 hectolitres, in 1895 nearly 25,600,000—the average price being about ten francs per hectolitre (of twenty-two gallons).

In Germany, on the other hand, little cider is consumed, and German apples are not good for cider-making. But to this industry the Germans have applied themselves with the same insight, persistence, and technical skill as has enabled them in the last two decades to supersede England in many specifically English products. The Germans have verily entered into the cider harvest of France. They now import largely the best French apples (by train-loads at a time), and Germany now exports ten times as much cider as France (often as 'German champagne')—to Athens, Damascus, Calcutta, Cape-town, New York, San Francisco, Sydney, Buenos Ayres, Pekin! The town of Frankfort alone has fifty cider factories (five of them large), and the new industry is reported to bring into this one German town £500,000 per annum.

#### THE PANAMA CANAL AS IT IS.

THE West Indies, the Spanish Main, and the Central American isthmus hold a somewhat unique place in the world's history. Of no equal area of the planet, probably, are the annals so peculiarly a record of wild ambitions, tragic failures, piracy, treachery, decay, and death; and we hear but little of honest industry, peace, and prosperity. Two of the greatest disasters in the history of commercial and financial enterprise, separated by almost exactly two centuries, are associated with the same section of the American isthmus, at points one hundred and twenty miles apart. In 1695

the Scottish nation, under the influence of the far-sighted William Paterson, had apprehended the boundless possibilities of the isthmus as an *entrepôt* of the trade and commerce of the eastern and western hemispheres, and were with feverish and almost frantic eagerness planning the Darien scheme—a scheme which contemplated the digging of a canal between Atlantic and Pacific oceans. In 1698 the first colonists left Scotland. In 1703 the last miserable survivors of an utterly ruined enterprise reached home. Racial and religious hostility, Spanish enmity, and English jealousy, combined with a deadly climate and internal mismanagement to wreck the scheme.

The deadly climate and still worse mismanagement—amounting to criminal misuse of the funds collected—were active in ruining the great Panama Canal Scheme which, carried triumphantly through the initial difficulties by the creator of the Suez Canal, collapsed in bankruptcy and ignominy in 1893. Since 1889, when operations practically ceased, the stupendous canal works have been falling into utter ruin; and, being gradually absorbed again into tropical jungle, the impression they make on an eyewitness should not be devoid of interest.

The traveller by the inter-oceanic railroad from Colon to Panama has ample opportunity of surveying the wreck of the workings (the writer, fortunately, had extra facilities and time for a more perfect inspection); as, naturally, the course of both across the isthmus is confined to the lowest practicable levels, and intermingle with one another, as it were, the most of the distance, with the exception of the last two or three miles from each outfall.

To the voyager starting from the Atlantic coast, and passing the stations of Monkey Hill and Tiger Hill, perhaps a tithe of the innumerable last resting-places of the disease-stricken toilers still remain sufficiently conspicuous to force themselves on his attention; though of many hundreds, nay, thousands of graves, no traces are now visible, owing to the quick growth of vegetation, the total lack of kindly care, and the ravages of tropical insects amongst the rudely-constructed wooden crosses erected originally to the memory of the departed by a despairing friend or relative, who may himself have fallen a victim to a like fate a few days, even a few hours, later.

All along the route, thousands of tenantless, decaying edifices of deal and corrugated iron are grim reminders of the once vast multitudes who not long since dwelt therein. Over a million tons of machinery and plant, huge dredgers, locomotives, stationary engines, rust and rot under the pitiless influence of tropical rain and sunshine. Some, it is true, are protected as far as means and circumstances allow for possible future utilisation; but the mass lies uncared for. It is indeed a pitiful, awful scene of chaos for an engineer to gaze upon. We have even seen the sympathetic spectator in actual tears as the gigantic failure struck him with full force at first vision. Imagination falls far short in con-

juring up the real state of things; personal observation alone can bring home the magnitude of the disaster.

On a fair estimate, from statistics at our disposal, and our own measurements, it would seem that fully a third of the excavating has been accomplished. But portions of the excavated section are rapidly refilling and being rendered useless from various causes, such as absence of protection works, and the deposits carried down by the Rio Chagres—a stream of scarcely imposing width, which, however, drains a large area, and has been known to rise as much as twenty-five to thirty feet in a few hours. Across the course of the Chagres the route of the canal continually cuts and recuts—an obvious source of difficulty, even in the rosier era of the enterprise.

On approaching the watershed and the cordillera crossing, the famous La Culebra Hill is reached. Here it was that the heaviest excavating had to be done; there for the first time the vastness of the undertaking becomes apparent. Though much has been accomplished, there still remain perhaps millions of tons of material to remove; owing to the irregular formation, the total amount can be but roughly estimated in any way. Fairly beyond that point, the digging of the remaining length of the canal to Panama, free from the assaults of the roaring Chagres, and amongst streams of no great importance, is perhaps child's play in comparison with the eastern slope section, though undoubtedly vast difficulties, natural and otherwise, beset the route.

Various huts along its course are still occupied, chiefly in the vicinity of the stations. Chinese, French, and odd members of innumerable nationalities, infinitesimal fractions of that once great human mass, still hang on in hopes of a future 'boom,' and eke out a precarious existence, or die in the meantime. And here and there, at various points on the line, a passing glimpse through the window of what was once a sectional engineer's headquarters, displays shelves loaded with myriad plans, dusty and insect-eaten, untouched for more than half a decade. A solitary, emaciated French sentinel awaits the distant time when they may again be brought into requisition. The words of one official struck me forcibly. 'Ah, m'sieu,' he said, 'the original idea of many was the construction of the canal, but with the majority of all concerned the main aim was the amassing of as much money, by fair means or foul, in as short a space of time as possible, that they might disappear from the scene before death or exposure overtook them.'

Undoubtedly the scenes of vice, misery, and debauch in Panama, during these few years, were indescribable. Engineers holding responsible positions were rarely at their duties, and spent their time in the city gambling and otherwise occupied in killing time, and ultimately themselves. Those who, by any possible chance, could absent themselves from the workings proper did so; for fever, consequent on the overturning of tropical virgin soil, was rampant, especially the Chagres variety, now practically extinct. But this was fleeing one evil to court another, as deadly, though less rapid in effect.



Time-keepers and gangers, having perhaps the names of seven hundred to one thousand men on their lists, still drew the corresponding payments for distribution, though thirty to forty per cent. of the supposed workers were under the sod, the surplus going to their own pockets. There was no one to check their methods, and nobody cared. Money was plentiful while it lasted. Every one was well paid, and it was a case of easy come and easy go. A conductor on the Panama Railroad volunteered the information that in the palmy days few or practically no tickets were issued. The regular fare for any distance was from seven to ten dollars gold, half of which, perhaps, reached the coffers of the company, whilst the other filled the pockets of the collector.

It is a well-known fact that European firms of contractors netted no insignificant sums out of the enterprise, and yet never had a practical finger in its development. Original contracts from the Compagnie Canal du Panama were disposed of, let and sublet as many as five and six times. Presuming that the actual operator in these instances made it pay (as the intermediate holders naturally retained a liberal percentage), the original terms must have been truly generous.

After these authenticated details, one can wonder but little at the ultimate catastrophe. A deadly climate, over-sanguine hopes, the utter absence of efficient management, with the resulting temptations and scope for the practice of countless irregularities and crimes, accomplished the disastrous end in due course. The following is a signal instance of sinful waste and swindling. A Belgian firm had contracted to supply several hundred light locomotives for use in the excavations. These on being erected proved absolutely worthless, mere bundles of scrap-iron, and immovable by the action of steam. Consequently over three hundred of these machines were dumped into the sea as foundation for the erection of a mole at the Atlantic outlet. Over them stand, as fitting memorials of the internment, the once semi-palatial residences of M. de Lesseps' ill-fated son and other high officials, now in various stages of decay, and inhabited by swarms of natives, West India blacks, and Chinese.

It is maintained by some that there may still be a possibility of achievement for the canal, and that all is not yet at an end. But its successful conclusion would be a marvel. The Suez Canal never had the same engineering difficulties or climatic disadvantages to overcome. Besides, a new canal is being industriously promoted at present. Opinions differ as to its feasibility and prospects. It has some advantages over a Panama route; it has not the Chagres river and its floods to contend with, and has free navigation along the whole length of Lake Nicaragua. But the climatic conditions are hardly more favourable; two very high ridges have to be pierced by cuttings, and the scheme has some difficulties of its own, so that Mr Colquhoun is probably not wrong in thinking that the estimate of £20,000,000 falls far below the sum that would ultimately be required for completing a canal by the Nicaragua route.

### THE MODERN TITYRUS.

'Tityre, ta, recubans.'—VIRGIL.

With a carelessly calm composure,  
I lie in the grassy enclosure,  
And in delicate, dainty, diaphanous gushes  
The smoke from my *brûle-gueule* is rolled:  
The circle of trees round me planted  
By summer's green wand is enchanted,  
And the red-laden, white-laden, mauve-laden bushes  
Beyond it are sweet to behold.  
And whoso goes past me, me spying,  
May the 'case without dignity' mark  
Of the latter-day Tityrus, lying  
Long-stretched in the Kennington Park!

How close to one's memory lingers  
The charm of that choicest of singers  
Of old-time, whose gold-time (the bold time of wooing)  
Was passed in the beech-castan shade;  
Who, piping with shepherdly skill his  
Fond love for his fair Amaryllis,  
Set soft echoes, suave echoes, sweet echoes cooing  
The name of that beautiful maid!  
But the olden-time Tityrus, crazing  
The woods with his love-litten spark,  
Less blest was then I, lightly lazing,  
Long-stretched in the Kennington Park!

In the music the love-passion teaches  
(Such Tityrus made to the beeches),  
Dark undernotes, deep 'neath the wonder-notes creeping,  
Change gladness to sadness anon:  
But the eyes of me fortunate glisten  
With bliss which endures, as I listen  
To glee-notes that, glibly from glee-founts upleaping,  
Sink, soothing, my senses upon.  
And my heart, proof to love-pangs, rejoices,  
As, making no music, I hark  
To that music of juvenile voices  
Which thrills through the Kennington Park!

The strains by old Tityrus lifted  
Were far through the beech-branches drifted;  
But his measure, his treasure, his pleasure were merely  
The offspring from Selfishness grown.  
So hear ye the song, O my brothers,  
Which, glad from the gladness of others,  
I'm raising, here lazing, through gazing so cheer'ly  
On infantile antics—and own  
That the former-day Tityrus, plying  
His reed, was less worthy of mark  
Than the latter-day Tityrus, lying  
Long-stretched in the Kennington Park!

WM. EDMONDSON.

### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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## ATTRAY'S WIFE.

By H. F. ABELL.

### CHAPTER I.

'A VERY pretty place for a fellow to be condemned to serve at!' remarked Lieutenant Eustace Hirst of His Britannic Majesty's Preventive Service, as one gray October afternoon of the year 1805 he stepped out of Martello number forty, his temporary quarters, on to Dymchurch Wall. 'Twenty-five years old, and practically shelved because of a rascally French bullet shot by a Boulogne land-lubber!'

It was not a pretty place. Right and left of the Martello stretched the gray sea-wall; in front moaned and tossed the gray channel; behind lay the great Marsh, green enough actually, but now enveloped in a gray ground-fog characteristic of the season of the year; and at the time of which we are writing more remote from the influences of civilisation and refinement than are many places in Eastern Africa.

Wounded in a boat action with the Boulogne forts, Hirst had been treated as were most officers by no means incapacitated for duty, but not strong enough for the exceedingly strong sea-life of those days—he had received 'blood-money,' and had been sent to a Preventive Station. He was lucky in getting even this billet so soon, for there were hundreds of wounded officers and only scores of billets; but having got it, he employed the privilege of Englishmen in general, and of sailors in particular, of grumbling. He called to mind brother officers who had got snug billets such as Dover, and Hastings, and Brighton, but he didn't think of the many for whom there were no billets, and who, still young men, were fretting away their lives with the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick.

So here he was, with some twenty bluejackets

and as many coastguardsmen under his orders, with the sole consolation of having to look after a bit of coast as famous as any in Britain for the numbers, the daring, and the enterprise of its smugglers.

Eustace Hirst had been here a month; he had seen nothing but the gray world upon which he now scowled, had heard few voices but those of his own men, and had only achieved one thing—he had made an enemy of the only gentleman in the neighbourhood, the Reverend Mr Texter, Vicar of Broadmarsh, simply by establishing a night patrol in the reverend gentleman's churchyard. 'As if,' growled the divine angrily, 'as if he hadn't plenty of room elsewhere for his blessed patrols.'

But the young officer, if new to the preventive business, had not been born on a smuggling coast without learning that its churches had a secular as well as a sacred use.

He stood, spy-glass under arm, scowling at the gray, tumbling sea. A speck appeared on it; he mechanically brought his glass to bear upon it, but turned on his heel with a snort of disgust when he saw but a sea-bird.

Presently, however, his attention was directed nearer home.

A hundred yards away he saw the figure of a girl walking rapidly along the wall towards where he was standing, but stopping every now and again to gaze out at the sea, and shudderingly to wrap closer around her the long cloak she wore. 'Funny day to choose for an airing!' remarked the lieutenant. 'I wonder if'—

He dropped behind a low parapet, built on the edge of the wall for the convenience of outlook, and finished his sentence: 'I wonder if



she's up to anything. "Hirst," said the chief at Hythe before I came here, "Don't trust anything that can walk or run, where you're going to, neither male nor female, human or animal." And I don't."

The girl came within fifty yards, and the young man saw beneath the hood she wore a face almost angelic in its beauty, but with a sad, despairing look upon it.

"Who on earth can she be?" thought the lieutenant, "and what in the name of all that's sensible is she going to do—not bathe surely—and I here—I'd better cough or"—

At that instant, with a ringing cry of 'God forgive me!' she sprang off the wall into the tumbling waves.

Hirst was out and over after her in a very few seconds; there was a minute or two's stern battling with the struggling figure, and the sea, which swept with a nasty undertow round a projecting groyne, and he brought her up the steps, saved but insensible, and hurried with her to the Martello. 'Bathsheba!' he roared to the native savage who acted as his cook, 'put this lady to bed, mix a strong grog, and tell me when she comes to.'

Bathsheba uttered a little scream of course, but obeyed with alacrity, and the lieutenant had just time to exchange his dripping garments for dry, when the girl announced that Miss Mountjoy was sensible.

'Mountjoy! How do you know who she is?' asked the young man.

'Why, sure-ly, bean't she the young lady as has come with her mother to Green Place?' replied Bathsheba.

This knowledge did not astonish the lieutenant, for he had early found out that in the marsh world everybody was more or less related to everybody else, and that nobody's business was his or her own; and as it was a public duty to keep all knowledge from him, he was only annoyed at his own ignorance of the fact that Green Place was at last tenanted. He entered his tiny bedroom. The girl was lying quietly, with closed eyes, and he paused at the door to gaze with admiration upon the calm beauty of her face—a beauty of strong contrasts, for her skin was as white as marble, and her hair jet black.

She opened her eyes with a start, and fixed them upon Eustace Hirst, with the peculiar intensity of one awakened from another world.

'Who are you? Where am I? What am I doing here?' she asked angrily.

'Please don't talk, Miss Mountjoy,' said the young officer.

'I will talk. How dare you tell me not to?' retorted the girl almost fiercely. 'What has been going on?'

'I have prevented you from committing a great crime,' said Hirst.

The girl passed her hand over her brow.

'Did you?' she said presently, 'and how dare you call it a crime to make one's self happy? I am miserable, and I determined to be happy. What made you do it?'

'Duty,' briefly replied the lieutenant.

The girl raised herself and looked at him. She saw a tall, well-favoured young man, in a naval rough-weather uniform.

'Are you in the Preventive?' she asked.

'I am. What made you attempt to take your life?'

'Duty.'

'To whom?'

'To myself. I'm sick of the life I lead. That to which I should have gone, if you had not been impertinent enough to interfere, might have been better, and could not have been worse.'

Strength of will had enabled her to speak so far. Then the effect of the sudden immersion in the icy water, and the strong cordial which Bathsheba had given her, made itself felt; she muttered a few incoherent words, her head sank sideways on the pillow, and she was fast asleep.

Eustace Hirst went gently out and called Bathsheba. 'Now tell me all about the Mountjoys and the Green Place,' he said.

So Bathsheba, a great, strapping, red-cheeked Marsh wench, described how about two months previously the news ran through Broadmarsh that Green Place was going to be lived in once more; and it *was* news, for the last person who lived at Green Place disappeared mysteriously, and was said to walk 'same as Squire Oxenbridge of Brede Place,' and it was thought none would take the house rent free. However, said Bathsheba, about a month ago, the new people moved in; nice, handsome old lady, and this young miss, with lots of fine furniture and pictures, and they was to church the next Sunday, and the Sunday after; and Pileher, the beadle, seeing they was quality, put them in the Squire's pew with the red curtains, and they behaved just like gentlefolk, and went fast asleep during the sermon; and Mr Texter had called upon them, and had got to know them quite well, which was more than anybody else did, they led such a ter'ble quiet life, never going outside the garden walls—and that was all she, Bathsheba Garson, knew about them.

Here, at anyrate, there was promise of something to break the monotony of existence. Mysterious arrival of two ladies at an out-of-the-way corner of the world; attempt upon her own life by the younger lady within a month of arrival; said young lady beautiful, and, from the evidence of manner and speech, of good if not of high position; actresses in a strange story without a shadow of doubt.

As a rule, Eustace Hirst did not care twopence about other people's affairs, and if there had not been a pretty girl on the scene, probably would have bothered his head no more about the new tenants of Green Place, except to keep a professional eye on them. But, as there was a pretty, nay, a beautiful girl on the scene, the young man's curiosity was piqued, and he resolved to find out all that he could. He was thus musing when his door opened, and Miss Mountjoy walked in.

'I suppose I must acknowledge your great bravery in jumping into the sea and pulling me out,' she said, 'but I cannot add my thanks. However, I am a predestinarian, and evidently my fate is something else.'

The lieutenant bowed.  
'Are you strong enough to walk?' he asked.  
'May I offer my escort?'

Miss Mountjoy did not seem to hear what he said. She was reading a printed notice stuck with others in the frame of the looking-glass. It was as follows:

**'FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.'**

The above sum will be paid by the Government, and by the relatives of the undermentioned deceased officers, for the apprehension or for information which will lead to the apprehension of William Attray of Alnmouth, in the County of Northumberland, farmer, who did, on the night of December 24th, 1894, feloniously kill Captain Adams, Lieutenant Armstrong, and Lieutenant Roddam of the Preventive Service, in the execution of their duty, at Alnmouth.

'Ah! it would be a stroke of luck,' said the young officer, 'if I could accomplish that!'

'You would procure the arrest of my father!' said the girl.

'Your father! Attray your father!' exclaimed Hirst.

'Yes; why not?' replied the girl, quite calmly.

'I—I am sorry—very sorry to hear it,' replied Eustace.

'Not so sorry as I am to know it and feel it,' said the girl. 'Have you an idea where he is?'

'Not I! not I! Well—I am amazed! Then you don't know where he is?' said the young man, and added: 'not likely you would tell me if you did.'

The girl turned to leave the room. The lieutenant repeated his question about escorting her home. She declined his services, but added that if he liked to call at Green Place, her mother might be pleased to see him.

So saying, she bowed and went out into the dark, chilly night.

**LOCH KATRINE IN GLASGOW.**

By BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

WHEN Fitz-James, emerging from the Pass of the Trossachs, looked down upon Loch Katrine, bathed in the light of the setting sun, like 'one burnished sheet of living gold,' he beheld a physical picture of the priceless value of these gleaming waters. 'Living gold,' indeed, they have become to one of the greatest cities in Europe, and one of the busiest populations in the world. Thirty miles or more, as the crow flies, to the south of where Snowdon's Knight gazed in rapture and amazement upon the beautiful lake, lies the 'Scotch town called Glasgow,' for which Frank Osbaldistone ignorantly inquired, until Andrew Fairservice made him understand that 'Glasgow's a ceety.' When Bailie Nicol Jarvie traversed the intervening country, or some of it, in search of his lawless relative, he little thought that his successors in the Bailiership would advance with set purpose

into the Macgregor country. Rob Roy had often invaded the Lowlands, and carried off cattle and gear; so there was a sort of poetic justice in the Lowlanders invading the Highlands to carry off some of the wealth of water to sweeten their homes and feed their thirsting mills. Indeed, the bringing of Loch Katrine to Glasgow was not only one of those great engineering feats at which all the world wonders: it stimulated, if it did not create, a great social and industrial revolution. Glasgow may have been a 'ceety,' as Andrew Fairservice insisted, in the days of the romantic freebooter; but all its growth into Imperial importance has been since its roots were watered from the springs of Loch Katrine.

Do we always realise the vital importance of the water-supply of a populous city, and the difficulties attending it, apparently simple as the result may be? The very lives, not merely the comfort and health, of the people depend upon the skill and vigilance of the water engineer. He must not only secure the present, but must stretch a hand through time to provide for the future. Like Mr Gale, the renowned engineer of the Glasgow Water Commissioners, he must keep his eye steadfastly on the probable wants of twenty years hence; for unless he does so, the citizens of the future will be left athirst. And he has to provide a supply that shall never cease, no matter what accidents may happen. When the supply has to be brought by artificial channels for thirty miles through moss and moor, over hill and crag and torrent, the provision is such as to tax the highest mechanical skill and the deepest scientific thought. Consider what pure, clean, sweet water means to each single individual of us, and how irksome is even the slightest temporary restriction in the supply, be it even but by a broken ewer; and then consider what it means to a palpitating hive of a million souls.

At the beginning of the present century the water-supply of Glasgow was derived from some thirty wells (more or less impregnated with deleterious matter) and from the river Clyde. By the end of the first decade the river supply was collected and distributed through works constructed by the two celebrated engineers, James Watt and Thomas Telford. But they had not looked far enough ahead, and in other twenty years more works had to be constructed and fresh filter-beds laid down. By the middle of the century the supply was about twelve million gallons per day, from a source which could not well yield more, and which was daily becoming more impure as towns and works increased and multiplied along the banks of the river. Then it was that the Corporation stepped in, and acquired parliamentary powers to buy out the old Water Companies and to tap the natural reservoir of Loch Katrine.

It was not to this lake, however, that the attention of engineers was first directed. Fifty years ago a company obtained an Act empowering them to take water from Loch Lubnaig, along which the Cross of Fire was sped by

Norman on its way up to Strathyre. Before preparations could be made to convey the water from this lake to Glasgow, the mill-owners and other owners of water-rights on the River Teith had to be compensated. It was arranged with them that they should be guaranteed as much water as should flow down the river in the months of May, June, and July, but it so happened that in these particular months set apart for the gaugings, there were tremendous rains and heavy floods, with the result that the quantity bargained for was more than the loch could supply in normal conditions. Thus, rather oddly, ended the Lubnaig scheme.

When the Corporation resolved to take over the water-supply, they employed a number of engineers to report and advise on the best source. Among them was the celebrated engineer, Mr J. F. Bateman, who reported in favour of Loch Katrine. But when parliamentary powers were sought for the work, some curious opposition was encountered. Municipal economists declared that it would add half-a-crown in the pound to the rates. A learned professor of Chemistry declared that the purity of Loch Katrine constituted its great danger, because of the effect which lead piping would have on it. And the Admiralty objected to so much water being taken from Loch Katrine, as it would interfere with the navigation of the Firth of Forth, because the water ought naturally to flow out by the loch into the Teith, and thence into the Forth. These objections, if amusing to recall now, were successful at the time in defeating the project. It was not until 1855 that the Corporation obtained parliamentary powers to tap the lake; and four years later the water was turned on by the Queen.

For thirty-six years, then, the population of Glasgow have been daily drinking the garnered drops of the most famed of Scottish lakes. The drain began with eight million gallons per day. It is now fifty millions. Fifty million gallons of water per day! It is a big drink. So big a drink that one wonders what would have become of the million or so of people had they only the municipal wells and Clyde filters of eighty years ago. But the million people would not be in that busy area to-day were it not for Loch Katrine water, and this is why we say that Loch Katrine has made modern Glasgow. Fifty million gallons of water per day means upwards of two million gallons per hour, morning, noon, and night. As a matter of fact the greatest consumption is through the day, but within the twenty-four hours the fifty million gallons must be forthcoming—in every single-roomed tenement as in every lordly mansion, in every tiny workshop as in every palatial mill, for the street watering-carts as for the public baths and wash-houses, and for ornamental fountains as for pumps and fire-engines. The work of distribution is almost as difficult as, and much more complex than, the work of conveyance from the parent source to the gates of the city. The vast, dark stream of pure water that is ceaselessly flowing from the heart of the mountains to the heart of the town is broken up, and diverted into innumerable subterranean streams that spread like veins and arteries beneath its

streets. Could some Asmodeus give us a bird's-eye view of the under-side of a great city, what a sight it would be!

But Loch Katrine does not come bodily into Glasgow as Birnam Wood once came to Dunsinane. Some six miles beyond the centre of the city, on the slope of the Kilpatrick Hills, has been hewn out of the earth and built up of stone, a new abiding-place for the waters of the lake. It would never do to keep a town dependent on the daily flow through thirty miles of piping. The demand is constant, but the overflow may vary with atmospheric conditions, and may at any moment be interrupted by the choking of a tunnel, the break-down of an aqueduct, the arrest of a sluice. The thirst of a great community cannot be left at the mercy of such accidents; besides, pure as the water is in its natural state, it becomes on its journey more or less charged with floating debris, from which it must be freed. Therefore Loch Katrine is transported by tunnels through rocks, and in siphons across valleys, and by aqueducts along levels, right over the rivers and streams, and through the Kilpatrick Hills to a new resting-place just above the little town which appears on the maps as Milngavie, but is known to the natives as 'Milguy.' Here in the Mugdock Reservoir it has been stored to the extent of four hundred million gallons, which at first was equal to about three weeks' supply. Whatever happened to the chain of aqueducts, then, there was always a store ample enough at the city's gates to prevent any scarcity while possible damages were repaired. And out of this reservoir the water is passed through strainers into the great service-pipes, so as to leave all foreign matter behind. But the city has grown far ahead of the design of this second edition of Loch Katrine, and a new and revised edition has been called for, and is being provided under the skilful management of Mr Gale, the water engineer, to whom we are indebted for the facts relating to the new works now in process of completion.

The original design was to bring Loch Katrine to Glasgow at the rate of fifty million gallons per day, but forty years ago there was not the same experience to found on, and sufficient allowance was not made in the calculations for the effect of the resistance to be encountered in the flow of water through thirty miles of tunnels and piping. Without going into technicalities unsuitable to these pages, it must suffice to say that the resistance presented in the artificial channel reduced the expected discharge from fifty to forty-two million gallons per day. This was more than enough at the time, and was ample even ten years ago, but at that time the rapidly growing consumption made it evident that immediate steps must be taken to provide for the future. When the Loch Katrine works were first designed, the population to be supplied numbered only about three hundred thousand, and the probable increment up to the end of the century was computed at eight thousand per annum. But the actual increase of population, decade by decade, has come to be from twelve thousand to nineteen thousand per annum, while the consumption of water (with the modern appliances of baths, lavatories,



and the like) has increased from forty to fifty gallons per head per day. For trade purposes alone the consumption has grown from about three to sixteen gallons per head per day. Therefore, it was resolved to double the whole works and make provision for a supply of one hundred million gallons per day.

How was this to be done? Well, first of all, the connecting-link between the lake and the city had to be doubled—that is to say, an entirely new aqueduct had to be constructed for the whole distance. Then a new reservoir had to be built to hold in reserve the supply brought by the new aqueduct. And lastly, the storage capacity of Loch Katrine itself had to be enlarged by raising its high-water level so as to retain more of the hill drainage. As a supplement to the scheme, Loch Arklet, which lies between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, is to be converted into an assistant-reservoir and made to flow into Loch Katrine, instead of, as nature intended, into Loch Lomond, whereby an additional supply of ten million gallons per day can be obtained when required.

Such gigantic works necessarily required a great deal of time as well as a great deal of money, and the operations have been spread over ten years; indeed, they are not yet all completed. The first thing to be considered was the best kind of bridge for carrying the water-channels across the ravines. On the old aqueduct there are five such bridges, consisting partly of iron troughs supported on masonry, and partly of iron tubes carried upon piers fifty feet apart. These bridges run in length from three hundred and seventy-two to nine hundred and ninety feet, and they are exposed to very severe strains by the variations in temperature; while to prevent corrosion they require periodical painting, during which the water has to be shut off at the loch. To avoid a repetition of these objectionable features, the new aqueduct is made to cross the Duchray Valley at a higher point than the old one, so that instead of crossing the hollows on bridges it is run through the hills by tunnels. It is now much easier to form long tunnels than it was when the first aqueduct was constructed, the use of compressed air for drilling and more powerful explosives than gunpowder having considerably simplified the process. By diverting the line, too, a saving in distance is effected, for whereas the old aqueduct is twenty-five miles and twenty-nine chains long, the new aqueduct is only twenty-three miles and forty-eight chains. The construction of this aqueduct has been a very interesting engineering feat, the details of which, however, are too technical to set forth here. The leading design has been to keep the water-channel underground, so as to avoid atmospheric influences and sun-heat. There are only five short bridges on the whole line, and these are very strongly built, with a covering over the water-channel two feet thick. The bottom of the aqueduct is laid with concrete the whole length, and for the most part is twelve feet wide, and nine feet high. In parts where the whole channel is lined with concrete the width is reduced to ten feet. The fall or incline towards Glasgow is one in five thousand five hundred.

This aqueduct is to discharge seventy millions of gallons per day direct from Loch Katrine into a huge service reservoir, which has been constructed near the old one at Mugdock. It is really a lake with a surface of eighty-six and a quarter acres, and a capacity of seven hundred million gallons. It is called the Craigmaddie Reservoir. It holds enough to supply the city for fourteen days at the rate of fifty million gallons per day, and Mugdock Reservoir holds a ten days' supply at the same rate. With twenty-four days' supply at its very gates, the city need have no fear of a water famine in the present generation. The two aqueducts together are able to discharge one hundred and ten million gallons per day into the reservoirs, but with a deduction of ten per cent. for occasional stoppages for repairs, inspection, &c., the maximum supply is reckoned at one hundred millions per day. This, it is calculated, will serve to liquidate the thirst of Glasgow for the next forty years.

The construction of the Craigmaddie Reservoir has been a very costly business, as the public road and several streams had to be diverted, and excavations had to be carried to a great depth to secure a suitable water-tight foundation. The estimated cost of this reservoir, before the works were begun, was £169,000; the actual cost has been over £300,000. The cost of the aqueduct will be above three-quarters of a million, and the entire cost of the whole scheme for duplicating the water-supply of Glasgow, including lands and compensations, will be about a million and a half sterling. The capital expenditure in connection with the old works and allied piping was about two and a half millions.

A very interesting part of the new scheme, which, however, does not need to be carried out all at once, is the raising of the level of Loch Katrine so as to increase its storage capacity to nine thousand eight hundred and forty-nine million gallons. This will involve the construction of a new dam, several miles of new roads, and new steamboat piers to suit the altered level. A tunnel will also be constructed to draw ten million gallons per day from Loch Arklet, the level of which will be raised twenty-five feet by means of embankments. The value of Loch Katrine as a feeder lies in the fact that it is in a district in which the rainfall never falls short of ninety inches, and is usually over one hundred inches per annum, and that the purity of the water is insured by the general shallowness of whatever peaty ground there is within the gathering area. The natural purity, however, has to be preserved from artificial contamination, and for this purpose a very strict agreement exists with all the proprietors in the neighbourhood to prevent the fouling of the water by drains, &c. There are very few houses within the water-shed, and supervision is strictly exercised over the use of boats on the lake.

The tourist steamer has taken the place of Ellen's shallop, and the Silver Strand has disappeared—if it ever existed to any considerable extent out of the poem and the guide-books. But the peculiar romantic beauty of the loch is not impaired by having added to its waters the beauty of utility. Day by day a

million human beings engaged in the fever and turmoil of industrial life, thirty miles away, drink at the spring which inspired the author of the 'Lady of the Lake.'

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

### CHAPTER IV. (continued).

For the remainder of the day we steamed slowly on, the view changing with each succeeding hour. At one time we were making our way through the virgin forest, as yet well-nigh innocent of the tread of a white man; at others we were passing between high cliffs that stretched up and up, till one had to crane one's neck to see the palm trees growing on the top of them; then the landscape would undergo a change, the timber would grow less dense, and large tracts of plain would present themselves to the eye. Taken altogether, the day's steam afforded us an excellent opportunity of observing the quality of the country; and when I saw it I felt compelled to admit that, as far as its natural advantages were concerned, one of the king's prophecies looked as if it might very well be fulfilled.

Towards four in the afternoon, the stream grew somewhat narrower, and the country ashore a degree more hilly. Occasionally it became necessary for us to use considerable caution in proceeding, for the current was treacherously strong, and in places large rocks bared their teeth at us from either bank. For at least the sixth time during the day's journey we found ourselves approaching a rocky defile, the advantage of which in case of war the king was quick to point out to me. In fact, in this particular instance, on emerging from the cañon, if I may so call it, we discovered ourselves face to face with a substantial fort, erected on a slight eminence and commanding the whole stretch of water. On a flagstaff above it floated the royal standard of the Médangs, a gorgeous piece of colouring that I had never seen before. As we observed it I stole a glance at the king's face. As long as I live I shall never forget the look of pride and affection that had settled upon it. No parent watching the face of his first-born child could have equalled it.

Suddenly a flash of flame and a cloud of smoke broke from the battlements, and almost simultaneously the thunder of a gun greeted our ears, and echoed among the hills. It was followed by another, and still another, until a complete royal salute had been fired. It was plain that the fort had recognised the presence of the king on the bridge of the yacht, and had been quick to welcome him. Had we possessed a flag similar to that upon the fort, I should have run it up out of compliment to our royal guest; but as we had not got one, we contented ourselves with the Union Jack. At the king's desire the yacht was stopped, in order that the commandant of the fort and his officers might be permitted to embark and pay their respects. To my surprise, they proved to be, without exception, natives of the country;

manly fellows, with bright, intelligent faces, and a confident air about them that was very pleasant to see. They were dressed in full uniform, not unlike that worn by our own garrison artillery in India, and, from their appearance, should have made excellent soldiers. While we were awaiting their coming their sovereign went below; but as the boat which conveyed them from the fort drew up to the accommodation ladder, he reappeared on deck, clad in full uniform, a helmet with plumes upon his head, and wearing the order of Marie I. upon his breast. Much as I had always admired him, when I glanced at him now I experienced a thrill greater than I had ever yet felt. Such a truly kingly figure I had never seen in my life before, and I say that as one who in his life has had a fair experience of monarchs.

When the officers had in turn paid their respects, the king inquired if his arrival had been expected, and in reply was informed that not only was it already known in the capital, but that preparations were being made there to receive him. Either he did not deem it politic to ask for information regarding the state of affairs in the country, or he imagined, as was more probable, that the occupants of such an isolated fort would be scarcely likely to be well informed on such a subject; at any rate I noticed that he put no questions to the soldiers. When they had left the ship we got under weigh again, the Union Jack still flying in its place at the gaff end.

'In six hours from now,' said the king, as the screw once more began to revolve, 'our journey will be accomplished, and we shall be at my capital. My friends, I cannot express to you my gratitude for all you have done for me. Believe me, I will never forget it. As I have said so many times before, if ever the chance should occur, you will not find Marie ungrateful.'

He held out his hand and I took it. At that moment I believe that Marie I. would have given me anything, even to the half of his kingdom. God bless him for a brave and generous-hearted man!

Fortunately it was the night of full moon, and for this reason our progress was not delayed. Had it been otherwise, it would have been necessary for us to remain stationary until daylight, a proceeding which would have consorted ill with the king's impatience to get to his journey's end. By nine o'clock we were within eight miles of our destination, and were already able to distinguish signs of cultivation on the banks, with here and there clusters of habitations. At the king's suggestion, Olivia and I descended to our cabins, and donned riding attire. Having done so, we rejoined him on the bridge.

At half-past nine we could see ahead of us the myriad lights of the city, and by this time the stream was crowded with canoes, each of which carried a lantern, and many some peculiar kind of musical instrument, the like of which I have never heard before. The din thus created may be better imagined than described.

Suddenly, from the summit of a hill lying beyond and above the city, there flashed out



a jet of fire. A moment later the thunder of a large gun greeted our ears. Once more the royal salute welcomed us, and this time we returned the compliment with our one brass piece forward. The excitement was intense, and I could see that the king, who stood in the full light of one of the lanterns I had caused to be hung round the back of the bridge, was almost overcome by it. His pale, sensitive face quivered with emotion as he bowed his head repeatedly in acknowledgment of the greetings of his people in the boats on either hand.

Having arrived exactly opposite the town—the white buildings of which presented a picturesque effect in the moonlight—we brought up beside a wharf, upon which hundreds of persons, so it seemed, were crowded. The majority of these carried torches in their hands; while from the citadel on the hill, overlooking the town, the welcome of the artillery still crashed forth. It was a moment when any monarch might have felt his heart swell with pride within him; and Marie was as proud, if not prouder, of his country than most that I have met.

As soon as we were safely alongside the wharf, a gangway was run out. Upon this a carpet was spread, and over it came a number of richly-uniformed officials, the foremost of whom, I rightly conjectured, was the prime-minister who had despatched the telegram I had seen in Venice. He was a fine-looking old fellow, a pure-blooded native, and carried himself with a dignity I have seldom seen equalled. His pleasure at having his master back again could not have been exaggerated, and it did one's heart good to observe the cordial way in which his greeting was reciprocated. One by one the officials came forward and made their obeisances, and when that ceremony was finished a move was made to the street above, where a square space had been roped in and prepared for the reception of the sovereign. All round this stood the populace, with torches, to the number of many hundreds, while the street leading from the wharf, a path through the centre of which was kept by military, must have contained many thousands more.

Reaching the reserved space just mentioned, the king bowed his acknowledgments of the vociferous greetings of the populace, and then, preceded by his chamberlains and other officials, and accompanied by Olivia and myself, made his way towards the spot where a group of horses were standing. Two of these, each of which was a noble animal, reminding me more of a well-bred Arab than any other breed, were jet black; the third, which was more elaborately upholstered than his companions, was as white as snow. As one of the former carried a lady's saddle, I gathered that the blacks were for our use, the white being intended for the king. This proved to be the case.

At the king's invitation we mounted, and, preceded by trumpeters, and accompanied by a host of officials, all more or less gorgeously attired, made our way up the street towards the citadel—the troops, meanwhile, presenting arms, and the populace waving their torches and cheering with all the strength of their lungs. The effects were peculiar in the extreme, and I wish you could have seen them

with me. Even after this lapse of time, I can plainly recall the reflections of the dancing torch flames on the white houses—the sea of faces in the street and upon the roof-tops—and the king riding a few steps before us on his beautiful steed, his helmet in his hand, bowing his acknowledgments of the enthusiastic welcome he was receiving.

At the end of the long central street which, as I have already said, led from the river to the citadel, we arrived at the foot of a steep hill; this we commenced to ascend. On reaching the top we found ourselves confronted by a pair of enormous gates, let into a wall forty feet high if an inch, which was built right out on the face of a precipitous cliff, something like three hundred feet from top to bottom. Indeed, the path up to the gates was the only possible approach to the castle, and even that might have been held by fifty swordsmen against an attacking force of quite a thousand. Above our heads the cannon were still thundering their greeting, while at the gate a guard of honour was drawn up to receive us.

Behind the king we rode through the great entrance into the citadel itself. Here the scene was extraordinary in its weird picturesqueness. Occupying all the southern side of the enormous courtyard was the king's palace—a noble building, covering a large area of ground, but of a style of architecture which I could not locate. To afford you some idea of the appearance the place presented, I might say that it was not unlike the rock castle of Trichinopoly, though scarcely so high or so massive. Unlike that massive fortress, however, it was white as curds, was covered with sculpture from end to end, and boasted a long flight of steps leading up from the yard to the main entrance. Opposite the palace were the barracks and the arsenal; a fine old temple occupied the space midway between, with the stables behind that again. It was not until the day following that I learned the history of this extraordinary place. Originally it had been a Buddhist monastery of a peculiar design, but was fast falling to decay when the grandfather of the previous ruler of the country, the sovereign from whom Marie inherited, took it into his head to transform it into a palace. Living on none too good terms with his people, he had heightened the walls ten feet, replaced the old insecure gates with new ones that would have required a battering-ram of enormous power, or a large charge of dynamite, to break them down, and had transformed the quarters of the priests into an enormous palace. His successors had further improved it, as had his heir. The present ruler had carried on the work, added the battery and the arsenal, and the picturesque pile we had before us when we entered the courtyard was the result.

On reaching the palace His Majesty descended from his saddle, and then assisted Olivia to alight. When she had done so, he escorted us up the steps into the Great Hall, where all the officers of his household were grouped, waiting to receive him. The hall, once the refectory of Buddhist priests, was a fine one in every way, rafted with teak, and boasting a polished floor of the same impenetrable wood. At the farther end was a dais covered with a red



carpet, upon which stood an ivory throne, elegantly carved with the figures of bulls and elephants, and approached by three ivory steps.

When he had ascended the steps and taken his place under the canopy, a speech of welcome was made by the prime-minister. His Majesty returned thanks with his customary eloquence, and brought the ceremony to a conclusion by bowing to his court. Then, inviting us to follow, he led the way from the Great Hall across a tessellated courtyard, in which a marble fountain played in the moonlight, to a suite of rooms on the other side. In the first of these he paused, and, turning to us, said:

'I am now about to introduce you to a person of whom I have never hitherto spoken to you—my sister.'

'Your sister?' we both cried in astonishment, for, up to that moment, we had never dreamed that he possessed a relation in the world.

'Yes, my sister,' he answered, 'the Princess Natalie. Poor child, she leads a lonely life shut up in this great fortress; but I think you will like her, Lady Olivia; she is gentleness and sweetness itself.'

'But does she live here altogether; does she never go out?' asked Olivia, who, like myself, was growing more and more mystified.

'Never,' replied His Majesty; 'my sister is blind.'

As he spoke, a door at the farther end of the apartment opened, and a white hand divided the curtains that half concealed it. A moment later a young girl entered the room, and, without hesitation, walked towards where we stood. When I saw her I gave a little start of astonishment. You know, Forsyth, that I can scarcely be considered a lady's man; still, I have seen some pretty faces in my time. Yet I confess to you that, up to that moment, I had never beheld so beautiful and yet so frail a creature as stood before me then. Olivia is an acknowledged beauty; but to my mind she could not compare at all with the girl who now stood before us for true feminine loveliness. It was a face of the purest Greek type, surmounted by a wealth of golden hair, the latter so fine and silky that it seemed as if to touch it with the softest brush would be to spoil it for ever. She was dressed completely in white, in a mixture of styles, half Oriental, half European, that was very attractive. Though her eyes were open, her affliction could be easily detected by the carriage of her head.

'So you have come back to me, Marie,' she said in French, stretching out her hands before her as she spoke. 'You have been so long away.'

'Yes, dear, I have come back to you at last,' replied the king, taking her hand with a tenderness infinitely touching, and drawing her to him that he might kiss her forehead. 'And what is more, my sister, I have brought some friends with me who have been very kind to me, and whom I know you will thank. They will help me to cheer your loneliness. Let me present you to Lady Olivia Wokingham.'

'Ah, madame,' said the girl, turning without hesitation to where Olivia stood, 'it is kind of you to help my brother, and still kinder of you

to come here. Marie knows how gladly I welcome all his friends.'

Then, when in my turn I had been introduced, she held out her little hand to me, and bade me welcome too.

I am weak enough to own, if it is a confession of weakness, which I do not admit, that when I went to bed that night it was not of the king, his castle, or his popularity I dreamt, but of his sister, the blind Princess Natalie.

## THE DROVER.

TOWARDS afternoon of the day before the weekly cattle-market, the person who strolls about our typical country town in search of fresh 'types' has his attention attracted by little knots of men, twos and threes who gather at the street-corners and especially about the doors of the 'agricultural' hotels frequented by dealers and farmers. They are not country labourers; they are not tramps. The tramp never congregates with his fellows as these men are doing, but slouches through the town on his route with a wary eye for the police, or goes straight to the 'casual ward,' or the common lodging-house in the back street. Nor are they town-loafers, the men who wheel round travellers' samples from shop to shop, and sit smoking on the truck-handles in the long intervals while the bagman is wrestling an order from the cautious tradesmen. Their unkempt appearance, sunburnt faces, worn and muddy boots, tell of a rough, hard life beneath the open sky; their long sticks, tough ash-plants, speak of connection with animals. Little better clothed than the tramp, but easily distinguishable from a member of the loafing fraternity by a bolder eye, a louder tongue, and a quicker step, the drover is an important and interesting component of the great agricultural total. Low in the social scale he may be; useless he is not. Were it not for this 'unattached' camp-follower and his fellows, to-morrow's vast head of stock would block the market and streets, a helpless, inert mass.

Let us see for a moment if we can do without him; we will suppose him 'improved' out of existence. On Wednesday morning—our market-day is Wednesday—a farmer sets out for market with the intention of buying ten or twelve bullocks, if prices are reasonable, to eat off some superfluous swedes. Drovers being non-existent, he must take a labourer—a man getting fifteen shillings a week and a cottage rent free—to bring home his prospective purchase. If he has a particularly steady boy about the place, he perhaps takes him, running the risk of the cattle being driven home too fast, and arriving 'blown,' weary, and 'off their feed.' They will not get over it, and begin to put on flesh for several days.

But arrived at the town, our farmer soon finds prices 'ruling high.' If he buys to-day it is doubtful when he will see his money back again, so he keeps his cheque in his pocket. His time is not wholly wasted; he sees a pork-butcher about a draft of young pigs he has ready, perhaps meets an artificial manure or

seed merchant's agent; but his man's day is a dead loss. It is some two or three hours before it is certain there will be no bargains to be had, and he can be told to set off home—nine miles, say. Of course he must have something to drink first with his bread and cold bacon. Now your countryman is not, as a rule, a good walker. He can plod slowly after the plough all day, through heavy clay soil, without much trouble, but several miles on a turnpike road soon 'gets him down.' By the time he gets back it will certainly be 'unhooking-time,' and his day's work must be entered in the wages-book—one is nearly always kept on good farms now—with a 'dash,' the farmer's 'nil.' He may return home sober; he may not. In the latter case his head will ache next morning, and materially affect his working powers. If he were the cowman or shepherd, selected for trustworthiness, casualties will very likely be discovered, or reported by his *locum tenens*; the calves not fed, the bullock-yard water-trough drunk dry, or a fat wether or ewe found dead on its back, in a slight hollow of the pasture.

So we cannot yet dispense with the unattached, jobbing drover. There may be, and probably are, those who see nothing of interest in him; but some there are, I am glad to know, who see beauty, more or less, in every phase and figure of country life, and it is for such that I would draw a slight outline of the drover and his life.

On Tuesday afternoon, then, we see the drovers appearing here and there in the street. Some of them have already obtained and completed a preliminary job. Sheep and cattle deteriorate very much in condition with fatigue, and if driven several miles to town on market morning, perhaps fail to fetch their full value. For this reason sheep are often sent in wagons at their ease, while many herds of cattle are sent quietly in the previous evening, and lodged for the night in meadows close to the market, at a small charge per head, and this small outlay of money and forethought may bear substantial fruit in the sale-ring. It is these droves which have already provided work for the drovers.

Throughout the evening they loiter about the street, comparing notes, sometimes quarrelling, but always watchful and ready to waylay a possible employer. There are many dealers and graziers who live in or close to the town, and these are generally moving about on the eve of market-day, interviewing auctioneers, 'standing drinks,' and the like. Dealers from a distance, too, arrive in the town over-night, to be ready for the 'early worm' in the shape of bargains. On all these the drover has his eye, eager to receive the promise of a job.

In the morning he is early afoot. Stock will be coming in along every main road continuously from seven till ten o'clock or later. At the railway station, cattle-trucks will be discharging their contents. At the entrances to the town the drover will pick up coppers if nothing more. Shepherds and cowmen, who have brought their charges single-handed for miles along the broad high-road and through lonely lanes, will have had a few pence given them to engage help through the narrow street and round the troublesome corners

of the town—a cheaper plan than sending one of the farm boys to idle away a day in the town.

At the market gates there is constant work. Carts and wagons are being emptied of a varied living load. Sheep, as every one knows, are awkward creatures to drive, and require many hands and much shouting. Pigs are even worse; as quick a way of emptying a cart-load as any is to carry each one singly, kicking and squealing, to their allotted pen. A pig loose and alone is an eel for slipperiness. I have seen one keep a dozen pursuers at a distance for ten minutes, merely by dodging among the legs of a drove of cattle; as the cattle were 'shifted' to get at him, the pig 'shifted' too, and gained breath for a fresh run later.

The drover works everywhere with a will. He is not particular as to whether his assistance is called for or not. A piece of gratuitous aid, well-timed, generally gets rewarded, and serves, too, to secure him a good name, and a good word from farmers and men alike. In the auctioneer's sale-rings extra help is often welcome at an extra 'big market,' when the lots must be got in and out of the ring with more than usual despatch.

But by about noon the drover, if he is a well-known and reliable man, will probably secure a job for the rest of the day. A farmer has just concluded a deal for some cattle, and before adjourning with the vendor to an inn to write a cheque, and conclude the business with a glass of spirits and a chat, he looks round him as if in search of something. Our drover is at his side in a moment; he has been watching the 'deal' for the last twenty minutes, perhaps longer, and now touches his greasy hat cheerfully. There is no need to tell him the whereabouts of the farm, or the best way to it; he knows every acre of the county, and every farmer or dealer of any standing who attends this and the neighbouring markets. For country work he might make a detective. There is no one like the man who is always afoot in a district for knowing its people and their affairs.

With the help of one of the scores of boys who swarm about the pens, looking out for fun and halfpence, he soon has his drove clear of the crowded market, and before long is out on the high-road. Away from the noise and bustle of the town, cattle are easily driven. The drover lets them take their own pace, which, if they are young animals and fresh, is for the first mile or so often a pretty smart one. But after half an hour the hard road begins to tell on their unshod feet, and they settle down to two or three miles an hour. The drover does not attempt to hurry them; his voice, not his stick, is the only encouragement they receive; and so man and beasts jog easily along, the latter now and then pausing for a hasty mouthful of roadside grass or casting longing looks over gates into pastures, doubly tempting after the long standing in market and the weary tramp along the dusty road.

The drover usually does without a dog. A dog's great value to a shepherd consists chiefly in penning sheep in fields, singling one and

'cornering' him at a sign from his master's hand. Out on the road sheep will go fairly well, and a dog not unfrequently alarms them and causes a wild and exhausting stampede. Dogs—unbroken curs at any rate—are apt to bite the heels of cattle needlessly; and, on the whole, a farmer looks rather askance on a dog when he trusts his stock to the drover. So the latter trudges alone, unless we allow his stumpy clay pipe to count; and who shall say that a pipe is not a companion?

Very likely the farmer passes him on the road and is at home before him; but if not, he is pretty sure of being given a substantial supper, in addition to his pay, which may be anything from a shilling to half-a-crown, according to distance. Farm-house hospitality, if not what it was, still extends to the giving of a meal to such chance comers as this. He will be allowed to pass the night in a barn or outhouse, though the farmer's wife is generally uneasy on the score of his pipe and the chances of fire; and the accounts of fires in country newspapers prove her fears to be by no means groundless. The drover and his like certainly cannot be relied on to forego their 'smoke' under any circumstances; and if the farmer is wise he will himself remove the man's pipe last thing, or see that he is accommodated in an isolated shed, with no more straw about than is necessary to his comfort.

If there is a market in a neighbouring town next day, the drover is early on the road to be on the scene betimes. Otherwise, he probably sleeps late, and may be seen towards afternoon loitering back to his headquarters—a lodging-house in the town. To some extent, all through the year, but more especially in spring and autumn, about Lady Day and Michaelmas, when farmers are retiring or selling young stock, and holdings are changing hands, there is plenty of work for him at sales. Practically open house is kept as regards liquid refreshments. Lunch is obtainable by ticket—money returned to buyers—but all through the afternoon, men circulate about the ring which forms round the auctioneer, with great cans of ale, cider, and glasses of whisky or gin and water, and of these the drover gets his share.

This brings me to the vices and virtues of his class. And without undue impartiality—though I must confess to a considerable affection for the drover, and an occasional fit of envy of his free, roving life—I contend that his virtues are more conspicuous than his failings.

He is honest and reliable. One rarely hears of a theft by a drover. Such debatable matters as mushrooms, or turnips and swede greens may be very occasionally urged against him, and still more rarely a solitary hen, straying too far down the lane, is caught up by deft hands; but such cases are very unusual. Self-interest, no doubt, comes to the aid of conscience here, for the farmers are his livelihood. Alienate them and their 'missuses,' and where will be his half-day's job or the savoury meal in the back-kitchen or 'tommy-house.' Of course there are black sheep, and perhaps the most usual offence is the theft of money or

clothes—a neckerchief say—from a fellow-lodger in the lodging-house, or a sleeper under a rick or hedge.

He is eminently reliable as regards his charges. He understands animals well—few better. He can detect the first sign of fatigue, knows when a halt of ten or twenty minutes will do good, and nearly always brings his drove to their journey's end in good condition and order. Accidents on the way, such as gate-jumping or hedge-breaking are rare. Yet he never seems anxious, or—once the streets are left behind—excited; the secret of his success lies in his instinctive, unflinching tact.

His vices? Well, my comfortable, well-clothed reader, they are what yours might perchance be, placed in his position. Trudging mile after mile behind cattle or sheep is slow, chilly work in winter, and very, very 'dry' work in summer when the drove moves on in the midst of a perpetual cloud of dust; try following a flock of sheep half a mile in August, when there has been no rain for days or perhaps weeks. The roadside public-house offers a tempting opportunity of combining duty with pleasure—resting the animals and refreshing himself with a pint. But even when far from sober, he still seems able to take care of himself and his beasts.

He is inclined to be quarrelsome now and then among his mates. Disputes soon arise, especially when drovers frequent other markets than their own; accusations of taking a job promised to another man are made, and the disputants settle it with fists on the spot. The language used is no worse than might be expected.

He is not needlessly cruel. He lives too much with animals not to have a certain rough sympathy with them. But animals driven hither and thither among noise and crowds turn stupid and obstinate; they must be moved somehow, and it is difficult to gauge the precise number or weight of blows required. Many a seemingly merciless thwack on a tender spot is unintentional; the cow moves as the stick falls perhaps, or a sheep thrusts its head over a companion's back and the mischief is done. The charge of wanton cruelty is made, and who shall speak for the defence?

Sometimes a chat with one of these men will elicit the fact that he has been in the army. After the rigid discipline of twelve or fifteen years in the ranks, one can well imagine the attraction of the freedom and *abandon* of the drover's life; the constant wandering in the open air, the utter absence of all restraint and regularity.

And when years of exposure, in summer and winter, under fair skies and foul, have done their work, what then? Usually the work-house, where, in spite of the attacks levelled from certain quarters at that institution, the drover finds food and shelter, tobacco, and—more than all—society. In the men's ward he can tell o'er and o'er the records of doughty deeds in battle, or queer tales of the countryside. An almshouse rarely falls to his lot. His life shows a fatal lack of permanency in the matter of residence; almshouses are for the 'oldest inhabitant' and his kind.



Sometimes the end is sudden. The shelter of a tumble-down barn and a few armfuls of straw is not always proof against the hard black frosts of January. Often the drover 'down on his luck' has not the pence to spare for a 'doss' at the lodging-house. This does not trouble him much; it is only September as yet, and the nights are fairly warm. He has a job for the morning to bring up some cattle from a riverside meadow; he will go and sleep in the shed which stands by the hedge-side under the chestnut-trees.

He goes off down the street, reeling a little, but saying 'good-night' civilly to the policeman who paces to and fro on the bridge. But the night is dark and rainy, and the path by the riverside, leading through two or three meadows, is not very distinct. His feet soon lose it and wander this side and that. The bank just here is steep and smooth, the water below deep and still. He misses his footing, there is a heavy plunge and a splash. No saving projection comes readily within his grasp; the mud gives way from hands and feet, and very soon all is quiet again; only the ripples curve away fan-like from something which lies just under water at the head of the shallows below.

The morning is bright and clear after the rain. A workman, who comes in daily from an outlying hamlet to his work, sees the 'something' and makes sure of its nature. Another man or two to help, a policeman, a boat and the ambulance, and then 'something' lies awaiting the verdict of 'found drowned.'

The verdict is soon found; but not without something of the nature of a *dénouement*. For a respectable tradesman has to come forward and identify 'deceased' as a ne'er-do-weel brother, and a long-standing trouble to his family.

Respectable parentage, decent up-bringing, and sound education; enlistment in the army, preceded and followed by a life of doubtful repute; and, after years of casual 'droving' with few assets but his stick and an old pipe—a lonely river-grave within sight of light and help.

### 'MAÑANA.'

#### A REMINISCENCE OF ARGENTINA.

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise  
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?  
Where is to-morrow? In another world.

—YOUNG.

#### I.

THE visitor or new resident in the Argentine Republic will, very soon after his arrival, become inconveniently aware that one of the customs of the Spanish inhabitants is to reverse a well-known proverb, and render it thus: 'On no account do anything to-day that can possibly be put off until to-morrow.' With natural politeness, or perhaps to save the trouble of discussion, they promise anything and everything for 'to-day,' if so required, but

the sun will set, and rise, and set again, before the promise is fulfilled. He who promises thinks 'Mañana' (Spanish for 'to-morrow') will do equally well; why be in such a hurry? Oh, these *Inglés*; they cannot wait; they have no patience!

Less, however, does this indolent habit prevail in the great city of Buenos Ayres than in smaller centres and camp-towns; for there every nationality has its representative, business is stirring, competition is keen, and the order of the day is—'Look alive—seize your opportunity; make your dollars to-day—there may be a revolution to-morrow.' But out in the camp (or country), in the small towns or villages, life is taken very easily, and no one is 'troubled with much serving.'

Many are the dilemmas in which an English-woman, for instance, will find herself placed before experience teaches her to provide against contingencies. Happy for her if she is a woman of quick resources, and can contrive the invaluable 'something else,' when butcher, baker, or vegetable-cart fail her. Happy, also, if she can see the humorous side of the situation and laugh away her vexation, instead of giving place to anger and despair.

The following incident will illustrate the 'putting off' till to-morrow, and doubtless be more interesting than any of the writer's personal experiences, numerous and varied though they were.

In a small camp-town in the province of Santa Fé there dwelt one Manuel Rodriguez, a good-looking fellow, according to his kind, with sleepy black eyes, thick masses of dark hair, and a well-built frame. He owned the principal Panaderia in the place, and besides being a baker, carried on a small trade in shoe-making and repairing. All these qualifications raised him to the position of an eligible young man, and one looked up to as a desirable beau by the señoritas of his own class, who cast side-glances from behind their fans as they passed his open doors.

When not too much trouble, he had no objection to a little conversation with one or other of these damsels; but being very indolent, and very fond of his ease, he had not yet decided whether he preferred Anita to Maria, or if Mercedes was not more to his taste than Emilia.

It was the hottest hour of a very hot day, 100° in the shade, and not very much shade either to be found in that flat and treeless part of the country. But Rodriguez had a portion of the patio well covered in, and there he lounged in loose attire, drinking 'maté'—the tea of the country—before taking his usual siesta. All was silent, every one resting, the doors and the shutters of the Panaderia were closed against the scorching heat of the sun; the bread had all been delivered in the early

hours (before eight), and no one would be so mad as to venture out until evening. He would therefore take a long rest; true, there were those shoes of the señora's, promised for to-day, and still unfinished—but—there would be to-morrow—'Mañana'—his eyes closed, his head fell back—and Manuel Rodriguez was in the land of dreams.

He was not allowed to remain there long; scarcely had he begun a nice comfortable snore, when there resounded in the still air a loud clapping of hands. A man on horseback thus announced himself in the usual fashion at the door; both he and his horse were jaded with the heat, and covered with dust. A second clapping producing no effect, the man, muttering impatiently, alighted, and knocked on the closed shutters. A voice was heard within, and presently there appeared, from behind the house, a youth who inquired of the new-comer what he wanted.

'The master,' was the reply.

'But the master is asleep, señor,' said the boy.

'Then wake him,' exclaimed the stranger, 'and tell him to come quickly.'

Rodriguez, already awakened by the noise, rose from his chair, stretched himself, yawned, and very leisurely opened the doors, greeting his customer with a 'Buenos tardes.' Responding in like manner, the stranger held out a foot to show the plight he was in, the sole of his shoe having parted company from the upper leather, and revealing a considerable portion of the wearer's sock. He requested Rodriguez to repair the shoe whilst he rested and dined at the nearest restaurant, promising to send for it towards sunset, before resuming his journey.

'This is a small order to be roused from one's necessary rest for,' Rodriguez thought, but he was too sleepy for anything but an assenting 'Buenos;' so the stranger, placing his now shoeless foot in the stirrup, thanked him and rode away.

Rodriguez closed the doors, threw the shoe into an inner workroom, returned to his chair, resumed his slumbers, and this time enjoyed them undisturbed.

The strange señor was kindly entertained at the restaurant, supplied with slippers, refreshed with a bath, and his dusty clothes shaken and brushed. After partaking of the inevitable 'maté,' and enjoying a short siesta, he was now dining, previous to resuming his journey. A boy was now despatched for the shoe, with generous payment for the repair.

Ah, señor,' said the mistress of the house, 'if it is that lazy Rodriguez you have left your shoe with, it will not yet be done.'

'Not done!' he exclaimed; 'but it *must* be done, or what shall I do?'

'Quien sabe?' ('who knows?' 'who can tell?') said the woman with her soft lisp, and a sympathising shake of her head. The boy returned without the shoe, reporting Rodriguez would do it to-morrow. This made the señor

very angry, and the boy was sent a second time to say he must have it, however roughly stitched, and he would wait one hour longer for it. But the answer came that Rodriguez was going to dine, his man was drunk and unable to work, and therefore the shoe could not be repaired until the morrow; the señor had better stay all night.

'It is impossible,' said the señor, who was now in a great rage, and ordering his horse to be brought, he rode off to see what *he* could do in the matter. Rodriguez took it very coolly when asked the reason of the delay, saying he had been 'indisposed,' which was perfectly true in one sense, and he was now going to ride out in the camp; it was too late to work.

'But,' said the stranger in a despairing voice, 'it is time I started; what *am* I to do?'

'Quien sabe?' said Rodriguez unconcernedly, with a shrug of his shoulders.

The stranger took a good look at him, and without another word, rode away, muttering to himself, however, 'I'll make you pay for this, my fine fellow; you'll see me again before many "mañanas" if all goes well.'

The mistress of the restaurant found a half-worn pair of shoes which fitted the señor, and for which—his good temper being restored—she received ample remuneration. Then after paying for his own refreshment, and not forgetting that of his horse, he left the place. Outside the little town he drew in rein, turned round, kissed his hand in the direction from which he had come, saying, 'A good omen! other men's shoes! Ahah! it is very good. Adios hasta luego' ('until we meet again').

The last train passing through this little town the same night brought the resident judge, who had been absent a few days. He was somewhat agitated, and made instant inquiries concerning a man whose description answered exactly to that of the shoeless stranger, and whom he was most anxious to seize and imprison. He sent vigilantes to all the restaurants, and on their return, hearing that such a person had not only been in the town, but had remained there for several hours, leaving only at sunset, he exclaimed:

'The rebel! he knew too well I was far away. Ah! my bad luck.'

## II.

AN exciting time now followed. Rumours of a rebellion had been floating in the air, and the day came when it broke out. There is no need to enter on any description of this, as it is only connected with the present narrative by a slight link. It may, however, be mentioned that the sympathy was mostly with the insurgents, the rising being in consequence of the unjust and one-sided administration of those in power; and apropos of this, it is worthy of note that on the handsome buildings of the Administration, in the principal city of the province, there is (or was) a full-sized figure of 'Justice' with *unbandaged* eyes!

The rebels gained the victory, and a general 'turn out' of officials took place, followed by a putting in of new men. Another judge was appointed in the little town of which I write, and matters soon settled themselves very com-

fortably as if nothing had occurred. Certainly, to outsiders, the revolution had caused less inconvenience than a late invading army of locusts.

Meanwhile, Manuel Rodriguez had been roused from his usual apathy, and the question of his preference for a certain señorita definitely settled. An energetic suitor for the hand of the fair Anita having come forward, caused Rodriguez to realise the state of his own heart, and the fact that Anita, and she only, was its mistress. He then lost no time, but made such favourable overtures that he was accepted, and the marriage arranged for the next 'Fiesta.'

A few days previous to the wedding he called at the residence of the newly appointed judge to notify that he should present himself with his betrothed, her parents, and usual witnesses, on the morning of the Fiesta, for the civil marriage. The judge was seated at his official table, clad in brand-new dress of office, hair cropped, mustachios waxed, calm and dignified. It was not surprising Rodriguez failed to recognise in him the dusty, unkempt, worn-out traveller of two months ago, whose shoe still remained, un-mended and unclaimed, on the shelf of the workshop.

But the judge recognised Rodriguez, and listened gravely while the latter stated his business, and said they would, with the permission of his excellency, assemble before him at nine o'clock on the morning of the Fiesta. The only response of the judge was a brief 'Buenos;' and taking up a paper signified that the interview was closed. Rodriguez, thus dismissed, uttered his thanks and bowed himself out; he thought the judge might have been a little more pleasant, considering the agreeable nature of the occasion; but, ah well, possibly he was a bachelor, poor man!

If Rodriguez had glanced back, on leaving the room, he would have seen the grave countenance of the judge instantly relax, a smile spread over his face, and his eyes twinkle with fun, as he rubbed his hands together, exclaiming: 'Ah, revenge is sweet; I shall now be even with you, my friend.'

It was a glorious morning; the Fiesta was one of the great ones, and a general holiday; the tinkling bell of the little church had been calling worshippers together, at intervals, from a very early hour. There was no lack of them, for besides the residents, there came from the outlying estancias and smaller farms every kind of vehicle, literally packed with men, women, and children; and there were also horses carrying whole families on their backs. The Plaza in front of the church presented an interesting scene, crowds of holiday-attired people waiting their turn, watching for the doors to open, the congregation to pour out, and the bell again call to the next service.

The Argentine colours were displayed over the residence of the judge, and a few minutes before nine o'clock the wedding party came in sight, a gay procession of some length, threading its way across the Plaza by a well-trodden path under the acacia trees, thus avoiding the dusty road. The invitations to participate had been well responded to, and the party crowded

the room where they awaited the appearance of the judge.

Ten minutes passed, and Rodriguez, becoming impatient, rose and looked out; a vigilante was walking a saddled horse to and fro before the door of the judge's bedroom, which opened on the Plaza; at the same moment, dressed for riding, out came the judge himself, and to the utter consternation of Rodriguez, proceeded to mount his horse! He was then about to start, but this was too much. Rodriguez dashed forward.

'Pardon, señor,' he gasped; 'the marriage—we are all assembled in the office.'

'Eh?' said the judge; 'marriage?'

'Sí señor; it was arranged for this feast-day at nine o'clock, with the permission of your Excellency, and we are now waiting.'

'Ah?' said the judge frowning, 'but I am "indisposed." I am going to "ride out in the camp;" the marriage can be put off until to-morrow.'

Rodriguez was furious, but dared not show it. 'Pardon, Excelencia,' he cried, in agitation, 'but my bride! the company! The priests too will be waiting at the church; what am I to do?'

'Quien sabe?' coolly replied the judge, as he rode on a few paces. Then turning his head, he added, 'Perhaps you will now mend my shoe, my good fellow. Adios hasta mañana' ('adien until to-morrow').

'Shoe!' In a moment it all flashed on Rodriguez, and the angry blood rushed to his face; but catching a glimpse of Anita peeping out in alarm, he swallowed down his anger and pride, and rushing after the judge, begged a thousand pardons for his fault, entreating that his bride, so young, so happy, who had done no wrong, should not be punished and put to shame. Ah! his Excellency should see how grateful he would be.

Now there was not in the whole province of Santa Fé a kinder-hearted man than the judge, and although he had determined to punish Rodriguez, he did not intend to give him more than 'a bad half-hour.' The priests, who were to be the guests of the judge at his breakfast-table that day, being in the secret, thought the lesson was well-merited, and might prove beneficial. But as the judge glanced back at Rodriguez, he also saw the pretty Anita's troubled face, and this, together with Rodriguez's appeal on her behalf, was too much for his kind heart; he could hold out no longer. So, dismounting, he led the poor fellow back to his bride, said a few gracious words to her, and remarking generally that there had been 'a little mistake,' proceeded with the marriage contract.

Before Rodriguez and his bride left the room, the former placed on the table a double fee, and assured the judge of his grateful feelings. They then proceeded to the church, where the religious ceremony took place.

That day week the judge received a present—the handsomest pair of shoes Rodriguez ever sent out of his shop.

There is an odd shoe hanging up in a conspicuous place in Rodriguez's workshop, with the word 'Recuerdo' painted under it. Old



habits are not as easily got rid of or mended as old shoes, and he needs this 'remembrance;' for he still occasionally fails to keep his promises, in spite of the judge's lesson, and continues to cherish a fondness for the visionary 'mañana.'

### ON GOSSAMER WINGS.

By T. L. PHIPSON.

MANY of my readers have, no doubt, sauntered forth early on a fine morning in August, before the sun has had time to evaporate the dew which still clings to the grass, and they will perhaps have observed innumerable small spiders' webs stretching in all directions over the soil, and shining brilliantly, like diamonds, with all the colours of the rainbow. If they are sportsmen they may have noticed that their dogs' noses, borne near the ground as they run through the stubble, become covered with these silky threads to such an extent that the animals will sometimes stop and endeavour to remove them with their paws.

A little later in the year, say from the middle of September to mid-October, they may also have witnessed the floating gossamer borne along in the air by the soft breeze. These gossamer threads are in certain years so plentiful about the middle of autumn that the writer has seen the funnel of a locomotive which had travelled in October from Paris to Erquelines, in Belgium, so covered with them as to appear as if wrapped in a thick white shawl. Occasionally I have seen them also in March, both in England and France, but such a thing appears to be rather exceptional, as autumn is doubtless the true season for their appearance; and it usually occurs when the weather is very fine, the air warm, the sun brilliant, and its heat tempered by a mild, delicious breeze. It is probably owing to such circumstances that poets have often alluded to these mysterious gossamer threads, floating in fine, white silky streams through the atmosphere at a time when all nature is smiling, when the scent of flowers still perfumes the gardens, when the sun's rays have lost their midsummer violence, and the commotions caused by storms have ceased to trouble us.

The nature of this curious phenomenon has only been discovered in modern times. The learned men of the beginning of the last century were quite as ignorant of the cause of the gossamer flights, as were poets, and many of the most absurd opinions have been put forth to explain this singular appearance. The French call these filmy, floating cobwebs *fil de la Vierge* ('threads of the Virgin'); the Germans allude to them as *Sommer-fäden* ('summer threads'). The English 'gossamer' is, according to Dr Skeat, simply *goose-summer*, the *summer* meaning *summer-film*. Another derivation is from *God* and *summer*, the latter word being then a corruption of Romance *samarra*, 'a skirt,' from

the legend that the films are threads of the Virgin Mary's shroud, thrown away when she was taken up into heaven.

Gossamer threads are now known with certainty to be formed of spiders' web; several persons have found the spider itself in them, and others, among whom the writer may be included, have been fortunate enough to see them formed, and have actually seen them used by the little creature to transport itself to enormous distances through the atmosphere, just as men travel in balloons. It is believed that several species of spiders—and perhaps immature insects—make such threads. One particular kind of spider which produces the floating gossamer is a small species of a dark chocolate-brown colour, about the size of a small split pea, having rather long brown and yellowish legs, and a considerably developed spinning apparatus, easily visible at the extremity of its body. These spiders, which never inhabit houses, have been named *Aranca oblectrix*. They are very numerous in our English gardens and among the stubble, but they are rather timid creatures, and apt to run away down a plant or a stalk of corn and hide themselves on the ground if they are incautiously approached.

According to my own observations, when they have covered the soil with their threads so profusely that scarcely a spot is to be found where they have not been, they choose an appropriate day, quit the ground, and find their way to the very highest point of some plant, say the topmost flower of a chrysanthemum. There the little spider turns upwards the end of its body, and darts forth from its spinners an almost invisible thread which floats upwards into the air. This thread is so fine that it can only be seen when the rays of the sun happen to be reflected from it. It is wafted upwards at an angle with the horizon by the breeze, and when it has attained to a certain length it is capable of pulling the spider away from the flower, provided the little creature lets go the grip of its legs upon the petal. During the whole time that the thread is being spun out, and as its length increases, the gossamer spider is seen to make certain abrupt movements upon the flower, allowing itself to be pulled to the extreme summit, then rushing a little way down again towards the centre of the flower, as if to try whether the long thread it has emitted is capable of bearing the weight of its body should the latter be abandoned freely to the wafting breeze. A moment arrives when this occurs, and it is a moment of intense astonishment to the observer; for the little brown spider is seen suddenly to leave the petal of the flower, and to fly up into the air—I can use no other expression—just as a house-fly or a bee would do.

There is, however, a slight difference. A fly or a bee would soar away without stopping; but with the gossamer spider, when it has shot up some six or eight yards, or half the height of a house, its course is somewhat

arrested, its legs are seen to be in violent motion, it seems to be pulling in its thread as fast as possible, rolling it into a loose, light ball, which the soft autumnal breeze finally carries away out of sight—may be for hundreds of miles.

Such is the curious phenomenon as I myself witnessed it on Sunday the 15th of September 1895, at a quarter past one at noon, in a garden near London, the weather at the time being extremely fine. The spider did not rise vertically, but at an angle in the direction of the wind, and as it soared rapidly off over my house a long silken thread was seen preceding it and carrying it away.

I shall not stay to inquire why this particular species of spider migrates in the manner described from one part of the country to another, how long it remains in the air, or to what distances it thus travels. All I know by actual experience is, that gossamer threads are sometimes to be seen at great heights in the atmosphere, and that they travel considerable distances. They have even been seen, so it is said, far out at sea. It appears to be exactly the same species of spider that produces them in England, France, and Germany, judging by the descriptions of it given by various naturalists. It is very abundant in August and September; twenty or thirty may sometimes be seen on a single straw, and thousands might be collected in a few hours from the surface of a stubble field. It is in the last-mentioned month that the departure or migration occurs; but the white gossamer is often seen floating in the air in October, and sometimes, but rarely, in March, as I have before intimated.

The discovery of these curious facts is entirely modern; no account whatever is to be found of them in ancient writers such as Pliny and Aristotle. Even among the moderns the curious little being that possesses this power of flying without wings has been very incompletely observed, so that, common as it is, its habits and manner of life are yet very little known. The gossamer thread, and spiders' web in general, is similar in its nature to silk, a material which is produced by many insects. It is secreted as a glutinous fluid which solidifies the moment it comes in contact with the air; it contains a large amount of nitrogen, and possesses an adhesive quality far greater than that of raw silk. This latter property is so apparent in the substance of the cobweb that when a filament darted forth by the spider touches any object it adheres to it so firmly that the thread will break rather than abandon its attachment. The little gossamer spider may secrete a single thread sufficiently long to carry it into the air, as we have seen; or it may secrete several at the same time which spread out somewhat like the tail of a comet. In the former case the spider, after a while, rises in the air just like a fly and quite as rapidly. In the second case the threads may become entangled by the breeze and remain for hours floating from a bush or a blade of grass, until a stronger gust may carry them off without the spider. As thousands of such spiders rise in the air from a stubble field in the course of a single

day, it is natural to suppose that their threads get entangled in the air, and so acquire the flaky appearance generally designated as gossamer.

### COMBS.

On an unknown day very early in the world's history it must have occurred to some prehistoric Narcissus, as he contemplated his not too attractive physiognomy in the clear water of a pellucid brook or well—the most ancient of mirrors—that the tangled masses of hair which covered his head, and fell thickly upon his shoulders, were susceptible of some improvement in the way of orderly arrangement. The reflection would suggest action; and our prehistoric friend would doubtless discover, instinctively, that the passage of the fingers through his matted locks—difficult and painful as the operation may have been—was the initial step towards the attainment of a more orderly *chevelure*. This was the first stage in the history of the comb; for, as fingers were made before forks, so the same useful members just as surely preceded combs. The next step was easy. It must soon have occurred to the least intellectual of our earliest ancestors that an artificial implement, however rude in construction, might easily be made which would do the work of disentanglement more effectually than thick or clumsy fingers. And so, at some unknown but very early date in the history of the world, the first comb made its appearance, carrying with and within it the 'promise and potency' of a world of toilet appliances, of which, assuredly, the untutored savage who first learned to comb his objectionable locks never dreamed.

Combs are found among the relics of the earliest forms of civilisation. In the British Museum, for instance, may be seen combs, with hair-pins, mirrors, and other toilet articles, which were used in world-old Egypt thousands of years ago; and earlier than the wonderful civilisation of the land of the Nile it is hardly possible to go—at least with any attempt at historical precision. Leaving these twilight regions of extreme antiquity, however, and coming to more distinctly historic times, combs are found to have been used by most European nations, whether civilised or the reverse. Ancient Roman combs were made of boxwood, or of ivory, or of still more precious materials; and similar articles have been disinterred from the houses of long-buried Pompeii.

The more barbarous races of northern Europe were equally familiar with these aids to the toilet. The old chronicle history of Ely tells us that our Danish invaders, following the custom of their country, 'used to comb their hair every day, bathed every Saturday, often changed their clothes, and used many other such frivolous means of setting off the beauty of their persons.' These Danish dandies—in whom, however, dandyism did not beget effeminacy—left many traces of their presence in the eastern counties of England. Sir Thomas Browne, of 'Urn-Burial' celebrity, records that in 1658, between forty and fifty urns were dug up in a field



at Walsingham, in Norfolk. Many of these receptacles contained bones—skulls, ribs, jaws, thigh bones, teeth, &c.—besides small combs, brazen nippers, and other implements. 'Now,' continues Sir Thomas, 'that they accustomed to burn or bury with them things wherein they excelled, delighted, or which were dear unto them, either as farewells unto all pleasure, or vain apprehension that they might use them in the other world, is testified by all antiquity.'

It cannot be positively stated that these urn relics at Walsingham belonged to the Danish invaders, who so largely settled in East Anglia, and influenced East Anglian life and speech for centuries; but it is at least certain that the urns and their contents were of pagan origin. Combs that have been discovered in certain other burying-places are just as clearly connected with early Christian sentiment. When the grave of St Cuthbert, in Durham Cathedral, was opened in 1827, there was found reposing upon the breast of the prelate a plain Saxon comb, made of ivory, and measuring  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches in width. This may now be seen by any visitor to the cathedral. Similar relics have been found in other sepulchres in the same sacred building.

More than one reason has been suggested for this burial of a comb with dignitaries of the Christian church; but there can be little doubt that it was in some way associated with certain liturgical uses of the same article. Full information as to these uses of the comb may be found in various ecclesiastical writers. It will be sufficient here to say that it appears from several ancient rituals that the hair of the priest who was to celebrate mass was combed, before celebration, by the deacon, not only in the vestry or sacristy, but, according to at least one fourteenth century ritual, several times during the service. Many of these ecclesiastical combs were of considerable value. At Sens Cathedral there is still preserved a large ivory comb, adorned with precious stones, and carved with figures of animals. From an incised inscription, it is supposed that this relic dates from the sixth century. Henry III. presented Canterbury with a comb, set with precious stones. Henry VIII. carried off from Glastonbury, together with other plunder, a golden comb, 'garnished with small turquases and other coarse stones,' and weighing altogether more than eight ounces. Dugdale, in his *History of St Paul's*, gives an inventory of the precious contents of the treasury of the old London Cathedral. And among rich vestments, jewelled crosses, and reliquaries, invaluable manuscripts, and service books, and many other things of worth, now nearly all perished, there are entered several ivory combs. At the present time the comb has no ecclesiastical associations, save in the consecration of a Catholic bishop, when an ivory comb is directed to be used in arranging the newly consecrated prelate's hair, after his head has been anointed with oil and dried with bread.

With regard to modern secular uses of the comb there is little to be said. One or two points only are worth noting in connection therewith. In the seventeenth century, and perhaps a little later, it seems to have been

not unusual to use leaden combs for the purpose of darkening the natural colour of the hair. A French writer of *Philosophical Conferences*—an English version of which appeared in folio in 1665—says that 'at Ragusa, they black the hair with litharge, black-lead, or with leaden combs.' This folly was not confined to southern Europe. Swift, in his *Journal of a Modern Lady*, writes:

Iris, for scandal most notorious,  
Cries, 'Lord, the world is so censorious,'  
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,  
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red.

A like use of 'combs of lead' has not been unknown in much more recent times.

When the wearing of wigs came into fashion, combs of special design had to be made for the keeping of the new head-gear in an orderly condition. The instrument case of a hair-dresser of Restoration times is described as containing a set of horn combs with wide teeth—'for the combing and readying (dressing) of long, thick, and stony heads of hair, and such like perriwigs.' 'Stony heads of hair' is good. Beard and other combs were also to be found in the same box of implements. About the close of the seventeenth century the wearers of wigs were accustomed themselves to comb those adornments in public. The beaux carried in their pockets large combs of ivory or tortoiseshell; and to pass these through their wigs, when walking in the Mall, or when at Court, or in the boxes or on the stage of the theatre, was regarded as an act of gallantry. Your true gallant combed his wig almost as assiduously as he took snuff. Butler, in one of his pungently written 'Characters,' describing a 'Modish Man,' says that this hero, when at the play, 'mounts his bench between the acts, pulls off his peruke, and keeps time with his comb and motion of his person exactly to the music.' Such a proceeding seems to us ridiculous and disgusting enough; but the performance was quite in keeping with the manners of the age.

#### TO LOUIE.

A SONNET.

THE fainting Arab, doomed in desert lands,  
Oft scans the sky-line with despairing eyes  
That plead in vain; then staggers, reels, and dies  
Dreaming of bubbling springs amid the sands.

Such wretch is he whose craving soul demands  
Some treasure unattainable: he sighs,  
And life is all a desert till the prize  
Is clutched and fondled in his eager hands.

Such fate is mine: I too have crossed the brink,  
And life a Libyan desert lone must be  
Till, sweet oasis, panting I shall drink

Deep of thy love; yet hope of gaining thee  
Oft hopeless seems; then in my misery  
I faint, and in the desert prostrate sink.

WILL HILL.

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roots of which are used in medicine. [Named after *Lobel*, a Flemish botanist.]

**Lobloolly**, lob'ol-i, *n.* a loutish or foolish person: medicine (*Mrs Piozzi*). [M. E. *lobbe*, perh. from W. *lob*, a dull fellow, and *Lolly*.]

**Lobscouse**, lob'skows, *n.* a stew or hash with vegetables, a dish used at sea. [Origin dub.]

**Lobster**, lob'stēr, *n.* a shellfish with large claws, used for food: a British soldier (*slang*). [A.S. *loppestre*, *lopust*—L. *locusta*, a lobster.]

**Lobworm**, lob'wurm, *n.* a large worm used as bait. [M. E. *lobbe*, perh. from W. *lob*, a dull fellow, and *Worm*.]

**Local**, lō'kal, *adj.* of or belonging to a place: confined to a spot or district.—*adv.* **Locally**.—*n.* **Locale**, a locality: the scene of some event.—*v.t.* **Localise**, to assign to a place: (*Spec.*) to refer a sensation in perception to some part of the body.—*ns.* **Localisā'tion**; **Localism**, the state of being local: affection for a place: provincialism; **Locality**, existence in a place: position: district.—*v.t.* **Locate**, to place: to set in a particular position: to designate the place of.—*n.* **Loca'tion**, act of locating or placing: situation: (*law*) a leasing on rent.—*adj.* **Locative** (*gram.*), indicating place.—**Local Government Acts**, a series of recent enactments instituting a scheme for the local self-government of the various counties of Great Britain and of a large number of boroughs, its distinctive mark being the transference from imperial parliament to the county councils elected by the people of local affairs such as health, education, &c.; **Local option**, a phrase first used by Mr Gladstone in a letter in 1868 for the determination by vote of the people of a town or district as to whether licenses to sell intoxicating liquors shall be granted or not. [Fr.—Low L. *localis*—*locus*, a place.]

**Loch**, loch, *n.* a lake or arm of the sea.—*n.* **Loch'an**, a pond (*Scot.*). [Gael. *loch*. See **Lake**.]

**Lochaber axe**, *n.* a battle-axe used by the Scottish Highlanders, having a narrow blade, but very long towards the shaft, and generally with a hook at the end of the staff. See the figure.

**Loche**, *n.* See **Loach**.

**Lock**, lok, *n.* an instrument to fasten doors, &c.: an enclosure in a canal for raising or lowering boats: the part of a firearm by which it is discharged: a grapple in wrestling: a state of being immovable: any narrow confined place.—*v.t.* to fasten with a lock: to fasten so as to impede motion: to shut up: to close fast: to embrace closely: to furnish with locks.—*v.i.* to become fast: to unite closely.—*ns.* **Lockage**, the locks of a canal: the difference in their levels, the materials used for them, and the tolls paid for passing through them; **Lock-chain**, a chain for fastening the wheels of a vehicle by tying the rims to some part which does not rotate; **Locker**, any closed place that may be locked; **Lock'et**, a little ornamental case of gold or silver, usually containing a miniature.—*adj.* **Lockfast**, firmly fastened by locks.—*ns.* **Lockgate**, a gate for opening or closing a lock in a canal or river; **Lockhouse**, the lock-keeper's house; **Lock-jaw**, **Locked-jaw**, a contraction of the muscles of the jaw by which its motion is suspended; **Lock-keeper**, one who keeps or attends the locks of a canal; **Lock out**, the act of locking out, esp. used of the locking out of a teacher by his pupils or *vice versa*, or of the refusal of an employer to admit his workmen within the works as a means of coercion; **Locksman**, a turnkey; **Locksmith**, a smith who makes and mends locks; **Lockstitch**, a stitch formed by the locking of two

Lochaber  
Axe.

threads together; **Lockup**, a place for locking up or confining persons for a short time.—**Not a shot in the locker** (*naut.*), not a penny in the pocket. [A.S. *loca*, a lock; Ice. *loka*, a bolt, Ger. *loch*, a dungeon.]

**Lock**, lok, *n.* a tuft or ringlet of hair: a small quantity, as of hay: (*Scots law*) a quantity of meal, the perquisite of a mill-servant: (*Shak.*) a love-lock.—*n.* **Lockman**, an officer in the Isle of Man who acts as a kind of under-sheriff to the governor. [A.S. *locc*; Ice. *lokkr*, Ger. *locke*, a lock.]

**Lockram**, lok'ram, *n.* a kind of coarse linen, so called from *Loerenn*, in Brittany, where it is made.

**Locofoco**, lō-kō-fō'kō, *n.* a friction match: a name given (1835) to the radical section of the Democratic party in the United States, from their relighting Tammany Hall, New York, with candles by the aid of locofoco matches after their opponents had turned off the gas. [Formed from L. *locus*, a place, and *focus*, a hearth, fire, by false analogy from *locomotize*, wrongly supposed to mean self-moving.]

**Locomotive**, lō-ko-mō'tiv, *adj.* moving from place to place: capable of or assisting in locomotion.—*n.* a locomotive machine: a railway engine.—*ns.* **Locomotivity**; **Locomotion**; **Locomotor**.—*adj.* **Locomotor**. [L. *locus*, a place, and *moēre*, *moŕum*, to move.]

**Oculus**, lok'u-lus, *n.* (*bot., anat., zool.*) a small compartment or cell: in ancient catacombs, a small recess for holding an urn: (*pl.*) **Loculi**.—*adjs.* **Locular**, **Loculous**, **Loculate**. [Dim. of L. *locus*, a place.]

**Locum-tenens**, lō'kum-tēn'enŷ, *n.* a deputy or substitute.—*n.* **Locum-tenency**, the holding by a temporary substitute of a post. [L. *locus*, a place, and *tenēre*, to hold. See **Lieutenant**.]

**Locus**, lō'kus, *n.* (*math.*) the curve described by a point, or the surface generated by a line, moving in a given manner: a passage in a writing: (*pl.*)

**Lōci** (lō'si), a collection of passages, esp. from sacred and ancient writings, arranged with special reference to some particular theme.—**Locus classicus** (*pl.* **Loci classici**), a standard passage, esp. in an ancient author: that passage which is the accepted authority for some particular subject or for the use of some special or disputed word; **Locus standi** (*law*), right of place in court: recognised place or position. [L.]

**Locust**, lō'kust, *n.* a migratory winged insect, in shape like the grasshopper, highly destructive to vegetation.—*v.t.* to lay waste like locusts (*rare*). [L. *locusta*.]

**Locust**, lō'kust, *n.* a tree with thorny branches and dense clusters of white heavily-scented flowers, found in the U.S.: the carob-tree.—*n.* **Locusta**, the spikelet of grasses: (*pl.*) **Locustæ**.

**Locution**, lō-kā'shun, *n.* the act of speaking: form of speaking, phraseology, a phrase.—*n.* **Locutory**, a room for conversation, esp. in monastic establishments. [L. *locution-em*—*loqui*, *loculus*, to speak.]

**Lode**, lōd *n.* (*mining*) a course or vein containing metallic ore: a reach of water: an open ditch.—*ns.* **Lodesman**, a pilot; **Lode'star**, the star that leads or guides: the pole-star: often used figuratively; **Lode'stone**, a stone or ore of iron that attracts other pieces of iron. [A.S. *lād*, a course—*lādan*, to go, travel. See **Lead**.]

**Lodge**, lodj, *n.* a small house in a park: a hut: the cottage of a gatekeeper: a retreat: a secret association, also the place of meeting.—*v.t.* to furnish with a temporary dwelling: place, deposit: to infix, to settle: to drive to covert: to lay flat, as grain.—*v.i.* to reside: to rest: to dwell for a time: to pass the night: to lie flat, as grain.—*ns.* **Lodger**, one who lodges or lives at

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## THE SHORE AND THE MOORLAND.

THE whistle of the curlew overhead told us that the birds were coming from the moorland to follow up the outgoing tide; so taking our stick, we proceeded for our evening walk by the shore. We had been sitting at the front of the house, watching a blackbird and a thrush hopping out and in from a bean-field, and feeding over the upturned earth where the potatoes had been dug. They had sung their song of courtship, had reared their families, and now in this autumn season were enjoying a well-earned leisure. But it was the larger birds that presently fascinated us; those that bred on moorlands and rocky fastnesses and on the shingly beach, and who, after rearing their broods, met on the shore to mingle their cries with the ever-changing voice of the sea.

Our house stood on a narrow belt of fertile land that divided the shore from the moorland, and it was over this that the birds took their daily migration. To us it was like a watch-tower, for we could tell with precision the time when the waters were about to turn, be it by night or by day, by the clear round whistle of the passing curlew. No bird has a keener instinct of punctuality than he. He never dallies with time, and when he once sets out from the moorland, to keep his appointment with the risen tide, he goes straight for the goal, never halting until he reaches the shore.

The pathway from the house led over the fields, down to the dell where the stream flowed; and it followed the waters until they reached the shore. As we passed the rows of stocks in the wheat-field, a covey of partridges rose, just where we had seen a number of short-eared owls flying at mid-day. The water in the stream was low, and full of soft music as it flowed over the pebbly bed, and fell in gentle waterfalls into the quiet pools, in which were reflected the hanging ivy

that drooped from the damp and moss-grown rock. Nearly all the wild-flowers were gone, but there was still left to admire the light-blue scabious, resting gracefully on its tall stem, and the white and the blue pansy, looking out with tender eyes from among the crops and the tall grass. The wild roses and the blossom of the hawthorn had left behind them in their hips and haws a rich provision of winter fare for the birds; the mountain-ash gloried in its clusters of ruddy rowans, the cherished dainty of the starling; and the bramble bushes were offering to thrifty house-keepers a ripe and a plenteous harvest.

On the pasture-fields that rise from the dell were troops of starlings, gathering together for their autumn manoeuvres; some black-coated daws; and flocks of seamews, those fair-weather sailors who affect the aquatic costume, but give the stormy waters a wide berth. And there was the solitary song of a yellow-hammer coming from a clump of bushes lying in the hollow of a farther dell, unusual for the time of year, and serving as a reminder of the joyous outpourings of the feathered tribe on the arrival of spring.

On descending to the shore, a quiet and peaceful scene lay before us. The grass flows down from the braes to the great boulder stones that mark the line to which the tide rises. Smooth and freshly green, it is like a great lawn, broken in places by clusters of large moss-grown stones, intersected with bracken, among which the rabbit takes shelter. A few cows and some sheep give a pastoral look to the scene. Pools of dark-brown water are near the edges and round some of the boulders, borrowing their colour from the peaty soil; and numerous holes in the grass, close to the large rocks, show where the British rat has his abode.

No human being is in sight: we are alone with nature. All is tranquillity: there is even rest in the sound of the waves as they break on the shore. We are sheltered from the wind, for the braes, catching the breeze, send it on



to the uplands. These braes are circled and terraced in places, as if designed by nature for amphitheatres. Over one of them is a hawk poising in mid-air, apparently scanning the great cluster of bushes below, where the smaller birds reside at nesting-time. He circles slowly round, then with a swift movement flies farther from us. He is a wary bird, and keeps his distance, thinking, doubtless, from the probings of an evil conscience, that we have sinister designs against him. Farther on the braes are replaced by rocky headlands; waterfalls can be seen trickling their scant supply of mountain stream over them; and where the rock-pigeon has flown there is a cleavage in the headlands in which he and his congeners have their abode. Near are caves where wild-fowl take shelter, and there are holes along the shore in which the otter skulks. Still farther, looking toward the island of Pladda, are great cliffs, on the face of which some descry the features of a man. He has certainly the brow of a Beethoven; and, while the sea thundered below, many memories must have been stored there of the great depth and power of nature's diapason.

Coming slowly from the direction in which these cliffs stand is a gray heron, his great wings flapping clumsily as he flies over the surface of the water. He has left his solitary station by the moorland stream so that he may follow the ebbing tide. He does not fly far, but settles on a rock at the edge of the water, and to the untutored eye appears to form part of the surroundings. Neither curlew nor gull can be seen near him. They have too much of the commonalty about them for him, and are apt to be rough on his high-born manners. He is an aristocrat among the feathered species, and prefers to keep them at their distance. Cautious and wary in his movements, the heron has no faith in man. Yet, what more fascinating figure is there on the solitary shore than this tall and statuesque bird, standing, as he may be, on one leg, and his bill drooping in line with the tapering feathers that form a graceful pendant to the lower part of the long neck.

Flocks of lapwings come over the braes, and skimming along the shore, disappear where the boat and the lobster creels lie. They have not now that restless anxiety, shown by them at the appearance of a stranger, when their young are but nestlings. They pay no heed to us, and their distant cry of 'Peewit' has lost all the mournful tone with which it is accented when the bird tries to decoy the stranger from its nest on the pasture-fields and the moorlands. Moving in the direction in which they have gone, we hear the whistle of the red-shank, and speedily a number of them pass, skimming over the water and flying as swifts do. They also are children of the moorland,

and they will make the shore their daily pasture until spring once more beckons them to their breeding-ground. A number of oystercatchers follow, their full dress of black and white being seen to advantage. As they pass they utter their sharp and piercing whistle, and we can hear it continued as they make toward the stony beach, where in the breeding season they laid their eggs, and where at night they snugly repose with their bills under their feathers. A number of puffins come along, showing their snow-white breasts and their remarkable red bills, which remind us of those of the parrot. They are natives of the great rock that stands some miles out to sea. Ailsa Craig, like her twin-sister at the mouth of the Forth, has a great community of bird life; and some of them come to the shore to join the throng that follows up the tide. Two of her well-known inhabitants are now soaring above and close to us: the gannet, or solan goose, and the herring gull. Other birds are seen floating on the surface of the water, while some show their beautiful white plumage as they sail towards the land.

Many flocks of the feathered tribe have come over the braes from the moorland, and over the breaking wave from the distant rocky community. Notwithstanding these arrivals, one wonders where all the birds have gone to. They come in flocks, and then disappear. Scarce a dozen birds can be seen along the shore. It wants a quick eye to detect the curlew, the lapwing, or the heron; their coats so completely harmonise with the objects around them. Many of the birds must be hidden by the great boulders as they feed among the seaweeds left bare by the tide.

While thus wondering, we turned the corner where the boat lay. Crouching behind a rock was Rover, the gray-coated collie belonging to Frank, son of a neighbouring farmer, and a redoubted sportsman. Rover gave us a look, as much as to say: Approach no farther; my master and I have business on hand. He occasionally raised his head in expectancy, or peered round the rock as if to satisfy his curiosity. We knew the old story well. Frank must have come over the braes, the usual pantomime being gone through on starting, by his ordering the reluctant Rover to stay behind. Rover waiting, then cautiously following at a distance; watching his master, then making up to him at the report of the gun, as if eager to assist in capturing the spoil. We scanned the rocks for a time, but could see nothing of his master. At last a brown cap was seen peering round a rock, and Frank took a farther step in advance, as if every movement required the greatest caution. There he was again, with body bent and head half uplifted, as he moved round several boulders. It was hard work creeping among these rocks, but Frank was

determined sportsman, and bent on securing his prey. At last he disappeared behind a big boulder, and for several minutes there was silence. A curlew rose as if disturbed, but again settled down. A few plovers flew off with a scream, and some lapwings, after fluttering about, once more resumed their feeding. It seemed as if there was just the breath of distrust among the birds, but it was not sufficiently strong to make them take to flight. At last it came. A flash of smoke, and the gun reported itself over a sheltered sheet of water from which two ducks rose. Rover gave a bound, and we followed.

'Ducks are fine eating, son,' remarked Frank, as he gave a longing look towards the escaping fowl.

But where were the birds at whose absence we had marvelled? The air was full of them. Crying, screaming, whistling, uttering angry croaks, if not imprecations. They were in hundreds. Moorland bird, shore bird, and bird of the rocky fastness. Did we say we only saw one heron? There were nearly a score: one of them had stood just close to us all unknown. All were now flying from the spot. The shore had been disturbed, the birds would be more wary, and there was little hope of our seeing anything further of them for the night.

Walking along, and leaving the boulders behind, we came on a great stretch of firm sand. In many places it was perforated with holes, where the sandpipers had been probing for food. We discovered, what was unusual at this time of year, the imprint of a hare's foot. Puss generally comes down from the hills when the snow is on the ground, and, with the deer, seeks the more open pasturage of the shoreland. Farther on were the marks of the otter, more especially round a large rock, where they love to scamper when the tide is full. Over the waters we could see a porpoise, and in the distance there was the gray head of a seal. A stoat was observed entering the stone dyke that ran alongside the shingle. He and his confrères build their nests there; they lay tribute on the feathered tribe who frequent the shore, and who may be caught napping, not merely for food but plumage, to assist in the construction of their nests.

The mist came on, and hid the farther coast, covered the trail of the passing liner, and Ailsa Craig became but a shadow. Rain-clouds were approaching from where we had seen Kintyre, and where lay the distant coast of Ulster. We turned to retrace our steps. The tide had receded considerably from the sandy beach, but it did not show so great an ebb by the boulders. There it was deeper, and the descent more sudden. Frank, always on the lookout, crossed the rocks, seized the flotsam and the jetsam which the sea had thrown up; and hauling the timber beyond high-tide mark, left it there for the rain to wash and prepare it for winter fuel. No saying how far some of the wreckage had come, and what spar had been the last hope of the shipwrecked mariner.

The wind blew and the rain poured all night.

With the morning it brightened; but there was a heavy gale on, and huge lines of waves thundered on the shore. The waterfalls poured over the cliffs tumultuously. Some of them had a double fall; and, as the wind blew, it caught the waters, and in the sunlight formed spray rainbows over them. The scenery in clondland was constantly changing, a perfect kaleidoscope of wonders, occasionally obscured in parts by the dash of spray that came from a rain-cloud. It was truly a wild scene, and in marked contrast to the quietness of the previous evening. The bounding waves, the rocks and the sandy beach covered with a solid mass of tangle—a harvest of the sea—torn up by the waters and brought ashore. Few birds were to be seen: this weather was too much for them. A few pullins, some plovers, and a number of sandpipers were facing it out. Doubtless, could we see far enough, we would find it was the delight of the stormy petrel. As we passed along the shore, bending ourselves to the blast, we were stung by the driven sea-spray, and the shelter of a large rock was not unwelcome against a sharp shower of rain. The fishing stream was full, the water coming down from the moorland brown with its night's brewing; and where it rolled over the stones its foam was a liquid tortoise colour. There were two benighted fishermen trying with fly-hook to catch sea-trout, forgetful that a worm, carefully run into the pool next to or under the bank, was the only effective method of sport for the day.

We walked by the side of the swollen waters. It was the stream that came from the moorland, and in its long journey through the heathery uplands knew well the birds that passed to the shore at ebb of tide. The waters ran through a narrow glen, well clothed with trees, and up the steep banks of which heart's-tongue ferns were the envy of the botanist.

We arrived at the moorland. A great stretch of heather, flowing for miles over undulating peat and marsh bog, rising up and over the hills, and covering the land as far as the eye could reach. It was wet, and soaked with the night's rain; and in places there could be seen a misty haze where the shower was falling. Silvery streaks of water were running down the hillsides to join the stream, which, flowing through the hollow in the low-lying ground, took its sinuous way through the moorland. We passed up one of the hill-roads, its stony bottom clean and bare with the rush of the waters. The heather was at its best, and there was something refreshing in its rich honey smell. As the eye roamed over the moorland, it was wonderful to find what a wealth of colour lay on its lap, rich and beautiful, and blended together like some fine piece of tapestry-work. The birds were rising in places, and calling to one another. The lapwing could be heard, and the whistle of the curlew came sharp and weird as if from one of their sentinels. By yonder stream they love to dwell. To them it is the most sacred of all sanctuaries. It is their home, where they have been reared, and to which they resort when the storm rages. And as the days shorten, they will be joined by flocks of their brethren, who,

coming from the far north, will keep them company through the winter in their daily migrations between the Shore and the Moorland.

R. A. M.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER V.—LIFE IN THE MÉDANGS.

It was a strange experience that waking next morning in the bedroom of the king's palace. At first I imagined myself back in Venice; but the shape of the room, the walls, the ceiling, and the furniture very soon undeceived me. They were all of a different stamp from any I had met before. After the first confused wonderment had passed away, I sprang from my bed and ran to the window. It overlooked the great courtyard, in which I discovered a company of infantry drilling under a European officer. They were a smart body of men, not unlike our own Goorkhas in appearance, and looked as if, in the event of trouble, they would be able and willing to give an equally good account of themselves. I watched them with considerable interest for upwards of half-an-hour, and then, having taken a bath in an enormous earthenware bowl which I discovered in a curtained alcove, dressed myself and went out into the courtyard we had seen on the previous evening. As far as human beings were concerned, I had it to myself. The fountain in the centre played its tinkling music to the rustling accompaniment of the palm leaves as I sat in the colonnade that surrounded it, and, as if to convince me that I was really in the romantic East, half a dozen small monkeys chattered in the trees and a gigantic peacock preened himself upon the farther wall.

A native servant presently appeared carrying a tray upon which were several cups of coffee and plates containing fruit. I helped myself, and sat down to enjoy it. I had hardly commenced, however, before the king appeared from the opposite side, and on seeing me hurried round the fountain to greet me.

'I trust you have slept well in your new quarters, my lord,' he said, as we shook hands.

'Splendidly,' I answered. 'I did not wake once. Since I got up I have been sitting here trying to convince myself that it is all real, and not some dream from which I shall presently awake.'

'It is very real indeed,' he replied with a laugh. 'If you had been up, as I have, ever since daylight, looking through papers and transacting business with my ministers, I venture to believe you would not find much reason to doubt it.'

'I trust you have discovered that things are scarcely as bad as you were led to believe in Venice?' I said, still wondering what it could have been that had made him come home in so much haste.

'I fear I can scarcely say with truth that I have,' he replied. 'There seems to be an easiness in certain quarters that is cheering, but in others the clouds look black in the extreme. I fear they must of necessity burst of their own weight ere long. I have been informed this morning that the French are pushing up their

troops towards my frontier. Before long they will cross it, and then the trouble will commence. Well, let them come, they will not find me unprepared.'

'Can nothing be done?' I inquired. 'Would not a diplomatic remonstrance be of any avail? Surely in that case the troops would either have to withdraw or show reasonable cause for their presence there.'

'Unfortunately they have discovered their excuse already,' he answered. 'It was that very incident which occasioned the telegram you saw. From what I have been told this morning, it would appear that a party of French soldiers, while pursuing a prisoner who had escaped from their ranks, crossed the boundary of the respective countries, and entered a strip of land which I claim as mine, but over which the French government has begun of late to assert its right of ownership. The commanding officer of one of my forts, seeing the soldiers where he considered they had no right to be, remonstrated with them, and was told, in point of fact, to mind his own business. He thereupon warned them that any farther advance would be regarded as an act of hostility. Upon their disregarding him, he fired upon them, killing six and wounding three others. On the strength of this catastrophe, France has demanded from me the strip of country in question, an indemnity of a million francs, and the life of the officer who gave the command to fire. Naturally my ministers declined to entertain such a monstrous proposal for a moment, and when you know that, you have the situation placed clearly before you.'

'And what is your own feeling in the matter?' I inquired. 'Are you prepared to resist by force of arms in case it should become necessary?'

'I am prepared for anything rather than to allow myself to be deprived of what is undoubtedly my own lawful property,' he answered. 'I have however to remember that a war just now will throw back my young country for years. But better war than injustice. If France gets this, she will want more, and then the life-blood will be slowly but surely drained out of me. But do not let us talk any more about it just now. I am sick to death of the subject. Would you care to accompany me to the battlements and see the view?'

'Nothing would give me greater pleasure,' I answered, as I rose to follow him.

Leaving the courtyard behind us, we passed along a corridor and then up a flight of massive stone steps which eventually brought us out on to the battlements. I only wish, my dear Forsyth, that I could give you some notion of the scene that was then presented to my astonished gaze. The rock upon which the citadel was built rose, as I have already said, directly from the plain to a height of something like three hundred feet. At its foot lay the city spread out like a white pocket-handkerchief. From where we stood we were permitted an uninterrupted view for nearly thirty miles—away to the Mountains of the Wind, as they are picturesquely termed by the natives—before us, and as far as the Hills of Perabundi behind. On our right the jungle



commenced and stretched as far as the eye could reach; while on our left the Mélang River twisted and twined like a silver snake till it lost itself in the mists of the far west. In midstream, opposite the wharf where we had disembarked the previous night, lay my yacht, looking scarcely bigger than a cockleshell, the Union Jack still floating at the gall end.

'Is it not a country of which any sovereign might be proud?' asked the king, who had seated himself on the battlements, whence he watched my admiration. 'And to think that I came here with but one companion, won it for myself, and now am being threatened with the loss of it again.'

Not knowing quite what to say in answer, I prudently held my tongue, and presently he rose and we continued our walk round the wall. The size and strength of the place amazed me. As far as I could gather, not being a military man trained to find defects in defences, it was well-nigh, if not quite, impregnable. The only weak part about it to my mind was the gate; but even there the path was so narrow that it would have been impossible for an enemy to concentrate a sufficient force upon it so as to make much of an attack upon the woodwork. In order, however, that that might be further protected, a peculiar-shaped gallery had been constructed above it whence a steady fire could be kept up upon assailants without any chance of injury to those besieged.

After we had perambulated and explored the entire walls to our satisfaction, we returned to the Fountain Courtyard by the way we had come. Here we discovered the Princess Natalie and Olivia seated waiting for us. As we entered both rose. I noticed that the blind girl, when she spoke to us, and before she had heard either of us speak, turned her face to the person she addressed on each occasion without making a mistake. Indeed I very soon discovered that this was one of her many peculiar gifts. So acute and delicate was her hearing that she could discriminate among a hundred footfalls and never be in error.

While we were talking, a sweet-toned Burmese gong sounded for breakfast, and, Olivia accompanying the king, I following with his sister, we made our way to the sovereign's private dining-hall. It was a pretty room, furnished in the European fashion, and overlooked the great square before the Temple. In compliment to us, I suppose, the meal was served à l'Anglais, though wines and various eastern and continental dishes were placed upon the table for those who cared to partake of them. The servants were all natives, wearing the royal badge upon their turbans. It was clear that they had been excellently schooled in their duties, for they were quick, attentive, and, above all, noiseless.

When the meal was finished we were conducted by the Princess to her own boudoir, which was another elegant apartment, leading off the Fountain Courtyard before mentioned. Like the other rooms, it was also furnished in the European fashion; the walls were panelled and decorated in a most artistic style; a grand piano stood in one corner and a harp in another.

'Natalie,' said the king, as we seated ourselves, 'it would be a pretty welcome to your boudoir if you would sing to us.'

The young girl rose immediately and went over to the latter instrument. Then seating herself, she tilted it towards her, and placing her delicate fingers upon the strings, began an accompaniment. It was a song of Schubert's that she sang; one of those tiny scraps of melody of which one never seems to tire. In this instance I could have listened for hours. Her voice was by no means a powerful one, but its charm lay in its marvellous expression. The recollection of that song has lingered in my brain for three years, and never till my ears are closed by death shall I forget its haunting sweetness.

When she had finished, my royal host invited me to witness a parade of the troops of the garrison. We accordingly excused ourselves and left the ladies to their own devices, while we proceeded to the large courtyard before the palace, where the garrison of the citadel was already drawn up under the command of the governor.

As a just critic, I must admit that the manoeuvres were commendably executed, though with scarcely that spontaneity one is accustomed to in European troops. However, all things considered, it was a creditable enough exhibition; and for this reason, when the king asked my opinion, I was happily placed in such a position that I could express my approval without being called upon to tell an untruth.

The parade at an end and the troops dismissed, the officer commanding the garrison, a tall dark Frenchman named Gaspard Roche, approached the king. I scanned him closely as he came up the steps, and from that moment took an instinctive dislike to the man. Why I should have done so I cannot tell, but that I did so is beyond doubt; whether or not my aversion was proved to be well founded you will have an opportunity of judging for yourself later on. That he, on his side, did not take very kindly to me was also evident.

Unfortunately this unsympathetic individual was now formally introduced to me, and for this reason it was necessary for me to be civil to him, otherwise I should certainly have declined the honour of his acquaintance. Little did I guess how intimately he was destined to be associated with our fortunes later on. When he had held his conversation with his prince he saluted and withdrew. The king then led me into the palace, where, in his study, he bluntly asked my opinion of his commandant.

'Am I to be candid with you?' I inquired.

'I hope you will be perfectly candid,' he answered. 'I have great faith in your judgment, and I should like to know exactly what you think of him.'

'In that case I have no option but to tell you,' I replied, 'that I don't like the man. There is something about his face that displeases me, though I'm afraid I am illogical enough not to be able to tell you exactly what it is.'

'You surprise me,' said the king gravely. 'The man has been in my service nearly three years now, and I have always found him a faithful servant and a zealous officer. If he has

one failing, he is a trifle too severe with his men. Otherwise, I have no fault at all to urge against him.'

'I am very glad indeed to hear it,' I replied. 'You will do me the justice to remember that I only gave you my opinion about the man when you pressed me. I know nothing either for or against him. I simply judged by the effect his face had upon me—a rather foolish method of determining a man's character when all is said and done, I will admit.'

The king was silent for a moment. When he spoke it was as if he had been carefully considering my last speech in all its lights.

'For my part, I am compelled to disagree with your last remark,' he said. 'In nine cases out of ten the first impression a face makes upon one is the correct one. It is only when one has become accustomed to a countenance that one fails to notice the subtler shades of character reflected upon it. However, you must see more of the general, and perhaps your bad opinion may be dispelled.'

I answered that I hoped that it might, but I did not tell him that no amount of intimacy would ever change my distrust of his officer.

Whether the king had said anything to the man in question I cannot say; but one afternoon a week or so later, I was sitting on the battlements, watching the sunset effects upon the plain below, when I heard footsteps behind me, and on looking round found the person in question coming towards me. As soon as he became aware that I saw him he raised his hand to his helmet and saluted me.

'A lovely evening, my lord,' he said, with soldierly brevity. 'I congratulate you on your taste. It would scarcely be possible to choose a better place from which to observe the glorious sunset effects. Do you mark that long touch of pearl gray upon the hill-top yonder? How beautifully it contrasts with the salmon pink of the sky above!'

I answered in suitable terms, half hoping that he would see I was not anxious for his company and would withdraw again. But it soon became evident that it was with the intention of seeking me that he had ascended to the wall. He approached and took his seat beside me on the stone coping.

'My lord,' he said, after a few polite common-places that deceived neither of us, 'I have a question that I should very much like permission to put to you.'

'What is it?' I asked abruptly, with a sort of uneasy conviction that I knew what his question would be. 'If you will ask it, I will do my best to answer.'

He paused for a moment as if to consider in what manner he could best put it, and having made up his mind said:

'What I wish to know is why your lordship has taken such a prejudice against me?'

Though I half expected that that was what he was going to say, I was so staggered by the way in which he put it that for a moment I could only sit and stare at him.

'I trust, General Roche, I have never given you cause to think I have a prejudice against you?' was all that I could say.

'Perhaps not in your speech, nor in your

behaviour,' he answered. 'I am prepared to say that both have been courtesy itself. Nevertheless, I am convinced, in my own mind, that you have taken a dislike to me. Can you deny it?'

'My dear sir,' I replied, 'I must let you know that I object to being cross-examined in this way. I hold myself responsible to nobody for what I may say or think. And surely, whatever may be my feelings towards you, this action on your part will scarcely better them. I don't think you will ever have reason to complain of my behaviour; pray, do not give me cause to complain of yours.'

'I suppose I must be content with that,' he said. 'But I should like to have understood why your lordship bears me such ill-will.'

'There you are quite mistaken,' I answered. 'I do not entertain the slightest ill-will towards you. It quite depends upon yourself whether I ever shall.'

'And I am to rest tranquil with this meagre assurance?' he asked.

I rose to my feet, as if to terminate the interview.

'General Roche,' I said sternly, 'you adopt a tone with me that I do not like. I have assured you that I have no animus against you. You imply that you doubt the truth of my assertion. After that, I leave you.'

In his turn, he leapt to his feet.

'Mon Dieu,' he cried, 'you treat me like a child.'

'Is that my fault, if you behave like one?' I replied. 'But I cannot stay to discuss the matter any further. I have the honour to wish you a good evening.'

I raised my hat, and walked away, leaving him standing looking after me, the picture of impotent rage. From that day forward, however, I was not again molested by him. He went his way, I went mine, and as we met but seldom, our quarrel bade fair, if left alone, to die a natural death.

#### AFTER A MINE EXPLOSION.

IN *Chambers's Journal* for December 1st, 1894, we spoke of the terribly explosive character of the fine dust that lodges in every nook and on every cross timber in many of our coal-mines. We told how the Destroying Angel, with sword of flame and sooty wings, comes tearing through the air-ways of the mines leaving death behind him. Fine coal-dust suspended in the air is a far more dangerous explosive than gunpowder. When once the explosion has been started—usually by the flame from a blasting shot igniting the dust—it travels with terrible rapidity, being constantly fed with fresh dust as it goes, and supplied with fresh air by the ventilating fans.

Formerly the death of the miners who were not killed outright by the force of the explosion was thought to be due to suffocation. After the explosion, which always travels with the air-current, the passages traversed by it are full of what miners call after-damp. This after-damp is the vitiated air left behind by the explosion, and its dangerous character is well

known. Until quite recently the deadliness of the after-damp was thought to be due to its lack of oxygen and the large excess of carbonic acid it contained. In spite of the remarkable experiments of Dr Haldane, which showed that no difference was noticed in breathing air when half the oxygen had been removed and that excess of carbonic acid was not noticeable until it reached three per cent., or one hundred times the normal quantity, and that even air containing ten per cent., although distressing to breathe, was not actually dangerous to life, people, including Dr Haldane himself, still believed that the miners were suffocated from want of oxygen. At the beginning of this year, however, Dr Haldane had a melancholy opportunity of examining the bodies of the unfortunate men killed in the explosion of coal-dust at the Tylerstown Colliery in South Wales; and the results of his investigations have thrown an entirely new light on the causes of death in the mine.

The explosion happened about 5.30 A.M., and was propagated through three pits by the usual whirling rush of exploding coal-dust and air. As it happened, only ninety men were in the mine at the time. Of these, fifty-seven were killed and thirty-three were brought up alive. Dr Haldane, with the assistance of Dr Morris, the medical officer to the colliery, examined all the bodies of the men and the bodies of thirty of the horses. The bodies could be divided into two classes—those killed by actual violence and those who had died from the effects of the after-damp. The latter class contained ninety-one per cent. of the whole number of deaths.

Apart from those actually killed outright by violence, very few of the bodies showed any marks of injury or even burning. Very often the coal-dust on the skin presented the appearance of burning where none actually existed. In nearly every case death had been dealt out by the after-damp. The bodies of the miners presented a most deceptive appearance, nearly all looking as if in a peaceful sleep. The pinkness of their cheeks and of the skin wherever the blood-vessels came near the surface, especially on the palms of the hands, counterfeited health, and was in marked contrast to the usual blue or leaden colour of the dead. This pinkness was so marked that one glance was generally sufficient to determine the cause of death, which was not due in any case to suffocation, but to actual poisoning with carbon monoxide, the gas produced by the incomplete combustion of coal or other similar substance.

This gas, carbon monoxide, is one of the most insidious poisons we possess, and has probably claimed more victims than morphia or prussic acid. When coke, coal, or charcoal burns completely, carbonic acid is produced, but under certain circumstances—incomplete supply of air or very high temperature—carbon monoxide is given off. The former contains two atoms of oxygen to one of carbon, whilst the latter contains only one atom of oxygen to one of carbon. In fact, carbon monoxide is carbon half burnt. Carbonic acid, or carbon dioxide as chemists call it when speaking accurately, exerts no in-

jurious effect on the breathing until it reaches a comparatively high proportion in the air; carbon monoxide, however, has quite a different action. Its affinity for the red colouring matter of the blood is greater than that of oxygen itself. Consequently the blood, or rather the red colouring matter that acts as the carrier of oxygen, will absorb even small proportions of carbon monoxide from the air in preference to oxygen. This small percentage keeps on accumulating, the blood continually filtering off the poisonous gas from the air in the lungs until a stage is reached at which the blood is so occupied with the poison that it is unable to carry sufficient oxygen for the needs of the body, and the man falls in a helpless and semi-paralysed condition. If the unfortunate individual remains a short time longer in the contaminated air, death follows.

The after-effects of the gas are very serious, even if the patient recovers. In addition to depriving the blood of its power of carrying oxygen, the gas seems to exert an action on the nervous system similar to that of strychnine. The smallest attempt at muscular exertion results in tetanic convulsions. For this reason it is most difficult to keep up artificial respiration, which is the only means of clearing the poison out of the blood. If possible the rescued men are given oxygen to breathe instead of air; stimulants and warmth, especially the latter, being a great assistance to their recovery. For some reason as yet unexplained, the shock of the fresh air on bringing the men out of the pit seems particularly dangerous. The writer can confirm the results of Dr Haldane's experiments on breathing air containing carbon monoxide. For some time nothing unusual is observed, then a slight headache, and dizzy, bilious feeling comes on; then follows loss of control over the legs, so that it is impossible to stand up without holding on to something. It is this last effect of carbon monoxide poisoning that makes the after-damp so very dangerous. Many rescue parties have lost their lives through going into the after-damp and being unable to get back. The imprisoned miners have generally lost their lives in the same way.

In connection with this last melancholy fact, the plans of the mines accompanying Dr Haldane's report form a most interesting study. The places where the men worked and where each body was found are marked, the former in black and the latter in red ink. From this it is seen at once that nearly all the men lost their lives in their endeavour to reach the bottom of the shaft. If they had stayed at the 'face' of the coal where they were at work, instead of running into the after-damp hanging about the air-ways in the track of the explosion, they would probably all be alive now. Another important point shown by the plans is that the explosion followed the direct air-current, and was stopped whenever any considerable length of the mine was efficiently watered. The explosion rarely approached the face of the coal or penetrated into the return air-ways. It is clear from this that the miners, after an explosion, should either stop where they are, or, where possible, reach the upcast shaft through



the return air-ways. In many cases the lives of the men have been saved by one of the firemen dissuading them from making for the direct air-ways. In one case the men saved themselves by retiring before the after-damp, and erecting curtains and barriers to prevent it from following them.

In almost all cases of explosions in mines the imprisoned men could have been saved by suitable precautions and a proper line of conduct. Probably the explosions themselves might have been prevented if the air-ways of the mines had been efficiently watered, and the question of enforcing this regulation is engaging the attention of Parliament at the present time. Another important point is that the ventilating fans should be strongly constructed, and so arranged that they can be got to work again as soon as possible after the explosion, so as to clear the mine of after-damp. Dr Haldane suggests that as mice are much more sensitive to carbon monoxide than human beings, a few should be kept in cages in the mines—there are always any number running about loose—for the imprisoned miners or rescue parties to take with them. As soon as the mouse begins to show signs of distress, they will know it is time to retreat. Some test of this kind is absolutely necessary, as the miner's lamp, which shows him the presence of the other dangerous gases—black-damp and fire-damp—gives no indication of the presence of after-damp. In fact miners have been found dead with lamps burning brightly beside them.

## ATTRAY'S WIFE.

### CHAPTER II.

GREEN PLACE was a *lucus a non lucendo*. There was nothing green about it except the strip of garden with its shrubs and grass. The house was white, the shingle which lay almost at the very door was white, and there was a quarter of a mile of it ere the marsh-land was reached. It was a sun-blistered, shadeless spot in summer, and in winter it was utterly lone and desolate-looking. The high road to Rye went past Green Place, but it was little used, and entire days often passed without a wheel or a foot stirring on it. Small wonder that Green Place had a bad name, that after the last tenant disappeared it remained empty for more than a year, and that belated passers-by saw strange sights and heard strange sounds there. Every preventive officer who came to Broadmarsh kept his eye on Green Place; but the very smugglers avoided it, for it stood far back from the sea, and was too much of a landmark.

The next day Eustace Hirst arrayed himself in suitable uniform, and called at Green Place. Miss Mountjoy, as she preferred to be called, was in the garden, saw the lieutenant approaching, and welcomed him with a smile which set his heart beating fast. She ushered him into the house and into a large room, which was furnished and decorated in a style which, according to the local standard, might be accounted almost sumptuous, and retired, saying that she would tell her mother he was here.

She re-entered presently with a woman who

at once inspired the young lieutenant with something akin to awe, and he was of an age and a calling which are not easily awed. She was tall above the average of women, firmly yet gracefully built, and her figure was set off to the fullest advantage by the well-fitting dress of deep mourning which draped it. Her face was of the strong, handsome type—strongly featured, strongly-lined, with strong black brows above a pair of black eyes which seemed to look straight into the hearts of persons and things. Her hair was gray and prettily waved.

But when she spoke in a low-pitched, gently-modulated voice, with the burr of her accent betraying her Northumbrian origin, there spoke the refined lady. 'And this woman's husband,' thought the lieutenant, as he rose to meet her, 'is a smuggler and a triple murderer.'

'You have come'—? she said inquiringly.

'To pay my respects, madam, and to welcome you as a neighbour,' replied the young officer.

'You are very kind. I came here to be out of the way of neighbours.'

An ungracious speech most graciously spoken.

'You will not be troubled here, madam,' said Eustace. 'Mr Texter, your humble servant, and—and that is all.'

'You are in the Preventive Service?'

'Alas, yes, madam.'

'Why "alas"? It is a fine service—plenty of action, plenty of excitement.'

'Of a distasteful kind. You are everybody's enemy: you hold your life in your hand, and there is no honour and glory in it. For a young man it is a hateful service.'

'But there are prizes?' said Mrs Mountjoy.

'Now and then—yes,' replied her visitor, the placard about Attray staring him in his mind's eye.

'If you could, for instance, catch William Attray of Alnmouth, he would be a prize.'

'Indeed he would, madam. Oh, I beg your pardon.'

'Don't do that. I don't want to see him. I bear his name—that is all.'

'Would you give him up, madam?'

'Certainly. He gave me up long since. Catch him if you can, and don't consider his wife in the matter.'

'Excuse me, but have you a picture of him?'

'Not I! God forbid! If I cared for him sufficiently to keep a picture of him, why should I have come to this dead corner of the world under an assumed name? For myself, I don't mind so much. I am an old woman, and my life is past. But my poor Eleanor here'—

She laid her hand affectionately on the girl's arm as she spoke, and something like a tear dimmed her bright eyes.

There was a light tap at the outer door at this point. Eleanor hurried out of the room, and presently returned, saying that Mr Texter was without and would like to see Mrs Mountjoy.

'Let him come in,' said that lady carelessly. 'I suppose he wants a subscription for something.'

So Mr Texter walked in—a parson of too common a type at the time—a coarse, open-faced, jowly man, shabbily dressed, and dirty; one, in fact, who had sunk with his surroundings, and who had ceased to be ashamed of so doing. Living, as he did, in a breezy, hearty world of smuggling and storm-braving and shot-exchanging men, his manner was intended to be appropriate, and innocent people were taken in by it, and spoke of him as a regular sailors' sky pilot and no mistake, not a bit like your wishy-washy young chaps from the 'shires.'

He came in airily and jauntily, but when he saw the lieutenant there was a perceptible droop in his manner. He checked his off-hand salutation, and replaced it by one of more formal cut. Eustace rose, and took his leave as the parson entered. Eleanor followed him.

'I dare say you thought it strange that my mother should have made no allusion to your saving my life yesterday, Mr Hirst,' she said, as they walked to the garden gate; 'but I said nothing about it. It would only make her more unhappy than she is to think that I was so miserable as to be driven to such an act. What do you think of her?'

'I think she is the most striking woman I have ever seen,' replied Eustace.

'You would hardly think that she was bowed beneath a sorrow greater than even most men could bear?'

'Indeed, no; and yet there is something about her which speaks of trouble. Parson Texter seems pretty much at home.'

'A great deal too much. He's after me, I think, and he has half won mother round.'

'But you, Miss Attray'—

'Not that name, for God's sake! As for me marry Parson Texter! No! I may be the daughter of a—of you know what, but before I would accept him I would get out of life in some way which even you could not prevent.'

'I am glad to hear that—I mean, your feeling towards the parson.'

'You don't like him?'

'I don't.'

'Why not?'

'I hardly know. I cannot say yet, but I am watching him.'

'I see what you mean. You think he is in league with the smugglers. Where was he before he came here?'

'I don't know. Somewhere in the north, I think, but I will try and find out if it will please you.'

'Thank you, do not trouble,' said the girl listlessly. 'Now I must go in. Good-morning, Mr Hirst, and thank you.'

They bowed and parted, but the lieutenant, looking back after he had gone a few paces, was overjoyed to see that Eleanor was in the porch looking after him, so he saluted. She replied with a wave of the hand, and the happiest man in the Marsh that day was Eustace Hirst.

Duty occupied the lieutenant until dusk, when he was at liberty to turn in and think over the new world which had been opened to him by the formation of the acquaintance with the Mountjoys. Texter occupied the chief place

in his thoughts—after Eleanor, of course. When he had told the girl that he had not made up his mind about the parson, no question about the association of the reverend gentleman with the contraband trade was in his mind, simply because he knew very well the parson to be, like every parson for miles around, hand in glove with the smugglers. This was no secret, and the fact that it was none had been the cause of estrangement between them. No. There was something deeper than this, something which accounted for the evidently familiar footing upon which the parson stood with Mrs Mountjoy, something which had led that stately and reserved lady at anyrate not to resent his paying his addresses to her daughter when that daughter might, with her beauty and her grace, command a very different husband from a snuffy, boosy Marsh-land parson.

His thoughts turned to Eleanor's attempted suicide, attempted, she had told him, because she was weary of life, and because the life to which she would have gone, had he not prevented her, might have been better and could not have been worse than that which she was leading.

Why was her present life so miserable?

Not because she was the daughter of a murderer, for both she and her mother had avowed this fact without any apparent consciousness that any stigma clung to them, although they did choose to live under an assumed name. Not because her life with her mother was unhappy, for Mrs Mountjoy exhibited the greatest tenderness towards her.

In the lieutenant's mind, therefore, Eleanor's unhappiness could only be on account of Mr Texter's courtship and its favourable acknowledgment by her mother.

Could it be possible, thought the young man, that Mrs Mountjoy was under any obligation to the parson?

So he pondered and wondered until, wearied with a long vigil, his pipe tumbled from his mouth, and he fell fast asleep.

He was called at ten o'clock by the quartermaster for the rounds. This was no mere formality, for the preventive posts extended over a long line of coast, and had severally to be visited. Moreover, the runners were keen enough to seize every opportunity, and were full of ruses and dodges which demanded the exercise of constant watchfulness on the part of the Preventive men. However, all was well; the lieutenant dismissed the patrol and, being now thoroughly awakened, directed his steps almost mechanically towards Green Place.

All there was dark and silent, and Eustace had to content himself with the usual lover's promenade outside, wondering which of the many upper windows marked the shrine of his goddess.

Suddenly he became aware that he was not alone. Clearly cut against the line of light which marked the horizon where a moon was rising behind great banks of clouds, he saw the figure of the parson, strolling methodically up and down as if keeping watch and ward.

The parson saw him, for he came towards him.

'Hullo, lieutenant; on watch, eh?' said he cheerily, and apparently not in the least put out at finding his rival on the ground.

'Yes,' replied Eustace; 'and you, ditto, eh?'

'Well—um, yes.'

Then there was a pause. The parson broke it:

'Look here, Hirst. We may as well talk here and now as at any other place and time,' he said.

'I don't want to talk. I didn't come to talk,' replied the young officer curtly.

'Nor did I. But I've been wanting to talk to you, and I've been waiting for an opportunity.'

'Fire away, then!'

'If you married Miss Mountjoy'— began the parson.

'Good heavens, man, what are you talking about?' interrupted Hirst; 'why, I've only known her a couple of days.'

'If you married Miss Mountjoy,' continued the parson, without heeding the interruption, 'I suppose you know what sort of a connection you would be forming?'

'But who the devil said I was going to marry Miss Mountjoy?' said the lieutenant angrily.

'I don't know. I've never heard any one say so,' replied the parson quite calmly; 'I'm only putting a supposition.'

'I hate suppositions. My dealings are with facts.'

'Very well, then. It's a fact that you're very fond of Miss Mountjoy, although you have only known her a couple of days, and that she is not unkind to you.'

'Really I don't know what business this is of yours,' said Eustace, now thoroughly roused. 'If you weren't what you are, I should be disposed to kick you.'

'That's simply bullying,' said the parson quietly, but edging off a pace or two.

'Come to the point, man, if you can,' said Eustace.

'That's what I'm trying to do, but you're so peppery. If—grant me this "if"—if you make love to Eleanor Mountjoy, perhaps you don't know that you're making love to Eleanor Attray, daughter of Bill Attray of Alnmouth, the murderer of three men of your own service?'

'I am quite aware who she is,' said the lieutenant.

The parson whistled.

'And your fond parents would bless your union with the daughter of such a man, eh?'

'Confound you! Let my fond parents be.'

'I will. Let me indulge in another little supposition. Suppose you married her, you couldn't very well give up her father as a murderer, could you?'

'But, granting your silly supposition, what chance have I of giving up Bill Attray?'

'If the chance was put in your way, you would be bound to take it, wouldn't you?'

'Yes, of course.'

'It would be a grand thing for you. Five hundred pounds in your pocket—special *Gazette*—promotion—ball of fortune at your feet.'

'I suppose you mean'— said Eustace.

'Don't let us have suppositions,' laughed the parson. 'This is what I mean. I am in love with Eleanor Attray, alias Mountjoy. If she accepts me, I bind myself not to say what I know, or what I think I know, for I am not yet sure. If she refuses me, I shall know what to do.'

'You're a pretty parson, you are!' sneered Eustace. 'Look here; I've had enough of this. I don't want anything more to do with you. I wouldn't believe your information on oath, and I'm going to mind my own business. Good-night.'

So saying, he turned on his heel, and walked rapidly towards his quarters; but, turning his head back for a moment, he fancied he saw the parson's figure against the sky-line cutting a caper expressive of exuberant delight.

### SOME LANDLADIES OF FICTION.

WE have, most of us, at some period or other of our lives, taken up a temporary abode in lodgings, and have thus become acquainted with the landlady of real life, whom we have probably found to differ somewhat from her conventional portrait. In the pages of fiction she was, more often than not, forbidding of aspect and grasping of disposition, with many of the unamiable traits of the shark. She was inexorable as to the punctual settlement of her little bill—which, however, somehow always managed to attain very considerable dimensions. She was often the possessor of a cat, with a fine appetite for cold mutton, and a nice taste in tea. From an interview with her, the lodger retreated discomfited, content in the future to put up with any exaction, if only he might be left at peace. She was altogether a sufficiently terrible person, even though her fury was at times comic enough. Not that all authors have drawn the landlady in such dark colours; but, generally speaking, one rises from the perusal of the novelists' pages with an unfavourable impression of the class: and if we include under the heading landlady the hostess of an inn, we find asperity of temper a very prominent failing in that walk of life also. Thus, Meg Dods forms a pendant to Mrs Raddle or Mrs MacStinger. From personal contact, however, we come to realise that the landlady is, as a rule, neither better nor worse than her neighbours. Occasionally she possesses much of the milk of human kindness. Not unfrequently she has played an important, though unconscious part in the lives of men of letters. If no man is a hero to his valet, the same might perhaps be said of the relation of an artist or author to his landlady. But to a touch of nature she responds at once. Thus, Mrs Angel, the landlady of the marvellous boy Chatterton, is associated with the sad story of his last days in Brooke Street, Holborn. Knowing that he had eaten nothing for three days, she begged him, on the 24th of August 1770, to share her dinner. But his proud spirit took offence at words which seemed to hint that he was in want, and her kindness did not avail to avert his end.

Goldsmith, again, experienced much kindness



from Mrs Fleming, his Islington landlady; and we are assured that her bills are again and again significantly marked £0, 0s. 0d. His arrest for debt may perhaps, therefore, be laid at the door of some other landlady, or Mrs Fleming's long-suffering patience may at length have become exhausted: at any rate, we find the poet in his need sending for Dr Johnson, whose sympathy, as usual, took a practical form. 'I perceived,' says the Doctor, 'that he had already changed my guinea, and got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork in the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated.' Thus it came about that Johnson sold the book—*The Vicar of Wakefield*—which was to add such lustre to Goldsmith's name, to Francis Newbury, the publisher, for the sum of £60. Mrs Piozzi tells us that when Johnson came back with the money, the poet 'called the woman of the house directly to partake of punch, and pass their time in merriment.' Boswell, however, quotes this statement as 'an extreme inaccuracy.'

But, to turn to the characters of fiction. Dickens has perhaps given us more examples of the landlady than any other author. Every reader of *Pickwick* remembers that little fierce woman, Mrs Raddle of Lant Street, Borough, who was of opinion that if Bob Sawyer could afford to give a party, he ought to be able to afford to pay her little bill. It is in vain that he tells her he has been disappointed in the city. Mr Benjamin Allen's attempt to pour oil on the troubled waters, by addressing her as 'my good soul,' only provokes her to retort: 'Have the goodness to keep your obscurwashins to yourself.'

Under these circumstances, Mrs Raddle's wrath at the supper-party cannot fairly be ascribed to pure malevolence. Indeed, one has a sort of sympathy with the poor lady, 'having her house turned out of window, and noise enough made to bring the fire-engines here at two o'clock in the morning,' as she remarked. The supineness of her spouse, who regretted that his strength was not equal to that of a dozen men, was another irritating factor in the situation. One can hardly wonder, therefore, that the guests of the evening were treated with scant ceremony as 'a parcel of young cutters and carvers of live people's bodies,' or that Mr Pickwick was included in this terrible indictment. That amiable philosopher, in fact, was told that he was 'worse than any of 'em,' and old enough to be Bob Sawyer's grandfather.

The landlady of Captain Cuttle is a terminant of a similar type, and without so much justification for her outbursts. She, however, was no doubt presuming on the Captain's well-known kindness of heart. There in Brig Place, on the brink of the little canal near the India Docks, that unfortunate mariner lived in constant trepidation. Here it was that Walter one day—washing-day, of all others—called to see him, and was told by the Captain to 'Stand by and knock agen—hard.' Before he could enter, however, he had to surmount the 'little wooden fortification' extending across the doorway, and put there to prevent the little

MacStingers, in their moments of recreation, from tumbling down the steps. The landlady thereupon asks an imaginary audience whether she is to be broken in upon by 'raff' and opines that a boy who could knock her door down could get over that little obstruction. From which we gather that her temper was none of the sweetest, and I can sympathise with the Captain, who never owed her a penny, in his remark that 'she was a vixen at times.' When Walter advised him to go elsewhere, he replies: 'Dursn't do it, Wal'r—she'd find me out wherever I went.' Later on, it will be remembered, the Captain, on one of his rounds, meets the 'awful demonstration, headed by that determined woman, Mrs MacStinger, who, preserving a countenance of inexorable resolution, and wearing, conspicuously attached to her obdurate bosom, a stupendous watch and appendages—the property of Bunsby—conducted under her arm no other than that sagacious mariner. Although on this occasion Mrs MacStinger vowed she bore no malice, but hoped to go to the altar in another spirit, Captain Cuttle (having dearly bought his experience) in vain advises Bunsby of the *Cautious Clara*, in nautical phraseology, to 'sheer off.'

Mrs Bardell, on the other hand, is of a much gentler disposition; and in spite of the breach of promise action, much that is good can be conscientiously said of her. She was a comely woman, of bustling manners and agreeable appearance, with—that most excellent thing in a landlady—a natural genius for cooking, improved by study and long practice, into an exquisite talent. We know that in her house in Goswell Street Mr Pickwick's will was law; and we expect he had very little to grumble at in his apartments, which, though on a limited scale, were very neat and comfortable. Beside these advantages there were no children, no servants, no fowls. If she had a fault, therefore, it was that of being too easily led away by her feelings.

Humour and pathos are happily blended in the story of Mrs Lirriper, the genial landlady of No. 81 Norfolk Street, Strand, who did not advertise in *Bradshaw*, like her rival, Miss Wozenham, lower down on the other side of the way. Of the ways of servant girls no one had more experience: they 'are your first trial after fixtures,' and in her opinion, were more trying even than the 'wandering Christians,' as she styled the individuals who amused themselves by going over apartments they had no intention of taking. What life-like sketches she gives us of the willing Sophy, always smiling with a black face, and of the violent Caroline Moxey! Sophy, indeed, was the cause of a good lodger giving warning—for though he had arrived at the point of admitting that the black is a man and a brother, it was only in a natural form, 'and when it can't be got off.' 'I took a deal of black into me, ma'am, when I was a small child,' poor Sophy explains, 'and I think it must be that it works out.' Caroline Moxey's temper was the cause of a deal of unpleasantness, particularly on the occasion of her letting down her hair, and rushing up-stairs to attack the unfortunate lodgers—a newly

married couple. Mrs Lirriper had a soft spot in her heart for her faithful lodger, Major Jackman, who was not to be outdone by her in his love for little Jemmy, the trust committed to them by the dying Mrs Edson. How forgiving, too, was her conduct to Miss Wozzenham when that rival had fallen on evil days and was being sold up—the systematic underbidding and the enticing away of the servant being buried in oblivion.

Mrs Todgers, the proprietrix of the commercial boarding-house near the Monument, was a rather 'bony and hard-featured lady, with a row of curls in front of her head shaped like little barrels of beer, and on the top of it something made of net—you couldn't call it a cap exactly—which looked like a black cobweb.' We have it from her own lips, that presiding over such an establishment makes sad havoc with the features. 'The gravy alone,' as she informed Miss Pecksniff, 'is enough to add twenty years to one's age.' In her opinion, there was no such passion in human nature as the passion for gravy among commercial gentlemen. Nevertheless, she owned to feelings of a tender nature for Mr Pecksniff—unworthy though he was—and befriended his daughter Mercy after her unfortunate marriage with Jonas Chuzzlewit.

Landladies abound in the pages of Thackeray, and he treats them with a mixture of humour and pathos all his own. To be forced to leave a fine house, and subside into lodgings, or to have seen better days, and subsist by letting them, are changes of fortune which furnish many illustrations for his text, 'vanitas vanitatum.' Among his lesser characters we have Mrs Creed in *Pendennis*, who, in addition to being pew-opener, was landlady of Miss Fotheringay, the daughter of Captain Costigan. According to her own account, she watched over that young lady's doings with the vigilance of a Cerberus rather than an ordinary chaperon. Thus it was that Doctor Portman and the Major, anxious as they were to win Pen from his infatuation for the fair actress, could find nothing to object to in her behaviour. 'Whenever he came,' Mrs Creed informed them, 'she always have me or one of the children with her. And Mrs Creed, marm, says she, if you please, marm, you'll on no account leave the room when that young gentleman's here. And many's the time I've seen him a-lookin' as if he wished I was away, poor young man.' From the same novel we have Madame Frisby, the dressmaker, who lets apartments to Mr Smirke, the curate, and encourages his affection for the widow, Helen Pendennis. No one in all Clavering, we are told, read so many novels, from which, doubtless, her sentimental views of life were mainly derived. The history of Mr and Mrs Sedley after the crash is associated with their landlady, Mrs Clapp, at Brompton. The old lady, we are told, was occupied and amused with the doings of the Irish maid, Betty Flanagan, 'her bonnets, her ribbons, her sauciness, her idleness, her reckless prodigality of kitchen candles, her consumption of tea and sugar, and so forth,' almost as much as she had been with the doings of her own household in former days. Mrs Sedley was always a great person for her landlady when she

descended and passed many hours with her in the basement or ornamental kitchen. But this was in comparatively halcyon days. The question of rent was even looming in the background, and gradually the pleasant intercourse between the landlady and lodger ceased. Mrs Clapp, in her nether realm, 'grumbles in secret to her husband about the rent, and urges the good fellow to rebel against his old friend and patron and present lodger.' Finally, one day Jos's carriage arrives and carries off old Sedley and his daughter to return no more. Amelia had always been kind, and when she was going away, the landlady bitterly reproached herself for ever having used a rough expression to her. There was genuine regret for their departure. 'They would never have such lodgers again, that was clear;' and the author tells us that after-life proved the truth of this melancholy prophecy, and that Mrs Clapp revenged herself for the deterioration of mankind by levying the most savage contributions upon the tea-caddies and legs of mutton of her locataires. 'Most of them scolded and grumbled, some of them did not pay, none of them stayed.' Then we have Mrs James Gann, in *A Shabby Genteel Story*, who lets lodgings at Margate; Mrs Brandon, the 'little sister,' in the *Adventures of Philip*; and Mrs Ridley, in the *Newcomes*, of whom, did space permit, much might be said. Thackeray's finest portrait in the way of landladies, however, is that of Miss Honeyman, the aunt of Clive Newcome. A woman of a thousand virtues, cheerful, frugal, honest, laborious, charitable—such is the character of the little, brisk old lady in Steyne Gardens, whose superior manners and prosperity won her the title of Duchess from the neighbouring tradespeople. We can imagine her to ourselves with her 'large cap, bristling with ribbons, with her best chestnut front, and her best black silk gown and gold watch,' as she stands prepared for the interview with Lady Anne Newcome. Mine hostess of the inn has been not infrequently portrayed in poetry and prose from the days of Mistress Nell of the Boar's Head onwards.

Suffice it in conclusion to give one or two examples of the sisterhood drawn from the pages of Sir Walter Scott. What a wonderful picture is that of the wild inn at Aberfoyle, and of its no less wild landlady, Jean MacAlpine, on the night when Frank Osbaldistone and the others arrive there. Reluctant to receive her guests, she appears before them, a pale and thin figure, with a soiled and ragged dress, a lighted piece of split fir blazing in her hand. With her black hair in uncombed elf-locks, she looked, indeed, like a witch disturbed in the midst of her unlawful rites. She had little opinion of the idle English loons that went about the country 'under the cloud of night and disturbing honest, peaceable gentlemen that are drinking their drap drink at the fireside.' Alternately, however, after the stormy interlude of the fight between the Bailie and the Highlander, she consents to prepare a savoury mess of venison collops for the tired and hungry travellers. As a contrast to Jean MacAlpine, we have the landlady of the small and comfortable inn at Kippeltringan,

Mrs MacCandlish, who so well knew the reception to which each of her customers was entitled. With unflinching tact

To every guest the appropriate speech was made,  
And every duty with distinction paid,  
Respectful, easy, pleasant, or polite,  
'Your honour's servant! Mister Smith, good-night.'

Such we find her on that cold and stormy night in November when she receives Colonel Mannerling seventeen years after the disappearance of little Harry Bertram. Most elaborate of all is the description of that old-world landlady, Meg Dods, who ruled with the despotism of Queen Bess herself. We can picture her with long, skinny hands, and loud voice, as she ordered about not only men and maid-servants, but her guests themselves—members perchance of the Killnaketty Hunt or ancient brethren of the angle from Edinburgh. The members of this hunt, it will be remembered, were treated with some indulgence. 'A set of honest men they were,' Meg said; 'had their song and their joke, and what for no?'

### THE MARKED HALF-SOVEREIGN.

By J. S. FLETCHER.

It was a dull, damp, December afternoon, and the trees and hedgerows by which I walked were dank and wet with the clinging vapours that rose from the sodden fields beyond. A slight rain had begun to fall, and my clothes—unprotected by umbrella or mackintosh—already felt not a little damp. It would have suited my mood to go walking on, no matter in what direction; but I reflected that to get wet through might produce serious results in the way of illness; and in my then position, sickness of any sort was a luxury that I could not possibly afford. So I turned and went back to my lodgings, at the same time dreading to go there lest my landlady should again ask me to discharge my debt to her. I was in bad case: I had gone to Hillford in order to join a theatrical company then performing there, and had been stranded at the end of the first week by the failure of the manager. We had played to poor houses all the week, and the manager looked obviously worried; and I think none of us were surprised when there was no 'treasury' on the Saturday morning. My fellow-actors and actresses melted away somewhere and somehow; as for me, I stayed on, hoping that something would turn up. The truth was, I was on my beam-ends so far as money was concerned, and I saw no way of escape. But, being stranded, I tried to make the best of things by endeavouring to find employment. I wanted to pay my landlady—in fact, I couldn't leave the town until I had done so. But, try as I would, I had no success; and now it was the Friday of the second week, and there I was, walking along the country road, with just sixpence and some coppers in my pocket, a blank helplessness before me.

I turned into my lodgings with a sort of

callous despair. I expected to see Mrs Smith in the passage, with her bill extended to me. But instead of Mrs Smith I met her maid-of-all-work, who at sight of me immediately disappeared into the kitchen regions, to return presently with a letter held gingerly between her finger and thumb.

'Please, sir,' said she, 'this 'ere come by the afternoon post, and missus says will you please to give me the penny that she paid for it?'

I took the letter from the girl's hand, and looked at the address. A sudden thrill of surprise and hope shot through me—the letter was from my Aunt Maria, with whom and her husband, Uncle Robert, I had been at variance for some time. They—good, honest folk—had wanted me to go in for commerce, in which Uncle Robert had made a fortune: I had wished to satisfy my absorbing passion for the stage. Now, they were the only relations I had in the world, and they had not only brought me up, but also educated me at their own expense; and it was a matter of deep surprise to them, as of great pain to me, that we could not agree as to my future. But I was bound, being young and headstrong, to have my own way—and so there I was, practically penniless, with Aunt Maria's letter in my hand.

I tore open the envelope, and rapidly read the enclosure. My Uncle Robert was ill—so ill that there was next to no chance of his recovery. As soon as he had learnt that his decease was imminent, he had expressed a strong wish to see me. Would I go to him at once? He might linger a few days, but I must lose no time.

I glanced at the date, and then at the envelope, which had been readdressed to me twice. Alas! the letter was written on Monday, and it was then Friday. But I would go—poor old Uncle Robert! he had always been good to me, even though he had never understood me. It might be too late, but even then I might be of use to Aunt Maria. Yes—I would go, and at once! As I started to my feet, I suddenly remembered that Southchester, where Uncle Robert and Aunt Maria lived, was just a hundred miles away, and that I had only tenpence in all the world. What was I to do? I had pawned my watch and all the clothing that I could spare a week earlier—there was literally nothing left to me on which I could raise money. Would Mrs Smith lend me ten shillings? I put the thought aside at once—why, I owed the poor woman three times as much already! Then what was I to do? Was there no one to whom I could apply for help? The express left Hillford for Southchester at seven o'clock, and it was now within a few minutes of six—I had an hour wherein to raise ten shillings. How could it be done?

I suddenly bethought myself of a young gentleman with whom I had struck up a sort of random acquaintance during the week of our



performance at the theatre—a bright, companionable fellow who seemed to like me. We had met casually in the billiard-room of the 'White Hart,' and had somehow engaged in conversation. I would go round to the billiard-room at once—he was usually there about six o'clock, enjoying a game before going home for the evening. Comparative strangers that we were, I felt sure he would lend me half-a-sovereign when I explained my position to him. So I seized my hat and departed. In the passage Mrs Smith confronted me.

'Good-evening, Mrs Smith!' I cried, professing to be in a desperate hurry. 'I can't stop to talk just now—I've just received a most important letter.'

Mrs Smith sighed, and looked at me doubtfully.

'I hope it contained them remittances that you was a-speakin' of, Mr Howard,' said she. 'Cause'—

'All right, Mrs Smith. Don't stop me now—there's a good soul—your bill shall be discharged, I promise you,' I answered as I fled down the steps into the street. I smiled grimly to myself as I walked away, for I felt that it was highly problematical as to when my liability to my landlady would be discharged. But a ray of hope came with the thought of Aunt Maria, and I ran on to the 'White Hart,' hoping to find young Jones, and borrow from him the wherewithal to take me to Southchester at once.

There were several people in the billiard-room when I entered and looked eagerly round for young Jones. At one table two townsmen were playing a friendly game before going home for the evening; at the other a young midshipman, evidently having a holiday ashore, was hugely enjoying himself, and delighting the onlookers by the happy-go-lucky character of his play. Three or four men sat about, smoking and watching, but I saw no sign of the man I wanted. I went up to the head marker, and asked if Mr Jones had been in. The man answered in the negative: he had not seen Mr Jones at all that day. He called across the room to his assistant at the other table, repeating my question. A man seated near the fire turned round, and addressing me, said that he had seen Jones that morning on his way to Manchester for two or three days.

I nodded to my informant, and sat down, feeling inexpressibly disappointed. It had been my last resource—my plans had failed. Already it was drawing near half-past six—I had only half-an-hour in which to raise the money that was absolutely necessary if I meant travelling to Southchester that evening. And yet, what could I do?—I knew no one—I had nothing whereon money could be raised—every channel of assistance seemed closed to me. Visions of travelling without ticket, hiding myself under the seat of a carriage, throwing myself on the mercies of the railway company, flashed across me, and were rejected. I sat there, miserable, helpless, a feeling of dull despair at my heart. The midshipman made a wild shot, and scored, amidst general laughter. He himself laughed, too, and called to the marker to order a drink for

himself and his opponent. He pulled out a handful of loose coins, and threw a half-crown on the table. How greedily my eyes watched his hand! I saw the gleam of gold and silver, and coveted his wealth. If only—

He was putting his handful of money carelessly back into his pocket. His opponent was chaffing him about his last stroke, and he was laughing gaily, all unaware of anything but his amusement. But I, watching his hand and the money it grasped, saw half-a-sovereign slip from his fingers, and drop to the floor. The rug was thick—the little coin made no noise as it fell. It rolled a foot or two, and then settled close to my chair; and before I thought what I was doing, I had put my foot over it.

The players went on with their game—it was evident that the midshipman knew nothing of the coin that he had lost. He continued to laugh and jest—his light-heartedness jarred upon me. As for my mind, it was in a whirl of conflicting emotions. There, beneath my feet, lay the means that I wanted. With that half-sovereign I could travel to Southchester, and perhaps arrive there in time to see my uncle alive. But—it was not mine! It was my duty to pick it up, and give it back to its owner there and then. And yet—would he miss it? I thought of all the other coins that I had seen in his hand—what did a paltry half-sovereign matter to him? Now to me—

The players were at the other end of the table, their attention was absorbed in the play of one of them, nobody was looking in my direction. I stooped and picked up the coin. Within the moment I was in the street, walking quickly in the direction of the railway station. I breathed hard—I was a thief—just as black a thief as plenty of those locked up in the county gaol. I half expected to feel a hand on my shoulder at every step and a stern voice charging me with my crime. But I went on, knowing that all was safe, and that detection was impossible. Under a gas-lamp I stopped and looked at the coin. It was a half-sovereign—yes—and on the face there was a triangular mark, evidently stamped there by a chisel. That rather frightened me—supposing the midshipman missed his money and remembered the mark upon it, might I not be traced by it? I hurried on, wanting to get out of the town. Turning down a dismal street that led towards the station, the sight of a pawnbroker's shop gave me another idea. Of course I must pay the midshipman back. Aunt Maria would find me in ready money—I knew that—and I must return to Hillford and find the boy out, and give him the ten shillings that I had stolen from him. I felt that I should like to give him his own half-sovereign too. The three brass balls suggested something to me. I hurried inside the frowzy pledge office and confronted the man behind the counter.

'Look here,' said I, laying the marked half-sovereign before him, 'will you lend me ten shillings on that?'

He picked up the coin and looked at it and me suspiciously.

'Why,' he said, 'this 'ere is ten shillings, isn't it? What d'yer mean?'

'I mean what I say,' I retorted. 'That's a

coin which I don't want to lose, and it's the last I have. Give me ten shillings for it, and let me redeem it later on. Come, man, it's always worth ten shillings, isn't it?' The fellow looked at me wonderingly. He bit the coin with his big teeth, and held it up to the gas-jet to examine it more closely.

'Give yer nine bob on it,' he said.

I reflected. The fare to Southchester was eight-and-fourpence—I had tenpence of my own.

'All right,' I said. 'And mind you take care of the coin—I shall know it again from any other—it's got a secret mark on it.'

He made out a ticket, and handed it and the nine shillings over. He still stared suspiciously at me, but I ran off into the street and on to the station. Within five minutes I was rattling away in the express towards Southchester.

It was an eventful week that followed. I was in time to see my uncle before he died, and to find that the dear old fellow had cherished no ill thought of me for taking my own way. He told me, almost with his last breath, that he had left me 'a little matter,' and that I was to be good to Aunt Maria. But I had little chance, glad as I should have been to take it, to fulfil my promise to him in this respect; for my poor aunt, who had been deeply attached to her husband, never got over his death, and she died and was buried within the week. They had no children of their own, and so I came in for the whole of their little fortune. Thus, just seven days after I left Hillford with the proceeds of the stolen half-sovereign, I found myself master of five hundred pounds a year.

I had many things to do, and much business to transact, but on the earliest possible day I travelled to Hillford, intent on personally discharging the debt I had contracted with Mrs Smith, and restoring to the midshipman the money I had robbed him of. Mrs Smith was surprised to see me; she had given me up as 'a bad job' she candidly remarked, but she was delighted to receive her money, and showered blessings and good wishes on my head as I left her door. The midshipman, however, I could not find—nobody seemed to know anything of him. The marker at the White Hart was certain that he was not a resident or native of the town, but simply a traveller or passer-by. I tried hard to come across some trace of him, and failed. But I went to the pawn-shop and redeemed the half-sovereign; and when I got back to Southchester I locked it up, intending to keep it in case chance ever brought the midshipman and me together again.

I was now provided for, and I gave up all thought of the dramatic profession as a career. Instead, I turned my attention to the cultivation of roses—a hobby which had formerly had much attraction for my uncle Robert. In time I married. My life was quiet, uneventful, and happy. I had my books, my rose-garden, and my pipe, and if I spent my life somewhat lazily, at least I did no harm. But some of my townsmen felt that I ought to devote a little leisure to the affairs of the town, and so they made me a councillor and procured my appointment as a borough magistrate. After that I began to be busy in a new way.

It was, I think, just ten years after my uncle's death that I went down to the town-hall one summer morning to take my seat on the bench. It was the holiday season, and I was the only magistrate present. The clerk leaned over to me and whispered that there were only two or three cases to dispose of, and that only one was of any consequence. They would take that first—and therewith the constables put into the dock a young man in naval uniform who looked very much ashamed of himself. I glanced carelessly at him at first, then more closely, and suddenly I recognised him as the midshipman! My brain was all in a whirl at that, but I knew that he did not recognise me, so I composed myself and listened to the evidence. It appeared that he was now second mate on a liner, and was taking a holiday at a neighbouring town. He had come over to Southchester, had taken too much to drink, and got into a brawl with the police, who had promptly locked him up. He denied nothing of this, but on the contrary, apologised for his misbehaviour, and expressed his deep regret. He was, he said, very foolish at times, and lost his head. I ordered him to pay a fine of ten shillings and the costs—at which a somewhat curious expression came over his face. I sent word round to the charge office to detain him awhile, and then I settled the other cases, and went to the magistrate's room. The officer who took the fines was waiting me there. 'That young man has no money on him, sir,' said he. 'He thinks he must have spent or lost it all last night; but he says that if you'll let him walk over to Peterborough, where his friends are, he'll send the money at once.'

'Bring him here,' I said. 'I'll speak to him myself.'

When he came, I shut the door and bade him take a chair.

'So you've no money?' I said.

'No,' he answered, looking very uncomfortable.

'You see I got rather excited last night and—'

'Do you remember me?' I asked, interrupting him. 'Look well at me.'

He stared at me in blank surprise.

'No, sir!' he said. 'Indeed I don't—I never saw you before that I know of.'

'Do you remember playing billiards at the White Hart at Hillford, ten years ago—one December evening?' I asked.

'Yes,' he said. 'Of course, I do. I had gone over there to see an old school friend, and I dropped into the White Hart while waiting for a train. Were you?'

'I was there,' I answered. 'And I stole half-a-sovereign from you.'

He stared at me in still greater surprise.

'You—stole—half-a-sovereign from me!' he said. 'I don't know what you mean.'

Then I told him all, as I have set it down here. When I recalled the mark on the coin he remembered it.

'And now,' I said, 'I'm at your mercy. But if you won't prosecute me, I'll pay your fine and costs, and you shall have lunch with me, and I'll show you the half-sovereign. What do you say?'

'Agreed!' said he, laughing. 'Certainly agreed!'

'But there's one more condition,' said I, 'and that is that you let me keep the marked half-sovereign.'

So I still have it, reposing in a little glass case on my study mantelpiece—a reminiscence of my only exploit as a thief.

#### SHEEP-SHEARING IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

Most of our readers would probably think that to shear, say, twenty or thirty sheep, would be as much as the most skilful and industrious shearer could do in a long day's work. They may, therefore, be interested to know what vastly greater numbers are expected to pass through the deft hands of a capable craftsman in the pastoral regions of the great sheep-keeping colony of New South Wales. Our notes have been collected on the spot.

The number of sheep a man can shear in a day of eight and a half hours is governed by several circumstances over and above the shearer's expertness, depending mainly on the class of sheep and the nature of the country over which the sheep have pastured.

Of all breeds of sheep merinos are the most difficult to shear. In the first place, they are very 'throaty'—that is, the skin covering the neck lies in large, loose folds, so that manipulation with the shears is at best tedious and troublesome. Then, again, they possess what is technically known as the 'points' of the breed—they are woolled to the tip of the nose and down the legs to the hoofs; it is these so-called 'points' that take up time.

Sheep grazing over pastures where burs, grass seeds, twigs &c. are numerous, or over coarse, sandy country, pick up in their fleece quantities of foreign matter that blunt the shears during the process of shearing. It will at once be seen that this especially applies to short-legged sheep, heavily fleeced as the merinos are to the extremities of their limbs. The time taken up sharpening his shears is a serious consideration to the shearer.

Bad or careless shearers, in order to give the sheep the appearance of being properly shorn, may either 'shingle' or 'feather' the fleeces they cut off. By 'shingling' is meant making a second cut over the same part of the body of the sheep, the first severing the staple towards the centre, and the second close to the skin; yet the whole fleece holds together and the damage may not be detected till closely examined. On the contrary, 'feathering' is plainly seen as soon as the fleece is shaken out; here the clip has been uneven, leaving patches of longer wool to be severed by a second cut. This leaves a quantity of short wool in the inside the fleece, which readily separates when the fleece is unrolled. 'Shingling' is the worst fault, as it quite ruins the staple for combing purposes.

In the mountain districts west of the table-land the average number of sheep a fairly good man will shear in a day of eight and a half hours varies from seventy to one hundred and twenty. On the northern plains near the Queensland border the average is one hundred and twenty to one hundred and seventy; and it is on record that the champion shearer of

Queensland clipped three hundred and twenty-seven sheep in nine hours. Such a man, in the language of 'the shed,' is termed a 'ringer.'

In the central plains on the Lachlan River the average is eighty to one hundred and twenty. With machines the numbers are of course considerably more. The men are paid £1 per hundred sheep; and out of this they have to provide rations, shears, sharpening-stones, oil, &c.

#### AN AUTUMN DAWNING.

NIGHT-VISITANTS of human homes,  
Grave Silence, winged Solitude  
Creep hand in hand along the street,  
With stealthy step, in darkling mood,  
Back to their dwelling in deep wood.

The wind, that fiercely howled all night,  
Now sobs above the houses' tops,  
And wildly whistles through his palms,  
With sudden shrieks and sudden stops,  
And laughing as to earth he drops.

The dead leaves patter o'er the stones,  
And flit before the searching wind,  
Like footsteps of dead little ones  
Through chambers of the weary mind  
Where grief of them is left behind.

Like chieftains stripped of all their pomp  
By vile usurper, gaunt and high  
The naked trees, erect beneath  
Only the morn-star's glittering eye,  
Stretch thin arms imprecatingly.

For now the misty moon doth shroud  
Her tearful face—like widowed maid  
That draws a cloak around her grief,  
And goes with it to quiet and shade;  
And the wild morn is darker made.

Each dull house stands with stern cold front,  
Its secrets hid as by thick veil,  
Like epitaphless monument:  
And but the wind, with wanton wail  
And wandering will, can tell the tale.

A thousand weary souls do rest  
In these—false, happy, true, or fair:  
Wild youth beside light slumbering age,  
Guilt with his arm around Despair,  
Sorrow with hand in Fealty's hair.

Perchance one dieth in the dark,  
Or haply there some mother brings  
An heir to day's swift-coming light,  
While here some watcher's 'Ave' rings:  
At nights in cities hap strange things.

Day's Angel hastens to the task,  
And homes accept the grateful light;  
The Dark Guard reads her scroll of doom:  
Sister, these souls have taken flight,  
Those hearts have broken in the night.

FRANKFORT SOMMERVILLE.

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## VISITING-CARDS.

THE visiting-card as we now know it is barely a century old. Like most other every-day articles of use and ornament, it is the result of a gradual process of evolution; and the form which the card now universally takes is by no means so attractive as those which it took in some of the earlier stages of its history. Of late years, indeed, there have been whispers of a new departure in cards. A revolt from the prevailing monotony in 'paste-boards' has more than once been threatened; and the great army of those who suffer from collector-mania have been tantalised with the prospect of new worlds to conquer, in the shape of visiting-cards ornamented with elaborately engraved devices. The idea of those who mooted the change was to give to the visiting-card a touch of individuality, so that each card, like a book-plate, should be a witness to its owner's individual taste and inclinations, and not a mere machine-made reproduction of a universal pattern. But nothing came of the proposal, and the present-day visiting-card still wears its uniform of plain black and white. Had the proposed change been carried out, however, it would simply have been a revival of a fashion that prevailed little more than a hundred years ago.

Visiting-cards were a development from the old style of message and invitation cards. Throughout the greater part of the last century it was customary to write messages and invitations on the backs of used playing-cards. The particular card used was often chosen at random; but occasionally it was picked out with an eye to the delicate suggestiveness of some one suit. This sometimes gave the recipient an opportunity for airing his or her wit. A Rev. Mr. Lewis, who was minister of Margate from 1705 to 1746, once received an invitation to dinner, from the Duchess of Dorset, written on the back of a ten of hearts. The reverend

gentleman promptly replied by the following epigram:

Your compliments, lady, I pray you forbear,  
Our old English service is much more sincere:  
You sent me ten hearts—the tithe's only mine;  
So give me one heart, and burn t' other nine.

One of the many stories that are told to account for the name of 'Curse of Scotland,' which is given to the nine of diamonds, attributes its origin to the alleged action of the Duke of Cumberland in writing his cruel order, refusing all quarter to the defeated Highlanders after Culloden, on the back of this particular card. But as the term was in use before the battle of Culloden was fought, the explanation can hardly be true. Much earlier the Irish name for the six of hearts—the 'Grace-card'—is said to have had its origin in a message written thereon. The tradition goes that a gentleman of Kilkenny, named Grace, was being strongly urged by a representative of Marshal Schomberg to declare for William of Orange and against James II. The marshal's emissary in his master's name made lavish promises of future rewards; but the Irish gentleman wrote the following answer on the back of the six of hearts: 'Tell your master I despise his offer, and that honour and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow.'

An amusing example of the use of cards for messages can be seen in the fourth plate of Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode,' which dates from 1745. In a corner of the picture are several playing-cards lying on the floor, with inscriptions which show a considerable devotion to phonetic principles of spelling on the part of the fashionable world of that day. One bears the following: 'Count Basset begs to no how Lade Squander sleapt last nite.' Another has: 'Lady Squander's company is desir'd at Miss Hairbrane's Rout.'

Sometimes the backs of playing-cards which were used for invitations and similar purposes were elaborately engraved. The writer of a

once well-known book called the *Spiritual Quixote*, published in 1772, speaks of the use of playing-cards for the sending of messages as a new fashion; but it is clear from what has been already stated that they had been in common use for at least thirty or forty years. A curious survival of this custom was observed in the island of Madeira some years ago. A visitor who was staying in that delightful isle about 1865 recorded that the invitations given by the bishop for the Easter ceremonies in the cathedral of Funchal were written on the backs of playing-cards.

From the use of such cards simply for invitations and other messages it was an easy transition to their use for visiting purposes. At first the person who so used them simply wrote his name across the back of a card. Dr Doran, in one of his pleasant books of gossip, declares that it was in Paris, about the year 1770, that the custom was introduced of visiting *en blanc*, as it was called, that is by leaving a card. Old-fashioned folks, he says, who loved to visit in state and display their costumes, called this fashion fantastic, and strongly opposed it. But, of course, opposition of this kind was bound to fail. The ceremonial leaving of a card as equivalent to a visit may have begun in 1770, but the writing of the name on a card and leaving it when the person called upon was not at home was certainly practised somewhat earlier. In a French satire of 1741 on *Les Inconvénients du Jour de l'An*, the writer says:

Sur le dos d'une carte on fait la signature  
Pour rendre sa visite au dos de la serrure.

The play upon the word *dos* is not very translatable, but the meaning of the couplet is plain—the person visited was not at home, but the card with the name written on the back paid the visit to the back of the lock, conveyed the visitor, as it were, to the other side of the locked door.

Writing the name on the back of a card was soon found to be too simple a matter, and it became the practice to write the name either on the backs of playing-cards, or on the face of cards adorned with engraved devices. Classical ruins and the like designs were highly fashionable. Cards so engraved appear to have been sold in packs, with assorted views; for two or more cards have been found bearing the same name written across them, but with quite different pictures as backgrounds. The practice of writing the name seems to have been soon superseded by engraving the name as well as the background. Much artistic ability and ingenuity were devoted to these cards. Sir Joshua Reynolds's card was engraved by Bartolozzi. The paste-board of Canova, the great sculptor, represented a block of marble, rough hewn from the quarry, and inscribed with the name in large Roman capitals, A. CANOVA. Miss Berry and her sister, who were well-known figures in London society from the days of Horace Walpole till near the middle of the present century, used a curiously adorned card. On it were shown two nymphs, classically draped, who pointed to a slab like a tombstone, grown over with weeds, on which was engraved the name 'Miss Berrys.' One of the

nymphs led a lamb by a ribbon, to typify, so it is said, Miss Agnes Berry!

Miss Busk some years ago described a beautifully engraved visiting-card, then in her possession, which had belonged to a Mr Richard Twiss, once well known as a writer of travels. This card, which was designed in 1793, had an outline border with *à la Grecque* corners, beyond which at the two top corners were two rings, from which depended a wreath of flowers and grapes intertwined with a strip of drapery, in the folds of which was engraved 'Mr Twiss.'

Visiting-cards seem to have been known by various names. Madame D'Arblay in her *Diary* uses the term 'name-card.' They were often spoken of as 'tickets.' A lady writer of the last century enters in her journal, under date November 16, 1799, when at Hanover: 'At six Madame de Busche called to take me to pay my visits. We only dropped tickets.' In Scott's *St Ronan's Well*, Captain Jekyl of the Guards introduces himself by presenting his 'ticket.' The same novel, by the way, the action of which is supposed to pass at the time of the Peninsular War, contains a somewhat belated example of the use of the playing-card for 'ticket' purposes. When Captain M'Turk, on hostile thoughts intent, asks Luckie Dods if Mr Tyrrell is at home, that undaunted heroine retorts, 'Wha may ye be that speers?' The captain, as the most polite reply to this question, says Scott, and as an indulgence at the same time of his own taciturn disposition, 'presented to Luckie Dods the fifth part of an ordinary playing-card, much grimed with snuff, which bore on its blank side his name and quality.' But Meg would have nothing to do with the 'deil's play-books,' as readers of the novel will remember, and Captain M'Turk had to state who he was and what he wanted.

A very large collection of eighteenth-century cards of various kinds—shop-bills, invitation, trade, funeral, and other cards and certificates—was formed by Miss Banks, the daughter of the famous naturalist, Sir Joseph Banks, who sailed round the world with Captain Cook. This collection is now in the Print Room of the British Museum; and the visitor who looks through this very interesting gathering of the flotsam and jetsam of the printing-press will find many valuable and curious specimens of the visiting-cards of long ago.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER V. (continued).

THE week following we made an excursion up the Médang River; the next we visited the ruins of a prehistoric city, fifty miles or thereabouts to the southward. In this fashion the first month of our stay in the Médangs went by. A pleasanter time could scarcely be desired. Dutiless though I was, my days hardly contained an idle moment. The mornings I usually spent with the king, either riding about the country, inspecting troops, visiting forts or works in course of construction, consulting upon others about to be commenced, or in a hundred ways endeavouring to make myself useful to my host. During

the great heat of the day I read or painted in the Fountain Courtyard, conversed with the Princess Natalie and my sister; while the evenings were occupied, when there were no official receptions, either with music in the Princess's drawing-room or smoking in the cool upon the battlements above. The life interested me immensely. It was small wonder, therefore, that at the end of the first month I gladly accepted the king's pressing invitation to prolong my stay. Nor did Olivia seem any more anxious than I was to bid the Mélanges farewell. It was easy to see that she had taken a decided liking to the blind Princess, for which I was glad, as also, I could tell, was the king.

By this time, as may be supposed, I had come to understand a good deal of the politics of the infant kingdom, and had seen more than a little of the methods by which our late fellow-traveller governed his subjects. That he had succeeded in his attempt to gain their esteem was self-evident; indeed, it would have been a difficult matter to have found a more popular ruler. At the same time, he was severe in his dealings with evil-doers, and any attempt to prevent or divert the due course of justice was certain to meet with condign punishment. By reason of his beneficent rule, trade was flourishing in every direction; those merchants who under the previous monarch had been driven, by extortion and robbery, into leaving the country were gradually returning to it, and taking up their former businesses; while others, having heard of the security in which their fellows dwelt, were fast entering the country and settling down in it.

Strange to relate, the king, once back in his own dominions, seemed to be quite himself again. He ate better, looked better, and found himself able to bear more fatigue without suffering so acutely afterwards than he had done for months past. What had brought about this hopeful state of things it was impossible to say, but that there was a decided improvement in his condition no one could deny.

At the end of the second month, and by the exercise of the most careful diplomacy, the French incident seemed to have been hushed to sleep. A greater feeling of security was noticeable along the borders than had been the case for years past. It looked as if the king's return had acted like oil upon the troubled waters, so quickly had the waves of discord settled down into the calm of peace. Still, month after month went by, and each one found us remaining in the kingdom. Once or twice I had hinted that it was almost time we brought our visit to a close, but on each occasion our host, assisted by the Princess Natalie, had pressed us to remain. At last, when we had been six months his guests, I felt compelled to put a definite period to our stay; and after a consultation with Olivia, I accordingly informed our host and hostess that in a week's time we should be obliged to leave them, and to proceed upon our journey.

The evening that I arrived at this decision was a hot one, and after dinner the Princess suggested that we should betake ourselves to

the roof of the palace. Accordingly we ascended thither, and settled ourselves down to enjoy the cool breezes that came up to us from the plain. The king, I noticed, was very silent, as was his sister, the bulk of the conversation falling upon Olivia and myself.

The night was truly magnificent, such an one as only those favoured latitudes can produce. From the roof of the palace we looked down upon the plain and the native city nestling at the foot of the giant crag; the latter was dotted with innumerable lights. Away beyond the mountain range to the eastward a faint glow betokened the rising of the moon. The only sound to be heard was the barking of a dog far away and the voice of a man singing in the courtyard of the barracks. After we had been sitting for some time talking of Venice and a dozen different things, Olivia rose and went forward to the parapet, where she stood with her hands resting on the coping, looking down into the abyss. Presently the king rose and followed her. They stood side by side for some moments, and then strolled together along the battlements. During the time they were absent I remained where I was, talking to the Princess. I cannot hope to make you understand how sweet and fragile she looked in her white dress. The moonlight sparkled upon her rings, and the perfume of her laces came distinctly to me, though I sat some feet away.

'And so it is your intention to leave us in a week, Lord Instow?' she said, when the footsteps of her brother and his companion had died away. 'We shall miss you very much.'

'We shall be equally sorry to go, I can assure you,' I answered truthfully. 'We have both enjoyed our stay in the Mélanges so much that the place seems like a second home to us.'

'Marie will miss you terribly, I know,' she continued. 'He was only saying so this morning. He owes so much to his talks with you. My life too will be very lonely without your sister. You are proud of her, Lord Instow, and you have good cause to be. If only I could see her face. I know it must be very beautiful.'

'Yes, Olivia is beautiful,' I answered. 'And what is better still, she is a good woman. I am very proud of her, as you say.'

'She has been very kind to me, and I have no other friends.'

'I fear you have a very lonely life, Princess,' I said; 'but, if I may transpose your own words, you have a brother of whom any sister might be proud.'

'Dear Marie, I am proud of him,' she answered softly. 'But he is too busy to be able to give much of his time to me. He is so wrapt up in his country, he thinks of nothing else. He denies himself no trouble, he spares himself no pain; in fact, he seems to live for it alone.'

My heart was touched by the loneliness of the blind girl, shut up in this great barrack, without companion of any sort. For the first time, a sense of her real desolation came over me, and I was about to say something to her on



the subject when I was interrupted by the return of the other couple. Both seemed unusually quiet; and presently Olivia, with a little shiver, suggested that it was growing cold, and that it would perhaps be better if an adjournment were made to the rooms below. We accordingly rose, and I was about to follow the party down the steps when the king turned, and laying his hand upon my arm detained me.

'My lord,' he said, with unusual gravity, 'I should be glad if you could allow me a few minutes' conversation before we go downstairs. I have an important communication to make to you.'

'With pleasure,' I answered, but not without a slight feeling of alarm in my heart.

We accordingly walked back to the chairs, and took our former places.

'Lord Instow,' began the king, 'I am a plain man, and I like to say things in a plain way. Therefore, let me tell you at once, that to-night I have asked your sister, Lady Olivia, to be my wife and to share my throne with me. She has consented.'

For a moment, though for several reasons I had expected it, I sat dumbfounded by his news. I could scarcely believe it. It must have been nearly a minute before I recovered my wits sufficiently even to remember that I had offered him no reply.

'I'm afraid your lordship scarcely approves of my action?' said the king, who had evidently been studying my face.

'It's not that,' I blurted out, like a great schoolboy; 'but you have surprised me beyond all measure. I cannot say that I have never contemplated your loving her—for I presume you *do* love her?'

'God knows,' he answered, 'that I love her better than my own life. To call her mine I would sacrifice everything I hold dear.'

'You will not be asked to do that,' I said. 'But I must have time to consider it. At present I am all in a whirl, and can think of nothing. I must see Olivia too. You say she has accepted you?'

'She has been merciful enough to tell me that she loves me. Heaven alone knows what I have done to deserve so great a boon. My lord, I will simply say that I love your sister with a true and honest love. When I tell you that my father was that French Marquis de Merant, who was murdered by the Commune, while my mother was the daughter of the Count Guilacci, for many years Italian Ambassador at the Court of St James, you will see that my birth is equal to your own. Moreover, by my own endeavours, I am the sovereign of a country that has undoubtedly a great future before it. As my queen, I will love your sister, honour her, and protect her. Come what may, she shall always be my first care.'

'You must pardon me,' I said gravely, but not unkindly, 'if I ask you to allow further consideration of the matter to stand over until I have seen my sister. When I have had a talk with her I shall be in a position to tell you whether I can give my consent or not.'

'I am in your hands entirely,' he answered.

'By all means, since you wish it, let us defer consideration of it until such a time as you feel that you can give me the answer your heart dictates.'

'I will promise you an answer to-morrow morning without fail.'

'I thank your lordship. Now perhaps we had better go downstairs.'

In the Fountain Courtyard below we found the ladies waiting for us. Olivia greeted me with an anxious face, and I could see that she was hoping for an opportunity of speaking to me alone. This she found when we had all bidden each other good-night, and had separated to retire to our various rooms. Following me along the corridor, she caught me up as I passed through the sitting-room, which, since our arrival, had been set apart for our own private use.

'Instow,' she said, standing before me, 'I want to speak to you.'

I took her hand.

'I can guess what you are going to say,' I answered. 'The king has told me all.'

She looked up into my face, and I noticed that there was a light in her eyes that I had never seen there before—the light of love.

'You approve, do you not?' she asked, as if the fate of all the world hung upon my reply.

'Tell me first, dear, if you love him?' I said; 'I can answer you better then.'

A rosy blush suffused her face, and she hung her head a little. 'I love him as I shall never love another in my life,' she answered. 'He fascinated me from the very first, though I would not admit it even to myself. Now I would do anything, dare anything for love of him. Oh! Instow, I love him better than life itself.'

'But have you considered what it will mean to you?' I said. 'Have you thought what a change it will make in your life. You will probably not see England again for years; you will be cut off from home and friends—in a great measure even from myself. You will miss all the surroundings, and a great many of the luxuries to which you have been accustomed. Are you prepared to sacrifice so much?'

'I love him,' she answered simply; 'and nothing I can do will be a sacrifice. As to the other things you speak of, I shall find an equivalent in helping him in his life's work.'

'But you know his state of health. I do not wish to be unkind, but you must remember that seven months ago the Venetian doctors gave him but two years of life.'

'You are cruel to remind me of that,' she cried. 'But if it is so, the greater reason that I should make his life happy while it lasts.'

'In that case I will say no more. If you love him, and he loves you, and your happiness lies together, Heaven forbid that I should withhold my consent.'

She put her soft arms round my neck and kissed me. Then, before I could prevent her, she had slipped away again, and vanished from the room.

I passed from the sitting-room into my bedroom. But it was not to sleep. Hour after hour I tossed upon my couch, thought succeeding thought, and every one bringing me back to the original question:

'Had I done right in giving my consent?'

Alas, that was a question for which only time could find an answer.

#### PAPER FLOWER-MAKING.

Who is there among us that does not like flowers, from the Queen on her throne, to the child revelling in the field among the poppies? but as our own poet says, we find to our chagrin and dismay, that 'pleasures are like poppies spread; we seize the flower, its bloom is shed,' and our lovely flowers, though 'things of beauty,' are not 'joys for ever;' and when, as often happens, our vases are empty, how very bare our rooms look! Myself an ardent lover of flowers, I felt this acutely, and would fill them with grasses or anything that came handy, using a little taste probably in my arrangements, and then it struck me the flowers could be copied. I was brought up to the artificial flower-making certainly, but now I was married, and had no appliances for making them in muslin or satin, what was the next best? Tissue paper. So I bought paper, wire and moss, and set to work to make my paper flowers. This was more than twenty years ago, and my paper flowers have found their way all over the kingdom, in the home of our bonnie Princess May, and in the humble cottage, as well as to foreign countries. Last winter, I started my classes, and most successful and enjoyable they were, both juvenile and adult; I hope I shall have the same pleasure this winter. The pupils find, like myself, that the making of these flowers is a most fascinating study; and another thing, it is causing both young and old to take a more lively interest in the beauties of Nature. They study the real flower, count the petals, note their shape, and the form of the leaves. Why? Because they are going to copy it in paper, and they continually find fresh charms to delight them. It must take away a good deal of the dryness from their botany classes; and I really think botanical teachers ought to feel very much obliged to me. At any rate, I do not intend to shelve Nature, for I will not make, or allow to be made, flowers that are not like the real ones; we make them as near a copy as possible 'on paper.' One lady of my acquaintance sat and cut up real flowers to 'see what was inside,' and said it was all through me; but she said she had no idea of their beauty till she had done it. I told her botanists had found that out before her. But the fact remains, we have 'eyes but we see not,' that is, we do not use them intelligently; and if my paper flowers make young and old, for both can make them, love the

real ones more, and understand them better, I feel I shall not have worked in vain.

Now, before proceeding any further, I would like to say a few kindly words to amateurs, for there is a good deal of these artists' work going about. It is very pleasing to see ladies taking such a keen interest in this delightful occupation. But to these ladies I would say take a few lessons, and then you will be able to finish your flowers properly, for it is not nice to see flowers with bare stems, and no leaves to speak of. Poor things, they look quite forlorn, like half-clad children; and another thing, there seems to be a very general idea among these ladies that if they can do some sort of a curly rose, a poppy, or a curly chrysanthemum, they have learnt all there is to learn. This, I need hardly say, is a very great mistake; there are numbers of charming flowers for you to copy, every one different from its neighbours, but all charming; so try and get out of the common rut, ladies, and seek 'fresh fields and pastures new.'

Now a word about materials: First, the paper. Don't buy cheap tissue. It is not satisfactory, and will not turn out good work. Good paper is delightful to work with. Fletcher & Sons' tissue I find does very good work. Try it, ladies, and be sure to notice when you are flower-making that there is a smooth side of the paper; keep that next you, except in the case of curly roses, when you turn it from you and curl it on that side, curling from you, so that when your rose is made the smooth side faces you after all. This is not a hard and fast rule, however; it varies, but it applies to a great many flowers. Then when you are cutting your paper be careful as to waste, allow, of course, a margin for cutting so as to insure your flower to be the correct size, or at least as near as possible. Second, the wire. Of this I use two kinds: a fine wire, No. 26 on the wire gauge, and a coarser kind for stems. This you can get at the metal warehouse at sixpence and eightpence per lb. Cut your fine wire yourself, but get the coarse wire cut at the warehouse, or you will break your scissors over it. They will cut any length you require if you ask them politely. The fine wire I use in about five or six inch lengths; the thick wire of course is cut longer; in that also you can follow your own inclination. In making up my flowers I use a great deal of moss. Third, this is called French moss, as it is prepared in France, and you can buy it at any fancy warehouse or florist's at fourpence and sixpence a bunch. Some of it is very pale, and does not show well in contrast. I seldom buy this kind, although I do not like it too high coloured either. You see, ladies, in this matter one has to use a little judgment as well as taste. Another point to which I would like to draw your attention is this: be careful in your choice of colour, as on that a great deal of your success will depend, and this includes not only the purchasing of your paper, but the mixing of your flowers after you have made them. Do not let one shade kill another. Choose shades that are good foils to each other. You will not regret paying attention to this rule. Some people err greatly in this respect; they have no

eye for colour, but this is most essential in our paper flower-making. For instance, pale straw and daffodil yellow go well together; pale lavender or mauve with violet, and so on; but, as I said before, your own taste must as a rule guide you in this matter.

Now the next item on our programme is the folding of the paper. Everything depends on this being done correctly. They are paying a great deal of attention to folding in the Kindergarten work in the schools, and it is a good introduction to proper flower-making. I had a good many board-school teachers, all of them very nice young ladies, and they said the paper-folding for the flowers was of the greatest service to them in their Kindergarten work. Now when folding your paper for cutting, keep the paper's own fold intact, and fold the paper parallel with it. Fold it until it is about two inches wide; it is then divided easily. For crocuses cut your sheet, which is twenty inches in length, into six parts; for tulips, seven or eight as you may desire; for Iceland poppies, into eight parts; for Canterbury bells, into six parts; for field poppies, into six, or five, if large ones are required. This brings us to the question of crepe paper. Ladies can use it of course at their own discretion, but as I like my pupils to do their own crinkling, it is never on my table, though very pretty things can be done with it—flower-pot covers, lamp-shades, and so forth. Still I prefer the plain sheet of tissue to any other—it is easily handled. Now for our colours. For crocuses, white, mauve, orange, and violet; for tulips, white, scarlet, and yellow. You could, of course, get shaded paper for these, but it would come more expensive, so I just use these three shades. If you want them 'all a-growing and a-blowing,' put two or three in a small pot, cover the top with moss, but only put one shade in each pot, and they look very pretty. I have several pots filled in this way in my room. When cutting your tulips, fold your strip of paper three times, taking care your edges are even, or the petals will not be regular; then fold it three times again—this we call three into three. Begin cutting nearly an inch from the bottom, cutting upwards to a round point down the other side, finishing opposite to where you began. For the heart, you could fringe a little yellow or orange paper, which you will paper on a wire, taking the wire in your left hand and the paper in your right; damp the tip of your finger, twist straight forward until you secure the wire, then slant your paper, and run it down to the end; place your heart in the centre of first petal, and make a little pleat or fold; continue this, counting one each for petals and spaces. Don't forget to invert your petals as you go on, for the tulip petals curl inwards. This flower looks well with large dark leaves; for which I use dark moss-green tissue. For these leaves you fold your strip of paper twice, and get your four leaves at one cutting. Take a good hold when you paper on your leaf, or it will not stand up straight. A very favourite flower with me is the hydrangea, and it makes a brave show; for this flower you can use white, blush-pink, and several shades of mauve. We, however, affect the pale pink mostly. It is

very delicate and pretty. Cut your sheet of paper into eight parts, open, and refold five times; begin cutting half-way up your fold, cutting round the top in a scallop form; divide into sections of five, counting four petals a flower, and tie these round a tipped wire. From twenty-four to thirty-six blossoms are required to make a full flower, and as you tie your flower keep the petals perfectly smooth, and when spraying up, one must overlap the other a little. I use about ten large leaves with this, and it is most effective.

Pansies are also most successful, quite easy to make, and, like sweet peas, there is room for much taste in the combination of colours, so that, though it is only a paper flower, yet a good lesson may be learnt from it.

I often wonder if our little friend the wasp, the first paper-maker, ever thought of the very wonderful results of his labours. It is said the pen rules the world, but the pen would be nowhere without the paper to write on. It is indeed wonderful when one thinks of the numberless things—and now our flowers are included—that are made from a simple piece of paper.

## ATTRAY'S WIFE.

### CHAPTER III.

EUSTACE Hirst had plenty of food for reflection. What he had suspected, that the Reverend Mr Texter had some hold or other upon Mrs Mountjoy, was now almost verified, for he had more than hinted that if he chose he could lay hands on Will Attray; and, despite the apparent indifference of mother and daughter to the fate of the redoubtable smuggler, it was not a pleasant reflection for a lover that he might be called upon to bring his sweetheart's father to the gallows.

He began to think he was likely to make rather an ass of himself. He was in love with Eleanor, short as was his acquaintance with her; but, as Mr Texter had put it, how would his family, eminently respectable and particular Clapham folk, regard a union with her? He had, sailor-like, never thought of this when her sweet face and her refined manner bewitched him, and, to tell the truth, he was not disposed to weigh it very seriously now.

What was he to do? Throw her over and see her the wife of Parson Texter? Never! Take his chance about Texter's hint? Brave the threat—marry the girl—be brought face to face with an unpleasant duty, and be pointed out as the husband of a murdering smuggler's daughter? Better, but not a rosy prospect.

Call upon Mrs Mountjoy straight away and state his case clearly and boldly? Best of all. He at once proceeded to put his resolution into effect, and was walking briskly along the sea-wall, revolving in his mind how he could least offensively discharge himself of a delicate mission, when he espied Eleanor coming towards him. She looked fairer than ever on



this fresh, breezy morning, for her black locks were streaming in the wind, her cheeks were healthily flushed, and the swiftness of her movement showed her perfect figure off to the fullest advantage.

'Good morning! I am glad to have met you. I was on my way to call on your mother,' said Eustace.

'And I was coming to—to make you my confidant,' said the girl. 'Where can we talk quietly?'

'Where better than under this wall—here, on this groin—the same near which you'—

'I know—I know! Don't recall it. I was hardly myself, and I did not even thank you,' said Eleanor.

They seated themselves side by side on the weather-beaten wood-work, for, though October was half passed, the season was sweet and mild, and for the first time since his arrival at Broadmarsh the young officer had seen the peculiar beauty of the sun-lit marsh country.

'Mr Hirst,' said the girl, 'after you left yesterday morning Mr Texter offered marriage to me. I rejected him. He received my decision strangely. He simply said: "I am sorry, Miss Eleanor. Sorry for myself, and more sorry for you." What did he mean?'

'I will tell you what I think he meant,' replied Eustace. 'Mind—only what I think he meant. I believe, from what he has hinted to me that he is in possession of information which would lead to the arrest of your father.'

'Indeed!' said the girl indifferently; but the lieutenant fancied there was a slight accent of anxiety in her speech. 'And then?'—

'And he therefore imagines that to spare your father you would be willing to make any sacrifice.'

'Do you believe that he has any such information?'

'I am sorry to say that I do.'

'What makes you think so?'

'I can hardly tell you, Miss Mountjoy; but he gives me the idea of being a man who, to gain his own ends, would leave no stone unturned to find the means. It is quite possible that he, a smuggling parson, may possess special facilities for obtaining such news. Your father may be on this coast for aught that you or I know. He would be pretty safe here. None of the fraternity would betray him.'

Eleanor was perceptibly moved by what the young man had said, which was strange, considering what indifference both she and her mother had expressed concerning the fate of Attray.

'Will you come and see my mother and tell her what you have told me?' said the girl, after a long silence.

'Certainly—but'—

'But what?'

There was a strong wrestling going on within the young man between duty and love.

'I must be candid, Miss Mountjoy,' he replied. 'I am a naval officer, and my duty must stand first in the guidance of my conduct. I must ask you to promise me that I shall not be expected to neglect my duty under any circumstances. I mean'—

'I know what you mean, Mr Hirst,' said the girl, somewhat in the proud, imperious tone which she had employed on the occasion of their first meeting. 'You mean that if knowledge of the whereabouts of my father should come to you, no considerations of—of respect for me'—

'Of affection, rather,' put in Eustace.

'Of affection, then, for me shall prevent you from performing your duty. No sir, I may be the daughter of William Attray, but I would never, even on his account, be an obstacle of that sort. Come!'

They rose and walked rapidly to Green Place.

Mrs Mountjoy was walking up and down the pebble garden path behind the house, stately and serene as an imprisoned sovereign. She bowed gracefully to Eustace Hirst, took her daughter's arm, and led the way into the house.

'You have news, I see,' she said, in the quiet, low-pitched voice which was not her least attraction. 'Let me hear it. Any news is welcome here.'

'I have no special news, Madam,' said the young man.

'But you have been telling my daughter something which concerns us. What was it?' asked Mrs Mountjoy.

So Eustace briefly recounted his opinion about the parson's strange reception of his rejection by Eleanor.

'He is a windbag, that man,' said Mrs Mountjoy, smiling. 'He knows nothing. He is only pretending to. Ever since we have been here he has been paying his attentions to my girl. She does not like him, and I don't care for him, although I see no absolute wrong in him. I would not oppose his marrying her, but as Eleanor's happiness is the only object I have to live for, I would not urge her to do what is distasteful to her. Let us be plain with each other—you as a sailor, I as a sailor, for I have passed almost as much of my time afloat as ashore. You have only known Eleanor a few days, but you are attached to her?'

'Yes—yes, I am, but I have never told her so, Madam,' replied the young man.

'Have you thought the thing well over? Have you considered what it means to marry the daughter of William Attray? Have you considered that if information concerning William Attray was placed in your hands, it would be your duty to act upon it, and to bring the father of your bride to the gallows?'

'I have, and it places me in a terrible position,' replied the young man.

'It need not be,' said Mrs Mountjoy. 'Consider well what you are doing.'

'Then may I dare to hope that if I should ask Miss Mountjoy to be my wife, she would accept me?'

'Consider your position first. Then come and ask her. Remember, three days is a short

courtship. You really cannot know Eleanor yet.'

'O yes, yes!' exclaimed the young officer rapturously. 'I need not consider. I will risk all! I will brave all!'

'You are young and inexperienced,' said Mrs Mountjoy, smiling. 'She is my first consideration, and I would never consent to her union with you if I thought there was the smallest chance of her being as a millstone round your neck. Remember, she is William Attray's daughter, and that you will never disestablish that black fact. Remember also, that although William Attray's daughter should be your wife, it will be your duty to allow justice to take its course with William Attray. Not that they will catch him yet. His head has been in a noose before now. But if, upon consideration, you feel that you can take my Eleanor for your wife and will make her happy, I am content. I have nothing more to live for, and I shall welcome the end of an unhappy life.'

The love-lorn lieutenant was profuse in his thanks and promises, and swore that nothing should tempt him from the path of duty either to his love or to his profession, and for the second time in three days walked forth the happiest man in the Marsh.

As was often his wont, Eustace Hirst turned in to the 'Tartar Frigate,' the centre of Broad-marsh life and light, that evening. Here preventive and runner met on equal terms, and often quaffed from the same bowl—a matter of a few hours only sometimes separating the act of drinking to each other's good luck from the act of breaking each other's heads.

The parson was also a patron of the 'Tartar Frigate'; indeed, a score opposite his initials might be seen on the slate in the bar near to that standing against the name of a sea-savage who could neither read nor write. But the parson was not proud, and was consequently a man of many friends. Indeed, the lieutenant did not dislike the man, although he despised and distrusted him.

So it happened that when the lieutenant walked in at about dusk, he found the parson there.

The latter stepped forward with one hand outstretched, and the other supporting a goodly rummer of hot drink.

'Congratulate you, Hirst; I do sincerely. What'll you have?' said he.

'Congratulate me on what?'

'You know, you sly rogue. Gone and stolen a march upon the poor sky pilot, and won the beauty of the Marsh. What'll you have?'

'Well,' replied Eustace, 'you're the last man in the world I should have expected to congratulate me. Mine's brandy hot with. How about what you said to me about—you know who? Look here: before we touch glasses, tell me straight—can you lay hands on him?'

'No, I can't.'

'Then why did you say you could—or rather, hint that you could?'

'Never did any such thing. I only supposed, and you shut me up by saying that you preferred to deal with facts.'

'That's all very well, but I'm an old sailor,

and you know, John Texter, as well as you're standing there, that you wanted to choke me off from courting Miss Mountjoy.'

'So I did. I admit it. What then?' replied the parson, with candour written on his open face. 'We were both angling for the same fish. You've landed her. I haven't. All's fair in love and war and smuggling.'

'Then you admit you were not in earnest?'

'Not I. I was very much in earnest.'

'I mean, you admit that what you said about my being bound to arrest Attray if I was shown how to do it was a stratagem.'

'If you like to call it so, yes. But look here. I've thrown up the sponge, and so let's drink to Miss Eleanor's very good health, and happiness, and prosperity!'

'With all my heart!' replied Eustace, and in less than five seconds the stems of two empty glasses rang on the bar counter.

'And you've made up your mind to marry the daughter of Bill Attray, and to run the risk of having to help to string him up, and to be pointed out as the husband of a murderer's daughter, have you?' said the parson, half in soliloquy. 'Well, you're a plucky one, that's all I can say! Let's hope for your sake that Bill won't be run to earth.'

After another glass and a little general talk, the lieutenant turned homewards. He was young, and was very green in the ways of the world outside his calling. He was, like all sailors, over-apt to think of men as he found them, and yet he did not leave the inn with an entirely easy mind.

Texter's acceptance of his defeat was too philosophical to be quite genuine. He was a little too careless and resigned about it to be acting naturally; for, although Eustace Hirst had no experience as a fighter in the lists of love, it did not seem possible to him that any man professing love for a girl with such warmth as he knew Texter had expressed his feeling for Eleanor, could quietly allow a rival to snatch the prize from him with such a show of acquiescence.

No. Texter had yet a card up his sleeve, and would bide his time to plump it down at the right moment, and despite his denial of the fact, Eustace believed that this card was the arrest of Bill Attray.

Another cause of anxiety was the position his own family would take up. He was the younger son of a well-to-do, but by no means wealthy London merchant, who belonged to that rigid circle of purists who made Clapham Common their centre, and who were unsparing in their condemnation of the slightest deviation from the paths of strict rectitude in general, and of improper marriages in particular.

He knew very well that to marry Eleanor Attray would be to bring on his head vials of wrath from the top of the family to the bottom, from one end of Clapham Common to the other.

Yet he believed Eleanor would make quite as true and good a wife as many who had issued from the grim portals of Clapham Old Church, and for the life of him he couldn't see why the sins of the fathers should always be visited on the children. Above all, he was

head over heels in love with her, and Clapham was a far cry from Broadmarsh.

So, sturdily-minded young Briton as he was, he resolved to trust to luck, and to pray for the good fortune which proverbially attends the brave.

# BETTER HOMES FOR WORKING PEOPLE.

As we have always the poor with us, the problem of better homes for working people is a burning question to-day, both in town and country; for in the city as in the village, there are plague spots, which it must be the aim of every lover of his species to remove or ameliorate. Some people sink into squalid and filthy surroundings through laziness, drink, evil-living, or improvidence; some have been more sinned against than sinning in that they had a slender chance to successfully breast the strong currents of misfortune, of heredity, and evil surroundings. Much has already been done, a good deal is in process of being done, and yet there remains much to do. 'Whenever a group of people,' says Miss Graffenried of the U.S. Department of Labour, 'live in want and squalor, their misery lowers the whole social level.' The result of impaired vitality is often relaxed moral and religious standards, with ignorance and crime as a result. There is some truth in the remark that the two civilising agencies of the highest value for labouring people, next to industrial training and baths for American working men, are bay windows and front door bells. These are not everything, for a pig will not change its habits with a change of sty; but there is so much in air-space, plenty of elbow-room, and absence of over-crowding in rearing a healthy and contented people, that the thing is worth struggling for and preaching continually from the house-tops. An acute writer and observer, Mr W. Hale White, ascribes 'the peculiar sourness of modern democracy to deficiency of oxygen and sunlight.' It was the realisation of the bitterness of the lot of many in their sordid surroundings of city life which made Lord Shaftesbury a philanthropist; and his whole life was a struggle with the forces of oppression and evil. George Peabody, the American millionaire, once poor himself, 'felt in his pocket' to the extent of half a million of money, which, as laid out in dwellings for the industrial poor of London, has doubled the capital, and has been doing good ever since it was so hardened into better homes for working people. Mr Ruskin has often contrasted the spirit of the modern builder with that of the builders of our cathedrals: 'the modern aggregate of bad building, and ill-living, held in check by constables, which we call a town, of which the widest streets are devoted, by consent, to the encouragement of vice, and the narrow ones to concealment of misery.' There is much exaggeration and some truth in this language; but we must remember that in 1864 Mr Ruskin encouraged Miss Victoria Hill, in her labours amongst the London rookeries, to the extent of £3000, to purchase two neglected courts, very much misnamed 'Paradise' and 'Fresh-water.' Mr

Ruskin, in *Fors Clavigera* and elsewhere, has given his opinion of London middle-class buildings, as reared of rotten brick, with various iron devices to hold them together. He politely calls them 'packing-cases, in which they (the dwellers) are temporarily stored, for bad use.' Also, he likens them to vans full of monkeys, 'that have lost their legs.'

It may be of interest to glance at what beneficent efforts have accomplished in our time, in London and elsewhere, to face the problem of better dwellings for working people. Sir B. W. Richardson has sketched his model city of 'Hygeia,' Dr Parker has talked of rebuilding London, while the Rev. Canon Barnett, in a sensible lecture, has sketched an ideal city, with a quarter of a million of inhabitants, in which, 'Gone are the close alleys in which men and children die before their time. Gone are the houses in which families swarm and foster a pestilence. Gone are the smells, the filth, and the danger.' Let us pass on, however, to those who have actually faced existing conditions, and put their shoulder to the wheel.

In this connection, a peep at London early in the century reveals the need of changed conditions. Mr Weyland of the London City Mission, in a communication to the present writer, says: 'I remember Lord Shaftesbury telling me about his first visit to the slums of Westminster. "I was an M.P. at that time," he said, "and arranged for that energetic missionary, Andrew Walker, to meet me at the entrance of the House of Commons, and to introduce me to his district, which was only about three minutes' walk distant. We spent two hours in Old Pye Street and its neighbouring courts and alleys. The dilapidated and insanitary dwellings were inhabited by wretched, half-clothed people, while swarms of ragged, shoeless children gave the place a heathen appearance. It was evidently a centre of thievery, as active or discharged criminals were found in every house." His lordship, saddened by what he had seen, at once moved in the direction of helping to found a Ragged School and a Reformatory House for juvenile thieves.

An article in *Chambers's Journal* for August 21, 1847, by William Chambers, describes these slums. It is entitled, 'A Visit to Westminster—but not to the Abbey.' This same Andrew Walker, originally a gardener from Earlston, Berwickshire, was his guide. We have Walker's unpublished MS. diary before us, in which he mentions that twenty-two rooms in New Square were occupied by fifty girls, to whom the rooms were let at four shillings a week for immoral purposes. Would it be believed that some of this slum property so tenanted belonged to the Dean and Chapter of the Abbey? Old Pye Street district, with Duck Lane and surroundings, gave Charles Dickens material for more than one article for *Household Words*. Andrew Walker has some information in his diary about the visit paid by Dickens to this part of London. The Scottish missionary had been asked to visit a sick person at a lodging-house at 20 Ann street. He was shown up-stairs, and had no sooner entered the room than he requested the landlady to open the window, as



there was a sickening smell, fit to breed a pestilence. Mr Walker went round to the front of Westminster Abbey until the room was aired. There he met Charles Dickens, who expressed himself glad to see him, as he had come to have a look at some of the lodging-houses for travellers. He returned with Dickens to the room he had left, and found it ventilated. Straw beds lay upon the floor close together, with about eighteen inches of passage along the centre. About the middle of the room lay the sick woman. Dickens asked her how many persons had slept in the room during the night. She replied, forty men and women, besides a number of children. Other lodging-houses were visited, not excepting the notorious Queen of Spain's, Dickens remarking, when it was over, that this neighbourhood might well be called 'The Devil's Barracks.' At 63 Orchard Street was one house with beds for sixty, at threepence per night; other houses had forty beds; where, when cooking of steaks and chops, fish, or sausages was going on at one time, the odour may be better imagined than described. This visit, Andrew Walker says, led up to the Model Lodging-house Bill for London, one of the most beneficent pieces of legislation, according to Dickens, which has ever been put on the Statute-book. Lord Shaftesbury had much to do with the passing of the Bill for the Inspection and Registration of Lodging-houses in 1851, and his powerful advocacy in the *Quarterly Review* enlightened public opinion on the subject. The improvement after the passing of the bill was gratefully acknowledged in an article in *Chambers's Journal* for 1853.

Old Pye Street and Duck Lane, which Andrew Walker found largely tenanted by thieves and prostitutes, have now been altered by much-needed city improvements. Here some of the Peabody dwellings have been erected. Walker had six hundred and fifty rooms in his district, with an average of four persons in each room; there were eight public-houses, two of them the headquarters of thieves. Another was known as the Beggar's Opera, where members of the 'profession' gathered in the evening, drinking and reciting their street songs. In one thieves' kitchen Walker saw, in the centre of the room, suspended from the ceiling, what was termed 'the doll,' being a wire frame, about the size of the human body, with a lady's dress placed over it. In the centre of the frame hung a bell. In the pocket of the dress was placed a purse containing sixpence. Around the doll Walker saw about twenty boys and girls, from ten to fifteen, receiving instruction how to slip their hands into the pocket and take the purse without causing the bell to tinkle. There was a mock trial afterwards in cases of failure.

This is but a sample of what had to be ameliorated in one district of London. There is no doubt that it was Lord Shaftesbury's influence and example which led Thomas Holloway to found the Holloway Sanatorium near Virginia Water, and the Ladies' College at Egham, at a cost of £750,000. Likewise the same influence led George Peabody to devote half a million of his surplus wealth, as we have said, for the good of

the industrial classes of the metropolis. Sir Curtis Lampson, one of the Peabody trustees, estimated that if the money in hand was honestly dealt with for two hundred years, it should in that time have accumulated sufficiently to provide for three-fourths of the industrious poor of London. A beginning was made with the Peabody buildings at Islington, which were opened in 1865 at a cost of £31,690, comprising one hundred and fifty-five tenements, with accommodation for six hundred and fifty persons. Great care has been exercised in drainage and ventilation, dust and refuse are removed by means of shafts, and the passages are kept clean and lighted with gas. There are also free baths and laundries, with every convenience. For one room the weekly charge is about two shillings or two and sixpence; two rooms four shillings; three rooms five shillings; four rooms seven to seven and sixpence. The conditions laid down by Peabody, which have secured good character in the occupants, are that they be of 'an uncertain condition of life, such as brings the individual within the description of the poor of London, combined with moral character and good conduct as a member of society.' By 1889 there were eighteen groups of buildings erected in Shadwell, Chelsea, Islington, Spitalfields, Bermondsey, Westminster, Old Pye Street (where as we have seen there was clamant need), Blackfriars Road, Stamford Street, Southwark Street, Pimlico, Whitechapel, &c. The report of the Peabody Donation Fund up till 1895 showed that the total fund with accrued rent and interest had risen from £500,000 to £1,169,338, and that 11,367 rooms had been provided, besides bath-rooms, lavatories, laundries; and the number of persons in residence on December 31st was 19,914. Of these, labourers constituted the largest section, numbering 684, porters 542; then came charwomen 355, carmen 301, needlewomen 278, and warehouse labourers 186. Thus the vow which George Peabody registered early in his career to do something for the poor of London, if he prospered in business, is being fulfilled.\*

There have been other worthy workers in the same field. The method of Miss Octavia Hill, and those who were associated with her, was to purchase property in the slums, call regularly for the rents, gradually work their way into the respect and affections of the tenants, and so insensibly elevate their standard of living. Old buildings were pulled down, and houses like St Christopher's Buildings rose instead. In a few years Miss Hill had £74,000 worth of property under her superintendence. Sir Sidney H. Waterlow, who in 1889 handed over to the London County Council his estate of twenty-nine acres, on the south slope of Highgate Hill, has also been a leading spirit in the 'Improvement Industrial Dwellings Company,' which has erected thousands of houses at Chelsea, Pimlico, and elsewhere. This Company has always paid at least five per cent. to the promoters. The essential principle in the Waterlow dwellings is that each tenement shall be complete in itself, and more attempt is here made than in the

\* For further information as to this movement, see *Four Great Philanthropists: Lord Shaftesbury, George Peabody, John Howard, and Oberlin.* (W. & R. Chambers, Limited.)

Peabody buildings to combine beauty with utility. Some are let at two and sixpence a room per week. The stairways are all external, and each set of rooms opens separately from the landings. Sir Edward Guinness in 1889 set aside £250,000 for dwellings for the poor, of which £200,000 were to be expended in London, and £50,000 in Dublin. By the agency of this Trust, 1877 separate dwellings, containing 3738 rooms, besides laundries, club-rooms, coster's sheds, &c., have been provided.

The report of the Mansion House Council on the dwellings of the poor in London for 1895 shows that in West Ham out of 2223 insanitary conditions existing in 596 houses in March 1894 over 1000 still remained unremedied in the middle of 1895. Lord Rowton, chairman of the Guinness Trust, has, on his own account, interested himself in providing lodging-houses for the people. One near Vauxhall Station has 484 beds; another at King's Cross 676 beds; and one building in process of erection at Newington Butts will contain 800.

'Fagin's Kitchen,' so graphically described by Dickens in *Oliver Twist*, with its filthy and insanitary conditions, has come under the ban of the London County Council, and is now closed. It was a registered lodging-house at Viaduct Chambers, Great Saffron Hill, Holborn. The premises consist of the main building and five cottages. The place had fifty-three beds in the main building. Branches of the Mansion House Council have also been doing good work in various parts of London, and have drawn attention to insanitary conditions, most of which have been remedied. The number of sanitary inspectors has increased in recent years, from 94 in 1885 to 127 at the present time; while the London County Council has also erected artisan dwellings at Yardley Street, Poplar, East Greenwich, Deptford, Hackney Road, and Shoreditch.

By bringing into force the Housing of the Working Classes Act of 1890, any town council can force the erection of new houses in place of insanitary ones. The Registrar-general's standard of overcrowding exists wherever more than four people are found sleeping in one room. The Dudley Christian Society Union found that 10,485 persons were so living amongst them, and that only four other towns were worse; Gateshead with forty per cent. of the inhabitants so living, Newcastle with thirty-five, Sunderland thirty-two, and Plymouth twenty-six. In Leeds it has been proposed to deal with an insanitary area of 16 acres, in which are 634 dwelling-houses, in eleven of which the people live underground, and fifteen public-houses. In connection with Dudley, Mr Bean has shown reason why one-half of the worst tenements should be razed, owing to hopelessly insanitary conditions. An article in the *Review of Reviews*, exposing the condition of Dudley, has so far forced the hand of the local authorities.

The working man's building societies, which exist over the length and breadth of the land, have been of immense service in helping him to help himself. A good example exists in the Edinburgh Co-operative Building Company, which began operations in the Water of Leith district of Edinburgh, at Canonmills, in 1861.

It has always paid a good dividend, averaging twelve per cent., and has risen as high as twenty-five per cent. in an extra good year. By its aid, hundreds of dwellings have been erected in the town and suburbs. The late Dr Begg wrote an excellent account of its inception in *Happy Homes for Working Men, and how to get them* (1866). While Lord Provost of Edinburgh (1865-69), William Chambers promoted an act for the improvement of the city, which resulted in a great diminution of the death-rate. The Glasgow Workmen's Dwellings Company has started well, and pays four per cent.

'The Working Man's Dwellings Bill,' drafted to enable local authorities, where they think it advisable, to advance money to working men, to enable them to become the owners of the houses in which they live, passed its second reading in the House of Lords on 29th June. Not more than £150 was to be advanced to any individual, under its provisions, and the building of the house was to be superintended and sanctioned by the local authority. This is an experiment; but we believe strongly in the principle of self-help, and were legal formalities in connection with bonds and loans cheaper and easier, private loans would be more popular, and the working man would be independent even of the building society, which extracts a considerable rate of interest over a long period.

In an article, 'Need of Better Homes for Wage Earners,' in the *Forum* for May, Miss Grassfield says that some of the worst barracks in New York are owned by ignorant, irresponsible landlords, often by foreigners. In New England the French Canadians invest largely in property of this kind, and in New York the Italians are buying it up largely. The case is mentioned of a forewoman in a flower factory, who said that she meant to put her savings into a half interest in a tenement of this sort, paying twenty-six per cent. The big lodging houses in New York yield from fifty to eighty per cent., and some of the worst hovels in Philadelphia forty per cent. Buffalo, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and Allegheny (where typhoid fever prevails) have all their slum problems also.

The first object of the philanthropist is to drag these extreme cases into the light of publicity. Once public attention and feeling are aroused, the local authority may be coerced into action. For it is still true that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives.

## THE LITTLE GENERAL.

By RICCARDO STEPHENS.

It being a Saturday afternoon, Timothy McCarthy, Senior, was very drunk.

He had beaten Kathleen, his wife, much earlier than usual, and young Tim, coming in soon after, got a stray and careless clout on the side of the head, while poking about for a match to light his pipe.

A year ago Young Tim might have stood this, but he was married now, a six months' married man with a one-roomed house of his own, and having only looked in to pass the

time of day, and having also had a glass or two, he felt it to be a breach of hospitality.

'Ye onmanerly ould sinner!' I heard him shout through the open window, 'here's for yez!' and the clout was returned generously.

The free fight that came after is still remembered in Rutherford's Close, off the High Street of Edinburgh. They fought the length of the fairly long room, from the fireplace to the door, and back again from the door to the fireplace, as youth or experience proved the stronger, until Kathleen had screamed herself hoarse, and even the hardened children playing in the dirty court below looked up astonished from their dust and mussel-shells.

They fought back again to the door, tugging and straining, at too close quarters to do all the damage they wished, while I watched them from my window, one flat higher on the opposite side of the court.

Then a cunning back-fall sent Young Tim against the door, which flew open, and staggering out of my sight together, they rolled down the dark stair, fighting into the High Street through a crowd of interested neighbours, who were far too sportsmanlike to interfere.

I, having some weeks of hard reading behind me, and an examination very near, was not so liberal-minded as the neighbours, and, going through the wynd presently, expressed my opinions freely to them concerning Messrs McCarthy.

'Another such row,' I said, 'and I'll get old McCarthy to the police station. Some of you can tell him so when he's sober.'

They told him apparently before that desirable state was reached, and standing under my window a little later, flushed with victory, he expressed his opinion of me and my manners—which he offered to improve in one lesson if I'd give him the chance.

This I declined to do until he should be saner, whereupon he classified me as a cowardly water-drinking viper, saying there were none such in ould Ireland, thanks be to St Patrick, and went away to drink again, with the result that a little before midnight Kathleen McCarthy was yelling murder for all she was worth.

I was awake and dressed, and reading, and I had not forgotten Old Tim's contemptuous sarcasms. It sounded as though Kathleen was suffering for my shyness of encounter, and that stung me badly. Besides, twice, to my knowledge, killing had been done within a hundred yards of that place without any attempt at interference, and I had no mind to risk being a party to a third such affair. The screams continuing, I ran out and knocked up a neighbour.

'Fetch the police for your life!' I said, 'and bring them to Tim McCarthy's!' and then I bolted down my stair and stumbled up Tim's, until I had groped my way to his door.

There I paused and listened, lurking on the threshold with no thirst for unnecessary risks. Kathleen was now scolding and crying at the same time, so the danger was not pressing. I did not know how many might be in the room, but I calculated that they were likely all to set upon me together, if I presented myself as

an unbidden guest, and here I thought I would wait for the police. I listened lest any sudden outbreak should force me to go in alone, but the first fresh sound came from below. A quick step sounded in the wynd, and mounted the stair. It was too quick and light for one of the police, but came up with the decided sound of a foot that knew the place, and had no need to soften its tread. I moved to meet it, and was at once challenged in a clear firm voice, as a shadowy figure rose.

'Ah! Your neighbour met me,' the voice broke in directly I began to explain. 'You frightened him, and he has insisted on going for the police, though I told him I didn't think they'd be needed. Let's go in!'

'They're quieter now,' I whispered; 'shan't we wait?'

'Why?' said the voice brusquely, and, without waiting for the answer which I was cudgelling my brains to shape as concisely as the question, the figure threw the door open and stepped in confidently with a 'Pax vobiscum.'

I, ashamed, followed close upon his heels, and was immediately put on my guard, for Ould Tim, whose whisky-sodden intelligence, I believe, the salutation had not yet reached, scented treachery, and came for me as straight and as swiftly as his condition would allow.

'Pax vobiscum!' The slight straight figure stepped swiftly between us, one hand upraised, and Tim came no farther.

'Stand you back, Tim McCarthy!' said the little man severely, 'or if you can't stand, then lie, but don't come a step this way, or 'twill be a bad night for you!'

But there was no thought of rebellion. When two tall and sturdy members of the City Police tramped stolidly up a few minutes later, there was nothing for them to do. Tim lay asleep and snoring in the corner; Kathleen moaned and winced a little under the deft fingers of the priest, who was dressing a cut over one well-blackened eye, while I, a medical—though it is true only in my second year—was humbly holding the candle. The two men grinned and saluted, getting a quick little nod in return, as my companion, safety-pin in mouth, made a neat reverse of the bandage round Kathleen's head.

'We're no needit,' said one of them, with conviction, and I saw a little dry smile develop, as well as it might, around the safety-pin.

The two men saluted again and went away, and we finished patching up Kathleen. After that, the little man, having shaken his head sternly over the unconscious Tim in the corner, gave a parting word to his wife.

'Send your man to me by nine to-morrow morning, Kathleen McCarthy, and see that he comes sober. Come round yourself after vespers, and I'll look at your head. Now, sir, if you and I are going down the stair together, we might introduce ourselves.'

In that way began my acquaintance with Father Munro.

I walked to his door with him that night, and did not decline so unhesitatingly as I ought to have done, when he invited me to come in.



'It's too late, sir,' I said; 'some other time, if I may.'

'Pooh! Nonsense!' said the old man in his sharp, military manner. 'Young fellows like you and old fellows like me are no lie-abeds. Come away in, man!' and I went with no further ado.

He took me into a fair-sized square room, sparsely furnished, but having its walls hidden by books from floor to ceiling. On the table stood a plate of cold porridge and a quaint, tall glass of milk, set out daintily with a fine white napkin and an old silver spoon; and this I mention, since later I found that a mixture of simplicity with touches of daintiness were characteristic of Father Munro. These things he looked at whimsically for an instant, first at them, then at me, and making an excuse, left the room. Presently he came back triumphant, a bottle of wine in one hand, and a plate of cheese in the other, and setting them down and paying no heed to my remonstrances, went off again to fetch in more.

'I'm hungry, and can't eat alone,' was all he said, when things were arranged to his satisfaction; after which, pouring out wine for me, he said a short Latin grace, and attacked his porridge with vigour and decision, beaming upon me when I showed a good appetite, but taking none of his good things for himself.

After supper, however, he allowed himself a pipe; while I, at his invitation, lit a cigarette, and he started to chat. Of the actual talk little or nothing is worth repeating. I recall it only because, while I watched and listened, he showed so clearly what manner of man he was.

His demeanour was courtesy itself, yet peremptory, matching well with the fine, closely-cropped head, the benignant face, and strong, firm jaw. A distinguished, almost foreign politeness ornamented his soldierly speech, just as a damascening of gold will ornament a good steel blade. I was sure he had lived abroad; I should not have been surprised to hear that he had seen military service, and in my own mind I then and there dubbed him 'The Little General.' One thing marked him off distinctly from the military types I am accustomed to; he seemed to have no practical respect for the law, as of general application, and that showed itself in the one speech which I think worth repeating.

Speaking of the way in which he had marched in upon Ould Tim, I suggested that he ran more risk than was necessary. At this Father Munro cocked a clear gray eye at me, and asked what I would have had him do.

'The law,' I said, 'and the police, are for such people, are they not, and for such times? Did you need to run the risk of meeting a mad drunkard, and possibly others behind him, when the police were almost at the door?'

But Father Munro was indignant.

'The law, sir! the law! Risk! and the police! The law is meant to protect the weak and the defenceless, is it not? I was there, and you, sir'—with a polite little bow. 'They are my parishioners, and accept me as their judge, yes, and their executioner on occasion. Boastfulness is unbecoming in an old man; but at one time, sir, some said I could use rapier

and claymore a bit, and my hand can guard my head yet when I carry my pastoral staff.'

He nodded, twinkling quaintly toward a corner of the room, and looking there I saw a stout blackthorn.

'Do you think I go about among my poor children with the law at my back?' he asked, seeming almost hurt at the notion.

'I noticed that the law evidently thought you could take care of yourself,' I said, remembering the two policemen, and this seemed to please Father Munro. He laughed, and told me that the police were his very good friends, some of them his parishioners too, and then turned the conversation, chatting to me about books and my own work until I got up hurriedly, with an apology for having been led to forget the time.

'I must be in your parish too, sir,' I told him, 'and if a heretic is allowed to come in now and then when you're not too busy, or to hope for a pastoral visitation, I wish you would add my name to your list.'

The little man, rising alertly to see me out, looked keenly into my eyes for a second, and then held out his hand.

'These doors are open to you, my son, whenever you choose, and if an old man's society won't trouble you, you shall see me up your stair before long;' and he bade me good-night.

After that I began to see Father Munro often, and to hear of him still oftener. Every one who knew him had a good word for him, and after having been seen once or twice in his company, I met the Irish among my neighbours on a very different footing. Even the McCarthys grew friendly, and nothing pleased Young Tim better than to yarn away about the little priest's doings. He told me of the Waking of McClure, of the great Orange fight, and of many other matters, in all of which Father Munro was the hero.

'Faith, he's a man!' Young Tim would say at last, in a way that made me think he placed that same man above most of the saints.

One thing, however, Father Munro could not do with either Young Tim or Ould Tim. He could not stop their whisky-drinking. Ould Tim would keep off it for a Saturday, maybe even two, but rarely three. The longer he was sober, the longer and fiercer would be the bout that followed, and the worse for poor old Kathleen. As for Young Tim, he drank much less, but a much smaller quantity put him in the fighting mood. He never struck his wife, and he tried to avoid Ould Tim; but when they met, both in their cups, then and there was a battle royal.

Thus things were, when one summer Saturday evening, a year after my first meeting with Father Munro, I passed into the court as Ould Tim came staggering out. At the foot of his stair were some angry women, who, after he had reeled by, screamed their abuse at him. Up stairs I could hear Kathleen moaning, and I was told that the beating had been much worse than usual, so bad that, just before Ould Tim had left her, one neighbour had gone off for Young Tim and another for Father Munro.

I ran up the stair, and found the woman badly bruised, but nothing more, and then, on

my way to the infirmary, saw Young Tim hurrying away toward the wynd, stick in hand. A little farther on I met the woman who had gone for Father Munro. 'His riverence was out,' she said, 'and wouldn't be in for an hour, when he'd be told,' and I passed on, to forget all about the matter a few minutes later, in the work of what is known as in-taking, which is as follows:

Each medical and each surgical ward has its in-taking day and night, during which it receives, if possible, all cases admitted for treatment. On a Saturday night, therefore, there will be a resident surgeon on duty to examine and treat all surgical cases, deciding which shall be admitted, and which must be treated as out-patients. This was receiving-night for the surgical ward in which I clerked; and being a Saturday, was fairly busy.

A battered drunkard or two came in, of course, and battered victims of the same. A child also who had been run over, and a girl from the country, at whom the ever-flourishing fool had pointed the ever-handy loaded gun, though, fortunately, without the usual fatal result. We had seen to the girl, and packed her off to bed; and Macintosh, the resident, was relieving his mind, and amusing us, by telling the fool what he thought of him, what might happen, and what might be the consequences to him, the fool, when another cab rolled to the door. A lively young dresser, who sat on the table swinging his legs, jumped down and ran out to see what was coming, but came back at once.

'A reverend gentleman on the spree!' he announced; and presently in came Father Munro.

His shovel hat was crushed down over his eyes, his coat collar was turned up to meet it, his face—as much of it as could be seen when he came in—was chalky-white, and the face of Young Tim, on whose arm he leant heavily, was not much better.

I stepped forward at once, speaking to him by name as I did so, and 'The Little General' greeted me with a dazed smile.

'Old bones, Mr Tregenna, and old eyes! I've had a tumble at last, you see, and Tim McCarthy insisted on bringing me here.'

'Quite right, sir,' I said. 'Here's the doctor ready for you,' and I introduced Macintosh, being very careful to let that gentleman know the sort of man he had for a patient.

I might have spared myself the trouble. Father Munro was his own recommendation, and in two minutes was sitting bolt upright—he refused to lie on the table—having two very ugly head wounds examined, and being treated with as much respect as any pope could desire. There were two straight, clean cuts, side by side, across the top of the head, and on one side was another, and the resident stood looking at them curiously before he asked any questions.

'How did you say this was done, sir?' he asked.

'I was going up a dark stair,' Father Munro told him quietly, 'and I had a fall.'

'Did your head strike against anything?'

'I expect I struck it in falling,' said Father

Munro; and then, a little more slowly and distinctly, 'it was a mistake made in the dark.'

I might be wrong, but it seemed to me that he meant every one in the place to hear that, and standing by the resident, I looked still more carefully at the head. Two clean-cut, parallel wounds on the top, and one at the side. Where before had I seen such another head? I could not remember, but stood racking my brain with no result.

'Now then, Tregenna! Look alive, man!'

Macintosh roused me from my meditation with a nudge, and I gave him the help that he wanted, wondering all the time.

'Were you alone, sir?'

Macintosh asked this while he pushed the examination further. He seemed puzzled too.

'I was going up the stair alone,' Father Munro said patiently.

'You must have struck your head twice, then?'

'I cannot remember all. I was rather stunned, I think.'

'Rather!' Macintosh muttered to himself, and then seemed to remember Young Tim, who was still standing and watching us anxiously from the far end of the room. 'Were you there at the time?'

Macintosh asked Young Tim the question, but it was Father Munro who answered.

'McCarthy found me at the foot of the stair,' and Young Tim said nothing.

Macintosh evidently thought that the less his patient talked the better, and he asked no more questions just then.

We got Father Munro to bed, shaved off the thick gray hair, dressed the great scalp wounds, and put an ice cap on the grand old head, and for a time all went well. Before we had finished, I remembered where I had seen other such wounds, but I held my peace and waited.

There was no side-room bed empty, and he was put into the ward for the night.

'In the morning, sir,' said Macintosh, surveying him in a critical way, with his tasselled cap on one side; after all was done, 'we'll get you a quieter crib.'

The old man lay and smiled quietly at him.

'I shall do very well here, doctor, thank you.'

'Hope so, sir,' Macintosh said, and capped as he wished him good-night, which was unprecedented, and made even our never-to-be-surprised staff open her eyes widely for a second.

When the morning came it was not thought necessary to move him after all.

Craig, the street preacher, was lying in the next bed when we brought Father Munro in, and knowing him by sight, was at first strongly antagonistic. I heard the words 'papist' and 'scarlet woman' muttered wrathfully, while we were getting our charge into bed, and we gave a hint both to Craig and to the night nurse before we left.

The next morning, however, things were very different. Craig, who was my case, beckoned me to his bed directly I went into the ward; he held a finger to his lips, and pointed that Father Munro was dozing.



'Yer boots are fair thunderous,' he whispered reproachfully. 'Can't you see the man's asleep?' I took the rebuke calmly, but couldn't resist a dig at him.

'I'm glad you leave him quiet,' I said. 'I thought you'd be at him if you got a chance.' 'There's a time for a' things,' said Craig philosophically. 'I've kep' an ee on him, an' he's a guid heart, though sair misel. We'll bae a bit crack later, maybe, and the doctor needna' be feared. I'll keep the ward quiet.'

Twice a day Young Tim came for our bulletin, wild-eyed and anxious, and twice I sent him away comforted. Father Munro lay placid and patient, worshipped by the nurses, and respected by all.

For three days we hoped, and then a change came. He grew restless, turning from side to side, and murmuring to himself. As I stood watching him from Craig's bedside that night he spoke aloud:

'A wife and bairn,' he said, 'a wife and bairn;' and was silent again.

I was reading the chart that hung at his bed-head when the chief and the resident came in together and looked at him, at which he turned over a little, and looked up into the chief's face with a smile, not quite so bright as usual.

'What's this you want, sir?' asked the chief at last. 'One of your parishioners in to see you?' And Father Munro's smile grew brighter. 'Tut, tut!' the chief went on testily, 'you're off duty, man! Some one else is seeing to your work.' But Father Munro laid an entreating hand upon his sleeve, and beckoning him to stoop, whispered in his ear.

'Can't be done,' the chief snapped at him when he finished. 'I'm responsible for you, you know.'

'And I for him?' pleaded Father Munro. The chief frowned down with the frown that aved so many students before they knew him.

'Man, it's fair ridiculous!' he said; 'quite unprecedented. I certify that you're not fit for any duty.' But Father Munro pleaded on.

When he finished, Macintosh, standing with the chart in his hand, held it out for the chief, who, with a snort of impatience, took it, and stepped away toward me. Then he laid a finger on the upward line that marked a rising body-temperature, and turned to Macintosh again.

'Partly this notion of his, I think, sir,' Macintosh said softly. 'He's worrying over it tremendously, or I shouldn't have troubled you. He slept very little last night, you know.'

'What on earth does he want to confess a man for?' asked the chief impatiently; but that was beyond Macintosh, and he shook his head.

'If things go on like this,' said the chief, with his finger on the chart, 'I shall operate to-morrow morning.'

'What do you think of letting him have his way in this?' asked Macintosh; but the chief was quite indignant, and they went down the shadowy ward—it was growing very late—with their heads together, talking softly, while Father Munro lay and watched, peering anxiously after them all the time.

What Macintosh said further I do not know, but they came back to the bed. What Father Munro said further I don't know either, but at last the chief called me, and at once began to relieve his mind.

'What are you doing here at this time of night, Mr Tregenna?'

'Taking a case, sir.'

'You've no right to be here, none at all. There's no discipline here. We can't have this sort of thing, Dr Macintosh! There! there!' (as Macintosh tried to speak) 'that will do! It must be seen to.' Then he turned and bent over Father Munro again.

'You'll be satisfied if you see this man to-night?' And Father Munro smiled on him. 'Ten minutes are all you want, and you promise to sleep after?'

'I shall sleep,' he promised; and then I got my instructions.

I was to fetch Young Tim to Father Munro's bedside, and I was to leave him there ten minutes. I was to warn him first as to his behaviour, and I was to take him away when time was up. Then we all three left the ward. Macintosh to get a little sleep, for he was to come round again later, the chief to go home, and I to do my errand.

I found Young Tim sitting in his one room, at the top of a seven-storeyed house, staring out at a cloudless sky, in which stars were beginning to show. His wife and the baby were sound asleep, but Tim looked as though he had never known what sleep meant. He heard my errand in silence, and in silence he walked by me until—in the darkened ward, where only here and there a glimmer of gas was shown, and where the only other moving thing was the ghost-like shape of the night-nurse—we stood by Father Munro.

'Ten minutes, my son,' was all that the priest said to me; and then, drawing away to a window seat, watch in hand, I left them. Screens fenced the corner in which the bed lay, the last on that side of the ward. I could not see, I could not hear, what was going on. Once or twice I heard a stifled sob, hushed at once by the voice of the Little General. The minutes dragged like hours. The night-nurse, moving like a shadow here and there down the glimmering length of the place, the silent forms dimly outlined in the nearer beds, were no company to me. Once I raised my watch until I could see the second hand moving, and hear the sound.

I gave them the ten minutes and a few seconds over. Then I went and tapped at the screen. The voices had stopped, and when I went round at the Little General's word, he lay and smiled peacefully at me, his hand laid upon Young Tim's head, while Tim's face was buried in the bed-clothes.

'Tim and I have settled our affairs,' said the Little General, 'and you are a witness to it, my son, if ever witness is needed.'

'Tell him, father!' Tim begged.

'Would ye doubt my authority, Tim McCarthy? I've confessed you, and absolved you, with a penance and a promise. Fare ye well!'

The thin fingers were extended in benediction, and then Tim, the tears streaming down



his face, crept away into the darkness, and I knelt in his place.

'Can I do anything for you, sir?'

His hand trembled in the air once more, whether for me or for the vanished man I do not know.

'An innocent wife and a bairn!' said Father Munro, 'Nane dimittis,' and turning his face to the wall slowly, slipped into dreams from which he never rallied.

The Little General was carried to his grave with more pomp than ever he had encouraged while alive; and many masses were said for his soul before I met Young Tim again, 'Though the use av masses to a holy saint in Paradise,' as Bridget McClosky said to me, 'is unbeknown.'

I had thought of Young Tim often, having an uneasy doubt concerning him, and passing up the Grassmarket one night, had him in my mind again, when he stood before me.

'Think of the devil!' I misquoted, and then stopped, for there was light enough to see the words didn't apply.

It was a Saturday night, but Young Tim was sober though excited, and when he asked me for a moment's chat, I invited him to my room. We passed up in silence, I wondering a great deal, but determined to ask no questions. I pointed to a chair, and looked dubiously at my shelves. Hospitality suggested an offer of whisky and a fill of 'bacey,' but I restrained my instincts and faced him in silence.

'I was thinkin', docthor,' he said at last, 'that as you were friends with the holy father'—and he stopped again.

'What holy father?' I asked. 'I know none.'

'There's but wan for me,' said Tim, and then stopped again.

'If you mean poor Father Munro,' I answered, 'what of him?'

'He laid a penance on me,' Young Tim said softly, 'an' I'm doin' it, an' will till I die. He giv' me absolution too, an' I giv' him a promise.'

'Keep it then!' I said sourly, but Tim went on.

'There's no justice in it. The holy father was always just.'

'Shame,' I said. 'Would you break your promise to a dead man?'

'Sure an' I will if need be,' said Tim fervently. 'You were there, an' what I must know, had he his sinses?'

'As much as you or I,' I said angrily, 'if not more. You can't get out of it that way.'

Tim rose from his chair and faced me, frowning.

'Ye don't know,' he cried; 'I've all to lose if I break me promise. But, if I made it to a senseless saint who couldn't judge me or me sin, I'll break me promise, and be judged by a harder man.'

I sat and puzzled it out, while the voices of the children came up from the reeking court, and Tim leant against the mantel-piece, breathing hard, but watching me steadily.

'He was a better and wiser man than either of us,' I said at last. 'The secret lies between you and him, and you must keep it,' and Tim,

sober and hard-working, holds to his promise still.

As for me, I remember that the only time I saw such wounds as Father Munro had was when, in an election riot, a constable felled a rioter who afterwards came under my hands. His staff made two parallel wounds like knife-cuts, and the other wound was caused by the fall. It was night, and the stair a dark one, where the Little General came by his death-blow. If Young Tim, who had often threatened, was waiting there for Ould Tim when Father Munro toiled up, the rest is easily understood. But I have asked no questions, and do not intend to. If Young Tim has ever to give an account of that night's doings, I fancy, somehow, that the Little General will be there to plead for him.

#### THEN AND NOW.

Then the merle and thrush were singing round the homesteads in the hedges

Where the fragrant hawthorn blossoms lay where wintry snows had been,

Then the gorsy fires were blazing, and the marsh lamps lit the sedges,

Then the meadow lands were smiling in their robes of gold and green.

Then your eyes were bluer, brighter than the violets in the valleys,

And your sweet voice filled with envy skylarks soaring out of sight,

And the pale, pink apple blossoms in the orchard's grassy alleys

By your blushing cheeks grew truly in a moment wan and white.

Now the birds are silent, feasting where the scarlet berries cluster;

Where the beech and oak are flaming, love-lorn cushats sadly call;

Dreaming of the tropic splendours, swallows on the house-tops muster,

And within the ancient orchard, red-checked apple earthward fall.

Now your eyes have lost their radiance, and your voice has lost its sweetness,

Now we've lads and lasses round us, blithe and bonny, good and dear;

Spring and summer have departed with amazing speed and fleetness,

Now, dear wife, it is the autumn of our lives, and of the year.

In the spring I wooed and won you, in the spring our troths were plighted,

When our hearts were brave and buoyant, and our love untried and new;

Now in autumn through all sorrows, joys, and hopes fulfilled and blighted,

Hand in hand we stand together bound by love still fresh and true.

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## STOCK EXCHANGE GAMBLING.

THE extent to which speculation on the Stock Exchange is carried on by members of what may, without any disrespect, be termed the middle and upper middle classes, is probably greater than the general body of the public appreciates, notwithstanding the alarming and steadily increasing number of business failures that owe their origin to this form of gambling. One of her Majesty's most eminent judges remarked, in the course of the hearing of a recent case, that in his earlier years he had come to the conclusion that intemperance was the greatest cause of the crime committed in this country; but recent experience had led him to doubt whether the facilities offered by certain persons for illegitimate speculation on the part of persons without means was not the cause of almost as many offences against the law of the land.

These are remarkable words, and give rise to reflections the reverse of pleasant. We have been accustomed to consider that the progress of education and the influences exerted by the Christian denominational activity of the present day have raised the moral tone of the people as a whole, and that the inner workings of business and commerce generally were being gradually, but surely, conducted with an increasing regard to the common principles of morality and justice. How far this idea is erroneous may to some extent be gathered from the tone of the judicial utterance referred to, whilst the bankruptcy records give an even more striking testimony in support of the opinion so expressed.

An examination of the records of such failures usually shows that speculation on the Stock Exchange has been commenced in the hope that impending insolvency might perchance by a lucky stroke be averted. Capital may have been reduced by continuous losses, and when this has disappeared creditors may reasonably expect that their debtor's position should be

laid before them. That such a view does not commend itself to the unfortunate trader is but too evident in many instances; and the tempting advertisements issued by outside brokers offering what seems to be an easy and sure way of retrieving his fortunes, a reckless and ignorant course of dealing in stocks and shares is commenced.

But it is not alone in the commercial community that the evil obtains. The gambling spirit permeates alike high and low, and there are many instances of persons once holding independent positions now reduced to comparative poverty as a result of ill-advised attempts to add to their gains by Stock Exchange speculation; whilst, if the evidence of well-informed persons may be trusted, the peculiarly pernicious 'cover system' has laid hold on many younger members of the community to an extent that would hardly be credited.

With facts such as these before us, it has become a growing question whether the time has not approached when the State might well attempt to deal, in some degree at least, with this admittedly pressing difficulty. In Germany some attempt has been recently made to suppress dealings in 'futures' on the Exchange; and, although sufficient time has not elapsed to enable any opinion to be formed as to the efficacy of its working, German action in the matter serves to show that legislation intended to check Stock Exchange gambling is at least something more than an idea; and if it should induce attention to the problem here it will have served an additionally useful purpose.

The question whether interference is permissible in Stock Exchange dealings as conducted at present is an extremely complicated one; and without some little knowledge of the principles on which transactions are carried on under present rules it would be impossible to express an opinion which would carry any appreciable weight.

The London Stock Exchange consists of about

three thousand members, divided into what are known as 'brokers' and 'jobbers.' The last named act as principals, actually dealing in—or, in plainer terms, buying and selling—the different stocks on the market; whilst the brokers merely act as agents, buying from or selling to the jobbers or purchasers, *on behalf of clients*. The broker's remuneration is his commission, and the jobber's the difference he may get between his buying and selling prices. A member of the public desiring to buy or sell any stocks or shares can only do so through a broker, who in turn deals with the jobber. So far, therefore, the buying or selling of stocks does not essentially differ from ordinary commercial commission transactions in other branches of commerce; but the arrangement by which all money transactions are deferred to what is known in Stock Exchange parlance as 'settlement day' gives the speculator without capital his opportunity. 'Settlement day' occurs twice a month, and is the day set apart by the committee of the Stock Exchange when buyers and sellers pay or draw, as the case may be, for all stock bought and sold since the previous settlement day. It is this system of 'deferred payment,' as it may be called, that enables the speculator to deal in shares although he may not possess any appreciable capital; and the bulk of the bargains struck are entered into by those who have no intention of paying for the stock bought, hoping that before settlement day they may be able to resell it at a higher figure, and receive only the difference. If therefore the stock does not rise before the first day of the settlement, the speculative operator must keep his bargain open or put up with a more or less heavy loss; and in order to do this the broker's assistance is invoked to lend the necessary amount of purchase-money, for a charge known as 'contango,' until the stock is sold. Such is the position which gives the speculator his opportunity. He may purchase without capital, and, if good luck follow him, he may make profit; but if his prognostications turn out wrong he has the melancholy satisfaction of paying to his broker the loss or difference on his transactions. The temptation thus afforded to outsiders to indulge in dealings for which no capital is required is often irresistible, and unfortunately is yielded to in innumerable instances as a last resort by people in difficulties in monetary matters.

But the 'cover system' is an even more pernicious attraction, and is usually carried on by what are known as 'Outside Brokers.' The Stock Exchange, as is well known, does not allow advertising by its members; and, as a consequence, there has sprung up a body of brokers who deal independently of the Stock Exchange, depending for their *clientele* upon speciously-worded advertisements addressed to the public by means of the daily papers and innumerable circulars. It is these gentry more particularly who attract the 'little' speculator, and that principally by means of the 'cover system' duly expounded in glowing terms. The advertisement usually states that a certain amount of cover, usually one per cent., will 'command' so much stock. Take an example for instance. Ten pounds is forwarded as cover to

buy £1000 worth of some particular stock. If the stock rises in price, instructions are given to the broker to sell, and the fortunate speculator will in due course receive the difference; but should the stock fall to £990, the broker, without instructions and to safeguard himself, sells the stock and absorbs the cover to make up the loss.

It is obvious that the system, while opening out possibilities of unlimited profit, offers an additional inducement by the fact that in no event can anything more than the amount of cover deposited be lost, and in this respect cover transactions do not essentially differ from ordinary deposits made with a bookmaker by a person backing a horse. So long as the broker is honest, the operator may depend on receiving anything that may be due to him. We have said nothing about the army of dishonest outside brokers running what are known as 'bucket shops' for the purpose of fleecing their victims, and without any pretence of fairly executing their patrons' wishes; their method is outside the scope of the present article.

Such, briefly, is the routine of ordinary outside speculation. Of the many complicated terms and calculations incidental to Stock Exchange dealings we have not spoken, as not being necessary to an intelligent appreciation of the points at issue. With the knowledge that increasing numbers are continually risking their own and other peoples' capital in the manner referred to, the question arises as to what extent, if any, steps might be taken to restrain, if not to suppress, the system of Stock Exchange speculation on the part of irresponsible dealers so extensively entered into.

Several judicial utterances have seemed to express the opinion of the Bench at least, legislation having been more than once spoken of as being the only remedy. To some extent the law of the land already puts its hand on speculative transactions similar to those under notice: the Gaming Act of 1892 providing that 'all contracts by way of gaming or wagering shall be null and void.' The modern construction of this law has been that if, when shares are purchased, there is a bona-fide intention to take them and to pay the price, then the contract is good; but if the purchase is a mere cover under which the party speculates in the rise and fall of prices, then the contract is of a wagering nature and is bad. It must be noticed, however, that when it is said that a gaming contract is *illegal* by statute it is not meant that an offence is committed in making the contract, but that in case of dispute the Courts will not enforce the contract. This much has been made clear in various actions where an endeavour has been made by brokers to recover differences due at settlement day on speculative transactions, the Courts holding that the speculator could not be bound to his contract.

This then shows that a speculator might conceivably, in times of good fortune, draw differences in his favour, repudiating afterwards transactions involving him in loss; and in such cases the broker would have no remedy. But such instances are seldom known, and, as a rule, the novice, with his inexperience of the influence



always at work affecting prices, comes out of the deal with a balance on the wrong side, which he pays in the hope that eventually the tide will turn.

Were the law so extended as to make it an offence to enter into any transactions for the purchase or sale of shares except such as were actually taken up (or paid for) or delivered, then at one stroke the system of speculation as it at present exists would be demolished. And however improbable it may appear that such a course should be taken, it is less of a dream than may at first sight appear. That such a step would meet with the bitterest opposition from those interested is certain; but an impartial pronouncement on the equity of such a proposal is not to be expected from such quarters. Already, as has been stated, at least one continental power has boldly attacked this social cancer.

But failing this drastic enactment, it might well be possible to at least prohibit the insertion in the daily papers of advertisements soliciting 'cover.' These, at least, are so transparent an invitation to enter into a huge gamble that it is difficult to see why, even under the present law, no restriction is placed upon them; and if the remedy is to commence by being partial only, no better commencement could be made than by making it a criminal offence to either advertise or enter into 'cover' speculations. Certain it is that the evil is an alarming and a growing one, and the Government that first distinguishes itself by a successful attempt to restrict the gambling tendency rampant in every grade of society, so far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, will have earned and will receive the thanks of succeeding grateful generations.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER VI.—THE WEDDING.

A MONTH had elapsed since Marie proposed to Olivia, and I am now brought to the morning of the wedding-day. From this statement two things will be apparent—firstly, that I had given my consent to the marriage, and secondly that the King was not desirous of postponing his happiness any longer than was absolutely necessary. What you, my dear Forsyth, will say to yourself when you hear my news I can only conjecture. Doubtless you will think me foolish, more probably you will deem me mad; but I assure you no man could be saner. I gave my dearly loved sister to be the wife of the King of the Médangs with my eyes open, firmly convinced in my own mind that my action would promote the happiness of both parties. Of course I am bound to admit to you that I would rather it had been otherwise—that is to say, I would sooner have seen her united to a man of her own station in England; but since Fate had willed that she should become the bride of the sovereign of this Eastern state, and her whole happiness was wrapped up in so doing, I was prepared to withdraw my objections and assist as far as possible in bringing about what they both so much desired. And as if to be still

further contradictory, I have no hesitation at all in saying that I loved the man as I shall probably never love another. Even had it not been for his extraordinary power of interesting others in himself, his kingly nature, his absolute sincerity, his pluck, and his thoughtfulness for those about him could not have failed to attract one towards him. In my time I have, as you are well aware, met men of all ranks, but never another like Marie I. of the Médangs. Nature had fitted him to be what he was—a King and a Leader of Men.

Having thus explained my motives, though I fear you will scarcely consider them sufficient to justify my act, I am brought to the description of the wedding itself. For two days prior to the happy event the loyal inhabitants of the capital had been keeping holiday. No work save that of decorating the city was done, and from morning till night the streets resounded with the tapping of hammers, the noise of musical instruments, and continual merriment. The people of the Médangs are a mirth-loving race, and they were now being given an opportunity of giving full vent to their feelings. At the Citadel we were kept in an even greater state of excitement. One after another the Princes of the tributary states arrived, and it was necessary that each should be welcomed with a salvo of artillery according to his rank. The King had next to receive them in audience, after which apartments in the Palace had to be assigned to them and camping-ground allotted to their followers. The rabble and confusion that this occasioned may be better imagined than described. In my life I had never seen anything like it before, and I trust I may never do so again. All the nations of the East seemed to be represented, including Hindus, Burmese, Malays, Siamese, Chinese, and others whose identity I could not ascertain.

As soon as I was dressed on the wedding-day I left my bedroom and went to the sitting-room adjoining it, where Olivia and I had made a compact the previous evening that we would meet. The King I had not seen since the morning of the day before; but I had heard that he also was busily engaged with his preparations.

When I had been alone in the room for something like half an hour, standing at the window watching the groups of strangers clustered in the courtyard below the Palace steps, and thinking how unlike it all was to the wedding I had been used to picture for my sister, I heard a light footstep cross the corridor, and next moment the door opened and Olivia entered the room. She looked pale and I guessed that her night had been a sleepless one, as indeed I afterwards discovered it had. I kissed her on the forehead and then led her to a chair.

'Have you realised that to-day is your wedding-day?' I said, as I took my place beside her. 'Are you sure, my sister, that you do not in any way regret the step you are taking?'

'I shall never regret it as long as I live,' she answered firmly. 'I shall always look back on to-day as the happiest day of my life.'

'God grant it may be,' I said; and while I

spoke, as if in ratification of my words, the cannon of the Citadel thundered forth a royal salute.

Rising, I led her to the window, and showed her the heterogeneous collection encamped in the courtyard below. She regarded them with visible interest, and as she did so I watched her face and noted the expressions that flashed across it. Suddenly I saw her eyes light up and a flush of colour overspread her cheeks; and, wondering what might have occasioned it, I followed the direction of her eyes. In the courtyard the large assembly was bowing like one man to the earth, and in the lane which they had formed to allow him to pass was the King. He had been to service in the Cathedral and was now returning to the Palace accompanied by his chaplain, an ascetic young French priest, whose devotion to the King was proverbial.

There was something about the King's appearance that morning that I seemed never to have noticed before, a nobility that was as indescribable as it was grand. That he looked happy there could be no doubt whatever; on the other hand I could not but think he appeared to have grown somewhat thinner in the last week; his eyes were large and dark, but they seemed to have sunk farther into his head than of old and to have lost something of their fire. He carried himself, however, with all his usual manliness and that strange air of self-reliance which had so much impressed me on the first occasion that I had seen him. When he saw Olivia standing at the window he hastened up the steps, and in less time than it takes to tell had knocked, and entered the room where we stood. Approaching his future wife, he took her hand and bending over it kissed it reverently. Then immediately he turned to me and bade me good morning, at the same time warmly shaking me by the hand. The cannon meanwhile continued their salute from the battlements above, and every moment more and more people were entering the Citadel from the town below.

Thinking he might like a few minutes alone with Olivia, and disregarding our English habit of keeping the bride and bridegroom apart until they meet in the church, I made an excuse, and left them together while I went for a walk upon the roof. It was a perfect morning, and I stood for some minutes beside the coping of the wall, looking down upon the plains below and drinking in the loveliness of the scene spread out before me. All the time my brain was hard at work. It would be idle to say that my thoughts were entirely pleasant ones. I pictured Olivia as I remembered her when my father and mother were alive. I even found myself recalling the games we played together. From that I passed on to her first real admirer, poor James Dacing, who, as you know, met his fate at Tel-el-Kebir with such conspicuous heroism. From him I reviewed the numberless other admirers she has had since then, from Belmain, Melbenham, George Dixforth, down to Belgrave, whose fate it was to indirectly bring about the marriage I am now attempting to describe to you.

The ceremony had been fixed for eleven o'clock

in the Cathedral in the Citadel, and long before that hour the square before the Palace steps was packed to its utmost holding capacity. From the bottom of the steps to the Cathedral doors, a distance of upwards of a hundred yards, the path was kept by soldiery. This was carpeted with a thick red native cloth for the better protection of the various dresses of those taking part in the pageant.

Almost exactly on the stroke of the hour appointed, three of the King's trumpeters appeared upon the great steps and blew six blasts upon their instruments. Almost simultaneously three chamberlains appeared from the Palace, carrying wands of office in their hands, and, escorted by the trumpeters, who in their turn were supported by half a dozen royal standard bearers in uniform, they made their way down the steps towards the Cathedral, followed by the officers of the retinues of the visiting Princes according to their respective ranks; after which, behind still more trumpeters, walked the Princes themselves, succeeded by the King's Ministers and the chief officials of his kingdom. The officers of His Majesty's household came after the officials, and then, preceded by more trumpeters, the Sovereign himself, dressed in the uniform of his own Guards, and riding upon a noble milk-white charger, magnificently caparisoned, which was led up in order that he might mount at the steps. On either side walked with drawn swords two of his generals, one of whom was Gaspard Roche, while behind marched a guard of honour of his chief and favourite regiment. At a short distance came a litter borne by six servants, escorted by footmen in the King's livery. This contained the Princess Natalie. As it moved away two chamberlains approached the spot where I was standing with Olivia, waiting for our turn to come, and informed us that the litter which was to convey the bride-elect was at the foot of the steps, with the horse upon which I was to ride. I accordingly gave my sister my arm and led her down to the place where her conveyance waited for her. It was a truly wonderful affair—as I learned afterwards upwards of two hundred years old, and had been used in the marriage ceremonies of the kings of the Médangs for longer than the oldest inhabitant of the country could remember. In appearance it somewhat resembled a large reclining-chair, save that the arms were sloped outwards in a fashion not unlike the splashboards of a dogcart; the back curled into a gracious fold. The whole concern was covered with the finest gold-leaf inlaid with lapis lazuli and mother-of-pearl, and studded with innumerable precious stones. Beside it stood twelve stalwart natives dressed in state liveries. Olivia having taken her seat, they lifted the poles upon their shoulders as if they had been leathers, and set off. At the same instant the horse I had ridden on the evening of our arrival was brought up for me. I mounted and took my place by the side of the litter, and in this fashion we approached the lofty pile where the marriage ceremony was to be performed.

The enthusiasm of the crowd by this time



was extraordinary; and when we reached the great doors of the sanctuary, where the Chamberlains of the King stood with bared heads waiting to receive the bride, it became almost beyond control. At the best of times I am not a great exponent, as you know, of the art of horsemanship, and on this occasion, so encumbered was I by my uniform and the trappings of my steed, that the King had helped my sister to alight long before I had reached the ground. Then, Olivia leaning on my arm, we entered the building, and in a few moments the ceremony had commenced.

Of the service itself I can tell you but little. Looking back on it now it seems to me to cover a vague uncertain period in which I was conscious only of a vast concourse of people surrounding me, a wealth of gorgeous vestments in front, and with it an all-prevailing knowledge that when I left the building my sister, my companion for so many years, would be the property of another.

At last, however, it was over, and we passed out of the building to be greeted by the cheers of the excited populace in the square, the blaring of trumpets, and the crashing of the cannon from the battlements. On the return journey a slight change was made in the arrangement of the procession. The monarch rode beside the litter, while a troop of young girls danced before them and strewed flowers in their path. Arriving at the steps again, the Princes of the tributary states, the great officers of the kingdom, and the members of the household ranged themselves in a semicircle before the Palace doors. His Majesty helped his bride to alight, and then, when I had joined them, led the way to the open space at the top. Here we paused, and the King turned and faced his people. What he saw in their faces must have pleased him, for his countenance lit up, and he showed them the happiest face a man could wear. Then, turning to his chamberlain, he took from a cushion a thin circlet of gold which he held aloft in order that all assembled in the courtyard might see it. Having done this, he placed it upon Olivia's head and thereby crowned her as his Queen. As he did so the trumpeters blew as if they would have burst their cheeks, the troops presented arms, and another royal salute was fired from the battlements. It was a glorious scene; and when His Majesty embraced his Queen such a shout went up as could never before have been heard by the grim old walls. It brought before me the reality of the change in Olivia's life more than anything that had so far taken place.

When the coronation ceremony was finished, the King left the steps, and, leading his Queen by the hand, proceeded—the Princes making way for him to pass—to the Great Hall of State, where, according to ancient custom, the people had the right of presenting in person their gifts to the Queen and of making obeisance before her. By the time this ceremony was accomplished we were all worn out, though Olivia tried hard not to show it. At last, however, the tail end of the long procession came in sight, and in less than a quarter of an hour it had disappeared through the exit door again. We were free once more, free to be natural, and free to congratulate each

other on the happy event in which we had just taken part.

It had been previously arranged that the honeymoon should be spent at one of the King's residences situated in the jungle about twenty miles from the capital. The royal bride and bridegroom were to ride thither, and about two hours after the ceremony just described, when Olivia had rested herself and felt equal to the exertion, it was announced that the horses were at the door and that it was time to be off. All the baggage had been sent on the day previous, and now nothing remained but for us to wish the happy couple God speed. To this end it was my intention to ride with them as far as the outskirts of the town, and then to return to the Citadel, if possible by another route.

The parting between the King and his sister was affecting in the extreme, and I must confess myself that I was not a little cast down at the thought of bidding Olivia good-bye, even for so short a time. But once we had mounted our horses at the foot of the steps, and had ridden out through the Citadel gates among the crowds of citizens assembled to greet us, our feelings underwent a complete change. It would have been impossible for the most misanthropic of men to have been miserable there, for from the Citadel gates down the steep path and throughout the city the route was lined with thousands of happy faces. No escort accompanied us, the Sovereign feeling sufficiently convinced of the loyalty of his people to venture among them without one. Before us went a company of native musicians and dancing-girls, while, behind, the populace closed in upon us in one compact mass. According to the Mélang custom, the people were dressed in their brightest colours, with garlands of flowers upon their heads, while the houses were decorated with the green leaves of the palm, the latter being supposed to typify youth, beauty, and perpetual health.

When we reached the centre of the town the crush was found to be so great that it was with the utmost difficulty we could make our way through it. In vain the most influential of the citizens endeavoured to force a path for us, the crowd was so tightly packed that it was impossible for those in the middle of the street to move, being penned in by the press from the side lanes and alleys. Still the King smiled and bowed in answer to the greetings of his people; but I noticed that he once or twice looked anxiously at the ever-increasing crowd. As we waited I glanced about me, my horse standing steady as a rock in spite of the crowd surging round his flanks. Close beside me were two little girls decorated from head to foot with flowers; behind them, two old men with venerable gray beards. Then my eyes fell upon an individual to the left of them again. He was tall and spare, and though dressed in the Mélang fashion was evidently not an inhabitant of the country, but—so it seemed to me—a European. What it was about him that made me look longer at him than at any other I am sure I cannot say, I only know that I *did* watch him and, as it turned out, it was well that my attention was so constant, for suddenly I saw his arm go up. In the palm of his hand was



balanced a long knife, the blade of which glistened in the sunlight. For a moment I was so fascinated by what I saw that I remained where I was as if rooted to the spot, unable to move hand or foot, or even to cry out. But as I saw the hand go back, and my eyes lost the glitter of the sun upon the blade, my senses returned to me, and I dashed my spurs into my horse's sides with all the strength of my heels. With a bound that nearly unseated me, he sprang forward a couple of paces, knocking over an old man and woman in so doing. This prompt action on his part brought me between the King's person and that of the man with the knife. As I stopped I threw up my arm, and almost at the same instant felt a sudden stab as if it had been pierced by a red-hot knitting-needle. It was the knife, which had pierced the flesh a little above the elbow. To pluck it out was the work of an instant, but I could not do so before the King and the crowd had become aware of what had happened.

'Seize the man,' shouted the King in a voice that rang like a trumpet-call above the clamour of the crowd. 'On no account let him escape.'

Then, bringing his horse up alongside of mine, he leaned towards me and said anxiously:

'Instow, you are wounded. For Heaven's sake, get off your horse and have it at once attended to.'

'It is only a scratch,' I answered as coolly as I could. 'Thanks to my coat sleeve, its force was broken. But come, now is our opportunity. Let us push forward.'

The King bent from his saddle and said something in a low voice to one of his servants, who made his way out of the rabble and disappeared in the direction of the Citadel as fast as he could go.

By this time the mob had seized the assassin, and but for the exertions of the police, who had come up, and of the principal inhabitants, would have torn him in pieces. Seeing that our presence only added to the excitement, we touched our horses with the spur and made our way down a side street in the direction of the river.

Having left the city behind us, we entered a patch of jungle where the King signed to us to pull up. We accordingly did so, and immediately he jumped from his horse and approached me.

'Instow,' he said, looking up at me, 'you have saved my life, and God knows how sincerely I thank you for it. Now let me look at your arm. I must know the exact extent of the harm done to you.'

'It is nothing, I assure your Majesty,' I answered. 'As I told you in the city, owing to the thickness of my coat I have scarcely received a scratch.'

He was not satisfied, however, with this assurance, but made me dismount and remove my coat. When I had done so a nastier stab than I imagined was revealed. The man must have put out all his strength to have inflicted such a wound. Olivia uttered a little cry as she saw it, but soon recovered her nerve sufficiently to assist the King in binding it up. This done, His Majesty proposed returning with me to the city, but I would not hear of such a thing. I told him I felt quite comfortable and

was fully equal to the exertion of riding home alone. At last, but very unwillingly, he consented to this arrangement, and I accordingly mounted and bade them good-bye. Fearing he might repent, I lost no time in making off, and only stopped upon the crest of a hill to wave them a final *adieu*.

(To be continued.)

## THE SOUDAN.

By JOHN GEDDIE.

NEARLY twelve years ago, on the 26th of January 1883, General Gordon fell on the steps of the Governor's Palace at Khartoum, transfixed by a Mahdist spear. That memorable day did not witness the crisis of the struggle between barbarism and civilisation on the Upper Nile. The crisis was past before ever Gordon started on his ill-fated mission. Egyptian authority in the Eastern Soudan had fallen already. The work he was sent to perform was salvage, not restoration. The death of the hero was like the vanishing of the last gleam that had lighted up a scene of ruin and confusion. From Wady Halfa to Wadelai, a curtain of darkness dropped down upon what men had come to regard as a highway of commerce and theatre of the triumphs of discovery and progress. The fabric of Egyptian dominion in Central Africa, of which Mehemet Ali had laid the foundation, and on which, it was fondly believed, Ismail Khedive had placed the keystone, crumbled into nothingness. At Senaar and at Kassala, for a few weeks or months, the Egyptian flag still floated. In the Equatorial Province, so rumour ran, Emin Bey continued to keep precarious footing. But elsewhere, beyond the range of the guns of the new frontier at the Great Cataract and the patrolling ground of the forts on the Red Sea littoral, the land was the Mahdi's.

From that day to this, the Soudan has been, for the world without, a region of silence and of mystery. Other tracts in the interior of the Dark Continent that, up till the fall of Khartoum, had been blank spaces on the map, have in the meantime been explored, and exploited, and squabbled over, and parcelled out among the Colonising Powers. This ancient territory of Nubia and the White Nile, which was known to Herodotus, has become again a sealed book. Campaigns are being fought around 'King Solomon's Mines,' and railway lines built to the Great Lakes. All Africa is in process of being transformed and appropriated by Europe, save alone this old patrimony of the Pharaohs, concerning whose strange fortunes under the rule of the Mahdi and his Khalifa we have had to be satisfied with vague reports wafted from the desert, or infrequent and fragmentary information brought by fugitives and traders who have run the gauntlet of the Dervish guardians of the frontier.

A condition of affairs so unexampled and unnatural could not last. Egypt has never

formally abandoned her claim to her lost possessions. Other Powers—France on the west, Italy on the east, and Britain on the south—have been stretching hands in the direction of the Soudan. Civilised authority, temporarily put to rout, is preparing for its second innings against the forces of reaction and fanaticism. The signal given to the Egyptian troops to reoccupy Dongola is also the signal that the struggle for the recovery of the Upper Nile is about to be resumed in earnest. It has been plainly declared by the statesmen who guide the policy of England and of Egypt that the present Nile Expedition is but the first step of a series, which will be continued until the Mahdist power is expelled from Khartoum. There is to be no haste. Progress with the work of reconquest will be regulated not merely by the success obtained, but by the capacity of the purse of Egypt to bear the strain. The curtain dropped twelve years ago will rise slowly. But it will rise steadily. The expedition has orders to go no farther than Dongola at present. But it will go to stay.

Something of the flavour of romance thus belongs to the new Nile Expedition. It will have to grope upwards in the dark, discovering or rediscovering lost ground as it advances. The resistance to be met with, the difficulties to be overcome, can only be surmised; at no point can they be accurately gauged beforehand. Once, every step of the way to Khartoum, and even to El Obeid and El Fasher and Regaaf, was as familiar almost as the way to Assuan. But fire and flood have passed over it; and we go to see how far the great Nile inundation of savagery and fanaticism has subsided. To certain timid minds this element of uncertainty and adventure has great terrors. The unknown is always the imposing. But neither from the narratives of Father Ohrwald and Slatin Pasha, nor from other indications that have reached us from the interior of the nature and the strength of the Mahdist empire, do we gather that it is unassailable. On the contrary, as will be seen, there is reason to believe that the power of the Khalifa Abdullah rests more upon terrorism than on the faith and affection of the hosts who obey him. The ground below him is riddled with discontent, with the intrigues and jealousies of rival chiefs and tribes, and with feuds between the stationary inhabitants of the towns and villages along the river bank and the wandering sons of the desert. Even the men who, in this country, are most keenly opposed to the policy of the Dongola campaign acknowledge that the Mahdist rule is one of the most cruel and oppressive despotisms of modern times. The foundations of Soudanese society and authority have been broken up. Trade has been utterly destroyed. Poverty, as well as violence and treachery, is everywhere. These are elements of weakness even in the heart of Africa. The Soudanese have found that if Ismail Pasha scourged them with whips, Abdullah the Khalifa has scourged them with scorpions. The early glow of enthusiasm for the Jihad—the 'Holy War' against the Turk and the Infidel—has gone long ago, with the

plunder that fed it; and it is most doubtful whether the promises of the Mahdi's successor can fan it again into flame, now that the tribes have been plundered in turn by their new rulers and prophets. There is ground for hoping that they have got tired of turmoil and isolation and distress; and that secretly, if not openly, they are eager to get rid of their tyrants.

The war will, however, be waged on the assumption that the great body of the people of the Soudan still stand by the usurping power. The mistake is not going to be made of underestimating the enemy, or of attempting too much. Certainly the Soudanese have not as yet given any clear sign that the return of Khedivial authority, supported and protected by British bayonets, is desired at Berber and Omdurman. In their official language at least, the Dervishes are as bitterly and relentlessly opposed to the political supremacy of Cairo and to the spiritual supremacy of the Caliph as ever. And their acts have been of a piece with their words. Periodical raids have been made by the desert bands on the country lying around Suakin and Tokar, and on the villages of Upper Egypt. Trade and intercourse have been strictly interdicted. The frontier to which Egyptian authority withdrew after the fall of Khartoum has been found to be difficult and well-nigh impossible to defend. We have sought to hold posts open to surprise and attack from more quarters than one, and away from a sufficient base of supply, while the Dervish bands have had the valley of Dongola—the granary of Nubia—to gather their forces to a head or to fall back upon with their plunder. Their presence in such close vicinity to Egypt, their command of the Nile, and their successful defiance of the Egyptian arms have made them a terror in the eyes of the fellahin and a cause of profound disquiet and insecurity at Cairo. It has raised exaggerated ideas of their power and prowess; whether they be the true and favoured followers of the Prophet or not, they are—or they have been deemed to be—invincible, and this is sufficient of itself to capture the unstable fancy and the secret support of the Egyptians. There is every reason to believe that their mischievous activity on the frontier was on the point of taking bolder developments. The news of the defeat of the Italians at Adowa spread with lightning speed over the Soudan. The Khalifa responded to it by giving directions to begin new operations against Kassala and against Wady Halfa. It has been thought necessary to take action in the offensive against the Dervishes, as the best means of defending from their assaults what remains of Egyptian territory and prestige on the Nile; the surest and most direct road to peace was through war. The Mahdist power must be humbled and crippled as a step towards destroying it, and the work must begin at once if Italy, our ally and coadjutor in the work of introducing commerce and civilisation into the Eastern Soudan, was to be relieved from dire straits.

These are the facts and strong reasons that have been offered in justification of the despatch of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition. The most prompt and effectual, and in the end the most

economical plan of settling the Soudan question might have been to aim directly at the heart of the Mahdist power. But the state of the Egyptian finances, and foreign complications at Cairo, do not admit of undertaking a scheme of reconquest which would have Omdurman or even Berber as its objective. A more cautious opening of the game must be chosen, and there is a peculiar appropriateness in the first move for the recapture of the site of Khartoum being made to Dongola—the birthplace of the Mahdi, Mahomet Achmet—the spot from whence ruin and misery spread over the length and breadth of the Soudan.

Without entering minutely into the history of the rise of Mahdism and the fall of Egyptian rule in the Soudan, it may be said that they can be traced to two prime causes—to the corruption and weakness of Pasha authority and to the slave-trade. On slavery and slaving the trade and society of Nubia and the White Nile were largely founded. Baker, Gordon, and the other European officers of the Khedive had attacked honestly and vigorously the traffic in human flesh which was one of the oldest of the institutions of the Nile Valley; if they had not destroyed it they had crippled it and made it full of risk and difficulty. It was very different with the host of Turkish Pashas and the bulk of the other native military and civil authorities sent from Cairo. Openly they assailed and discountenanced the slavers; secretly they winked at and shared in the profits of their enterprises, and thwarted in every way the efforts of men like Gordon and Gessi. At the same time they used the brief time of their sojourn in the Soudan to plunder and oppress the inhabitants of the country they were sent to protect. No wonder that the latter hated with a perfect hatred the name of the Turk, and that they came to include in their curse against their hard taskmasters even the Europeans who sought to do their duty, but in a fashion which the Soudanese could not comprehend. The hypocrisy and greed of the Egyptian rule were only too long and too well known in these remote provinces; the Arabi rebellion revealed its weakness and rottenness. The slave-traders were irritated and filled with the desire to revenge the attacks made upon them; and in spite of their losses and defeats they were far indeed from being powerless. One of the great centres of their operations was Dongola, and the Dongolawi traders travelled or had their influence and intelligence throughout the whole region of the Nile and the adjacent desert. In this vast territory there was, along with other dangerous passions, a great reservoir of latent fanaticism. It needed only a spark to explode this powder magazine, and the hand of Mahomet Achmet, the Dongolawi, found it.

One finds it hard to say how far the Mahdi had faith in his own divine mission to destroy the Turk and the unbeliever, and to conquer the world. Doubtless he was a fanatic by temperament and training, and in the end came to believe what he taught to his followers; but like his successor, he was a master in dissimulation, and stuck at no deceit or enormity in order to gain his ends. He was a man of singularly attractive appearance and insinuating address.

From the boldness and astuteness of the steps by which he rose to a power that extended from the Red Sea to the centre of the continent, and from the source of the Nile to the borders of Egypt, he must have had a genius for government and conquest as well as for stirring the fierce passions of his co-religionists. But he profited more from the blunders of his adversaries than from his own gifts. He began as an ascetic, preaching a doctrine of religious reform and imposing a strict moral code to which he and his chief adherents were afterwards far from conforming. The Egyptian authorities either despised the movement, or sent against it weak forces which were speedily mastered. Mahdism rapidly gathered head and spread, and Kordofan, one of the oldest and richest of the provinces of the Soudan, became the centre of its activities. By-and-by El Obeid fell after gallant resistance; Slatin, in spite of a score of victories over the Arab armies, could barely hold his own in Darfur; Lupton and Emin were sorely pressed in the Bahr-el-Ghazel and Equatorial Provinces, and Osman Digna and his Emirs began to inflict defeats on the Anglo-Egyptian forces in the Red Sea littoral. Then, in the first days of November 1883, came the overwhelming disaster of the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army. Although it had started from Khartoum 12,000 strong, to crush the Mahdi and recapture El Obeid, its fate was never in doubt. The troops were dispirited and disaffected; the European and Egyptian officers were at cross purposes; the shadow of defeat hung over them, and flocks of jackals and vultures attended the doomed host on its march into the desert from whence hardly a soul escaped to tell the tale.

The victory was accepted throughout the Soudan as a sign that Mahomet Achmet was indeed chosen by Allah to wreak vengeance upon the invaders. Tribesmen and townsmen flocked to his standard. He was greeted with almost divine honours. The Prophet himself was, by the Mahdi's adulators, made of secondary account to him. More and more a scheme of empire, political as well as religious in its basis, took shape. Slatin surrendered; Lupton was captured. There remained, leaving Emin's province out of account, little more than Khartoum itself in Egyptian hands. There Gordon had returned in February 1884, as Governor-General of the Soudan and the forlorn hope of civilisation. His mission was, ostensibly at least, to withdraw the Egyptian garrisons and the European population to a place of safety. But the hope was not wanting that the magnetic influence of his presence and character might counteract that of the Mahdi, and win back the Soudanese to their allegiance.

If there ever was such a prospect, it was destroyed, as many believe, by Gordon's indiscretion in prematurely making known to the chiefs and officials on his way upstream the purposes of his mission. In the Soudan, more than elsewhere, they worship the rising sun. Thenceforward all who were not to go with him were, openly or secretly, against him; since, when he went, they would be left to the tender mercies of the new Lord of the Soudan. Still, for many months, the issue appeared to be doubtful. Gordon himself did wonders. The toils closed



in around him. Berber fell, and escape by the river was cut off. The Mahdi moved against him from El Obeid, and taking up ground at Omdurman, on the opposite side of the White Nile, pressed the siege closer and closer. Famine and treachery were within the walls; neither officers nor inhabitants could be trusted. But Gordon kept up a bold front to the last. There was sure word that a relief expedition, under General Wolseley, was on the march. It had come into conflict with the flower of the Mahdi's troops at Abu Klea and elsewhere, and had put them to the rout. Had even a handful of the British been able to reach Khartoum in time no one can say what might have happened; Mahomet Achmet, for his part, was ready to raise the siege. 'Every day, and many and many a time during the day,' says Father Ohrwalder, 'did Gordon look from the roof of his palace towards the north for the relief that never arrived. Every day he was doomed to disappointment.' He saw only the serried ranks of the besiegers drawing nearer from three sides, and only heard the beating of the Dervish *vogaras* that never ceased day and night.

The enemy, also, knew that there was no time to lose. The British Expedition was but a few marches off in the desert. Steamers were already on the river, hurrying forward with the news that succour was at hand. The Mahdi was 'convinced that if a single Englishman reached Khartoum his chance of success was gone.' Therefore he determined upon immediate assault. On the night of Sunday the 25th of January his hordes stole forward to a part of the defences that had, through treachery or neglect, been left unprotected. They rushed in, and the whole city became a scene of pillage and slaughter. Gordon alone encountered them on the stairs of the Serai, and tried to address them; but his head was soon on a Mahdi spear on its way to greet the conqueror. And two days later, in mockery, it almost seemed, of the fate of the brave defender of Khartoum, two steamers with the advance guard of the relief expedition on board appeared opposite the fallen city, only to find the Mahdi's flag hoisted on the walls, and to be greeted with a shower of bullets before turning back. They had come forty-eight hours too late!

Within a few months, Khartoum was a heap of bricks. Sennar and Kassala, the last important positions held by the Egyptians, had fallen. Slatin, Lupton, and the few other Europeans who had been spared from massacre, were slaves in chains in the strange new Dervish capital—part court, part camp, part city of straw and mud huts—that rose at Omdurman. Within a few months of Gordon's murder, also, Mahomet Achmet, the Mahdi, had died, despite of his boast of immortality. After his crowning victory he had given himself up to voluptuous excesses. Rumour had it that he had been poisoned by a woman he had wronged; Ohrwalder believes that it was outraged Nature that took her revenge. He had ruled partly by playing off the rival chiefs and tribes against each other; and he had appointed three Khalifas, or successors, representing the strongest aspirants for power. On his death, all these jealousies and ambitions broke loose, and

the fate of Mahdism again trembled in the balance.

The Khalifa Abdullah et-Taisha, of the Baggara tribe, quickly proved himself the ablest and most unscrupulous of the competitors. By force or guile he beat down all opposition. By all accounts he has nothing of Mahomet Achmet's charm of manner. But he is a man of iron will; cunning, resourceful, and with a large share of mother wit. He remorselessly crushed the family and adherents of the Mahdi—the Ashraf—but he did not fail to make use as a fetish of the name and influence of his predecessor, and he has worshipped regularly at his mausoleum. His triumph has been the triumph of the country people, or desert Arabs, over the town and valley folks. For the last ten years Omdurman and the Soudan have been ruled by the ignorant and insolent Baggara, formerly the most despised of the Arab tribes west of the Nile. At first the Khalifa's successes were almost uninterrupted. He stamped out counter-revolution at Darfur; he defeated the plots of the rival tribes of the Anlad Belad, and brought them, for the time at least, to be minions of his will; his armies sacked Gondar, the ancient capital of Abyssinia, and brought him the head of King Theodore. He formed plans for the conquest of Abyssinia, for the invasion of Egypt, for the subjection of the world; he made preparations for founding a hereditary empire in the Soudan, with his son Osman as his successor.

Latterly matters have not gone so well and smoothly with the Khalifa; his star seemed to have passed its zenith when his brave Emir, Wad el Nejūmi fell, after suffering complete defeat at General Grenfell's hands at Toski, and after Osman Digna's disasters at Tokar and elsewhere in 1891. The Italians seized upon Kassala; the Mahdists were unable to occupy the Equatorial Province even after Emir's withdrawal. On that side of the Soudan and on the west, the British, the Belgians, and the French were showing signs of pushing in. Up till Baratieri's defeat, the tide seemed fairly on the turn; and with the advance of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition to Dongola, Abdullah's will is confronted with a danger greater than any that has previously menaced it.

What resources of men and of enthusiasm he will be able to bring into the field remains to be seen. That the tyrant will make a desperate fight before he lets himself be driven from power may be reckoned as certain. The reports that have come down the Nile represent him as summoning his hosts to his aid, and spreading false stories of victory, hiding defeats, and striving by every means in his power to stir up anew the fierce flame of fanaticism. He is even seeking to conciliate at the last hour the men he has consistently wronged and plundered. But the whole country is by all accounts a wreck. The population is but a fraction of what it was in Gordon's time. Trade and agriculture and all authority except that of the sword have been ruined by the incessant wars. The people, including even the Arab tribes, are, many think, more tired of their despot than ever they were of the 'Turk.' It is conceivable that another blow like that dealt at Ferkit may

bring the whole fabric of Mahdist rule crashing about the head of the Khalifa, and that the triumph of trade and civilisation in the Soudan is nearer than is generally believed. The next few months will show.

## ATTRAY'S WIFE.

### CHAPTER IV.

A MONTH passed, a busy month in the Marsh, for the very supplies of which people stood in most need for the proper celebration of Christmas were those upon which a tyrannical Government imposed the highest duties, and both preventive men and runners had a lively time of it. Our Lieutenant, however, had taken his precautions and made his plans sufficiently well to prevent any startling successes being scored against him, although during one foggy November afternoon some dozen pony-loads of tubs did get ashore at Romney Hov, and so inland to Hawkhurst and Goudhurst.

His nights were rarely his own, but he managed to find time at least once every two days to run over to Green Place and enjoy a delicious hour's courtship. Parson Texter too was a frequent visitor, and seemed to be on excellent terms with both the ladies; and, to his credit be it said, played the part of a generous rival, and eulogised Eustace Hirst behind his back in a manner which would have brought the blushes to that young gentleman's cheeks.

The Lieutenant noted a very marked change in Mrs Mountjoy, and rightly attributed her constant depression of spirits and absence of mind to her approaching separation from her daughter.

'I have only her to live for, Mr Hirst,' she said. 'My life is over, and when she is gone nothing will remain to me but to go also.'

Eustace tried to console her by saying that their home should always be hers, but she shook her head sadly. 'No, on the day when you and she are made one,' she said, 'I leave you. I know who I am, and what name I bear, and it shall never be said that you shall feel the stigma of that name.'

After the new year, the news ran through the little community at Broadmarsh of the approaching marriage of the Lieutenant commanding the local preventive force with the beautiful Miss Mountjoy of Green Place. Congratulations poured in upon him, for, in spite of his position, Eustace Hirst was as popular amongst the people as amongst his own men; nobody seemed to be more sincere than the Reverend John Texter, and if he occasionally testified his satisfaction in somewhat unclerical fashion in the parlour of the 'Tartar Frigate,' nobody in this free-and-easy, unconventional little Broadmarsh would have thought any the worse of him.

Nay more, he requested as a particular favour the privilege of marrying the couple, and if the Lieutenant, with some lingering Clapham prejudices in favour of respectability in him, could have wished that a more representative type of parson should perform the service, his increased regard for one whom he had hitherto

eyed with some suspicion, and for local feeling, induced him to smother his objections and accede to the request.

'And the Marsh shall never forget the wedding,' said the parson that evening over a steaming jorum at the 'Tartar Frigate.'

So the day was fixed, and Eustace Hirst was preparing himself for the great step he was about to take.

On the morning before that on which the wedding was to take place, Eleanor presented herself at the Martello, and asked Eustace to come over with her at once to Green Place.

'I hope there is nothing wrong, dear,' said the young man, for the girl's face was pale, and her manner was agitated.

'Mother is not very well, but perhaps your presence will do her good,' replied the girl.

They hastened to Green Place, and found Mrs Mountjoy seated at a writing table which was littered with papers and accounts. She was extremely pale, and there was a strange look about her eyes and mouth which Eustace had never noticed before, but she smiled when he entered, and thanked him in her old quiet way for his solicitude on her behalf.

'I have been putting my house in order, Eustace,' she said. 'And I want your very serious attention for a few minutes.'

'Now, firstly, here is my will. By it I bequeath everything unconditionally to Eleanor.'

'But, Mrs Mountjoy,' began Eustace.

Mrs Mountjoy waved silence.

'Permit me to continue,' she said. 'Here is my will. I am rich—very rich, and perhaps my wealth has been made on the whole as honestly as has been that of many folk who hold smuggling in pious horror. I have no further use for it, for my sojourn on earth cannot be a long one, nor is it desirable that it should be.'

'Secondly: There is yet time for you to repent and not take the step you are about to. Clearly understand what you are doing, that you are about to marry the daughter of a man who is accounted a murderer, although I believe he was acting in self-defence; and that this fact does not absolve you from your duty—namely, to arrest William Attray if you have the chance. I earnestly impress this upon you, because by his misdeeds he has made a hell upon earth the life of one of the best, truest, and noblest women who ever dwelt upon it.' Here she took the hand of Eleanor, who was sitting with her face pale as ashes, and her lips tightly compressed.

Mrs Mountjoy continued:

'To-morrow I shall leave you—no, don't interrupt me, I pray—to-morrow I shall leave you. I have friends elsewhere who are waiting for me. You will make this house your home, and there is sufficient money in a box which Eleanor will show you to enable you to live as befits your rank and position. I want the wedding to-morrow to be performed in good style. I would have all the men you can spare on escort duty, and I have arranged that they shall be suitably treated and rewarded. Lastly, here are five hundred sovereigns. I wish them to be given to Mr Texter, partly as a recompense for his disappointment and for the duty he will perform, and partly as a



solace for a duty it shall not be in his power to perform."

Eustace would have spoken, but Mrs Mountjoy again waved silence, and, rising, shook his hand, and took leave of him.

At an early hour the next morning Broadmarsh was unusually animated. The news of the wedding had spread throughout the Marsh, and country folk, attired in their best—every man and woman of them a smuggler, directly or indirectly—came swarming into the little village. The 'Tartar Frigate' had not done such a roaring trade since the Fencibles encamped at Broadmarsh during the invasion scare of 'four.' Ranting had been requisitioned from far and wide, and active fellows in broad sailor breeches were swarming poles and scaling giddy heights, and apparently risking their necks in a score of ways, in the work of arranging the flags to the best advantage. A great Union Jack floated from the church tower, and the Rev. John Texter, attired in the most decent suit his oldest friend had ever seen him wear, was here, there, and everywhere, as radiant and joyous as if he were the bridegroom.

At a few minutes before eleven there was a steady tramp of feet through the village street, and a large body of preventive men, fully armed, headed by their officers in service kit, marched to the church, which was already full to overflowing. Meanwhile, the bells were swinging vigorously in the ancient tower; but their clangour was almost drowned by the roar of cheers which announced the arrival of the chief actors in the ceremony about to be performed.

To the surprise of the people who had been accustomed to associate 'The Place Lady,' as Mrs Mountjoy was called, with a stately, vigorous deportment, she appeared in a chair carried by two stalwart blue-jackets. Behind her came Eustace, smiling and triumphant, and looking every inch a sailor in his full uniform, and next to him Eleanor, very pale, and evidently much agitated. Behind them again was a group of naval and preventive officers.

They filed up the dim old church, took their places, and the service was commenced by Mr Texter in his most impressive and paternal style. When it came to the question:

'Eleanor Mountjoy, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?' her mother interposed, 'Eleanor Attray.'

Mr Texter bowed and made the correction, which was heard by the many officers close about, and caused a general exchange of looks.

The service ended, Eustace Hirst and Eleanor Attray were made man and wife, for better or for worse, and the party moved into the vestry to sign the register.

Mrs Attray, who had remained seated during the greater portion of the service, had to be supported into the vestry; her face had now a terrible hue, and beads of perspiration stood on her brow, whilst the tightly-clenched lips betrayed the controlling of some terrible emotion or of some almost unendurable pain.

The parson, who had regarded her with a strange anxiety more than once, whispered to her:

'Mrs Attray, you are ill—can I help you?'

'No, sir,' she replied, with a flash of her old vigour and dignity; 'I have strength enough to go through the little that is required of me.'

Eustace signed the book, and Eleanor followed. Then there was a pause.

'Mrs Attray, will you kindly sign, if you feel well enough?' said the parson, in his pleasantest voice, at the same time slipping behind her, and drawing from beneath his surplice something with a head which glittered.

Mrs Attray took the pen. For a few seconds it remained quivering between her fingers. Then, with an effort, she brought it down on the paper, and wrote in a large, firm hand:

'William Attray.'

Then she dashed the quill down, rose swiftly from the chair, and cried in a voice absolutely unlike what anybody who knew Mrs Mountjoy had ever heard before, and which rang through the church:

'Yes! I am William Attray of Alnmouth! Game to the end!'

The parson clapped his hand on Attray's shoulder, drew forth a constable's staff, and began:

'William Attray, in the name of'—when the ex-smuggler sank back into the chair. The hue on his face was now ashen-gray; a sort of cloud passed upwards over it; there was a faint rattle in the throat, and the law could only possess itself of a dead man.

'Cheated! cheated, by heaven!' roared the parson. 'Poisoned himself!' and he rushed from the church.

Such was the romantic end of William Attray.

Forty years ago Broadmarsh people used to point out to the few strangers who penetrated to their corner of the island an aged couple, sunning themselves on a bench facing the sea, in front of the Green Place, and would say:

'See they two? They be Master Hirst and his lady—her father was Bill Attray what killed himself in church yonder. And God bless 'em! 'Twarnt their faults.'

## CURIOSITIES OF EARLY ART SALES.

THE days are still comparatively recent in which matters of art were considered of very slight importance, and the collector or virtuoso was regarded as an eccentric being possibly harmless but hardly worthy of serious attention. Thus Lord Macaulay views Horace Walpole's passion for curiosity hunting with something like derision when he writes of him as returning from the recreation of making laws and voting millions 'to more important pursuits—to researches after Queen Mary's comb, Wolsey's red hat, the pipe which Van Tromp smoked during his last sea-fight, and the spur which King William stuck into the flank of Sorrel! Now however, when our point of view has somewhat changed, and when illustration of the social life of past times is welcome from whatever quarter it may chance to come, we regret



that the details of early art sales and of their frequenters are so meagre. The habit of making collections of pictures and other works of art dates practically from the reign of Charles I. The Earl of Arundel, called by Walpole 'The father of vertu in England,' rivalled the King in the extent of the treasures which he had gathered together during his travels on the Continent, among them being the busts and statues known as the 'Arundel Marbles.'

The Duke of Buckingham, again, bought of Rubens his collection of paintings and other works of art, which went to decorate York House in the Strand. The age which witnessed the beginnings of art collecting also saw the commencement of the art sales. The dispersal of the pictures of King Charles I. was spread over three or four years. When Parliament resolved to sell the Royal collection, agents from many foreign princes and amateurs from all parts of Europe were eager to participate in the biddings. The Spanish Ambassador is said to have bought so many paintings and other articles of value that eighteen mules were required to carry them from Corunna to Madrid. Another purchaser of fame was Cardinal Mazarin. Raphael's Seven Cartoons were, at the instance of Cromwell, purchased for the nation at a cost of £300. The Duke of Buckingham's collection was removed by his son to Antwerp during his banishment, and was sold there by auction. The contents of Sir Peter Lely's gallery were sold by auction, as we learn from Horace Walpole, the sale lasting forty days, and realising a very large sum. Catalogues now begin to lend their aid to the purchaser, an early example informing us of a sale to take place 'at the two white posts against the statue at Charing Cross,' referring most probably to the name of an inn in that neighbourhood. No person was to bid less than sixpence at a time. The vicinity of Covent Garden in London has ever been the chosen resort of auctioneers, and here at the close of the 17th century we find a certain Edward Millington established at the 'Vendu next Bedford Gate, Charles Street, Covent Garden.' In announcing the sale of the goods of General Doushfield, he added that his sales would be continued every Friday following, 'during the gentries' stay in town,' and held out as a further inducement 'a curious invention of lights whereby the pictures may be seen as well as by day'—the usual hour for auctions at this period being four o'clock.

Sale by inch of candle was formerly very common, and at one time was prescribed for the sale of goods imported by the East India Company. Whoever last bid before the light expired had the lot knocked down to him. Pepys mentions an instance of this custom in his diary for 1662: 'After dinner we met and sold the Weymouth succeſſe and Fellowship hulkes, where pleasant to see how backward men are at first to bid, and yet when the candle is going out how they bawl and dispute afterwards who bid the most first. And here I observed one man cunninger than the rest, that was sure to bid the last man and to carry it, and in giving the reason he told me that just as the flame goes out the smoke descends,

which is a thing I never observed before, and by that we do know the instant when to bid last.'

As recently as the year 1892, some land belonging to the parish charities was disposed of in this way at the village of Corby, near Kettering. In what were called dumb biddings, the price was put under a candlestick, and it was agreed that no bidding should avail if not equal to that. One of the most interesting of early sales was that of the collection of the great antiquary and amateur, the Earl of Oxford, who bequeathed his library and manuscripts, called the 'Harleian Miscellanies,' to the British Museum. The announcement brought together a large assemblage of persons of rank and fashion, among the buyers being George Vertue and Horace Walpole, the latter purchasing in addition to a picture by Holbein and many coins 'a Roman deep copper dish with a cupid painted on it,' for which he gave two guineas. George Vertue, the engraver and disciple of Sir Godfrey Kneller, was an indefatigable collector of notes on British Art, and these form the basis of Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting in England.' The sale was effected by Mr Christopher Cock at his house in the Piazza, Covent Garden (now the Tavistock Hotel), destined to be for long associated with the history of auctions. It formed part of the mansion once tenanted by Sir Peter Lely, and continued to be famous as Langford's salerooms, and then as those of George Robins. Here Hogarth exhibited his 'Marriage à la mode' to the public gratis. The sale of this great artist's pictures at his house, 'The Golden Head' in Leicester Fields, presented many peculiar features. One of the conditions was that on the last day of sale, a clock (striking every five minutes) should be placed in the room, and when five minutes after twelve had struck the first picture mentioned in the sale book was to be deemed sold, the second picture when the clock had struck the next five minutes, and so on till the whole nineteen pictures had been sold. Hogarth's celebrated 'March of the Guards to Finchley' was disposed of by means of a raffle. A large number of chances were subscribed for, those which remained over being given to the Foundling Hospital. One of these latter winning the prize, the picture was forthwith handed over to the Governor of that institution. It is interesting to note that the six paintings of the 'Marriage à la mode' were sold at this time for one hundred and twenty guineas, and half a century later realised one thousand. Dr Richard Mead was one of the most remarkable figures of this period, and his collection of books, coins, statuary, and drawings was the largest formed in his time. Pope was among his patients, and has commemorated his tastes in the lines:

Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,  
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.

This physician, who possessed a museum at the back of his house in Great Ormond Street, is said to have been professionally consulted by Watteau, who painted two pictures for him in memory of his visit. The sale of this collection was effected by Abraham Langford, who was

also something of a playwright. There is a long and grandiloquent epitaph on him in St Pancras churchyard. Some of the verses tell us how 'His Summer's Manhood' was 'open, fresh, and fair.'

His virtues strict, his manners debonnaire,  
His autumn rich with wisdom's goodly fruit  
Which every variegated appetite might suit.

Close by in King Street were to be found the salerooms of Hutchins, and of Paterson, to whose son Dr Johnson stood as godfather and for whom he wrote letters of recommendation to Sir Joshua Reynolds. These two salerooms were constantly filled by eager purchasers of prints and pictures. Some of their frequenters we know, such as the bibliographer Isaac Gosset the younger, whose deformity subjected him to the coarse gibes of his opponent, Michel Lort. Besides Gough, the editor of Camden's *Britannia*, were to be seen Caleb Whitefoord, a wine-merchant of literary tastes, who is the hero of Wilkie's picture, 'The Letter of Introduction,' and many others whose names are now forgotten. The sale of the collection formed by the Chevalier D'Eon is chiefly interesting on account of the personal characteristics of this extraordinary individual, once the French Ambassador at the Court of St James's, who habitually disguised himself as a woman. The question of his sex often proved the subject of bets, and until his death was never set at rest. An auction of his effects took place at Chapman's Rooms in Cornhill, 'next Tom's Coffee-House.' Some years later a sale was announced at Christie's of 'furniture, swords, trinkets, jewels, and all the wearing apparel constituting the wardrobe of a Captain of Dragoons and a French Lady.' Works of art at this period would appear to have been rapidly rising in value, for Horace Walpole, writing to his friend Sir Horace Mann in 1770, tells us of the rage for English portraits: 'I have been collecting them,' he writes, 'for about thirty years, and originally never gave for a mezzotinto above one or two shillings. The lowest are now a crown, most from half-a-guinea to a guinea. Scarce heads in books not worth threepence will sell for five guineas. Two thousand pounds were given for a picture by Guido, and the price of old paintings had tripled or quadrupled in a single lifetime.'

We hear much at this time of the famous auctions of James Christie the elder, whose first sale took place in December 1766, at rooms in Pall Mall formerly occupied by the print warehouse of Richard Dalton. Here the Royal Academy of Arts held its exhibitions for several years. Mr Christie afterwards moved next door to Gainsborough, who lived in the west wing of Schomburg House in Pall Mall. His ingenuity in describing articles put up for sale is well illustrated by a story told of him in connection with the disposal of the effects of John Hunter the surgeon. When, in the sale, he came to a mask Hunter had used to keep his face from stings in his observations on bees, he was fairly posed; and after turning the lot round and round came out with 'a most curious and interesting article, a covering for the face used by the South Sea Islanders when travelling, to protect their faces from the

snowstorms.' Passing mention may here be made of the abortive sale of M. Desenfans' collection of pictures, which were ultimately bequeathed by the owner, a French picture-dealer, to Sir Francis Bourgeois, and were in turn left by him to Dulwich College, together with a sum of money wherewith to erect a gallery. In 1794, the whole of Sir Joshua Reynolds' gallery of paintings was sold by order of his executors—one of whom was Edmund Burke—by Mr Christie 'at his rooms, late the Royal Academy, Pall Mall.' The French Revolution caused the dispersal of many fine collections, the principal one being that belonging to the Duke of Orleans. An exhibition of these paintings took place in Mr Bryan's room in Pall Mall and at the Lyceum in the Strand, and continued open for six months. Many of these pictures found their way to the galleries of Bridgewater and Stafford Houses, and the nation became ultimately possessed of several, including the Resurrection of Lazarus by Sebastiano del Piombo.

Two sales in the first half of the present century have interesting associations connected with them—namely, the Beckford collection at Fonthill in 1823 and the Strawberry Hill collection in 1842. With regard to the first of these, accommodation for purchasers was provided in a pavilion in the park, beds being charged three and sixpence single and five shillings double. A contemporary notice in the *Times* says: 'He is fortunate who finds a vacant chair within twenty miles of Fonthill. Not a farmhouse, however humble, not a cottage near Fonthill, but gives shelter to fashion, to beauty, and rank. Ostrich plumes, which, by their very waving, we can trace back to Piccadilly, are seen nodding at a casement window over a depopulated poultry yard.' This sale occupied forty-one days, and many curiosities were disposed of—such as a set of ebony chairs from Cardinal Wolsey's palace at Esher, and Tipu Sahib's jade hookah, set in jewels, taken as plunder from his palace at Seringapatam. The Strawberry Hill sale was conducted by George Robins of Bartholomew Lane, who is said to have been one of the most eloquent auctioneers who ever wielded an ivory hammer. His poetical and alluring advertisements were celebrated, and he announced on this occasion that the sale would be 'the most distinguished gem that has ever adorned the annals of auctions.' Owing, however, to the prevalent lack of interest in such matters, its success was not quite so great as was anticipated. A large shed had been provided for the purchasers, and many articles of great historical interest were disposed of—such as Anne Boleyn's clock, given her by Henry VIII., in silver gilt, and bought for Her Majesty the Queen; a silver bell made for Pope Clement VII., said to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini; and Cardinal Wolsey's red hat, purchased by Charles Kean for twenty-one pounds. Another curiosity was Dr Dee's speculum, a round piece of polished kennel-coal, called the Devil's Looking Glass, used for purposes of divination by that Elizabethan necromancer. In the year of the Fonthill sale, James Christie the younger removed to King Street, St James's

Square, where so many historical sales have been effected—the Stowe, the Bernal, the Hamilton Palace, and the Fountaine being a few of the most celebrated in recent years.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A most interesting ceremony, attended by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in their state robes, took place in the City of London a few weeks back, in the unveiling of a monument to John Heminge and Henry Condell. Although to many these are unfamiliar names, students of Shakespeare know them well as the friends and fellow-players of the immortal poet, to whom posterity owed the first collective edition of his works. Without the loving labours of these two friends of Shakespeare it is certain that a great number of his plays would have been destroyed; for as they knew them they were rough prompt-copies used in the theatre, which would most probably have disappeared as valueless things had they not been rescued for publication. It is supposed that about two hundred and fifty copies of the first folio Shakespeare were printed, for it is yet comparatively common; but fine, unmutated copies are very rare indeed, and command a high price. It is interesting to note that the book was published at one pound per copy—equivalent to about four times that sum now. A hundred years ago a copy in good preservation could be bought without difficulty for twenty pounds. At the present time a collector would consider himself fortunate if he secured one for five hundred pounds. The monument to the compilers of this volume is in the Church of St Mary, Aldermanbury, where Heminge and Condell lived and were buried.

One of the few structures that add to the beauty of a landscape is a well-designed stone bridge. In some of our counties, notably in Derbyshire, these are common enough, and some of them afford splendid models for the architect. The modern bridge is too often a hideous mass of iron-work, and there are already some bridges of this description crossing the Thames in the neighbourhood of London which are a positive disgrace to the city. It has recently been determined to rebuild the bridge at Kew, and it is interesting to note that the two counties between which it forms a junction—Middlesex and Surrey—have been at variance with regard to the new structure, Middlesex being in favour of a stone bridge and Surrey preferring a cheaper structure of iron. However, the two counties very wisely determined to incur the expense of a special report on the relative merits of the two kinds of bridges; and as this report is strongly in favour of stone, we may hope that Kew will not be disfigured by a lattice-work girder bridge, the fate of so many other picturesque spots on the silvery Thames.

The Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, with its priceless contents, recently ran a narrow escape of being destroyed by fire. During a severe thunderstorm the building was struck by lightning, and the roof was fired; but luckily help was at hand, and by cutting away some of the

burning woodwork the building was saved. The important point to be noted in this incipient conflagration is that the Museum was furnished with no fewer than four lightning conductors; but the lightning struck a gable which was unprotected, and the electricity seems to have travelled along a lead gutter and down a standpipe to the earth. The occurrence shows that a building only partially protected by metal points is in almost as sorry a condition as one that has none at all.

Electric railways are still in their infancy, and it is impossible to foresee what developments may accrue to them in the future. It is proved, however, that they are most certainly the best means which can be adopted for underground traction, on account of the absence of all smoke or other noxious vapours. But there are some who prophesy for the electric locomotive a wide application above ground, and who look forward to a speed of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty miles an hour as no impossibility. This lightning speed is to be attained, so it is said, on a single line of rail designed by M. Lartigue. This line is supported some feet above the ground level; and the cars, in pairs, are hung astride of it like a couple of sacks balancing one another on a donkey's back. The cars are provided with wheels, and each carries beneath it two electric motors; there are also guide wheels on the lower parts of the car which act on guide rails, so as to keep the vehicle steady. It is claimed that this single rail line is much safer than the present system, and that it would be advantageous to erect such lines for passenger service only at the sides of our existing railways. Up and down lines between London and Brighton, the two connected at the ends and therefore in continuous circuit, could be built and equipped with rolling stock for about one million sterling. Such obstacles as tunnels, stations, &c., on the existing railway would be surmounted by the use of viaducts, or carrying the rail over hills on suitable supports. A short length of line on the Lartigue principle has been open for some time in Ireland, and is said to give satisfactory results.

The elaborate preparations which were made to observe the recent eclipse of the sun were of no avail, for nearly all along the line covered by the lunar shadow clouds prevented any observation being made. But the visitors who flocked to Norway as simple sightseers were not disappointed as were the astronomers, for the spectacle afforded by the advance of the lunar shadow over the earth was a most impressive one. The *Times* correspondent describes Vadsö as a situation from which this magnificent phenomenon could be admirably seen: 'As the shadow advanced across the fiord it enveloped the training squadron as it lay at anchor, the details of the ships' rigging disappeared from view, and their lights gleamed forth brilliantly. Still the shadow pressed on with its majestic speed of a mile in every couple of seconds. It moved as swiftly as a cannon-ball until it reached the observers at Vadsö, and then announced to them in the most impressive manner that the supreme moment of their visit had arrived, and that totality was complete. The darkness that then buried Vadsö



and its numerous observers lasted for a minute and forty seconds. The unworked spectacle lashed every one to silence.'

According to an American paper, nearly all tobaccos are doctored in order to suit the taste of various consumers. Each manufacturer has his own secret methods handed down from father to son, which are regarded as perfectly legitimate and necessary in the preparation of the soothing weed. Saltpetre is added to the tobacco to make it burn well, liquorice, honey, and maple sugar to give sweetness to it for the especial benefit of chewers, and rum to make it keep well and preserve its properties. Nearly every plant which will afford a perfume is used more or less in the preparation of what are known as fancy tobaccos, but it is not true that opium or deleterious drugs are employed. Among the flavours used may be named coffee, tea, valerian, lemon, orange, geranium, sassafras, thyme, anise, mint, and cinnamon. Gum and glycerine are occasionally employed to bind the tobacco particles so that they shall not fail to dust. These things are made into a 'sauce,' into which the tobacco leaves are dipped, or with which they are sprinkled.

There seems to be a probability that cycles may become as popular on our rivers as they are on our roads. At Kingston-on-Thames, a machine of this kind has, this season, been attracting much attention, both on account of the high rate of speed which it attains and the ease with which it can be propelled, costing no more strain on the muscles, it is said, than an ordinary bicycle. It is propelled by three men, who manipulate it with the greatest ease; it makes no appreciable 'wash,' and seems to be perfectly safe in use.

Those who live in large cities and manufacturing towns are periodically reminded by the state of the atmosphere that the smoke sent forth from their tall chimneys is a noxious thing. The smoke-abatement question has been before the public for many years; and, although little appears to have been done, a committee of experts have been patiently at work, and have now issued a most satisfactory report. The committee was formed as the result of a meeting held at Manchester in November 1889, and they have busied themselves in examining the claims of various smoke-preventing appliances which have been brought forward, confining their attention solely to what may be called manufacturing smoke. Briefly summarising this important report, we may say that it is conclusively proved that the discharge of black smoke into the air is both unnecessary and wasteful. With proper apparatus, which must be suited to the particular conditions of working, smoke can be absolutely prevented. The committee carefully avoid the recommendation of any particular apparatus, leaving those interested to study the report carefully and draw their own conclusions. This report does not touch the question of smoke from domestic chimneys, but to a great degree this problem is being solved by the adoption of gas cookers in lieu of open fireplaces.

Every now and then some fearful catastrophe at sea calls forth numberless letters and suggestions as to better methods of signalling, sounding,

&c.; and the recent loss of the *Drummond Castle* off Ushant has brought forth the usual discussion on the old subject. We venture to add a suggestion of our own which would possibly lead to much saving of life were it adopted. Let it be made obligatory on the part of captains of all vessels, without distinction, to get their boats ready for immediate use on the occurrence of foggy weather. Let them act as if a collision had occurred, instead of waiting to get their boats out until the disaster has happened.

The Explosion and Detection of Acetylene in Air' is the title of a paper recently read by Dr Frank Clowes before the Chemical Society; and as many persons are interested in this new illuminating gas, a short account of the results arrived at by this experimenter will not be out of place. A mixture of acetylene and air becomes explosive when as little as three per cent. of the gas is present, and the tendency to explode persists up to eighty-one per cent. This range is extraordinarily wide, and exceeds that of any combustible gas known. In order to test the amount of gas in air containing less than three per cent. of acetylene, the mixture was passed over a standard hydrogen flame, and the luminous 'cap' or halo which formed over the flame measured. In this way the amount of acetylene in air can be accurately gauged between 0.25 per cent. and 3.0 per cent., when, as already stated, the explosive point is reached. It is a fortunate circumstance, in view of the possibility of acetylene coming into common use, that it possesses a very strong and unmistakable odour, even when only a mere trace of it exists in the air. Hence it may be said of it, as was said long ago by a celebrated chemist of ammonia, that 'the best test for it is the nose.'

Mr C. W. Radcliffe Cooke, M.P., the well-known advocate for cider as a healthful national drink, has again contributed a long letter to the *Times* on his favourite subject, in which he extols the virtues of this old English beverage, which is becoming far more popular than it was a few years ago. Imitation so-called 'Champagne' and 'non-alcoholic' ciders he has caused to be analysed, one sample being reported upon as follows by the chemist who undertook the analysis: 'This sample does not contain a trace of apple juice, but is a water solution of sugar and citric acid, flavoured with apple essence.' It is not too much to assert that the sale of nasty compounds of this character have done much in the past to prejudice consumers against genuine cider, of which, probably, they do not know the taste. It is possible that cider would be consumed by many families instead of beer, especially in the hot weather, if it were as easy to procure as its great rival; but at present it is not really in the market. A doctor, in commenting upon Mr Cooke's letter, points out that genuine cider is most valuable to gouty subjects, but that it is a fundamental condition of success in its manufacture for medicinal purposes that only apples of a single sort should be used, and that fermentation should be complete. But English and foreign methods of cider making have already been discussed in *Chamber's Journal* for May of this year.

The tenth report of the Inspectors of the Sea Fisheries of England and Wales, which has been recently issued, contains a number of interesting facts concerning the harvest of the sea during the past year. Fishing round our coasts has undergone a great change in the substitution of the steam trawler for the picturesque fishing-smack; but the extent to which this change has been brought is not generally known. Hull has now no fewer than one hundred and ninety-five steam trawlers, Grimsby has one hundred and eighty-nine, and Shields seventy-one. The steam trawler fishes by wholesale methods, while the smack was a mere retailer; moreover, the new vessels can more easily reach the distant fishing-grounds, and more rapidly bring the perishable cargo home. At Hull, we read, 'there had been at times serious gluts in the market, and consequently serious falls in prices.' At another port 'large quantities of sprats were sold for manure.' Altogether, it is evident that there is no lack of fish round our coasts, and it is a strange anomaly that this form of food in most of our inland centres is actually dearer than mutton which comes from the antipodes. At Southampton several tons of mullet 'stunned by the cold' were taken out of the dock there, and in Clovelly Bay herrings were so plentiful that it did not pay the fishermen to catch them. The improved state of the water in the Thames is borne witness to by the fact that above Gravesend larger shrimps were caught and better catches made than usual.

Some important improvements are being carried out at Kew Gardens. First, the Temperate House, about six hundred feet in length, is being rapidly proceeded with, and will represent, probably, the largest structure of the kind yet built. It is intended for the reception of succulent plants from sub-tropical countries, which hitherto have been confined in tubs, but in the new house will be planted in beds. In another part of the gardens has been established a bamboo garden, in which specimens, mostly Japanese, Chinese, and Himalayan, may be seen growing as in nature. It may also be noted that two publications are in course of preparation by the official staff at Kew. One is a complete list of the plants in the gardens, which it is hoped will be the means of settling the nomenclature of different species, and the other is a guide to the economic plants.

The Locomotives on Highways Bill, 1896, has now become an Act of Parliament, and Her Majesty's lieges are at liberty to use, without any vexatious restrictions, vehicles propelled by mechanical agency. The passing of this act is due mainly to the exertions of Sir David Salomons, the president of the Self-propelled Traffic Association, who, with a number of other gentlemen as disinterested and unbiased by personal or pecuniary motives as himself, has worked very hard to get this important measure passed into law. Sir David has recently published a letter thanking those who have shared his public-spirited labours; and he takes the opportunity of appealing to everyone interested in the movement to do nothing to abuse the freedom now extended to them by this act. He says that at no period in the history of

the English legislature has so liberal a measure been passed, and he appeals to those who will mostly benefit by it to avoid injury to the roads, to use every possible care not to frighten horses, to store no dangerous liquids (petroleums) carelessly, and to generally take care that in a year or two hence it shall not become necessary to pass another act 'to control those who have shown their inability to control themselves.'

In May last, on the West Highland (North British) line, a passenger train ran off the rails with the exception of the engine, but was happily brought to a standstill, before much damage was done, by the prompt application of the Westinghouse brake. Lieutenant-Colonel York attributes this accident, in his report to the Board of Trade, to the expansion and consequent distortion of the line produced by the great heat prevalent on the day of the occurrence. The engine-driver asserts that he actually saw that the line in front was distorted, and he anticipated that the train would leave the rails, hence he applied the brake, and immediately afterwards the train left the metals. It is supposed that the engine kept its place owing to the flexibility imparted to it by the leading bogie. It has always been customary to leave a space between the ends of rails so as to allow for expansion; but it would seem, in view of this accident, that something more is needed. It should be stated, however, that the report from which our account of the accident is taken mentions that there were indications that the portion of line in question had not been maintained in a thoroughly first-class condition.

## 'OF AUTUMN.'

### I.

A 'LITTLE love and laughter,' many tears :  
That is our life. 'Tis like an autumn day ;  
A gleam of sunshine in the heaven appears,  
A beam from those blue depths, that may not stay :  
Then rain, unceasing ; withered leaves in showers  
Come rustling down : so with this life of ours.

### II.

A smile to kindle love, a tender look  
From lovelier depths than heaven's brightest blue ;  
One golden chapter in a dreary book,  
And then life takes again its dull gray hue.  
Yet if forgetfulness could make it bright,  
Would we forego remembrance, if we might ?

MAUD ARNOLD.

## \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
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## JUANITA.

BY T. LANCEY.

CHAPTER I.

NED ERSKINE was a young Englishman of good family, who, like many others, found himself one day in a lively mining camp in the Rocky Mountains—those grim mountains of solitude—fascinating from a distance, dull and dreary on acquaintance, and through whose mazy valleys and silent cañons one could wander for hundreds of miles without meeting a soul, save, perchance, a roving band of scowling Indians.

Erskine was young, strong, and healthy. He had some money, wanted more, and was willing to work for it. He had but few relatives left, and no one to trouble himself about. He had joined two or three miners in working a claim of gold-bearing gravel, or placer, for this was during the second discovery of gold in the far West, after the Californian excitement had cooled.

This was the time when sensible human beings went crazy over gold, when they lay down and rolled in it (a fact); when, from pure braggadocio, they would light their pipes with bank-notes (a fact) in the presence of an admiring crowd of toadies. A grand time! and the crazy fools who shovelled out gold, literally at times by the shovelful (eight ounces being actually weighed from one shovel), thought these times would last for ever. To-morrow! who wanted any to-morrow?—to-day was enough for most of them—when a few hours' work meant a year's wealth! Glorious times! when the immigrant from afar dreamed of his speedy return to his lonely wife or waiting sweetheart with money enough for all future time, and, when ready to leave with his well-earned gold, his body would be found with a bullet in it and his riches gone. For there were plenty of human jackals prowling about, reporting to the

more lordly lions of theft and murder, and, when the time served, the lions acted and the jackals had their share. For here were gathered together thousands of the scum and sweepings of humanity, and all the unbridled passions held carnival—where none was poor and all were rich—where means were difficult because none cared to cook.

The gambling houses kept open doors night and day. The harvest was exceeding rich, and the table keepers knew it. The patient waiting game was theirs—others might toil and sweat in getting gold, but the table keeper neither toiled nor got excited. He knew that his percentage would ceaselessly roll in to his coffers. In this seething human swarm—all attracted by the one quest—did Erskine find himself. He and his partners had a roomy cabin on their claim some two miles below the camp; so they enjoyed comparative quietness, and were not annoyed by the daily crowd of idlers watching every shovel emptied, an inspection resented by all good miners.

One morning Ned was stooping down examining some new bed-rock he had just uncovered, his face glum, because nuggets were both small and scarce. Startled by a low cry of distress, together with a rattling fall of loose stones and earth from above, he looked up, and saw, some twenty feet above him, a girl lying on the cañon slope. From a glimpse of bright colour he supposed she was an Indian; then he caught sight of a pale face that could not belong to the copper-hued redskin. Quickly scrambling up the hillside, he found a young girl with an ankle twisted so badly that she moaned with pain. Lifting her light figure in his arms, he carefully carried her to the stream—



side, where he seated her on a low flat boulder, and, picking up his gold pan, poured water over the injured ankle until the buckskin moccasin was soaked; then, gently laying the foot in the running water, he turned to look at and speak to his patient. He had acted mechanically in his ministrations, as men in the mountains do when they render help to one in distress; they give the assistance freely, and afterwards ask the inevitable questions.

Erskine was puzzled: he gazed at the fairest face he had ever seen, an oval face of pale olive tint, with dark lustrous eyes, capable of passion, whether love or hatred; a tall, supple figure, the graceful outlines well displayed by the light antelope-skin jacket, the shortened sleeves showing rounded arms and delicate small hands. A short skirt of heavy store cloth, a soft felt hat with gay ribbon round it, and a golden-coloured kerchief tied loosely round the neck completed the costume. To this may be added a belt of cartridges round the waist, and a light rifle of small calibre beside her on the ground. Ned absorbed all these details in one quick glance, and as he gazed he wondered who this fair apparition was—certainly not Indian, as certainly not white. Such a dainty creature as the one before him he had never seen in the hill country, or anywhere else for that matter. These thoughts passed through his mind in a moment, and then he inquired, with a smile:

'Do you feel any better?'

The girl looked up at him, and, with a slight blush, said:

'Oh yes. I cannot say how grateful I am to you; the pain has already ceased. It was stupid of me to slip on the slide rock;' adding proudly, 'I never did such a thing before,' as though slipping on treacherous slide rock was to be ashamed of. She spoke in a low, clear tone, but a faint touch in her accent told him she spoke another language than English. She had seen some black-tail deer grazing in a hollow lying back from the cañon slope, and was on her way to stalk them when she missed her footing on the loose slide rock. Presently she declared her foot to be all right again, and, springing up, attempted to walk, but would at once have fallen had not Erskine caught her round the waist and supported her. The girl, glancing hastily at him, said: 'Let me sit down again, please;' then adding, 'oh, what shall I do?' Tears stood in her dark eyes, and she seemed much distressed at her helplessness.

Ned, however, came to her relief by saying at once: 'Don't worry yourself; I'll help you through this,' and then he asked where she lived and with whom.

She told him her father, who was a French-Canadian trapper and hunter, had his camp some three miles down the stream, that he usually passed through that district every two years or so, and that she was in the habit of accompanying him on his summer trips, when they fished and shot together, more for amusement than profit, adding that her father would be uneasy if she were not back at the camp that afternoon. 'Besides,' she said, with a quick glance round her, and then at Ned, 'you

know, you understand, I—well, I *must* get back somehow.'

Ned fully grasped the fact that this charming specimen of the trapper feminine could not remain where she was, so he told her to comfort herself, as he would take her back himself on mule back. He was rewarded with a bright smile and a grateful look from the dark eyes. Telling the girl he would return in a few minutes, Ned slipped off the hobbles from his mule grazing near by, and telling his partners what had occurred, quickly strapped some blankets on the animal's back, securing them with a wide horse-hair cinch, then fastening a leathern strap loop-fashion to the cinch, for the injured foot, he led the mule to where the girl was sitting. Lifting her on to the improvised side-saddle, he carefully placed the injured foot in the loop, and telling her to steady herself by holding on to the mule's mane, he led the animal down the cañon trail. During all this time the girl had not spoken. When he deftly placed her on the mule, she had quickly blushed a crimson glow, as quickly fading; but as he walked in front she looked him over from head to foot. Ned's erect sinewy figure seemed to fascinate her, for her eyes never wandered from it for an instant. The trail widening, Erskine fell back to walk beside her, and, after asking if she felt comfortable, said: 'You have not told me your name yet,' at the same time giving her his own. She said her name was Juanita, the name of her mother, who came from sunny Mexico. Her father was Dave Le Gros, 'better known, I believe,' she added, smiling, 'as French Dave.' Ned in surprise cried: 'French Dave! I know your father very well. I hunted with him two years ago on the Rosebud Range, but I did not know before that he had a daughter—and such a daughter!' he added softly; but the girl's quick ears caught the expression, judging by the keen glance she gave her companion.

The name Juanita, or, still better, Nita, sounded very soft to Ned, who was rapidly losing his head, if not his heart, to this half-caste beauty beside him. He knew her father to be of French extraction, with a strong dash of Indian blood in him. Her mother being Mexican made the girl's nationality rather a problem. But what did it matter thought Ned; she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and he blessed the lucky accident that had given him this unlooked-for break in the dull monotony of mountain life. The journey was a slow one. Mules may be steady and sure, but they are not fast, and unless urged they simply crawl. Perhaps Ned neglected forcing the pace lest the injured foot should be shaken, or possibly he wished to prolong this *tête-à-tête* so novel and pleasant to him. It was certainly not the glorious view before them that caused the snail-like pace, for neither Ned nor Nita gave a look at it even; nor did the mule, who resented this unusual trip, as it interfered with his enjoyment of a bit of choice bunch grass he had lately discovered. And yet the scene was worth looking at.

Before them lay the silent cañon, its sides towering upwards some thousand feet. To right and left lesser ravines led back to timbered

gloom; scattered patches of bright, mossy green, watered by the spray of falling springs above, were touched with brilliant colour by wild flowers of many hues in Nature's wondrous harmony. Thickets of wild roses, a mass of bloom, lay below them, the warm air scented with their perfume.

Nita told her escort about herself and her life. How she had been at a convent school, and passed her winters with relatives in Canada, going with her father in his summer trips, for she loved the free life, and was as much at home in the hills and forests as her father, having learned her wood-craft from him. She told of her successes and failures with big game, and gleefully narrated her first encounter with a grizzly, when she had ignominiously to climb the nearest tree and was kept prisoner until her father came to her relief. As Ned listened to the low, soft voice, with the faint foreign intonation, he wished this afternoon might never end; and once, when the mule slightly stumbled on a rough bit of the trail, he caught her hand to steady her, and noticed what a small, well-shaped little hand she had, even though it was sunburned to a russet brown in colour. The girl was pondering some matters in her mind also. It must be remembered that even in the lone west, in those days as now, there was the stern, inexorable law of race. The whites looked on the half-caste as not being a fellow-creature, but as an inferior being, well enough to employ, but impossible to associate with on equal terms; and poor Nita knew this. She had gone through the same experiences of being snubbed and socially cut by other girls and their mothers as the young woman of to-day goes through when she rashly tries to soar to inaccessible social heights. She had felt this keenly at the time; her convent education had been the same as that of her self-styled superiors; her native tact and shrewd good sense had made her, both in manners and conversation, fully their equal; but the fatal bar of race was against her. This was the first time she had ever been alone with a real white man, and she felt glad to meet one, to hear him talk, and to look at him; and then, had he not done her a great service? and the girl's impulsive southern heart went out in gratitude to him. These southern natures have a way of going to extremes as a rule. It is all undying love or eternal hatred; you take your choice if you have the power.

A sudden turn in the trail disclosed old Dave's camp. A roomy tent and an Indian teepee or lodge of poles meeting overhead, wrapped with overlapping canvas—for Dave had a liking for Indian ways—stood on a grassy flat near the stream-side. Packhorses grazing close by, some fresh skins pegged out to dry in the sun, and a heap of dead ashes were all that met the eye. Nita, with a quick glance at the camp, said: 'My father has not returned yet—there is no fire.' Ned stopped the mule at the tent, and fastening back the canvas, lifted the girl and carried her inside, where he placed her gently on a pile of buffalo robes and soft skins lying in a corner. As he knelt to arrange a comfortable lounge for her, their faces came perilously near each other, the dark eyes looked

out at him, a faint smile on the parted lips, when impulsively and without thought he kissed her hastily, as though ashamed of what he did. The girl said nothing—her face paled, and she gave him a long searching look that puzzled him; and then, without a word, he went outside, and in the distance saw her father returning to the camp.

Juanita Le Gros was of a type infinitely superior to the ordinary half-caste, and although she had inherited both Indian and Mexican blood from her parents, she showed none of that carelessness in dress or manners so common at the time. On the contrary, she was scrupulously neat and sweet in all her personal belongings. Her outdoor life with her father had developed her supple figure to its highest pitch. In climbing mountains after game, in shooting, fishing, and riding, she was quite at home. Fearless, active, and strong, she was a valuable ally to her father. Her tent, supported by a strong ash pole, made in joints secured by iron rings, for convenience of transport, was of stout waterproof canvas; from the pole hung leathern sacks and bags containing her wardrobe. Brushes, combs, and articles dear to the feminine mind reposed in nets of deer sinew, while a large metal basin was mounted on a stand of pine sticks, deftly manufactured by her father. Give a Canadian woodsman an axe and an auger, and he can make you anything from a house to its furniture. At one side was a thick layer of pine tips, on which was placed a goodly depth of blankets, buffalo hides, and bearskins, forming a luxurious and scented couch. The floor was strewn with fragrant tips of the sugar-pine; a large bunch of wild roses and mountain lilies was pinned to the canvas. The general appearance of cleanly neatness was entirely in keeping with that of its mistress. Nita had received a good convent education, had read of many things she did not fully understand, and later on, when she had the opportunity, plied Ned freely with questions as to that great outer world of which she yet knew nothing—for this girl was aspiring in her desire for a change of surroundings. The summer trips were well enough, but the long, dreary winters in some dull settlement were wearisome. Not but that she had suitors in plenty, but no one had yet touched her heart, and the lustrous eyes looked calmly and serenely on the aspirants to her hand, and the red lips smiled coldly, and said 'No.' She would tell herself that the right man would come some day, and if he never came she would remain always with her father, and grow old and ugly—this last with a faint shiver, for Nita knew she was beautiful; the little mirror hanging on the tent pole told her that. When, therefore, this fair-bearded stranger who had so kindly helped her in her troubles appeared, her instinct told her—trust a woman to find that out—that the right man had come at last, and that he was to be hers and she was to surrender herself to his rule. Why do these unfailing intuitions come to us suddenly and without warning, and we never misconstrue them? We accept without questioning, we simply know but cannot explain. This was why she let Ned kiss her, feeling as though it were natural he should—

would she not be his altogether soon? and as he kissed her, her heart rose up to him in a wave of maiden tenderness and love. Much allowance must be made for Juanita. The girl was instinctively modest and reserved even; but she was also a girl of passionate impulse when her heart was stirred by it remembered. To a girl of her nature—unfettered by conventional customs or rules, because wholly ignorant of them, pining for companionship, for a friend in her loneliness, nursing her ideal in her heart for years—love was of quick growth when her ideal lover presented himself. Deep down in her heart she knew that this man was to be her future husband; her woman's unerring instinct (a man is dull in such cases) told her so, and while the kiss startled her by its suddenness, it did not surprise her. She simply accepted it as the first homage from her lover; she saw no wrong in doing so—would she not be his altogether soon? and in all this, as it rapidly passed through her mind, there was no atom even of impropriety of thought. Had Erskine trifled with her passion for him, she was quite capable of killing him in anger and then herself in despair. Erskine was naturally unaware of this undercurrent. He simply saw a lovely face dangerously near his own, and so he kissed it, not suspecting that the owner was risking her soul on the act; nor did he dream that his trifling gallantry would yet draw him helplessly into the domestic net. He had not thought over the matter much, like most men in the hills; he did not worry himself about the future—what was the good? To-day was enough; besides, when a treacherous bullet, a saloon brawl, a blow from a grizzly's paw, or a 'wash' out from a sudden flood might wipe out to-morrow for ever, it was a needless waste of time.

He felt irresistibly drawn to this girl, and he simply could not help it.

Dave Le Gros was a specimen type of his class. Trapper and hunter from boyhood, he had passed his life in the mountains and forests of the West, from chilly Canada to the Rio Grande border, knowing every pass and secret trail in the mountains. A man of iron constitution, the raven hair now silvered, but the dark eyes still keen and piercing; a reserved and taciturn man, wending his way through forest and desert waste with the unerring certainty of the Indian. Of resolute will, undaunted courage, and skilled in resource, he had the reputation of being peaceful when unmolested, but a relentless foe when wronged. His wife, a fair young senorita from Mexico, had been killed by hostile Cheyennes in his absence from camp one day, leaving the baby Juanita on his hands; and the trapper had sworn over his dead wife's body never to let a Cheyenne pass him by. Report said he had kept his oath unbroken, and that the Cheyenne Indians dreaded hearing of this implacable enemy being near them.

Erskine and he knew each other, having hunted together some two years previously. The former in a few words told the old man of his daughter's accident, and then retraced his way back up the cañon; and as he slowly rode along his thoughts were of Nita. He

felt instinctively that this girl was far beyond her class, and that he was treading on dangerous ground. The sweet pale face was in his mind constantly, and all he could decide on was that he must call round next day, if only to inquire how the ankle was progressing; besides, he wished to have a talk with her father. Poor Ned!

### THE FARMER'S LIFE.

'Who'd be a farmer?' From every quarter of the country comes the cry of despair—from wheat counties and sheep counties; from where mile upon mile of level wheat-fields lie yellow and waving under the spacious sky, and from where the wiry long-tailed sheep roam in their thousands over the silent Welsh hills; from Devonshire coombes where red cattle graze the well-watered 'Garden of England'; from the hop-yards and orchards of the West Midlands—rises the universal tale of woe. Bad harvests; ruinous prices; the foreigner with his wheat and his wool, and, above all, his frozen carcasses by the shipload of ten and twenty thousand, all combining to hold the English farmer's head under water till his struggles cease.

I am not going to propound a remedy for the agricultural disease. Still less am I about to blame any one, not even Government or the farmer himself. I have no theories to offer for either cause or cure. I do not believe in poultry-farming as a straw for the drowning agriculturist to clutch at, nor in bee-keeping, nor even in the suppression of the butcher and other 'middlemen' who are in some quarters regarded as standing between the farmer and prosperity.

But, oh, the pity of it! The sorrow of heart at the thought of the ancient and honourable calling of husbandry having, as a money-making profession, seen its best days! Sad, oh sad, that we cannot, wandering in the country, view with unalloyed pleasure the snug homesteads, red-walled and tile-roofed, with flanking barns and rick-yards, nestling among orchard, meadow, and cornfield; that our thoughts run on to the too probable debit balance shown against the farmer in the bank-ledgers at the county town; to the sons one and all leaving the old roof to seek a livelihood in trades or professions already overstocked. 'Anything but farming, my boy, anything but that,' the old man will say; 'a farmer's name spells ruin, whatever it is.'

Oh, the pity of it! For what life is like the farmer's? A life where the comparatively sordid end of money-making is so lost sight of—to the onlooker at least—in the beauty and simplicity of the means. There are men of fortune who play at farming for amusement, as men play at golf and cricket; but no one plays at banking or shopkeeping, or—often—at lawyering. In few other occupations is the money-getting so pleasantly in the background as here. The sowing, tilling, and garnering of crops, the breeding, rearing, and perfecting of animals, are instincts with Englishmen. There is a pleasure in the sight of the waving corn, the heavy swathes of grass falling at each stroke of the swinging scythe; in a pasture full of sweet-breathed cows or a flock of ewes with



their growing hands—which is totally unconnected with the questions of money and net profit.

There are many outsiders for whom the ways of farmers, the country, and country people are full of interest. Some of us unhappily live in towns—large towns; but we have memories of a country childhood perhaps, and love to revive them ourselves or impart them to our children, whose earliest knowledge is, alas, of brick walls and paved streets.

The old farmer who made a modest fortune in the palmy days of thirty or forty years ago, and whose sons are out in the world and doing well, still stays on in the farm, grumbling ever, but loth to leave, and at heart not ill satisfied if each succeeding year brings a small deficit only or none at all. On a farm so many of the necessities—some of the luxuries even, of life are obtainable without any immediate or visible outlay of coin. House-rent to begin with is included in the lease. All vegetables, milk, butter, and eggs are there for the taking—heavy items these in a town household. Of poultry and bacon too the farmer is his own purveyor; he knows the value of well-hung mutton, and kills a sheep now and then in the winter, the bailiff or shepherd being always glad to take a joint for a Sunday's dinner. Of firewood he has an ample supply for his own use, besides some for sale; the trimmings of orchards and hedges furnish this. Moreover, the farm on which my thoughts are running lies within an easy journey of coal-pits. The team can leave at three o'clock on a winter morning and be at home again a few hours after nightfall. Some farmers' wives both bake and brew at home still; but in these days of cheap and good baker's bread, of Bass and Guinness, both customs are dying steadily. But the cider-press is still at work, and supplies both house and men. In the cool dusk of the cider-house the old horse plods sleepily round and round, and the thick sweet juice oozes out from the pulpy fruit as the heavy wheel rolls on.

So the old man still clings to his life's home and work; and, thanks to the experience of fifty years and more and to life-long habits of temperance and activity, he can afford to do so. He can no longer 'get over the ground' as he used to do; the rise of his fields from the brook and the slope of the lane from the house make themselves felt, and his stout ash-plant is constantly in his hand. But he sits his mare as firmly as ever, and draws on himself the reproof of his wife for hard and—to her mind—reckless riding.

In the gray dawn of a February morning he may be heard at his bedroom window in consultation with the bailiff as to the day's work. For unless the weather be thoroughly settled this cannot be arranged over-night. Does the frost hold? Then let the teams go on with manure-carting. Is it still mild and open? Then they can 'get to plough.' Very soon the old gentleman is down and about amongst the work himself. None know better than he the relative value of the master's eye and hand; and though his hands are active at anything that is going on, altering here and adjusting there, and he has as much faith in example as in

precept, he prefers to be everywhere by turns and nowhere long.

We may be sure he does not go very far afield without casting a glance into the 'nag' stables where two sleek, well-groomed mares are getting their breakfast. He administers an oft-repeated caution to the groom to be more sparing with the corn, for with light loads and little work he finds his 'cattle' apt to pull rather hard on the rein if the feeding is too high. His next work is to turn a tap and fill a trough or gutter with water for the poultry. A wheel tanned by the brook gives a constant supply to house and yards; but he complains that not a man on the place can be trusted to keep the drinking-troughs constantly full, and this knowledge induces him to make the round of the folds a dozen times in the day.

A visit to the chaff-house which adjoins the cart-horse stables shows him that a day's chaff-enting is needed. A slow and toilsome job this on a farm where the only 'power' is equine. There almost daily a pair of horses must tread their monotonous round to work the sunk machinery in the yard which communicates with the cutter in the shed. But here, where an engine is an item of the dead stock, enough chaff can be cut on a winter's day to last horses, cattle, and sheep nearly a fortnight; and corn-grinding is accomplished with equal celerity.

The sight of the postman in the lane is a reminder that breakfast will be waiting. This is a late meal here, for the master finds his appetite failing, and would fain sharpen it if he can by an hour or two's occupation and morning air. So it is often nearly nine before he sits down in the sunny breakfast-room to the tableful of cold ham, boiled eggs, and broiled kidneys, which are present in quantities that the townsman finds alarmingly profuse till his wants are brought into proportion with the supply by copious doses of fresh country air.

Later on our friend goes farther afield. Down in 'Long Orchard' a man is at work binding the cuttings of the apple-trees into lagots. This is piece-work, but it is just as well to give an eye to the job now and then, if only to see how near it is to completion; for when it is finished another must be found for the labourer. He can be told, too, to keep an eye on the hedges, especially where the rabbit-holes in the bank show signs of recent disturbance; for at a day's ferreting which some friends from the town took yesterday a ferret 'lay up,' and, darkness coming on, had to be abandoned. Sooner or later the creature will sleep off its surfeit of rabbit and will come out, creeping about the bank and hedge-bottom with apparent helplessness.

Farther on the teams are at plough, the stubble disappearing steadily before the advancing share, and giving place to the fresh and fragrant red soil which, seen at a distance, takes a rich purple tinge. The head carter drives a pair of powerful horses abreast; his second in command has another pair; while the bailiff holds the stils behind three horses driven tandem, with a boy at the leader's head. The middle horse of the three is a dainty strawberry roan—a 'three-year old' getting his first

experience of the collar. With a steady companion behind and before, he may fret and fume himself into submission without much risk of harm. The next step will be in the shafts of a pair-horse wagon with a steady collar-mate abreast of him. The farmer rarely calls for the services of a professional horse-trainer, and probably did not even in his younger days, when he bred a good hack now and then and sold at remunerative prices.

Finally, the morning's round of inspection ends with a visit to the shepherd, who is just now in the midst of the lambing season, and, in his own eyes at least, the most important person on the farm. And he certainly is a man in whom much confidence is usually placed. A first-rate shepherd brooks no control but that of his master; the carter and the cowman may receive the assistance and own to some extent the authority of the bailiff; but among his flock the shepherd reigns supreme, grumbling even at much interference from his employer.

When the hedges are cut and laid in the spring, a rough stile, something like a small wattled hurdle, is made in the track of the farmer's daily round that he may avoid either a circuit to reach a gate or damage to the hedges by continually climbing them. Hedging and ditching, like a hundred other details of country work, is an art. This again is piece-work, and is paid for by the yard. If there are trees in the hedge which need trimming, or the lower boughs lopping, or if a tree has been felled and the stump left for the hedger to 'grub,' such items are extra.

The farmer grumbles a little over his wife's dinner-hour—two o'clock. The proper time, he says, is noon; a farmer should dine when his men dine. But 'my wife' will not hear of it, and perhaps the old gentleman himself grumbles more from habit than from any real desire for the noontide meal now. After dinner there is generally a long doze in the wide leather-covered armchair by the hearth, followed by a startled waking, an exclamation of surprise at the lateness of the hour, and a call for his mare that he may gallop round before 'knocking-off time.'

The hour of 'high tea' brings the newspaper to those districts which possess two posts in the day. This, and his men's 'time-book,' kept as methodically as a banker's ledger, will, alternating with an occasional uneasy nap, pass away the time till nine o'clock brings the two maids with the great Bible and Prayer-book. I wish that certain occupants of lecterns could hear and take pattern from the tones of the silver-headed man of three-score and ten as he reads the Evening Lesson and the Collect for the week, finishing with 'Lighten our darkness.' Then there is a sound of heavy bolts shooting home and chains rattling, and the house grows still. There are no men-servants in the house, partly because the farm is well supplied with cottages, and married men are steadier and less wishful to roam than their single brethren.

The old gentleman seldom stirs from home now at night. Time was when he made one of a circle of dashing farmers who, the day's work over, would drive off in gig or dogcart six, eight, or ten miles to each other's houses

for a late dinner, followed by many a rubber of whist and perhaps an impromptu dance. With a little prompting he will recall tales of gay evenings, when fun fast and furious followed days of toil; of nights spent under a haycock to save the trouble of returning home and to insure being up with the lark in the morning. Like most farmers, who as a class love to work hard and play hard, he seems able to do with a minimum of rest. Even now he seldom retires before midnight, though he is often up at five.

Though he is out and about in all weathers, and scorns an overcoat when younger men are buttoned to the chin, he likes a warm room when once indoors, looking with suspicion on an open window and abominating a draught. On a warm May evening he still loves a fire, and will himself descend to the cellar and return with an armful of dry logs, which he piles on the fire with a liberal hand. There is something peculiarly grateful to old blood in the blaze and crackle of well-dried wood. But his wife often complains that she is stifled with the heat, and will leave the snug little sitting-room for one of the prim and silent parlours.

He drinks his own cider or perry from a silver tankard, which does not betray any slight muddiness in the liquor. On Sundays the apples and nuts are still laid out on a costly dessert service, though little is eaten; and then he opens a bottle of port or sherry and drinks a glass or two. Claret is rarely seen on his table. Port and sherry were the wines of his day, and his taste has not changed if the times have. But he understands the merits of a bottle of dry champagne, and has a case—or part of one—somewhere in his private cellar. A bottle is considered an appropriate accompaniment to a dish of lamb's tails; and when the lambs are docked of these needless ornaments in the spring a friend or two will come over to discuss the merits of the dish, washed down with *Très-Sec*.

If a neighbour drops in for an hour in the evening, the square-cut glass decanters are brought out, and our farmer, who rarely touches spirits when alone, clinks glasses with his friend. Though no smoker himself, he has a long clay pipe or two somewhere in a cupboard, which he hospitably produces. Sometimes, to his secret sorrow, the visitor prefers his own well-seasoned briar, which is endured with silent discomfort by the host. There is no pipe so clean and sweet in the smoking as a new clay, which leaves no foul stale odour behind it. Cigars are prohibited by the lady of the house.

Such a farmer has a sort of double personality. In the fields and yards among the men his appearance and words are often homely. In old and faded coat, battered hat, and unlaced boots, he suits his speech to his company. 'Thee' and 'thy' are frequently on his lips, and 'harry' takes the place of harrow. But this equality and fraternity of speech covers an absolute and rigid though kind and generous authority. No farmer in the county is more respected by his men; not one of them would dream of attempting the least familiarity.



Yet this same man, work once done, shows the real grain. Spruce and well-dressed—none neater—he can hold his own with ease among men of society and liberal education. He talks fluently and well, and considering his age and the comparative seclusion of his life, he is surprisingly up-to-date. He is the best of 'good company,' and women, young and old, find in him a never-failing store of that old-fashioned courtesy which is sometimes sought for in vain beneath seemingly faultless polish.

An important man this, I think, and one to whose well-being politicians would do well to devote some thought. There is a class above him—the 'gentleman-farmer'—who is more gentleman than farmer; whose bailiff lives in a good-sized farmhouse, and is the go-between 'twixt master and men. And there is a class below him—the working-farmer—with the birth and education and many of the sympathies of his own workpeople. But the man who thoroughly knows the men and their needs, has in his time worked at much of their work as hard as they themselves, yet is not of them—such a man is surely an all-important member of society; yet it is he who is being overwhelmed in the wave of agricultural distress.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

### CHAPTER VII.—MY SUSPICIONS ARE AROUSED.

On reaching the citadel, half-an-hour after I had bidden the king and Olivia good-bye, I discovered that the assassin had already been conveyed thither, and was about to be brought before the Governor. As soon therefore as I had seen the palace doctor and had had my wound attended to, I walked in the direction of the room where I was informed the inquiry was to take place. On reaching it I found that sentries were placed at the doors to exclude the public, who were still clamorous for the man's death; but my position in the palace was so well understood, and my person so well known, that I expected to have no difficulty in obtaining admission. To my surprise, however, the sentries, acting as they said on the Governor's orders, politely but firmly refused to permit me to pass. They had received instructions, so they informed me, that no one, not even the officials of the citadel, were to be allowed to enter. However, I had made up my mind to be present, so I bade a servant convey my name to the Governor and inform him of my wish.

Presently the man returned and bade me follow him. When I entered the room I discovered the General seated at a desk in the centre, with the prisoner, guarded by soldiers, standing before him. No one else was in the room.

On seeing me, Roche rose and came towards me. I noticed that his face was paler than usual, and that he wore an unaccustomed air of nervousness.

'I regret exceedingly that you should have been refused admittance, my lord,' he began as soon as I had closed the door behind me. 'Had I imagined for an instant that you desired to

attend this preliminary inquiry, I should have made a point of adjourning it for your convenience.'

'I beg you will say no more about it,' I answered, not believing for an instant that he spoke the truth. 'Naturally I desired to be present. First, for the reason that I was the person who saw him throw the knife; and secondly, because I was lucky enough to be the one who prevented it from reaching the king.'

'In that case we had better get to business,' he said shortly.

'With all my heart,' I answered; and we accordingly sat down at the table, and the examination at once commenced.

On closer scrutiny the prisoner proved to be a sinister-looking fellow, lacking one eye, and having his face disfigured by a cut which extended almost from his left eyebrow to his chin. Despite his native dress, I felt even more convinced than before that he was not an Oriental as he pretended, but a European. I noticed, however, that Roche had not been struck by this fact, for he addressed him in the Médang dialect, which it appeared the man spoke only imperfectly.

'Try him in French,' I suggested, seeing how slow our progress was likely to be.

The Governor cast a quick glance at me, and as quickly withdrew his eyes again.

'It is not likely he would understand French,' he answered. 'The man is a native, my lord.'

'I fear I must differ from you on that point,' I said emphatically in German—which I knew he understood. 'The man is as much a European as either of us, and of that I am convinced.'

Then turning to the prisoner, I said in French, quite casually, so that if possible I might take him by surprise:

'Tell me, my man, what countryman you are?'

But to the General's satisfaction and my extreme discomfiture, the fellow only shook his head, signifying thereby that he did not understand. I thereupon tried him in German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, and finally English, but to every question he replied with the same shake of the head and peculiar motion of the hands expressive of non-comprehension.

'I'm afraid that after all your lordship must rest content with my assurance,' said Roche with an ill-concealed sneer upon his face. 'The fellow is, as I say, a native, possibly not of the Médangs, but at least of one of the adjoining countries.'

In spite, however, of the rebuff I had received, I was more than ever convinced that he was wilfully deceiving me, but as I had no possible means of proving it, I forebore to say more, and the examination proceeded. But badly as I had succeeded in my cross-questioning, Roche now found himself faring even worse. The man absolutely refused either to give his name, to state his country, the date of his arrival in the Médangs, his reason for attempting to assassinate the king, or to state whether or not he had any accomplices. To every question put to him he stolidly replied in the native 'I do not know,' and no threat of punishment could extort another answer from him. At any other time Roche's discomfiture would have been amusing enough to watch, but under the present circumstances I must own I shared his anger.



'Since he refuses to tell you anything, what is to be done with him?' I asked after we had been upwards of an hour questioning him.

'I shall look him up till he does tell,' replied the Governor bluntly. 'A little touch of the rattan would soon make him speak, but unfortunately His Majesty will not permit one to make use of it.'

'And when will you have him brought up again?' I asked.

'To-morrow morning, if that will be convenient to your lordship,' he replied. 'Shall we say eleven o'clock?'

'Eleven o'clock will suit me admirably,' I answered. 'Let us postpone it till then.'

The necessary orders were accordingly given, and the prisoner was marched away by his guards. I remained for a few moments in conversation with the Governor, and then also took my departure.

For some reason or another my suspicion that the prisoner, in spite of his dark skin, and ignorance of any other tongue save the Médang, was not the native he pretended to be haunted me for the remainder of the day. I could not drive it from my mind. And why Roche should have persisted in asserting that he was not a European also puzzled me more than I cared to own. And yet when I came to analyse the evidence and his behaviour I could not find sufficient in it to warrant me in accusing him of complicity with the prisoner.

On my return to the palace the Princess Natalie sent for me, and was quick to express her sorrow at what had occurred. In spite of the doctor's assurance that my hurt was not dangerous, it was some time before I could convince her that I was not mortally wounded.

'I cannot understand it at all,' she said for about the twentieth time. 'Marie is so beloved by his people that I am convinced not one of them would dream of raising his hand against him. The man *must* surely be a new arrival in the Médangs.'

'That is my own opinion,' I replied; 'but General Roche, who after all has had more experience of them, seems to think otherwise.'

'General Roche invariably thinks differently from any one else,' she answered. 'Sometimes I lose patience with him. Do you know in what part of the citadel this wretched man is confined?'

'Near the gate,' I replied. 'He is to be examined again to-morrow morning.'

'You will be present then, will you not? I shall feel safer if I know that you are to be there.'

As she spoke she laid her little white hand upon my arm, and looked up at me with her poor blind eyes in a manner that would have melted my heart had I been the most obdurate of men. There was magnetism in her touch, for it thrilled me through and through as I had never been thrilled before.

'I promise you I will be there,' I said. 'I hope that then we shall be able to discover who the wretch is, and for what purpose he attempted your brother's life.'

'I thank you,' she said simply, and then bade me good-bye.

After dinner that evening I went for my usual stroll round the battlements. Since dark-

ness had fallen, a greater feeling of loneliness had come over me than I had yet experienced. I missed Olivia, and I also missed the king. They were only to be absent three days, but even that short time seemed an eternity to look forward to. Of late a great restlessness had been my portion; a desire to see something more of the East had taken possession of me. I had always entertained a passion for travel; and now that Olivia's future was provided for, and a fitting opportunity presented itself, I resolved to gratify it. All being well when they returned, I would set off again in my yacht and allow the young couple time to get over the first blush of their affection and to settle down soberly to their married life before I returned to them.

By the time I had arrived at this conclusion, I had traversed the entire circle of the walls and was back again at the steps beside the gate. It was a lovely night, and as I was not sleepy enough to think of retiring to rest, I sat myself down on the coping and watched the glimmering of the lights upon the plain below. Suddenly my ear caught the sound of voices. Something about them riveted my attention at once. As there was no one on that side of the Gate Tower but myself, it was evident that they must proceed from the cell below where I sat, the grated window of which overlooked the path leading from the city. Instantly I remembered that this was the room in which the man who had attempted the king's life was confined. No sooner did I recollect this than I leaned as far over as I dared and listened. The talkers, whoever they were, were standing at the window, so that I could hear them plainly. One voice was deep and resonant—that belonged to General Roche. The other was more nasal, and was evidently that of the prisoner, who had declared his inability to understand French.

General Roche, or the man I supposed to be he, muttered something, but what it was I could not catch. His companion answered him, and what he said brought me up, as the sailors say, *all standing* with surprise. It was but a short sentence, consisting, in fact, of only three words, and yet no quarto volume could have been fraught with more significance to me.

'*Mais s'il décourrait . . . ?*' asked the other. Once more I could not catch his companion's reply.

In that case my suspicions were correct after all, and the man not only understood French but spoke it. But why was Roche with him, and what could it be that the other feared that a third person might discover? Disregarding the old saying that listeners seldom hear good of themselves, I leaned still farther over the wall in an attempt to catch more of their conversation, but to my disappointment they had evidently moved from the window, for though their voices were still audible to me it was impossible to distinguish what they said.

Puzzling over what I had heard, I went down the steps to the palace and sought my own apartments. All night long my suspicions kept me company, and when I rose in the morning I was still endeavouring to arrive at a proper understanding of the situation.

While I was dressing, the king's physician was announced. He had come to dress my wound, and during the time that he was so occupied I inquired after the prisoner. To my dismay, I was informed that he *had escaped* during the night.

'Escaped?' I cried.

'Escaped, my lord,' replied the doctor.

'But how on earth could he have managed it?' I inquired, scarcely crediting that what he said could be true. 'There must have been gross carelessness somewhere.'

'No one understands it any more than you do, my lord,' the doctor answered. 'The General is furious, and says he will have the sentries' lives for their negligence. But the men both swear that the prisoner did not pass them.'

'Have they examined the window?'

'That I cannot say. Probably they have by this time if they had not done so then.'

'His Majesty will be very angry when he hears it,' I continued. 'I should not like to be in the culprits' shoes.'

'He could not be more angry than the General,' replied the medico. 'I can assure you it is not safe to go near him to-day.'

Not knowing that the doctor might not be one of Roche's tools, and would carry on to him all I said, I forebore to say anything further on the subject, and accordingly when he had finished his work he left me.

I now found myself confronted with a nice little problem that only seemed to grow more and more insoluble the longer I dwelt upon it. First I had to discover what connection existed between General Roche and the prisoner. Next I had to find out why the former had tried so hard to keep me out of the court-room; also why he had endeavoured to make me believe the man a native, why he had visited him in his cell the previous evening; and last but not least, what it was they both feared some third person might discover. That there was some unpleasant mystery lurking behind it all, and that Roche had connived at the man's escape, I felt as certain as that I had heard them talking on the previous evening. But the reason of it all, as I have said, was a great deal more difficult to see.

After breakfast I was informed that the Governor of the citadel desired permission to speak with me. Upon my consenting to see him, he was ushered into the room forthwith. Pretending that I did not see his outstretched hand, I begged him to be seated, and then inquired in what manner I could be of service to him.

'I fear you will be as angry as myself at my news,' he began abruptly. 'I have come to tell you that our examination this morning must be postponed.'

'Indeed!' I replied with simulated surprise; 'and pray for what reason? Is the prisoner not well?'

'The prisoner has escaped,' he answered, looking me full in the face.

'Escaped?' I cried, as if thunderstruck by his news. 'You don't mean to tell me that you have allowed that to happen?'

As I put this apparently innocent question I watched his face narrowly; but he was too

clever for me. It expressed nothing but what he wished it to do.

'I have not allowed it,' he answered hotly, after a momentary pause. 'But the sentries who *did* allow it shall feel the weight of my wrath, or my name is not Gaspard Roche.'

'But if he has escaped, how do you think he managed it?' I inquired. 'How could he have got out of his cell?'

'Through the window,' he answered. 'The bars have been tampered with. When the jailer entered the cell this morning they were found lying upon the floor just as the prisoner had left them.'

'But how came he to have the necessary tools about him?' I asked. 'That is a point to be considered. For surely you searched him before you locked him up?'

'The sergeant of the guard did so in my presence,' he replied sulkily. 'I cannot imagine how he obtained possession of them.'

'Some one must have visited him during the evening,' I answered, 'and have given them to him. He could not have got them in any other way. Is there no one whom you suspect?'

Once more I watched his face, and this time I could not help fancying he did not seem quite as comfortable as he had been before. However, he recovered himself almost instantly, and faced me as resolutely as ever.

'If I find that *some one*, it will be the worse for him,' he rejoined. 'He shall take his place in the cell, that I'll warrant. No man fools Gaspard Roche with impunity.'

'In that case I may trust you to find him,' I said. 'As you are doubtless aware, His Majesty will be very much annoyed at finding him gone.'

'He could not be more annoyed than I am,' the General replied. 'But I'll have the fellow back yet, or I'll know the reason why. He cannot have got very far in the time.'

'Perhaps he is still in the citadel,' I said.

'I have had every hole and corner searched,' he answered. 'There is not a hole in which a cat could hide that I have not overhauled. But I'll have him yet.'

'I trust you may,' I replied. 'In the meantime we must await that result with what patience we can assume, I suppose.'

'You shall not wait long,' he answered as he rose to his feet. 'My reputation is at stake, and I'll not rest till I have placed him under lock and key again.'

With that assurance he bade me good-day and left the room. As soon as he had gone I sat down in my chair for a good think. But overhaul every point of the evidence as I might, there was not a single ray of light to be discovered. I could not make head or tail of it at all, so I put it by and determined to wait patiently until the king should return.

When he did, and as soon as I had been requested to state my opinion, I asked his pardon for what I was about to say, and then laid the whole case before him. I described the difficulty I had found in gaining admittance to the court-room, referred to my belief that the man was a European and not a native as Roche insisted, told him how Roche

had impressed upon me that he knew no French, and wound up with the sentence I had overheard while sitting on the battlements.

The king looked grave when I began, but when I finished he was graver still.

'My dear Instow,' he said, 'this is really very serious. I am more than sorry that you should have got this notion into your head. You must excuse me if I say that I think your dislike to Roche has made you find a reason other than he intended on every action he has taken in this case. In the first place, my instructions to him, sent by the messenger from the spot where the attack occurred, were to the effect that he was to hold the man a prisoner until I returned. On no account was he to let him be seen or spoken to by any one other than himself from that moment. That, you may depend upon it, was why you were denied admittance, though I must confess I did not think of you when I gave the order. As to whether he was one of my own subjects or not, I cannot see that it matters, since he attempted my life. That would be sufficient were he French, Italian, Spanish, English, or Mélang. As to the conversation you overheard, and the three words you mention, if I may be candid with you, I must say I scarcely see the point of your argument. Roche, of his own accord, informed me that he visited the prisoner in his cell before retiring to rest, in order to convince himself that he was safe. It appears you did not question him on that point. It is just possible that while there he himself may have used the expression which you attribute to my would-be assassin. But even if the other had used it, as you suggest, I cannot see that it affects the case in any way. No, no, I feel that you are my friend to the death, and I also know that you are not a man who would say an unjust thing about his bitterest foe. All the same, I cannot believe that Roche had anything in common with the prisoner, and with due respect to you, dear Instow, it will take a great deal to convince me that he in any way connived at his escape.'

'In that case I am sorry I troubled your Majesty with my ideas,' I said, a little nettled that he should have taken them so lightly. 'I only told you my suspicions because you asked me, and I considered it my duty to do so. Let us say no more about it.'

He saw that I was foolish enough to feel hurt, and immediately crossed the room to where I sat and placed his hand upon my shoulder.

'You must not be vexed with me,' he said. 'I know that you meant your warning in a kindly spirit. But you would not altogether believe in me if I did not endeavour to be just between man and man. Roche has been a good and faithful servant to me for many years, and I should be worse than base if I were to doubt him in the smallest measure until I have absolute proof before me that he is playing me false. Come, let us put it by and endeavour to think of something else. I don't imagine we shall have much more trouble of a similar kind.'

At that moment, as if to distract our attention into another channel, Olivia entered the

room, and in watching her delight in her husband, and his pride in her, I completely forgot Roche and my seemingly ungenerous suspicions.

That night after dinner I broke the news of my intended departure to my friends. It came upon them as a shock, and I was flattered to see that the prospect evidently did not please them.

'But why must you go, Instow?' asked my sister. 'We hoped and expected that you would remain with us for a long time to come. You are your own master, and I cannot see that there is any need for such haste.'

'You know how much it pleases us to have you,' said the king, who was leaning upon the back of her chair.

The Princess Natalie said nothing, but it somehow drove my heart a few beats faster to notice that her head was bent as if to hide the blush that rose upon her cheek.

'I think I *must* go,' I replied. 'I shall be away at most but a year. Then, if you will have me, I will gladly come back to you.'

'A year!' said Olivia. 'That is a *very* long time.'

'It will soon pass,' I answered. 'Sooner than you think.'

'Well,' said the king, seeing that I was determined to go, 'on the understanding that you are to come back to us in a year, we will give you leave of absence.'

'I give you my promise,' I replied. 'If I am able to move, I will be here in a year's time from now.'

That night when we had separated to go to our rooms Olivia knocked at the door of my sitting-room. After I had admitted her I saw that she had been crying. Upon my taxing her with it she stated that it was on account of my having decided to leave her.

'We have never been separated like this before,' she said, 'and I shall be so lonely without you.'

'But, my darling,' I answered, touched beyond measure at this candid expression of her love for me, 'you will have your husband and all your thousand and one new amusements and duties to interest you. You are happy, are you not, dear?'

'To say that I am happy does not express my state at all,' she answered, this time without hesitation. 'I would not change places with any woman in the whole wide world. I love my husband more than words can tell. And I have the best of all possible reasons for knowing that he loves me.'

'I don't think there can be much doubt about that,' I answered. 'One has only to see you together to understand that.'

Upon that introduction she dried her tears and favoured me with an exhaustive resumé of the king's principal aims and objects in life. It seemed strange to me to hear Olivia of all other women in the world talk in such a fashion; but Love had transformed her, and she was no longer the same Olivia as of old. However, I was well pleased that she should have so thoroughly entered into her husband's thoughts and life, and I forbore to express myself in any way in a doubting vein. So I waited until she



had seated her king upon the throne of All Asia, from the Arabian Gulf to Behring Straits, and then suggested that it was time she bade me good-night. As I spoke, it must have struck her for the first time that her tongue had been running riot with her, for she looked up a little shamefacedly, and then said with unusual meekness:

'You think I imagine that Marie is capable of accomplishing anything?'

'Certainly I do,' I answered as I kissed her forehead; 'and if you wish to please me, you will always do so. Your husband is a wonderful man, and I pay you the compliment, my sister, of saying that I believe he could not have secured a better wife.'

'I am glad to hear you say that,' she replied. 'I want to be a help to him in his life's work. Good-night.'

'Good-night, dear,' I said. 'And may God bless you and give you every happiness in your life with the man you have chosen.'

She gave me a little smile and then vanished from the room.

The following day was devoted to my preparations for departure, and to saying farewell to the friends I had made during my stay in the country. In the evening a valedictory banquet was given in the palace in my honour, at which His Majesty was gracious enough to propose my health and to wish me a pleasant and prosperous journey. Next morning early I bade my sister and her husband good-bye, boarded the yacht, and in a few minutes from the time the screw had begun to revolve, had turned the first bend in the river, and was out of sight of the capital of the Médangs. For a year I was destined not to see it again, and then I was to visit it at the most momentous crisis in its whole history.

## WINDFALLS AND UNCLAIMED MONEY.

'That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them,' as Izaak Walton observes to Scholar, deters no one in the pursuit of fortune. But the sudden possession of unexpected fortune has proved to many people as great a trial as its sudden loss. Only, like Sam Weller, most folks wish that somebody would just try and ruin them in that way. A sudden access of fortune or misfortune tests a man's stability of character and greatness of mind. Sir Walter Scott noted in his *Journal* after his failure: 'If I have a very strong passion in the world it is pride, and that never hinged upon world's gear, which was always, with me, light come, light go.' That same strong passion made him sit down at his desk when well-nigh three-score to redeem an overwhelming burden of debt. His efforts were so far successful, but mind and body gave way under the strain. Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), one of the most successful authors of modern times, likewise, through unsuccessful business speculations, at sixty years of age started lately on a lecturing tour round the world to retrieve his fortunes. Had John Ruskin earned the fortune of £157,000 left him in hard cash by his father, it is possible he might have disposed of it in a different way.

The year 1877 was his last appearance as a rich man, after allowing himself about £3000 for a holiday at Venice; he meant at that time to invest a sum in the Funds sufficient to bring him in one pound a day. But his publisher, Mr Allen, has come between him and poverty, and a re-issue of his works at popular prices has meant a handsome annual income to the author of *Modern Painters*. His first fortune went in this way: One-third of it was invested in mortgages, whereby he lost £20,000; he handed over a sum of £17,000 to poor relatives; another sum of £17,000 was freely lent to a cousin, to whom he forgave the debt. His gifts to Sheffield and Oxford absorbed £14,000, and as he lived considerably above his income at £5500 for many years, his capital soon ran low. So that to get rid of a fortune is easy enough; the 'Jubilee Plunger' managed to go through a quarter of a million in two years. George Peabody, who gave away more than one and a half millions during his lifetime, half a million of which was for industrial homes in London, said this giving was really a victory over a naturally parsimonious disposition. But he did not become suddenly rich; his wealth was gradually acquired, the result of ability and energy coupled with great opportunities which he was able to utilise. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the American millionaire, boasted in his eightieth year that he had made £200,000 for every year of his life. 'Secret? There is no secret in it,' he said, when once asked the question as to how he managed this. 'All that you have to do is to attend to your business, and go ahead.'

Thomas Brassey, the well-known civil engineer, father of the present Lord Brassey, who laid out at least seventy-eight millions of other people's money in his various contracts, and probably deserved the two and a half millions which fell to his share, was a philosopher in regard to money. When a French viaduct gave way, landing him in a loss of at least £30,000, his one thought was how quickly he could get it built up again. His own loss never engaged his attention. To his friend Bartlett, at the time of a panic, when it was believed he had lost a million of money, he said, 'Never mind, we must be content with a little less; that is all.'

The class, however, which is sometimes envied are those who become suddenly rich by what are known as windfalls or unexpected fortunes. Some have their heads turned, and if lacking in self-control their good-fortune may ruin them; others, who have been of a miserly turn before, become greater skinflints than ever. It takes prudence and a well-ordered mind to keep the balance level. We propose giving one or two examples of sudden fortunes ere we touch upon unclaimed money.

Mr Alexander Bean, who had been a railway guard for thirty years on the Buchan branch of the Great North of Scotland Railway between Peterhead, Fraserburgh, and Aberdeen, on the death of a brother in China, at the end of 1894, along with his sister, fell heir to a fortune of between £100,000 and £150,000.

His ultimately prosperous brother had been trained to the law in Aberdeen, went to London at the close of his apprenticeship, received an

appointment in the Eastern Bengal Company, and then settled in China as manager of a tea estate. Next, he started in business in Chin-Kiang as commission agent, and, his business increasing, he extended his connection to Shanghai. His ten operations were extensive, and latterly he owned a fleet of half-a-dozen steamboats, besides landed and personal property. When in this country on a visit he told his brother that he was worth a million of money. The war in the East damaged his fortunes somewhat, but not so seriously as to prevent his brother and sister participating to the extent we have mentioned. Mr Alexander Bean, who succeeded to his brother's wealth, was fifty-five years of age when this good fortune, which he was not to enjoy for long, came to him. Thereafter he retired, and lived quietly for about a year in Aberdeen, when he died of an attack of cancer. Up till the time of his death, it is believed, Bean had not actually handled much of the money, as the capital of it had not been paid over to him. His interest in it passed to his sister.

A canal boatman named Turner, employed on the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, received notice lately through a firm of solicitors in Manchester that, owing to the death of an uncle, a successful gold-miner in Australia, he had fallen heir to a fortune of £150,000. The boatman resided at a township near Accrington called Clayton-le-Moors, and up till the date of this good news had had a very hard life. A young lance-corporal of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, named Taylor, about eighteen or nineteen years of age, while stationed at Aldershot heard that owing to the death of a relative he had fallen heir to a fortune of £10,000. William Bartley, a workman, and a workman's wife named Wilson, had recently the good news that an uncle in Australia had left £200,000, to be divided amongst the eleven children of his brother, of whom they were two. Six thousand pounds had been willed to his sister, and the remainder to his brother; but, as the brother was dead, the money descended to the children. A sum of £23,000 to each was no small fortune, if well guided. Mrs Brackenbury, of Horncastle, a poor woman of ninety-five, came lately into a fortune of between £40,000 and £50,000, left by a nephew who died intestate at Grimsby. In a recently excavated field at Elmer's End, near Beckenham, some lads discovered old bank-notes to the amount of £5000. The village schoolmaster sent them to a local bank.

A missing will sometimes causes a mis-direction of a testator's goods and gear. The housekeeper to a farmer in Aberdeenshire had a gratifying surprise in this way. A farmer in the parish of Forgue, in the Huntly district of Aberdeenshire, died a bachelor; and as he apparently left no will, and had no near relatives, his property fell to the Crown as *ultimus heres*. His faithful housekeeper, who had done all that lay in her power to smooth his path in life, and attended his death-bed, naturally thought she might be remembered in his will. But, after the farmer's death and funeral, the usual search was made, but no document could be found which threw any light on the farmer's intentions. After a thorough search, the matter was

given up. The Crown representative stepped in and managed the farm until the lease expired, when the furniture and all the farm effects were brought to the hammer, save a few old books which were set aside as worthless. The battered volumes were taken by the housekeeper to her next place, where she remained a year. She had never looked at the books, and when she left her situation, before taking a holiday in Glasgow, she placed the box containing the books in a cellar connected with the cottage where she purposed to settle down after her return from the south. Some months later she returned, and a neighbour hinted the propriety of looking at the box of books, as she was afraid the mice were having a fine time of it amongst them. The books were removed, and put on the top of the housekeeper's wardrobe. One day, on looking over them, in a thumbed and well-used Bible, pasted between the leaves she found a dirty scrap of paper on which the farmer had written his will, leaving everything to her. Confirmation was afterwards granted in her favour, and no doubt the £2000 which the Crown authorities had to hand over would keep her free of care for the remainder of her lifetime. In some of the details, such as the way in which the will was found, this story resembles 'Michael Darcy's Heiress,' which appeared in *Chambers's Journal* for July.

Another story of a strangely-recovered will comes from Ireland. An old lady named Mayne died at Blackrock, near Dublin, in 1893. She had so lived that all her relatives believed her to be poor, and she died without leaving any scrap of a will, apparently. Letters of administration were granted to her nephew, the Rev. W. G. Mayne, of Uttoxeter, and his sister. The English relations removed any articles of furniture which they thought of value, but left as lumber a number of old books, which were given as useless to a servant of the deceased named Hodgins. The lumber lay in a back-yard for about a year, when, in August 1894, Hodgins discovered a well-illustrated Bible amongst the other books, dated 1817. She thought the Bible worthy of preservation, and removed it into the house. When her daughter was turning over the leaves of the Bible on Sabbath night, she found what appeared to be the binding or cover of an account book tied with strings. On unfastening the covers, inside were found two documents tied in cloth. One of these was a will dated thirty years previously, leaving £16,000 to various Protestant missionary societies, the secretaries of which were not long in claiming the windfalls which had come to them in this curious way.

Quite as curious a place of hiding for valuable papers and scrip was an old sofa. A local painter at Heywood paid twenty-six shillings the other day for the sofa of a deceased resident, and found such papers inside when overhauling it.

Most people are interested in unclaimed funds, so that the excellent little book on *Unclaimed Money*, by Mr Sidney H. Preston (London, E. W. Allen), should have a wide circulation. It gives a clue to persons in search of unclaimed money, and for heirs-at-law and next-of-kin it may also be useful. The complaint is frequently made, and not without due foundation,



that the unclaimed funds in our banks, dormant funds in Chancery, army and navy prize-money, and unclaimed dividends are not advertised through the best channels, if advertised at all, so as to have the best possible chance of reaching those who are interested. To advertise such in connection with some banks, we presume, would be like the beginning of strife or the letting out of waters; nobody could calculate where it would end, in trouble and annoyance. It appears that out of 250,000 Government stock-holders ten years ago unclaimed funds were credited to 10,500 accounts. On January 3 of this year the dividends 'due and not demanded' amounted to £283,545, 15s. 2d. The unclaimed stock and dividends in the hands of the Bank of England and National Debt Commissioners have grown from £43,000 in 1729 to over £5,000,000 at the present time. It is not often that a survivor forgets an investment; but the case is mentioned of an old lady, who died at Marseilles at the age of ninety-eight, who was continually borrowing from her relatives in the most impudencies way. It was afterwards found that she had £56,000 in the funds and £20,000 of accumulated dividends. Even in the Post Office Savings Bank nine years ago there were 13,670 dormant accounts, representing a total of £493,162. Some years ago the value of unclaimed dividends arising from estates in bankruptcy amounted to about five millions sterling; a writer in the *Times* in 1879 estimated the amount of unclaimed dividends and surpluses undivided by trustees in bankruptcy at between seven and eight millions sterling.

The amount of unclaimed funds in Chancery does not seem to be known. The Solicitor-General stated in the House of Commons in 1893 that the total was over a million; but a later parliamentary paper showed dormant funds of more than double that amount which had been claimed and appropriated. The list of dormant funds which are undistributed, and published triennially in the *London Gazette*, fills one hundred and eighty-seven pages of that journal.

Official lists of Indian, Colonial, and foreign intestates are published in the various Government gazettes; but these, as may be supposed, have but a limited circulation. The India Office publishes information as to the estates of soldiers dying in India. This is certainly worth doing, and the case is mentioned of a certain F. J. Fernandez, who died intestate at Bombay in 1892, and left £4236, 3s. 10d. It appears that Chelsea Hospital has benefited to the extent of £1,890,451, 6s. 6d. from unclaimed prize-money between 1809 and 1876, and the balance of unclaimed prize-money in the hands of the Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital in March 1895 was £76,858, 4s. 11d. The unclaimed naval prize-money in March of the present year amounted to £260,000. 'There are funds in hand,' says Mr Preston, 'arising from booty captured at Pegu and in China, Indian prize-money, captures for breach of blockade on the Canton River, grants for special service at the China station, bounty for the destruction of pirates, and grants for stores captured at Kertch and Yenikale.' The soldiers' unclaimed balances, six months after the publication of the lists, are

handed over to the Patriotic Fund Commissioners for distribution among the soldiers' kin. The amount due in 1895 to next-of-kin of deceased seamen was £22,914, 11s.

The balance in the hands of the Treasury for intestate estates in 1894 was £122,417. During 1894, according to a parliamentary return for Scotland, there fell to the Crown as *ultimus heres* estates amounting to £17,589, 5s. 5d. The amount which so lapsed last year was £12,309, 9s. 3d., while the balances in the hands of the Queen's Remembrancer amounted to £43,236, 10s. Grants were made to claimants last year for slightly over £8000.

The 'Agony' columns of the press are a common medium for advertisements of missing heirs, legatees, &c. The Treasury Solicitor has from time to time advertised for next-of-kin in many cases in which estates fell to the Crown. The directors of the Scottish Widows' Fund intimated recently that £15,000 of unclaimed funds were standing to the credit of persons who were once members, but had ceased to be so by lapse of policies. The West New Jersey Society has advertised more than once for representatives of holders of stock upon which no payments have been made.

All this is interesting, and it would be more so if the reader could establish a valid title to some of these unclaimed funds. But it is well to remember that the only royal road to fortune for most people is to do well the duty that lies to their hand, whether fortune smiles or frowns.

## AN UNEXPECTED REVENUE.

By PHILIP STRANGE.

H.M.S. *Ravager* had met with an accident. Steaming up Channel during the night, she had collided with a barque out from—; and, though no one could quite tell how the mishap occurred, it was perfectly clear that the barque had gone down, and that the ram of the warship was in a damaged condition. H.M.S. *Ravager* was accordingly put into dry-dock for repairs.

As very often happens at this place where the vessel was docked, convicts were at work upon the quays. They were a mixed lot; but, being good-conduct men, they all enjoyed a greater freedom of action in the discharge of their duties than is ordinarily extended to the enforced working-guests of the nation. Yet, notwithstanding this unspoken testimony to their comparative worth, the commander of the *Ravager* was less disposed than usual to place trust in them. He was in a ferocious humour, for that little affair with the barque was not unlikely to interfere with his expected promotion. There would be an inquiry, of course; and what Christian ever could tell what confounded foolishness and injustice the 'finding' might yield? He cursed the barque, and the ill-luck, and the navigating Lieutenant whom at the time he had left on the bridge, each with impartial fury; and put a double guard of marines ashore with fixed bayonets and ball



cartridge, and an emphatic instruction to 'play the very devil with those gaol-birds if they tried on any of their cursed nonsense.'

The extra precaution was scarcely necessary. To do justice to these unwilling residents within the shadow of the broad arrow, they had no evil designs upon Her Majesty's warship. Their hostility to an unappreciative country did not rise to quite so great a height as that. All the same, the commander might very easily have justified his course of action (had such been necessary) by the fact that many of the convicts were working only a few yards from the dock side and somewhat removed from the warders' immediate watchfulness; though it would have been possible to show on the other hand that, being men whose term of servitude was almost completed, these prisoners were perfectly reliable, inasmuch as they could not afford to commit any indiscretions calculated to jeopardise their expected early release on ticket-of-leave.

These considerations did not in any way concern the commander of H.M.S. *Ravager*, however. He was merely resolved to blow the convicts to the mischief, individually or collectively, if they tried on any tricks with his ship; and in the choicest of quarter-deck English gave orders accordingly.

One of the prisoners was working quite near to the dock side, and almost in the track of one of the sentries from the *Ravager*. Though rather a refined person in appearance, the degradation of his position by no means overwhelmed him with melancholy or distress. It may have been the consciousness of innocence that enabled him to whistle softly an air which had served the street organs some seven years before, and enabled him to view with unconcern the close proximity of his fellow-man. Perhaps he reflected that those aboard the *Ravager* were harder-worked prisoners than himself, and that he could afford them a trifle of pity.

He did not disdain, moreover, to take advantage of the situation in which he found himself; nor was his sensitiveness hurt by the silence of Tommy Atkins when he endeavoured to engage that worthy in conversation. He was not discouraged by Tommy's dignity, and did not hesitate to try again when guard was changed late in the afternoon and Private Robert Smith commenced his monotonous sentry-go.

As it happened, Private Smith was intensely interested and excited by the presence of the convicts. He had good reason to be so, for he remembered, with a vividness and horror that set him shuddering, how near he had been some eight years before to just such a degradation as these men were enduring. He was a different personage altogether now—different even in name—to the slip of a youth who had thought it a distinction to be the boon companion of so clever and so dashing a man as Louis Vaudois. The service had made a man of him, had effected a complete change in his personal appearance; while the narrow escape from conviction for forgery during the period of Vaudois' influence had so frightened him from wild ways that there was now no steadier member of Her Majesty's red marines than Private Smith, sometime Roger Vanbrugh. But

in one respect he did not alter. He remained staunch to a savage hatred against the man who had certainly brought ruin into his life, and by scoundrelly insinuating manners and methods had almost sent him into surroundings like unto those upon which he had gazed with such fascination ever since the *Ravager* had been floated into dock. It is true the charge against him at the Old Bailey had not been sustained, through a defending counsel's clever manipulation of evidence imperfectly presented by the prosecution; but he hated Louis Vaudois no less passionately on that account: for he had but to recall those terrible hours spent before his judges—the miserable twistings, tellings, and haltings of the evidence, and, above all, the justness of the charge, to fill his heart with such fierce enmity as even now set his pulses leaping and boiling with the wildest desire for revenge.

A thrill of excitement went shivering down his spine, and for an instant travelled icily through his veins as he found himself ashore and pacing so closely to the convict who had made vain overtures to Private Atkins, and who was now softly humming a once favourite music-hall ditty.

The man's back was turned towards Private Smith. To all appearance, he was wholly engrossed by his work. And the soldier, though fascinated for a time, was gradually becoming accustomed to the other's presence when, as he passed the man for the twentieth time, a few words falling from the convict in a whispered undertone caused his heart to give one great startled bound and set all his nerves in a more painful quiver than ever.

'Say, old chap?'

But Private Smith passed on mechanically, after faltering a moment under the shock. Every sense was on the alert with excitement as he turned and came back towards the convict, his heart beating so fast that he felt near to suffocation. He was waiting with every sense in his body listening for the man to speak again.

'A bit of tobacco, old chap, will you?'

Again Private Smith passed on. This commonplace request almost caused him to burst out into a loud hysterical laugh. It was so foolish to get into a state of such serious excitement over the presence of a ruffian whose only desire was 'a bit of tobacco.' And he continued upon his march with a steadier and more confident tread.

But when, after again pacing forward, he once more came back towards his sentry-box, his mood was changed. A cloud was upon his face, and his brows were knit in a vain endeavour to recall some memory from the locked-up places within his mind. A repetition of the request had fallen upon his ears; but the ring of the man's voice was louder than it had been, and stirred Private Smith strangely. He stood in his box gazing upon the stooping convict and striving to remember where he had heard such a voice before. But he ransacked his mind in vain; at last dismissing his effort to remember with a rueful reflection that perchance the fellow was some old college chum who had fallen upon evil days, or may be some old comrade-in-arms

who had come to grief. He inclined most to the latter impression; and, himself knowing well the luxury of tobacco and the wretchedness of a solitary man without it, his sympathies went keenly out to the 'poor devil' who, but for the interposition of a merciful Providence, might easily have been a felon-comrade with himself. Though well knowing also that he was running considerable risk by giving the precious weed to the convict, he resolved to give just a little for the old acquaintance' sake which the man's voice vaguely suggested.

It happened that he had in his pocket a cake of tobacco purchased for a trifle when the *Ranger* was on the West Indian station. This he cut into two pieces; observing as he did so that the convict was watching him furtively. When he resumed his limited parade he held one of these pieces in his left hand; and swerving so as to pass nearer to the man, he loosened his hold of it and it fell at the convict's feet.

The man clutched at it with almost savage swiftness; and Private Smith kept upon his way, congratulating himself on having done a kindly thing and on escaping detection.

But the sight of the tobacco and the odour of it excited within the convict a furious covetousness. He had seen Private Smith return the second piece to his pocket, and he desired it with all the greed that was in his nature. That second piece he would have.

Private Smith was expecting a muttered word of thanks; but that was not what came when he once more strode past the recipient of his precious gift. The convict shifted his position, ever so slightly, yet sufficient to enable him to glance over his shoulder with an ugly scowl at the approaching soldier.

'That other piece,' he demanded fiercely, 'or I'll split on you, by Heaven!'

Private Smith saw his face clearly for the first time; and at the sight his heart stood still for an instant and then commenced beating at a madly furious and painful speed. A flash of intensest hatred ran through his blood, for there was no longer any mystery about the man's identity; and as he moved out of hearing of that now well-remembered voice, he cursed himself with the most savage fury for the folly which had once more placed him in the power of Louis Vandois.

His first belief was that, having recognised him, Louis Vandois had done this thing with the mere desire to bring misfortune down upon him. When, however, he presently recalled how altered in personal appearance he had become since that day when last he had seen Louis Vandois, this fear cleared away, leaving only black hate within his soul. So, he decided, the giving of the second piece of tobacco would satisfy his once friend and enemy. He had nothing to fear or to lose beyond that! But he was reluctant to do this; it maddened him to think that Vandois, under even such conditions, was able to overreach and compel him to an act he would of his own will leave undone.

And yet there was apparently no other course before him than to accede to the ruffian's demands. He had arrived at this conclusion, and with a savage reluctance was preparing to

submit to the inevitable when a thought flashed through his mind and set his pulses leaping with a sudden hope of retaliation. Would Louis Vandois be fool enough to fall into the trap? That was the only question!

Swiftly he made his preparations; and then strode firmly—yet with pulses beating with an excitement stronger than before—once again towards the convict. As he advanced, Vandois' face was turned towards him with a ferociously threatening expression.

'Box—great-coat—get the lot—smart!' Private Smith jerked out hoarsely as he passed.

He marched to the end of his parade, and there stood with his body only half-turned towards the sentry-box. But out of the tail of his eye he saw Vandois creep stealthily in the other direction. Almost shivering in his excitement and eagerness, he watched his enemy slip into the box and, emerging therefrom a moment later, with a swift movement make for the place where he had been working.

Now was the time for Private Smith to act. Turning to resume his march, he made pretence of observing Vandois' doings for the first time, and with a roar of rage called upon the convict to halt. He covered the man with his rifle.

'Halt, there!' he shouted. 'Hands up, or I'll fire!'

And Vandois, speechless with amazement and white with apprehension, obeyed.

The commotion that ensued was astonishing. A warder came rushing forward, and a number of blue-jackets and marines hurried from the *Ranger*. In an instant the warder had Vandois handcuffed, and then demanded an explanation.

Private Smith lowered his rifle and went forward to where the others were standing.

'Well, what's the matter?' demanded the warder sharply.

'I saw that fellow coming out of my box, that's all,' Private Smith answered. 'My great-coat is there.'

'And in the pockets?'—

'Two pieces of tobacco and a half-crown.'

Vandois, after darting a glance of fierce rage upon the soldier, with imprecations upon his tongue, was taken struggling to the guard-room, and being searched, the articles named were, surely enough, discovered upon his person. As Private Smith had hoped, the temptation to take the silver piece had been irresistible.

'The soldier fellow gave them to me,' he cried sullenly.

But Private Smith only smiled. 'Now, why should I give a convict half-a-crown?' he demanded with quiet protest.

That was sufficient. The soldier turned to depart; and as he did so, he bent upon the convict a sly glance and gave a dry little chuckle just after the manner of Vandois' own chuckling laughter—which he had imitated a thousand times in the days long past.

Vandois started and stared. 'By Heaven, you are'—

But a door closed between them, and the soldier heard no more.

Vandois was punished. He was drafted to the heavy-labour gangs; and the much-desired ticket-of-leave had to be worked for over again.



And I fear Private Smith felt more delight at having overreached his old enemy than compunction for the rather tricky way in which he had managed it!

### THE MANUFACTURE OF TINPLATES.

It is not generally known that the base of tinplates is now entirely composed of steel. Twenty-five years ago the best quality of plates was made from charcoal iron, but since then Siemens and Bessemer steels have been introduced.

On visiting some time ago a large tinplate factory in the vicinity of Swansea, the first thing that claimed our attention was a number of railway trucks loaded with steel bars, which were from twelve to fifteen feet long, seven inches wide, and three quarters of an inch thick. When the trucks were unloaded, the bars were taken into the mills, where they were cut into proper lengths of about fifteen inches each, as a rule, correspondent with the length of the tinplates wanted. After being cut, the pieces were put into a furnace, and afterwards passed sideways through two sets of rollers. This last process having been repeated, the length of the piece had changed from twelve or fifteen inches to four feet. It is now thrown to a 'doubler,' who doubles and returns it into the furnace. This is done with all the pieces. When taken out of the furnace for the second time, the piece is as before passed through the rollers until it is again about four feet long. The process of doubling is repeated, and the piece now includes four sheets. This is again put into the furnace, and also passed between the rollers. When doubled, it comprises eight sheets, and the process is carried on until we have thirty-two sheets, the thickness of which is reduced to about a quarter of an inch or less. A good workman will regulate perfectly the temperature of his furnace, and this is of the greatest importance. Too much heat will make the sheets stick so that they cannot be separated. Too little heat, with no flame, admits too much oxygen, when the plates scale or rust.

On the second day, when the piece is cold, it is cut into proper lengths by a 'shearer.' Lengths and sizes differ. What is known as Common No. 1 and Cross No. 1 are about fourteen inches by ten, but differ in thickness. After being cut into the proper size, the pieces are opened by lads and young girls. On being opened or separated from each other, they are sent to the 'black pickler.' This workman puts the sheets sent to him into a bath of vitriol and water, which removes any impurities on their surface, before being plunged into a second bath of clean cold water.

The plates are next 'annealed,' that is, placed under large iron covers, or 'annealing pots,' which are allowed to stand in the annealing furnace for twenty-four hours. When the plates have become sufficiently cool, they are sent to the cold rollers. The plates are passed between rollers several times, and the pressure is such that the sheets subsequently appear with a perfect gloss.

The plates, which are still called 'black plate,'

are again taken to the annealing furnace and thence to the 'white pickler.' They have now a bright colour, but it is still only polished steel. The next is a most delicate process, because if there is the least particle of dirt on the surface of the sheet, the tin will not adhere to it. The white pickler afterwards passes on the plates to be scoured—a business performed by girls, and a most unpleasant occupation. Each girl has a scouring board, water, and sand, and each sheet as it is scoured is deposited in a trough of clean cold water, and left there until taken to the tin-house to be coated with tin.

The coating or tinning process is also a most delicate task. The old method was to dip each sheet into a bath of palm-oil, as the tin would not otherwise adhere to the iron or steel. Competition has become so keen, however, that a cheaper method has been adopted. But this has almost ruined the trade, the substitute for palm-oil being spirit of salt. The base of our tinplates is as good as ever; but the coating is inferior—the plates rust before they are used.

Finally the tinman immerses the plates in molten tin, which adheres to them. Being now coated, they are put on one side to cool, and in the course of a few hours are removed by young women to the dusting table, where they are cleaned with bran and dusted with cloths. They are then taken to the assorting room, where they are separated into different classes, packed into boxes, and made ready for export.

The export of tinplates from the United Kingdom has averaged over four millions sterling in value for each of the past three years. In a recent report on the American tinplate industry, our consul in Chicago notes that this manufacture has long passed the experimental stage. The American industry comprises one hundred and thirty-seven mills, and gives employment to thirty thousand men. Seventeen of these works were in Pennsylvania, employing five hundred and fifty-seven persons in 1895. If the Steel Trust Companies should advance prices, it is expected by many that this will tell upon the American tinplate makers, and allow British plates to come in again in large quantities, as was the case some years ago.

### TO THE LAPWING.

WILD bird, whose airy wheel and querulous cry  
Haunts every step through vernal field or lane  
Or wind-swept moorland, like a spirit in pain!  
What time I watch, circling outspread on high,  
Your jagged wings, or when you hurtle by,  
Angrily near, I see in you again  
The vulture poised, I hear the kite complain.  
Where Ganges rolls through lone immensity,  
Once have I viewed you near; a sight so rare  
It seemed a dream. Princesses in disguise  
Ne'er trod the dewy grass with daintier air;  
Nor golden anthers in the lily rise  
More delicate than the tufted crown you wear,  
Lit by the level glow of morning skies.

ADRIEL VERE.

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## THE GERMAN ARMY.

By Rev. E. J. HARRY, M.A., Chaplain to H.M. Forces;  
*Author of How to be Happy though Married.*

Nor long ago a German army officer was talking to me about the large amount of work he and his brother officers had to do. When I showed astonishment, and said that English officers did not do so much, at least in time of peace, my German friend explained to me the difference in these words: 'We work for our lives.' He meant that they could not afford to play at soldiering. If they were not serious and did not prepare themselves and their men for anything that might happen, the French, Russians, or some other neighbouring nation would come upon them and cut their throats. It is this feeling that gives to the German army the air of intense earnestness which strikes a stranger. Each man seems to feel that the freedom and continued prosperity of the Fatherland depends to a considerable extent upon himself. Every one in Germany is proud of the army and respects soldiers. The people groan under the burden of taxes which they have to pay for its support; but they feel quite sure that the money is carefully spent, and not a penny wasted. They know that the French army, which is very little larger, costs nearly double as much. It is because of this wise expenditure that the Germans have money for every necessity in connection with their army. Splendid barracks have lately been built, and are now being built; well-appointed rifle ranges belong to every garrison; so do grounds for manœuvring; and as for the number and goodness of the horses employed, one wonders how any country can afford them. Germans think, or pretend to think, that we have no regular army in England. They speak with admiration of our navy, our marines, and our volunteers; but they ignore our army. After listening once to some German officers who were discussing the soldiers of different Powers, I timidly hinted that we in England had a little army, and said that I

would like to know what they thought of it. 'We think,' answered one of them, 'that your army has no organisation and no discipline, and that the soldiers are too softly treated. Even our men,' he continued, 'have not enough discipline. I mean by discipline that which when one regiment is annihilated by the new weapons of destruction will cause another and another to immediately take its place as if nothing had happened.'

As regards organisation, the Germans have one great advantage over us. They know exactly what they want their army to do—to fight the French or the Russians, while we require an army that will go anywhere and do anything. Because our army ought to be organised for everything, it is always in danger of being organised for nothing. In Germany everything that may happen in war seems to have been thought of and provided for. Every lady who has learned anything about ambulance work is registered and knows where to go with the defending army if her country were invaded. Every horse fit for service is also known and registered. The only danger of such a highly organised machine is that if one screw fell out the whole thing might fall to pieces, but no doubt even for this provision has been made!

If discipline is not as good in our army as in the German, this is not the fault of our officers. They are greatly hampered because public opinion in England not seldom condones and even encourages military insubordination. Almost any Tommy Atkins when sentenced to a military prison, however deservedly, can, if he choose to pose as a martyr, get a certain class of newspapers and members of parliament to take up his case and make it very unpleasant for those who brought him to justice. One of our soldiers wishing to desert finds plenty of civilians who will aid and abet him: in Germany every man's hand would be against him. They would say, 'We have done our soldiering, and you must do yours.' On the other side it may be urged that the moral persua-

sion sort of discipline now in vogue in the English army is a higher kind and more suited to the times than the iron rule that prevails in the German. I have known officers of that country who spoke with surprise and admiration at the way our officers join with their men in games and thereby gain a personal influence over them. 'We would like to do so,' they say, 'but we could not without relaxing discipline.'

Because of late years great attention has been given to providing our soldiers with good and well-cooked food, recreation rooms, and everything that tends to make them comfortable, German officers think that we are coddling them, and that they will not be able to endure the hardships of a campaign. But an ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory, and it is a fact that those whose normal lives are spent in comfort are better able in exceptional circumstances to rough it than are those who are not. And the Germans themselves have come to see that it is a mistake to treat soldiers like convicts. Until lately the officers and non-commissioned officers used to strike the men, but the present Emperor has put a stop to this and all other kinds of ill-treatment.

Still there are no 'soft billets' in the German army. I once asked the colonel of a regiment how many of his men were in hospital and punishment cells. He replied grimly, 'We give them no time to be sick or to get into trouble.' As I stayed on in that garrison town, I found that the soldiers had indeed very little time upon their hands, scarcely more indeed than sufficed for a walk with their lady admirers on Sunday afternoons. Under my window at five o'clock in the morning I used to hear the drums only, or the fifes and drums, or the singing (German soldiers nearly always sing when marching), or the band, as corps after corps tramped past to the exercise ground, where they would march and double about until they returned at dinner-time, very tired and black with dust. After dinner there is more drill and more classes of instruction until evening, when rifles and other things have to be cleaned for the same work next day. Indeed it would be impossible for the soldiers to be as good as they are in two years, which is now the time they are with the colours, if they did not work very hard. And the perpetual strain of teaching and being taught upon the officers is so great that I am told a considerable number of them break down from nervous complaints.

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sion sort of discipline now in vogue in the English army is a higher kind and more suited to the times than the iron rule that prevails in the German. I have known officers of that country who spoke with surprise and admiration at the way our officers join with their men in games and thereby gain a personal influence over them. 'We would like to do so,' they say, 'but we could not without relaxing discipline.'

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warned against him by my predecessor, who had had experience of his ways and wanted to do me a kind action.'

Upon this I left him and made my way into the house. Once in the light, I broke the envelope and withdrew the contents. To my consternation, for this is the only word which conveys my meaning clearly, I discovered that it was from Marie. It had been despatched from Hong-kong, and ran as follows: '*Come instantly. Serious trouble. Call upon Verman, Singapore.—Marie.*'

I stood for a moment where I was, turning the thin slip of paper over and over in my hand. That the call was imperative admitted of no doubt; but the question that alarmed me most was: What had happened to occasion it? I thought of a hundred different things, but of course could not arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. One thing, however, was very certain; at any cost I must start for the Médangs without an instant's delay. Fortunately I had had the foresight to leave my yacht in Calcutta in case it might be wanted, and now if I sent a telegram on ahead to advise the skipper, she could be got ready to sail by the time I reached her.

I returned to the veranda with every pulse in my body throbbing like a piston rod. In the year that had passed I had been permitted sufficient leisure to analyse my own feelings and to discover exactly what I thought of His Majesty of the Médangs. Looking back upon my stay with him, I found that I was able to regard him in a more searching light, to discriminate more clearly between his actions, and to understand his motives with a greater degree of certainty. The fascination he had at first exercised over me was still as strong as ever, and now that he was in trouble my first impulse was to fly to his assistance as quickly as circumstances would permit.

Either His Excellency must have gathered by intuition that there was something wrong, or he must have seen from my face as I left the house that I had received unwelcome intelligence; at any rate he did not venture any jest regarding Markburn.

'I trust you have not received bad news?' he said, after I had seated myself again, and was nervously folding and unfolding the telegram I held in my hand.

'Unfortunately I have,' I answered, and as I spoke I handed him the paper. 'Look at it for yourself, and see if you can tell me what it means.'

His Excellency had already heard the story of my connection with the King of the Médangs, so that there was no need for me to enlighten him further on the subject. He lit a match, read the telegram, and then handed it back to me; after which he remained silent for upwards of a minute.

'This is, I suppose, the old trouble over the disputed boundary again,' he said. 'I have heard rumours for some time past that the French were only waiting for a convenient opportunity to take action. Now I suppose they have found it. The king must be careful, or there is no saying what may not be the result. As for ourselves, the question is, what do you intend to do?'

'I must leave at once for Calcutta,' I answered, 'pick up my yacht there, and then set sail for the Médangs, calling at Singapore on the way to interview this man Verman.'

'Have you ever met him before?'

'Never. But I have heard of him from the king, who, I believe, places the utmost confidence in him.'

'Under such circumstances it would be absurd to say I am sorry you must go. But we will live in hopes that the trouble, whatever it is, will soon be satisfactorily settled, and that we shall then have the pleasure of seeing you with us once more. In the meantime, since you have no time to lose, I will endeavour to expedite your departure as far as possible.'

'I am sincerely obliged to you,' I answered, and then His Excellency left me to go into the house.

A week later India lay behind me, and I was on board my yacht, speeding across the Bay of Bengal as fast as steam and wind could take me. My impatience can be better imagined than described. Having no companion with whom to while away the hours, I was thrown almost entirely upon my own resources. By day and night I tramped the deck, wondering what was happening in the Médangs, and studying the patent log with an impatience that would have been almost ludicrous had the events which caused it not been of such grave importance. At last, however, we approached Singapore, and then I knew that in less than twenty-four hours, all being well, I should have seen Verman, and have had my mind set at rest as to the reason of the mysterious telegram I had received.

As soon as we were at anchor in the harbour I went below to prepare for going ashore. I had just finished my toilet, and was about to leave my cabin for the deck, when the chief steward knocked at the door and informed me that a gentleman named Verman had come aboard and desired to speak with me. Bidding him show him to the smoking-room, I remained to close my porthole against the coal-dust, for the barges were already alongside, and then went up to the deck.

On entering the room just referred to, I found myself confronted by a tall, gray-haired military-looking man of about sixty years of age.

'Mr Verman, I believe,' I said, holding out my hand, which he took and shook with extreme cordiality.

'That is my name, my lord,' he answered. 'I am acting under the instruction of His Majesty the King of the Médangs, who sent me to meet your yacht on arrival here in order that I might inform you as to the state of affairs in His Majesty's kingdom. I presume from your presence here that you have yourself received a communication from the king.'

'I received a cablegram from him while in Simla,' I replied. 'It was to the effect that serious trouble was brewing, and it also asked that I should return with all speed to his country. You may imagine how anxious I am to hear particulars.'

'With your permission, then, I will as briefly as possible narrate what has happened.'



'I should be glad if you would do so,' I replied. 'At present I am all at sea.'

'Well, my lord,' he began, as he lit the cigar I handed him, 'the situation is as follows. You will doubtless remember that upwards of two years ago serious trouble occurred between France and the Mélang owing to a disputed boundary line. His Majesty claims the tract of country in question as his property, while the French assert that it is theirs. On the occasion in question, by dint of the most careful diplomacy, the difficulty was smoothed over for the time being, but even His Majesty himself saw that the calm was only transitory and that before very long the same difficulty must inevitably crop up again. Six months ago, owing to the behaviour of a number of French traders who were detected smuggling dutiable articles across the borders in defiance of the regulations, the guards along the frontier were doubled, and on one occasion a fracas took place between the troops of the two countries. France, acting up to her old tactics, claimed compensation, and was not only met with a blank refusal, but by a statement that any further encroachment on the land in question would be considered in the light of an act of hostility, and would be treated as such. She began encroaching immediately, and as a result war was at once declared.'

'Do you mean to say that the two countries are now at war?'

'That is what has happened. Though so far no battles of any size have been fought, there is no saying when the two armies will not be at each others' throats. It is a serious position, my lord; for His Majesty, able though he is, must see that he cannot hope for a moment to contend against so formidable a power as France.'

'This is very terrible news you give me,' I said, quite aghast at what I heard. 'I had no idea it would prove to be so bad. And what has the king desired you to do for me?'

'I am to convey you with all possible speed to the capital, my lord,' he said. 'His Majesty seems to set great store by your advice, and I was sent here to meet you and bring you on as quickly as we could go.'

'But why bring me on?' I asked. 'Surely we shall find no difficulty in reaching the city.'

'There is great difficulty, my lord,' he answered. 'The Mélang River has been blocked this month past by French ironclads, and it would be impossible to enter it. If we desire to reach the king, we must land at a point that I have arranged some two hundred miles or so to the northward. There horses will be in readiness to take us on. Otherwise I don't see how it is to be managed at all.'

'You say you have arranged that horses shall meet us at this place?'

'If all has gone well, they will have been waiting there this week past,' he replied. 'Instructions were given to that effect before I left.'

'Then you will come on with me?'

'That is my intention, if your lordship will allow me to accompany you.'

'I shall be only too glad,' I answered. 'And

now what other news have you for me? How is my sister?'

'Her Majesty was enjoying the best of health when I left the capital,' he answered. 'You have doubtless heard that Their Majesties have an heir to the throne?'

'You don't say so,' I replied. 'This is the first I have heard about it. When was the child born?'

'A month ago,' said Verman. 'His Majesty's delight cannot be overestimated. The event has been the occasion of great public rejoicing.'

'And the king's health, how is that?'

Verman shook his head.

'I fear I cannot give you a good report,' he said; 'His Majesty has aged terribly since your lordship left. It is feared that all this anxiety and trouble will have a bad effect upon him.'

For upwards of five minutes I continued to ask questions and receive answers. Then I suggested that my companion should go ashore and have his baggage conveyed on board, by which time we should have finished coaling and be ready to continue our journey.

A week later we had passed the Mélang River, and were approaching the point where Verman had arranged that we should land in search of the horses which were to convey us to our destination. It was towards evening when we sighted the bay of which he had told us. The sun was scarcely a hand's-breadth above the horizon, and the water was as smooth as glass. Little by little the coast-line rose into view and still we continued to steam on. When we were scarcely a mile from the shore, Wells rang the telegraph from the bridge and the vessel was brought to a standstill. Such luggage as we had decided to take with us was already on deck, and nothing remained but to await the lowering of the boat that was to take us ashore and then be off. I had already arranged that the yacht should return to Singapore, and wait there until I should communicate with her skipper again.

Almost exactly as the lower rim of the sun touched the sea-line we took our places in the boat and set off for the shore. It was with a curious feeling that I sat in the stern and looked back at the vessel we were leaving. With her I seemed to be cutting the last link that connected me with my old life, and to be embarking upon a new one, the end of which I could not see or even guess at.

On reaching the beach we landed, and, taking with us two of the ship's crew to carry our baggage, made our way through the jungle which fringed the shore towards a curiously shaped hill which could be seen rising above the tree-tops half a mile or so away inland. Once we passed the remains of a native village, which had been so long abandoned that thick creepers twined across from hut to hut, but otherwise the forest might never have known a human foot, so silent and solitary was it.

When, however, we reached the foot of the hill above referred to, a different scene met our eyes. Situated at the base of a high cliff, which rose sheer as a wall to a height of upwards of two hundred feet, was a hut, and at

the door of it a man, who on closer inspection proved to be a Malay, and a stalwart specimen at that. Recognising my companion, he sprang to his feet and saluted us respectfully.

Verman then questioned him as to the length of time he had been waiting for us, and learned that he had been there nearly a fortnight. The horses were stabled in a hut near by, and were quite ready for the ride to the capital.

Accordingly that night as soon as the moon rose into view above the tree-tops, the animals were led out, and we mounted. They were a fine pair of beasts from the king's own stables, and evidently in the very best of fettle. Twenty miles from our starting-point we found another relay awaiting us, and in the same way at equal distances we exchanged our jaded beasts for fresh ones.

When the moon had disappeared from view again we rested until daylight, then resumed our ride until it was time to stop for the mid-day meal. The sun was sinking behind the hills as we neared our destination, and it was in a glow of rosy light that, on emerging from the forest, we saw once more before us the citadel seated on its throne of rock. What my feelings were at that moment I cannot hope to make you understand, but I know that when I saw those stern gray walls appear before me and thought of what they contained, it was as much as I could do to look at them unmoved.

### COFFEE-PLANTING IN BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA.

By H. D. HERD.

ALTHOUGH by the latest arrangement between the British South Africa Company and the Foreign Office with regard to these territories in 1894 the area over which the British protectorate immediately extends has been considerably lessened, there still remains under the direct administration of Her Majesty's Commissioner a country equal in extent to the area of Great Britain.

This country extends from Lake Nyasa on the north to a point on the Shiré River near its confluence with the Zambesi on the south; but the district to which our attention is more particularly directed is that tableland lying between the Shiré on the west and the borders of the protectorate on the east, and perhaps best known as the Shiré Highlands.

Here is the latest home of coffee; and seeing that the country has now passed through its little fever of wars with the Arab slave-traders on its borders, and peace seems to have come to stay, we think that the present position of its staple industry and its future prospects merit a wider publicity in the interests of those to whose enterprise and hardihood the country owes what prosperity it has.

The history of coffee in Nyasaland dates back only to the year 1878, when three small coffee plants from the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens were taken out by Mr Duncan, then gardener to

the Church of Scotland Mission at Blantyre, and planted in the mission garden there. This was done at the energetic representations of Mr John Buchanan. In the year 1880 the sole survivor of the three plants brought out by Mr Duncan bore a crop of about one thousand beans. From the distribution of the seed, three years later, may be dated the beginning of coffee-planting on an extensive scale; but in 1881 the first serious attempt to put coffee on the home market, and to gauge its value as a commercial product in competition with other coffees, was made by the late Mr John Buchanan, of the firm of Buchanan Brothers, whose name is so honourably connected not only with the commercial but the political development of the Shiré Highlands.

A sample of the first crop was sent home for valuation, and was quoted in the London market at eighty-five shillings per hundredweight.

From this time onward the unsettled state of the country made the future of coffee very uncertain, till in 1889 the declaration of a protectorate restored confidence and gave a great impetus to the industry. Messrs Buchanan Brothers opened up large plantations at Zomba, Michiru, and elsewhere, while the African Lakes Company's coffee at Mandala continued to do well. Mr Brown, of Ceylon experience, settled in the Manje district, which had been strongly represented by the late Rev. Robert Cleland as exceptionally well suited for coffee; and Mr Duncan, having now left the mission, opened up a plantation near Blantyre.

From this point, so rapid has been the progress made, that the late Mr John Buchanan wrote in *The Central African Planter* for October 1895 that no less than one hundred plantations had been opened up under the respective interests in the country, and that these plantations represented an area of six thousand acres under cultivation. The local revenue rose from nothing to £20,000 per annum in five years.

The services of Mr Buchanan were recognised by the Government, and he received a C.M.G. in 1890. Much to the regret of every one, he died on his way home for a holiday on 9th March of this year.

Mr E. C. A. Sharrer is now the largest owner of estates in the protectorate, amounting to about three hundred and sixty-five thousand acres, of which only about nine hundred acres are under coffee. It has been suggested that planters should also turn their attention to cotton-growing. Tobacco and tea have both been introduced.

So extraordinary has the development been during the last few years, that since 1889 the quantity of coffee exported has increased in an almost geometrical progression. The exact figures have been:

	Tons parchment.
1889.....	5
1890.....	—
1891.....	10
1892.....	—
1893.....	42½
1894.....	74
1895.....	146
1896.....	(estimated) 350

The year 1897 is looked forward to as likely to prove a record year, chiefly because a very

large number of plantations come into bearing for the first time in that year; some planters being so sanguine as to put the yield at twelve hundred tons 'parlement'—as the raw coffee is called before the membrane covering the seeds is removed.

The varying degrees of success attained have been due to many different causes, arising mostly from inexperience in trying to reconcile the approved methods of coffee cultivation in Ceylon and India with the conditions of the new country; and partly also from local difficulties, as for instance the labour question, which were unforeseen, and could only be resolved as they presented themselves.

In the early days there was an abundance of local Yao labour, but the supply was irregular and unreliable. Constitutionally indolent, the natives in the immediate neighbourhood of the plantations were soon satiated with calico and other barter goods; and in the wet season, just when labour in the plantations was most needed, there was none to be had, as the villagers had betaken themselves to the hoeing of their own gardens. The necessity for a reliable labour supply being evident, an attempt was made to bring down Atonga labour from the west of Lake Nyasa, which was entirely successful, the newcomers readily engaging to work on the plantations for several months at a time, and this at the most important period of the year, the wet season.

A further step in advance was made by inducing the Angoni, an offshoot of the Zulus, and long the scourge and terror of the Shire Highlands, to accept work in the dry season on the plantations; and now, instead of coming down in their thousands to devastate the country, they lay aside the shield and spear, and handle the hoe with equal skill. Only last year another large field of labour supply was opened by the subjugation of some disaffected chiefs on the north-eastern slopes of Mlanje. The Walolo, occupying a vast tract of hilly country to the east of Lake Shirwa, had for some little time been venturing down in small companies to work for the Europeans, but by the timely action of Sir Harry Johnston, Her Majesty's Commissioner, against these chiefs, the whole Walolo country has now become accessible to European influence. It is evident that there is every prospect of an abundant labour supply, and in this respect the outlook is very bright.

The chief drawbacks to coffee-planting have hitherto been the labour question mentioned above, and the inadequate and expensive means of transport. The Shire is navigable for the present flotilla of steamers plying upon it as far as Chiromo, three days distant overland from the coffee district. For a very few weeks during the rainy season it is possible to reach Katunga, a point about twenty-eight miles from Blantyre. From the plantations to either of these points the coffee crop is carried in bags on the shoulders of coolies. The risk, inconvenience, and expense attached to this mode of transport have been greatly felt, but even this difficulty is about to be met by the construction of a narrow gauge railway line which will run from Chiromo to Blantyre, passing through or near many of the largest plantations.

It is hoped that, acting in conjunction with the Portuguese government, the promoters of this scheme may be able very shortly to extend the line all the way to the coast at Chinde.

The reckless mode of agriculture followed by the natives, by which they clear large tracts of forest land on which to make their gardens, is becoming so serious a question that the expediency of legislation in the matter has been considered. It is well known that deforestation is followed by a decreased rainfall, which reacts not only on the coffee crops, but on the health of the European. And where such wholesale clearing has taken place, land which might otherwise have been good for coffee is rendered temporarily useless for want of shade.

Efforts are being made to lessen the various circumstances disadvantageous to coffee by better systems of irrigation, planting of shade trees, and manuring. As showing the enterprise which is so prominent a characteristic of those Central Africa pioneers, it might be stated that during the past year a 'Chamber of Commerce and Agriculture' has been formed, which promises to do much good in securing authoritative and unanimous action on the part of the planters in questions affecting their interests. But perhaps, above all, the *Central African Planter*, started last year and so ably conducted by Mr R. S. Hynde, F.R.S.G.S., in the planting interests, is an unequivocal sign of a very bright and prosperous future for coffee in Nyasaland.

By the foresight and discretion of Her Majesty's Commissioner, who has given the industry much encouragement and consideration, the danger of introducing the leaf disease so common in Ceylon and India has been averted. No seed is allowed to be introduced into the country, even though sterilised, and although some inconvenience has undoubtedly thereby arisen, the risk justified the stringent measure.

The eyes of Ceylon planters have been for some time turned to Nyasaland, and in 1895 was formed the 'Nyasaland Coffee Company Ltd.,' with a capital of three hundred thousand rupees. The quality of the coffee has been highly spoken of by the London coffee brokers, and it holds its own with the best Ceylon and Mocha coffees.

The late Mr John Buchanan estimated that to bring a plantation of say two hundred acres into bearing in the third year would require an expenditure of two thousand to two thousand five hundred pounds (sterling). And he cautioned planters against allowing the trees to bear too heavily in the maiden crop, as there is a danger of the plant being thereby weakened.

Other estimates put the expenditure at *not more than* ten pounds per acre, or a little over three pounds per acre per annum for three years, and thereafter a large profit. The price of Nyasaland coffee as quoted in the London market for late years has averaged one hundred shillings per hundredweight, but it has reached as high as one hundred and twelve shillings.

Under varying conditions the average yield per acre is somewhat uncertain, but competent judges put it at from three to four hundredweight per acre. Some maiden crops have



yielded eight hundredweights—but not without injury to the plants.

Taking four hundredweight as the average, on a plantation of two hundred acres this is equal to forty tons, with a selling price in London of four thousand pounds. From this, of course, must be deducted freights, which will not be less than eleven pounds per ton from the plantation to the market.

In the report on the protectorate by Commissioner Sir Harry Johnston, issued in August last, there is a valuable appendix devoted to the coffee industry, with a map of the southern Shire Highlands devoted to coffee-planting. We learn from it that a survey for the proposed railway connecting Blantyre with Chiromo has been made, that the native population in the Lower Shire district since the suppression of the slave-trade has increased from 1000 in 1891 to 14,385 in 1896, and that if malarial fever could in some way be eliminated, British Central Africa would be an earthly paradise. The chief bane of British Central Africa according to the Commissioner is that 'accursed spirit whisky.' The exports have doubled during 1895-96, and not a little of this increase is due to ivory and coffee. Sir Harry Johnston entertains great hopes of the development of the negro of Central Africa. At Zomba there is one European head-printer; all the other printers are natives, who have been either locally trained at the missions or by the head-printer. The Commissioner has also an encouraging report regarding mission work in British Central Africa, and special mention is made of the work of Dr Laws and others at Bandawe, concluding 'that it has only to tell the plain truth and nothing but the truth to secure sympathy and support.'

Three species of lilaceous plants, of easy propagation, promise to yield fibre worth nearly £40 a ton. India-rubber is another product which it is hoped may be largely developed, as the demand for it at present almost exceeds the supply. We are told that 'given abundance of cheap native labour, and the financial security of the protectorate is established. The European comes here with his capital, which he is ready to employ to almost an unlimited extent if he can get in return black men who will, for a wage, work with their hands, as he cannot do himself in a tropical sun. It only needs a sufficiency of native labour to make this country relatively healthy and amazingly rich. The cultivation of coffee would be a hundred times more extensive than it is if there were an adequate labour supply.' For unskilled labour three shillings a month, with or without food, is paid, and proportionately less for women and children. Skilled native labourers—carpenters, masons, brick-makers, &c.—receive wages of from four shillings a month to £40 a year. There seems to be every reason to believe, in accordance with the opinion of the oldest and most experienced planters, that the prospects of success in this industry are very hopeful. Considerable areas of land suitable for coffee are yet to be had, the price varying from five shillings to twenty shillings per acre, and no doubt as the country is better known, and more capital is introduced, the difficulties which have kept back and hampered its development will

rapidly disappear, and British Central Africa will yet become, if not the most extensive, perhaps the most successful coffee-growing country in the world.

## JUANITA.

### CHAPTER II.

SOME days after this Ned was carefully scraping some new bed-rock, and picking out the dull yellow nuggets wedged tightly into every crack and crevice, these precious morsels which gladden the miner's eyes and cheer the fainting heart. He was working at the bottom of a large pit, some twenty feet in depth, where the gravel had been moved towards the stream-side, forming a bank, and thus forcing the water away from the workings. The chain pump was rattling and groaning according to its custom, but steadily keeping the drainage clear. On the side next the hill a sudden slide of gravel caused Ned to look up; his keen eyes saw something odd on the newly-bared face of rock, and hastily scrambling up, he examined it carefully; then calling on his nearest partner, he cried: 'Come up here and look at this.'

In front of them was a large roughly-squared stone bedded into the solid rock, and nearly flush with the surface of the latter. Examination showed that this was the work of human hands. The stone was smaller than the square hole in which it lay, and the spaces between were filled with tightly-packed sand and gravel by the action of the stream in past ages, when it flowed over and past this spot—for it must have been centuries before, as the stone lay fifteen feet below the surface or present bed of the stream; and these fifteen feet were composed of boulders and rounded stones so firmly packed together that it was slow work sinking through them.

Amazement kept the party silent for some moments. Who could have done this work? Clearly not Indians—whose knowledge of stone-hewing was limited to flint arrow-heads and soapstone pipes. What mysterious race had been there before them? And if that race were gold-seekers, how came it that gold was yet to be found close by? A grizzled miner solved the last query.

'Wall, boys, I reckon the gold we're gettin' came after these fellers left; when they made this cache (hiding-place), if it is a cache,' he added, 'they guessed they was purty high and dry. That thar' hole was made when the crick was runnin' on bed-rock, you bet.'

This was the only reasonable explanation at the moment. Erskine, however, cut the discussion short by saying:

'It seems to me we had better find out what this amounts to first, and we can argue it out afterwards.'

Picks, bars, and wedges were brought into play, and slowly they loosened the mysterious stone. It was no easy task, as the narrow spaces barely admitted the point of a bar being inserted. The brittle edges would at times break off, giving the worker a nasty fall and so causing low and deep profanity, when suddenly the big stone slid from its place, toppled over,

and rolled into the pit below; a small dark tunnel cut back into the mountain-side was exposed to view, barely large enough for a man to crawl through. A rush of cool sweet air came from the tunnel mouth, and Ned, turning to his comrades, said: 'No foul air here. Get candles, and let us explore the place.' Candles were quickly brought, each man taking one and a few matches. Erskine, lighting his, crawled in, leading the way, followed by the others. The passage was a short one, leading sharply upwards, where it ended in a natural cave in the lime-stone large enough for twenty men to stand upright in, the dim candlelight failing to pierce the gloomy darkness overhead. Great stalactites hung from the walls, the floor was hard and white as marble, the place empty. A dead silence, the silence of bitter disappointment, overwhelmed the party. 'Guess the hull thing's a blasted fraud,' came dismally from one corner. 'Guess it is,' sounded as a general chorus from the others, all save Ned, who was peering closely round the sides of the cavern, reflecting to himself as he did so that hewn stone was not placed at the tunnel entrance for nothing. On one side of the cavern wall the rock appeared to have been cut away in a sloping inward direction, as though to form a pocket or recess in the rock itself. A careless observer might have easily failed to note this, as the ceaseless drip of the stalactite-forming water had flowed into and over the recess, depositing lime drop by drop until the pocket had been nearly filled up. Ned's quick eyes saw this, and grasping a short bar he began to chip and break the crust of lime before him, the others holding lights to let him see. The brittle crust gave way reluctantly to his vigorous blows, and forcing out a large block with the bar, he cried: 'We've got it, boys.' Below the opening he had made lay a solid mass of golden nuggets of various sizes, shining in the fitful candle-light with a rich dull splendour. They were cemented together by the dripping lime water, which binds everything that it touches in a firm embrace; the steel bar, however, quickly loosened the lumps of nuggets. Deeper down did Ned go, the muscles on his brawny arms quivering, and the perspiration standing in large drops on his face.

Exclamations of surprise and delight from his comrades at the discovery were heard on all sides, and then he ceased his labours, his bar ringing against the solid rock at the bottom of the pocket. The gold was carefully laid in a heap on the cavern floor, and each man made his own estimate of the quantity. An average of the guesses placed the weight at half a ton, roughly in value worth about forty-five thousand pounds. The gold when afterwards weighed rather exceeded this estimate. They stood long, gazing lovingly at the heap, each one mentally calculating how much his share came to; and it was only the expiring candles that recalled them from their dreams. Erskine seemed to be the most unconcerned; and saying, 'Well, boys, we had better get outside and talk there,' led the way.

While they sat down on the bank near the tunnel mouth, the whisky jug was brought from the cabin, and each man drank solemnly to the new find. Then a silence followed; each one

was thinking what this meant to him personally. Away with future toil and trouble; away with privation and bitter disappointment—harder far to bear than hunger and thirst. Ring out the old life of care, ring in the new of idleness and unlimited supplies, with pockets full of cash to gamble with; for Ned's partners, though hard-working, honest fellows, were simply children of the hour, and like many of their class, lived their lives from day to day; their only thought of the future being the hope that they would 'strike it rich' sometime, and then the future might take care of itself. Years apart from civilisation had hardened them and made them reckless, and each one silently vowed then and there that he would not do another hour's work so long as his share remained unspent. Erskine's thoughts were busy also; but through all his plans for the future there floated a constant vision of a pale face, with red, entreating lips—a vision that refused to be dismissed, and he felt he must take time before he decided on his next movements—little dreaming that Nature's forces were already at work to decide for him and affect his whole future life in that masterful manner assumed at times by Nature when she proposes to do anything thoroughly. This wonderful stroke of luck to all present had come so suddenly that it needed time to grasp the possibilities it opened out; so another drink was taken, pipes lighted, tongues unloosed, and they discussed the question as to how this gold had been placed in the cave, and by whom. The general theory was that it was hidden there by Aztecs from Mexico, as Indian traditions familiar to the white men confirmed the theory that the Aztecs had penetrated far to the north in the search for gold for their temple decorations. Why so much labour had been expended by the ancient miners in making the tunnel instead of taking the gold with them when they left was a puzzle; an attempted solution being offered by one of the men saying:

'Wall, boys, may be those fellows found more than they could carry, and so they made this cache until they should come back, but got wiped out meanwhile.'

This terse solution was accepted as being better than none; not that any one present cared much how the gold got there; it was there in sight; it was theirs by virtue of discovery; and that was quite sufficient for their simple minds. Erskine, who was practical in his views, cut short the discussion by calling his listeners' attention to the fact that finding this treasure was merely the first act; the second and more difficult one was to get it safely out of the country. The district was swarming with desperadoes too lazy to work, preferring the simpler method of robbing, and killing if necessary, those who did, and who, if they once got scent of this discovery, would never rest until they secured it. Ned urged that the stone be replaced in the tunnel mouth, and that all concerned should maintain a discreet silence meanwhile on the subject. This course being agreed to, the stone was replaced after some labour, a heap of long willow branches being loosely thrown on the bank to conceal it; willows being constantly used by

miners in making dams, breastworks, &c., cause no comment from passers by.

The party then adjourned to the cabin for a hasty meal, and as the afternoon was well advanced, they proceeded to the pit to collect their tools, as all had agreed to cease work and hold council as to the best way of removing the treasure. Ned paused on his way to pour some oil on the bearings of the water-wheel; he did this mechanically, as was his daily custom, not reflecting that it was now needless, as neither wheel nor pump would be longer used. Just then he heard a roar like a mighty wind, and hastily looking up, saw a huge wave of water pouring into the pit. A cloud-burst on the upper hills had caused one of those overwhelming floods so disastrous to the gold miners. It came raging down the narrow cañon, sweeping everything before it—huge logs, timbers, and great trees uprooted being tossed about like corks as they rushed by with the resistless fury of the torrent. A crest of water, six feet in height, poured into the pit, carrying with it great boulders, stones, and tons of gravel. Ned rushed to his partners' assistance, but before he got half way the water caught him, and a swirling eddy, lifting him off his feet, swung him against the bank of growing willows; grasping the nearest stems with the grip of a drowning man, he felt the waters meet above his head, a singing in his ears, a sensation of choking, and then a blank.

When he next opened his eyes he found himself lying on the grass, old Dave and Nita kneeling beside him chafing his hands and feet. Dave, lifting his head, gave him a few drops of whisky; presently he sat up, and gazing round him in a bewildered manner, asked where he was. It appeared that the girl and her father, who had just returned from a fishing expedition, were looking at the flood, when Nita, with a sudden cry, grasped her father's arm, and pointing to the stream, ran down to the bank, where poor Ned lay floating at the edge, his clothes entangled in some overhanging branches. To drag him out and carry him to camp was but a few minutes' work, and they joyfully saw him regain consciousness under their care. Erskine got on his feet, and beyond a giddiness in his head, declared he felt all right again. He had really only been in the water a short time. Then suddenly the scenes of the afternoon came back to his memory, and with a groan he said: 'My God! all drowned!' Nita asked him anxiously what he meant. He told them of the awful disaster, not mentioning the gold discovery however; and adding that he must return to camp to see if any of the men were saved—but as he spoke he reeled with faintness. Nita made him sit down again, heaping up a pile of skins for him to lean against, and turning to her father, spoke a few rapid sentences to him in Indian dialect; then, turning to Ned, she told him that her father would go up to the claim and bring back news, declaring, 'You must remain here until you are better.' She spoke with a pretty little air of authority, as though he must obey her, and Ned, as he gazed at the dark eyes now filled with anxiety for him, gave way after a faint remonstrance. Dave took Erskine to his lodge, giving him some dry

clothes to wear; and telling his daughter to have supper ready by his return, he started for the claim.

Nita, after piling on great sticks of dead red pine to insure a heap of glowing embers to cook with, produced a large pan, and in it deftly made a mass of dough for the hot bread of the evening meal; and Ned, as he reclined on the grass, lazily watching her, noticed her pretty rounded arms and little hands. Presently she ceased her work, and going up to Ned, asked him how he felt.

'Looking at you seems to take all my pains away,' he replied. A slight blush and a faint smile was her only response. Begging her to sit beside him for a moment, he placed his arm round her waist, and gently pulling her towards him, said: 'Nita, you saved my life to-day; what reward do you claim?' The girl made no reply, but her head sank on his shoulder, her face hidden, her whole body trembling with agitation. 'Speak to me, Nita; claim your reward,' he murmured softly.

She looked up at him, her eyes swimming with tears, her bosom throbbing violently against his own, and then, with broken utterance—broken by the intensity of her emotion—she said:

'Oh Ned! if I am to have any reward, it must be you and you only.'

As he held her to his heart, their lips met in a long, passionate kiss, and broken words of tenderness and entreaty were exchanged under the silent stars and by the flickering light of the low-burned fire. And for weal or woe, for life or death, did these two pledge their solemn faith to each other.

De Gros returned with sad news; he said there was not a trace of the workings left—pit, wheel, and pump, tools and all had vanished, and in their place was left a flat waste of gravel. The flood had gone as quickly as it came; the treacherous stream again murmured its musical song and looked as harmless as it had done that morning. He had visited the cabin, but saw no sign of living soul. Erskine shared Dave's blankets that night, and next morning went up himself to the cabin, after going to the stream with Nita to bring her water for the day; thick bushes hid them for the moment. Taking her face between his hands, he lifted it to his own and kissed her, telling her he would return that day and have a talk with her father. The girl clasped her hands round Ned's neck, her tall, supple figure standing straight and motionless before him.

'My Ned,' she murmured, 'my own Ned,' she repeated, as though her newly-acquired ownership pleased her. Then, with a long, searching look, she added slowly: 'Ned, you will be true to me—you will always love me, and you will never tire!' Then quickly, 'Oh! it would kill me, the very thought'—and with a sudden gleam from the depths of the liquid eyes, she added—'It would kill you too, Ned. You would die.'

Kissing her again and again, he comforted this impulsive beauty, telling her not to distract herself about impossibilities, and then left her. And all that day Nita carried a soft, triumphant look in her face, for she was very



proud of her conquest, with the pride that every woman with Indian or negro blood in her veins feels when she has secured the love of a white man—and such a lover too! Ned, 'her Ned,' as she termed him mentally, was of a very different stamp from the whites she had seen in her isolated life. Handsome, strong, and big—points dear to most womankind—he was a conquest to be proud of. With the passionate unreserve of her race, when she loved she loved always; she had freely given her whole life and happiness into his hands, and she thanked God for sending her such a lover.

Erskine, as he slowly wended his way along the trail, had time to reflect on what he had done—on its prudence or its folly. He was deeply in love with this strangely beautiful girl; but was he wise? How would this affair end? He must marry or leave her; he could never leave her, he felt. And yet, to marry a half-caste—what would the good people at home say? Still, why not please himself; it was his affair, not his relatives'. Nor need he ever return to England. His native land had not been so kind to him at one time that he should deem it requisite to return to it. Besides, he needed old Dave's assistance and counsel in getting his buried treasure away, for Dave was wise and of infinite resource. Ned's brain was whirling with the excitement of the last few hours; his escape from drowning; the loss of his partners; the discovery of the gold; his love for Nita—all kept churning over and over in his restless mind. He suddenly stood still as the memory of the previous evening came stealing over him like a subtle perfume, when she had freely told him she was his, and the glorious face and figure had nestled in his arms. Stretching his clenched hands before him, he muttered: 'Right or wrong, I must and will marry her.'

#### MONKEYANA.

DR ADAM CLARKE, of 'Bible Commentary' fame, is said to have held the curious theory that before the Fall monkeys were possessed of extraordinary powers of fascination, and that the real tempter of Eve was probably a monkey. We do not know on what grounds the pious and learned doctor based his theory, but we are so far in agreement with him that we regard the fascinating powers of monkeys even now as remarkable. At any rate, they have always had a fascination for ourselves. We have never been able to look at the face of a monkey, so pathetically human in its expression, without an uncanny feeling of kinship. He is our poor relation who, from an unfortunate inability to discard his tail, has fallen hopelessly behind ourselves in the race for evolutionary honours.

There has probably always been an unacknowledged suspicion among mankind that the ape could claim relationship with humanity. Long before Darwin threw light on the origin of species, that eccentric Scotch judge, Monboddo, stoutly maintained our lineal descent from the baboon, and contended that we men are merely civilised and tailless monkeys, neither so happy nor so virtuous as in our primitive state of simian savagery. And who that has

read that delightful medley of satire and irony, *Melincourt*, does not remember with what inimitable gravity Thomas Love Peacock, the witty and whimsical, works out his theory that the orang-outang possesses qualities which enable him to fill successfully and without suspicion of his origin the rôle of English baronet and member of parliament?

Mr Garner, who has announced a new book on the subject, declared his belief that the monkeys have a language analogous to our own, which he proposed to master, and which may be found to contain the germ and root from which human speech has sprung. Whilst Herr Brehm, the great German naturalist, in his remarkable and fascinating work, *The North Pole to the Equator*, of which an English translation has just been published under the auspices of Mr J. Arthur Thomson, states, as the result of long and close study of the habits of the chimpanzees, that 'any person who will associate with them as I have done, will discover with wonder and amazement, perhaps with slight horror, how much the gulf between man and beast can be diminished.' We shall refer later to the extraordinary and startling stories with which Herr Brehm corroborates this statement, and shall proceed first to give some curious and well-authenticated anecdotes which we have ourselves collected in illustration of the human traits in the monkey.

Sir Gore Onseley, diplomatist and traveller, gives a remarkable instance of the 'exquisite sensibility' of the monkey. On board the man-of-war which took him out as ambassador to Persia there was a pet monkey of the captain's, a peculiarly affectionate, gentle, amiable creature, which was a favourite with the whole ship's company. But it was not without the mischievous propensities of its kind. There was a milch-goat kept on board specially for the ambassador's use. One morning the monkey lashed the goat to the tackle of a gun, and milked it into a marine's hat—the headgear of the marines at that time was a stiff glazed hat. Caught red-handed, the monkey was brought before the captain, who sentenced him to be sent to Coventry for a week, any one taking the slightest notice of the culprit during that period to forfeit his grog. The monkey went about wistfully seeking the attentions to which he had been accustomed, but none of his old friends had a kind look or word for him. In vain he put on his most coaxing and engaging airs; they were wasted. For two days he bore his punishment, but on the morning of the third, finding himself still in disgrace, his sensitive heart broke under the strain of misery. He sprang on the bulwarks, and placing both hands over his head, gave one pitiful cry, then leaped into the sea and was seen no more.

The following story, too, shows a similar trait in the simian character. On board one of Her Majesty's ships on the West Indies station there were two monkeys, a big one and a little one, both great favourites. Dressed in the uniform of middies, the two would parade the deck, gravely salute the captain, and imitate every action of the officer of the watch. The pair were sworn friends and confederates. Both were arrant thieves; but the big one did the

actual stealing, whilst the little one bolted with the stolen goods and hid them. On one occasion the captain's gold snuff-box was missing. That the monkeys had stolen it was obvious, for both of them were seized with convulsions of sneezing; but the minutest search failed to find the box, till the smaller monkey was seen surreptitiously peering into a middy's chest, and there beneath the linen was found the missing box. When the ship was at anchor in Kingston harbour, Jamaica, the big monkey stole a bottle of Madeira, which he emptied without sharing a drop with his 'pal,' who sat and looked at him reproachfully. The wine made the bibulous monkey very drunk. He jumped on the bulwarks, and got so excited at the sight of a shark which was swimming round the ship that at last, after a great deal of jabbering and gesticulation, he sprang into the water, perhaps with some vague idea of playing with the fish. It was a fatal mistake. The shark turned over on its back, opened its huge jaws, and—exit monkey. His little comrade watched the tragedy in agony; his screams were painful to hear. His grief was inconsolable, and the next day he jumped overboard and joined his dead mate. After that, who will deny that monkeys have their feelings, and very human feelings too?

As a rule, so far as our experience goes, the mischievousness of monkeys is not purely wanton, but is prompted by a motive. Sometimes the motive is revenge, as in the following case. A retired colonel at Bath had a pet monkey. His next-door neighbour was a widow lady with three mischievous and troublesome boys, who, when they were home for the holidays, made that unhappy monkey's life a burden to him by throwing lighted squibs and crackers at him, and giving him nuts filled with pepper or mustard. When his tormentors went back to school, the monkey, from a respectful distance, watched them depart, then came down, crept cautiously along the balcony to the widow's drawing-room window, and seeing that there was no one about, entered, got hold of a bottle of ink, and liberally sprinkled its contents over the carpet and furniture. He was caught in *flagrante delicto*, handed over to his master, and soundly whipped—but he had had his revenge.

In another curious case jealousy of a quite human type prompted revenge. A nobleman, well-known as a prominent member of the Royal Yacht Club, had a pet monkey, which used to accompany him on his yachting cruises, and was accustomed to receive a great deal of attention from every one on board. Among the guests on the yacht on one occasion was a beautiful girl, who attracted general admiration; but, as she professed a dislike for monkeys, Master Pug's presence was not encouraged. The monkey felt himself aggrieved and neglected. But when the party landed to inspect some caves, he contrived to slip into the boat unobserved and accompany them. Watching his opportunity, he seized a large crab, and placed it against the heel of the young lady, which it gripped with its huge claw so fiercely that she screamed with pain. Unfortunately for the monkey, he had been detected in the act, and he suffered for it.

But most of the mischievous pranks of which monkeys are guilty proceed from no worse motive than a desire to imitate the actions of their masters. And if imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, the mischief of the monkey should be regarded more leniently than it generally is. And yet it must have been difficult for a late Royal Academician to appreciate this subtle form of flattery when his pet monkey, taking advantage of the master's absence from the studio, calmly seated himself on a stool before a nearly finished canvas, and with mahl-stick, palette, and brush, proceeded to lay on the colours with a recklessness and dash worthy of a latter-day 'impressionist.'

Nor were the inmates of a Suffolk vicarage, on returning from morning service one Sunday, altogether pleased to find that in their absence the pet monkey had removed the table-cloth, which had been laid for dinner, with all the appurtenances from the table to the floor, where it was set out with a scrupulous attention to details which showed how carefully the lesson had been learned.

One of the drollest instances of the monkey's keenness of observation and power of mimicry that we have met with is the following. A retired admiral and his wife living at Cheltenham had a favourite monkey. One day the lady, hearing a strange noise in the dining-room, looked in to see what it was. The sight which met her eyes was a ludicrous one. Seated in the arm-chair, with the admiral's smoking-cap on his head, and the admiral's spectacles on his nose, was the monkey; and in his hand was the open newspaper, which he shook and patted, whilst he jabbered and gesticulated with great emphasis at the cat which lay blinking on the hearthrug. It was a clever and carefully-studied imitation of the testy old admiral's tone and manner when reading to his wife some passage from the newspaper which excited his wrath or indignation.

It is strange that so little attempt is made to utilise this strong imitative faculty in monkeys. They might easily be trained to perform as athletes and acrobats. Some fifty years ago an Italian count who had a villa on the shore of Lake Albano kept a monkey which he had taught both to row and sail a small skiff. The monkey used to navigate this tiny craft with great skill; but, unfortunately, one day, when climbing the mast, he capsized the boat and was drowned. As jockeys, monkeys might surely be made useful, and would fulfil every purpose for which the mannikins who ride on racehorses are artificially stunted and sweated. And there is, we feel sure, a fortune awaiting the enterprising *entrepreneur* who will organise a travelling team of monkey cricketers or footballers. They would be much more interesting to watch than the so-called 'ladies' who burlesque those popular gunes.

Then there is the stage. If marionettes will 'draw' as they did in *L'Enfant Prodigue*, what success should attend a company of monkey mummies! It has been cruelly said that the popularity of the actor's art affords indisputable proof of man's descent from the ape, for your monkey is the cleverest of actors and the most

perfect of mimics. Possibly the reason why monkeys have been so little on the boards is that their appearance there would emphasise too strongly the striking similarity between man and monkey.

Something of the sort, indeed, was tried in London in 1753, and 'Mrs Midnight's Animal Comedians' for a brief space took the town by storm. A trained troupe of dogs and monkeys took part in a ballet, dressed in the costume of the day, and their dancing is said to have been clever and graceful. The ballet was followed by a stirring battle-piece. The monkeys defended and the dogs assaulted a mimic fortress. Everything was *en règle*—uniforms, arms, and all the paraphernalia of war. The stormers with scaling ladders dashed gallantly to the assault. The monkeys received them with a withering fire of musketry. After a fierce struggle the ramparts were carried. Then the firing ceased, and when the smoke cleared away, the gallant foemen were seen drawn up side by side, waving their shakos, whilst the band played 'God save the King.' If this sort of spectacle could be produced successfully a hundred and fifty years ago, why not now?

We have referred already to Herr Brehm's fascinating book, and as it is as yet almost unknown in this country, we may be pardoned for quoting one or two anecdotes from it. Here is a droll one. 'A female baboon which I brought up in my family got hold of a kitten with the intention of making a pet of it and mothering it, but was scratched by the terrified foundling. The monkey carefully examined the kitten's paws, pressed the claws forward, looked at them from above, from beneath, and from the side, and then bit them off to secure itself against further scratches.'

This tendency of monkeys to make pets of other animals is curiously illustrated by an instance in our own experience. In this case the monkey had a mania for nursing, or 'mothering,' as Herr Brehm has it, pets both animate and inanimate; sometimes it was a doll, sometimes a guinea-pig, sometimes a white rat. This craze, however, brought the monkey to an untimely end. He had fixed covetous eyes upon a litter of young pigs, and resolved to steal one to make a pet of it. He popped over the wall of the sty and seized a sucking grunter. He leapt with his prize on the door of the sty; it was rickety, and, giving way with his weight, precipitated him back right into the jaws of the infuriated sow, who quickly made an end of him.

Herr Brehm claims for the monkey the possession of almost every human feeling—shame, remorse, gratitude, love, hatred, anger, revenge, jealousy, besides memory, reflection, reasoning power, and the highest forms of intelligence. He tells us that one of his pet chimpanzees sits upright at table, handles its knife and fork, stirs its tea, and uses its serviette with all the ease and grace of a well-bred gentleman. It will even clink glasses and take its liquor in the most approved convivial fashion.

This, however, is merely the exercise of that mimetic faculty of which we have already given

examples. But the great German naturalist goes further. He says: 'All or most animals will, at life's risk, defend their young, but the monkey is the only animal that will run into danger for the sake of rescuing one of his species.' We are not presumptuous enough to set our opinion against that of, perhaps, the profoundest student of animal life in Europe, but we have our doubts of the accuracy of that statement, and should like to hear what close observers of the habits of dogs, for example, have to say on that point.

But, indeed, the good Herr does sometimes make large demands upon our credulity in his apotheosis of the ape. Take the following passage, for example, where he describes the monkey's recognition of the physician as a benefactor.

'He (the ape) holds out his arm to him, and stretches out his tongue as soon as he is told, and even does so of his own accord after a few visits from the physician. He swallows medicine readily, submits even to a surgical operation, and, in a word, behaves very like a human patient in similar circumstances. As his end approaches, he becomes more gentle, the animal in him is lost sight of, and the nobler traits of his character stand out prominently.' Is not this picture of the dying monkey somewhat highly-coloured? We are willing to recognise some human attributes in the ape, but we are not prepared to go quite so far as to credit him with the virtues of the philosopher and the saint.

#### THE STORY OF CHARTERED COMPANIES.

'THAT trade follows the flag' is a popular British maxim, but the more one studies our national history the more one is struck with the fact that the flag has followed trade in most of our external developments. No doubt in our earlier ventures the sword and the ledger went hand in hand, but it is quite remarkable how the 'expansion of England' has been the result of mercantile effort. So vast has become our territorial growth that we forget how much of it has been the work of commercial pioneers. The subject is at any time an interesting one, and it has peculiar interest just now when men's minds are concentrated upon the problem presented in South Africa. 'They thrive in law that trust in charters,' according to the old distich quoted by Scott; but although British Parliament and people are showing some distrust of charters, it may be well to take a retrospective view of what has been done by Chartered Companies in the past towards building up the Empire of the present.\* In the political

\* The reader desirous of further information on the subject may consult *The Pioneers of Empire* (Methuen), *The Old Chartered Companies* (Ed. Arnold), and *English Trade and Finance in the Seventeenth Century* (Methuen), to which works we have to express our indebtedness; also *The Romance of Commerce*, by Oxley (W. & R. Chambers).



controversy of the moment, however, we take no part.

Of the great trading companies of the 16th and 17th centuries it has been said, with truth, that their influence on our foreign trade was as far-reaching as that of the guilds, or gilds, of the Middle Ages on our home trade. This is true, but only part of the truth. As monopolies, some of these concerns may be indefensible from the point of view of modern economics, but then they belonged to an age of monopolies, and they performed work beyond the ability of individuals. One may find in the old chartered trading companies some analogy not only with the modern Railway Company (which is also a monopoly) but also with the modern Colonial Government. Even if their organisation was economically objectionable, it was politically necessary because of the conditions under which our foreign trade had to be conducted. With these few words we must dismiss the subject of constitution, and proceed with our examination of facts. And here it should be explained that charters were granted to two sorts of companies—regulated and joint stock—and that during the 17th century there was much controversy as to the merits of each. In a 'regulated' company any member, on the payment of fees and subject to the rules and bylaws of the company, could trade on his own capital and at his own risk to any amount, within the sphere of the company's privileges, but without reference to it as a corporation. In a joint-stock chartered company the trading was corporate, and each member shared in the common profit and loss.

The principle of granting charters with special privileges, immunities, and monopolies to traders banded together for trade purposes is a very old one, but these charters also imposed obligations and enforced certain duties. Such were the charters granted to the goldsmiths in 1327, to the mercers in 1393, to the haberdashers in 1407, to the fishmongers in 1433, and so on. The extension of this principle to bodies of traders for foreign trade was later, and the charter in such cases was ostensibly for the purposes of encouraging exploration and colonisation, and in spreading the national interests generally. The first British charter granted for trading (as distinguished from trade) was, curiously enough, given to foreigners. It was granted in 1232 by Henry III. to certain merchants of Flanders, and the Hanse towns of Lübeck, Hamburg, Bremen, and Cologne (afterwards known as the Hanseatic League), giving them exclusive possession of the trading station on the Thames known as the German Steelyard, and certain privileges in return for services rendered and to be rendered. And for three hundred years thereafter the Hanseatics continued to flourish in England under an English charter. The first *English* corporate body, however, to receive a charter for purely trading purposes was that of the Merchants of the Staple, or dealers in wool, skins, lead, and tin. This body was in existence early in the 13th century, but was then chiefly composed of foreigners, and did not become a really English body until after 1362. Closely associated with it was the Fraternity of St Thomas à Becket,

who had a monopoly of the sale of English woollen cloths in Flanders, and who in 1406 received a charter from Henry IV. One hundred years later, out of this Fraternity developed the Company of Merchant Adventurers of England under a new charter, granting extensive rights and privileges for trading to 'Flanders, Brabant, Holland, Zealand, and the countries adjacent under the Archduke's Government.' None of these companies, however, had the peculiar functions of exploration, colonisation, and administration which we now associate with charters.

In point of fact, the first company of this kind was not English, and curiously enough (considering recent years) it was in connection with Africa. Prince Henry the Navigator of Portugal, to whom geography owes so much, granted in 1443 to a company of Portuguese merchants the exclusive right of exploring and trading in the lands of the Moors of the African coast for a limited period; and this company proceeded to set up 'factories' on the coast, to which they sent every year cargoes of goods to be exchanged for slaves and gold-dust. The first chartered company in the accepted sense was thus the initiator of that great traffic in human flesh which has played such a momentous part in modern history.

It was more than a hundred years later before England embodied the principles of both Prince Henry's charter and that of the Merchant Adventurers above named, who came to be known as the Hamburg Company when their operations centred in that city.

The next development was an extremely interesting one. In 1554 a number of English merchants subscribed a joint-stock to cut out Portugal in the east, by opening up direct relations with China *via* the north-east passage. An expedition was despatched under Sir Hugh Willoughby, who came to grief. It did not discover the north-east passage; but Captain Richard Chancellor, in one of the ships, did discover Archangel, from where he made his way on sledges to Moscow, where he saw the Tsar, and obtained from him letters to King Edward VI. promising trading privileges to English merchants. By the time Chancellor reached London again Edward was dead, but Queen Mary granted a charter to certain merchant adventurers for the 'Discovery of lands, countries, isles, &c., not before known or frequented by any English,' and with special liberty to resort to all the Tsar's dominions. Thus was founded the famous Russia Company, which not only opened up Russia to our trade, but also pushed its way into Persia, and made valiant efforts to force a passage through the Arctic regions. Now, in connection with this company we find three interesting things. It formed (in 1613) a daring scheme to open up the whole trade of India and Persia, over the Hindu Kush, and by way of the Oxus; it took possession in the king's name of Spitzbergen, and is thus the first chartered trading corporation that added territory to the Empire; and it developed the whale fisheries in Greenland waters. Curiously enough, the East India Company later combined with the Russia Company for the prosecution of the whale fishery, an

industry quite outside the original designs of each. The Russia Company was many-sided. It did an enormous trade in salmon as well as in silk; and while endeavouring to reach China and India, struggled with the Dutch in the Arctic Seas, and for a long period was sole master of Anglo-Russian commerce. But rivals and jealousies increased and multiplied, its influence gradually waned, and before the middle of the 18th century the Russia Company was reduced to a mere name. It was in connection with the enterprises of this company that diplomatic relations were established with Russia and with sundry oriental potentates. It is pointed out by Mr Cawston that 'as the consuls and political agents in the Netherlands, France, and Germany were at first supported by the companies, so the first embassies to the far east were similarly equipped at the expense of the great corporations needing their intervention.'

The Russia Company was on the 'regulated' principle already described. So also was the 'Fellowship of Eastland Merchants,' who in 1579 obtained by charter the privilege 'to enjoy the sole trade through the Sound into Norway, Sweden, Poland, Lithuania' (except Narva, which was reserved by the Russia Company), 'Prussia and also Pomerania, from the river Oder eastward to Dantzich, Elbing, and Königsberg, also to Copenhagen, Elsinore, Finland, Gothland, Bornholm, and Oeland,' with power to make bylaws and to impose fines and punishments on all interlopers in these preserves. For fifty years this Eastland Company flourished and made much wealth, but Charles I. took away its grain monopoly. Charles II. threw open the Baltic trade to all on a nominal payment, and in 1689 the Eastland Company disappeared before the Declaration of Rights, which made illegal all monopolies not expressly sanctioned by parliament.

In the same year in which the Eastland Company was chartered was laid the foundation of another great historic enterprise. Queen Elizabeth despatched William Harbourn to Turkey as her ambassador. Now Harbourn was not a diplomat but a merchant, and all his efforts were bent on obtaining trading concessions from the Sultan. He was so far successful that in 1581 Elizabeth granted a charter of incorporation to certain merchants who 'at their own great cost and charges found out and opened a trade in Turkey not heretofore in the memory of any man now living, known to be commonly used and frequented by way of merchandise . . . whereby many good offices may be done for the peace of Christendom, and relief of Christian slaves, and good vent for the commodities of the realm, to the advancement of her honour and dignity, the increase of her revenue, and of the general wealth of the realm.' This was the beginning of the Turkey, or Levant, Company, by whose means all the produce of Greece, Syria, Egypt, Persia, and India was brought into England more abundantly, and more cheaply than before. This company sent out great fleets of ships with which they did a good deal of carrying for other nations as well. The trade and influence of the Levant Company

developed so enormously that it became necessary to despatch one Thomas Glover as resident envoy and agent of the King (James) in Turkey, with power to appoint consuls for the good government of the English in any of the ports of the Empire. Then came contentions with the East India Company (about which presently) with reference to the Eastern trade, and finally a great quarrel under which the fortunes of the Levant Company sank. It really endured as a corporation until the present century, not surrendering the last of its ancient privileges and immunities until 1825.

The Turkey or Levant Company is not only interesting as the last of the 'regulated' companies, but also as the precursor, and in some sort the initiator, of the great East India Company. Some of the members of the Levant Company formed the idea of establishing an overland trade with India, and obtained letters from Queen Elizabeth to the 'King of Cambaya' and the 'King of China.' They actually went overland to Agra, Lahore, Pegu, &c., returned by sea to Ormuz, and then up the Tigris to Bagdad, whence they made their way to Aleppo and Tripoli, and so home by sea to London. These bold adventurers, Newberry, Leedes, and Fitch, brought back such glowing information that the Turkey Company, under a new charter in 1593, extended its sphere to India by an overland route, while leaving Persia to the Russia Company. It was not easy, however, to maintain commercial relations with India through the territories of Turkey and Persia, always either at war with each other or with some neighbour. The Cape route was too precarious so long as Spain scoured the seas with her fleets; but after the destruction of the Spanish Armada men began to think more of a seaward than of an overland route to the East. The business that the Levant Company did succeed in doing with India quickened the desire for more, and so certain members of the Levant Company petitioned the Queen for permission to send ships direct to the Indies. Several voyages were made with such success that in 1599 a further petition was presented for incorporation as a joint-stock company, 'for that the trade of the Indies being so remote, could not be traded on but on a joint and united stock; and for certain privileges, including freedom from customs duties and liberty to export ballion.

And so it came to pass that on the 31st December 1600, Queen Elizabeth granted a charter for fifteen years to the Earl of Cumberland, and some two hundred and fifteen knights, aldermen, and merchants, that 'at their own cost and charges they might set forth one or more voyages to the East Indians in the country and parts of Asia and Africa, and to the islands thereabouts, to be one body politic and corporate by the name of the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies, to have succession, to purchase lands without limitations, to have one Governor and twenty-four persons to be elected annually, who shall be called committees, jointly to have the direction of the voyages and the management of all other things belonging to the said company.' This charter was for fifteen years, and it granted exemption from customs for four

years. The share capital was £72,000 in shares of £50 each, and the sum subscribed by the petitioners was £30,133, 6s. 8d.

This was the beginning of the Honourable East India Company, and the foundation of our great Indian Empire. At first the company contented itself with factories at Surat, Ahmedabad, Cambay, and Gogo, for purposes of trade only, but it had hardly passed its majority when it began to develop larger desires. Thus it obtained from James I. power to punish its servants by martial as well as municipal law, and in 1639 it formed Fort St George, now known as Madras. By the end of the century it was making treaties, acquiring territories, suppressing rebellions, exercising government, and building up an army and navy, and performing all the civil, judicial, and military functions of a state.

The story of John Company is, of course, the history of British India, and is much too large for treatment here. Suffice it to say that the charter was renewed from time to time in spite of contentions and controversies, until the mutiny of 1857 put an end to Government by Charter. The company which began as a trading corporation with a sum of £30,000, ended by bequeathing to the Empire an area of two million square miles, and a population of nearly three hundred million souls—one of the most marvellous evolutions in the history of the world.

While the East India Company was already becoming a great political power, a new enterprise was at work in the west, and an enterprise also full of romance and of thrilling adventure. The Russia Company had failed to find a north-east passage to India; but Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, Batten, and Baffin strove in succession to find a route by the north-west. Baffin declared as the result of his effort that there is no such passage. This was in 1616; but fifteen years later a fresh series of efforts began. The result was not the finding of the passage, but the foundation of a new Empire in the west. For in 1670 Charles II. granted a charter to Prince Rupert, the Duke of Albemarle, and sixteen other noblemen and gentlemen, conferring the sole trade and rights to lands, mines, minerals, and fisheries within the territory around and beyond Hudson Bay, to be known as Rupert's Land. 'The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay' were very liberally endowed with privileges and powers, and for the first twenty years their profits were very large, notwithstanding heavy losses caused by the depredations of the French. Several times, indeed, the proprietors received a dividend of fifty per cent. on their stock. In its third decade, however, the company lost so much through conflicts with the French that it had to borrow money. The leading feature in the enterprise was the fur trade, and for that trade it had a sore and lengthy struggle with the North-west Company of Montreal, with which, however, it amalgamated in 1821. Later, taking advantage of an Act of Parliament of George IV., the Hudson Bay Company surrendered its charter in return for a license for exclusive trade for twenty-one years, which license was renewed,

but finally expired in 1858, leaving the company with no special advantages beyond its large experience and splendid organisation. Its lands, with certain reservations, were transferred to government for £300,000, and were incorporated in 1870 in the Dominion of Canada. The great and growing North-west Territory is one of the Imperial outcomes of the charter granted to Prince Rupert two hundred and twenty-six years ago.

With the charter ended for two centuries the practice of royal grants and special privileges to British trading corporations. Besides the great concerns we have dealt with, other chartered companies have done work of a more or less permanent kind. Thus Sir Walter Raleigh founded the colony of Virginia under a charter from Queen Elizabeth. The South Virginia (or London) Company and the Plymouth Adventurers were formed for the settlement and trade of what are now respectively the Southern States and the New England States of the American Union. And there were several other chartered enterprises in America, which, however, can hardly be regarded as having built up the British Empire.

In Africa the first English charter was granted by Queen Elizabeth to certain merchants in London and Exeter, for exclusive trade to the rivers Senegal and Gambia. This was the first of a succession of Guinea or African Companies culminating in the Royal African Company incorporated in 1672, under the patronage of the Duke of York. This company traded much in gold, yet more in slaves; but being unable to keep up its forts without parliamentary assistance, was dissolved in 1752.

After the Hudson's Bay Company, no more charters were granted until the British North Borneo Company was created in 1881, and incorporated by Royal Charter for administrative and trading purposes in Borneo. Since then the Royal Niger, the Imperial British East Africa, and the British South Africa Companies have been formed under charters; but what they have done and are doing for trade and Empire is matter of common knowledge.

#### ON THE HEIGHT.

FRIEND who with dauntless soul art climbing still  
The path so few have courage to pursue,  
For whom life's storms assailing but renew  
The strength of thine indomitable will,  
Alone thou mountest the laborious hill;  
I having lapsed and vanished from thy view,  
For, where I faltered, thou remaindest true,  
Strong with the strength that liveth to fulfil.

So climb true soul, till Autumn's russet gleams  
Fade in the grasp of Winter's whitening palm,  
And on the hill-top of our glorious dreams  
Thou hast thy wage—life's last, immortal calm!  
Content am I to ponder from afar,  
Like some lone soul enamoured of a star.

EDGAR DEWEY.

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## THE CORNISH MINING CAPTAIN.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

ALACK-A-DAY! As the old order changeth, one of the most fresh and delightful characters Old England has produced is disappearing. Cornish mining is almost at its end. Every week away from the peninsula goes a shipload of miners for whom their occupation is gone, and with them the old cap'n.

Well, what is our loss is others' gain! and he goes to another part of the round world to be there as a waif of fresh air, a racy and delightful companion, a typical Cornish Celt, every inch a man, strong in body, and as strong in opinions, a little rough at times, but with a tenderness of heart like that of a woman.

If we go along the great backbone of Cornwall, we find it a mass of refuse heaps—every here and there is a bristling chimney, an old engine-house, but all desolate; the chimney gives forth no smoke, the engine is silent. The story is everywhere the same—the mine has failed. Is the lode worked out? Oh dear no! There is still plenty of tin—but foreign competition has struck the death-blow to Cornish mining, and the Cornish miner, if he will not starve, must seek his future elsewhere.

Of course there are captains and captains; there is the clever, wheedling captain, who starts mines never intended to pay, of which the only metal to be found is in the pockets of the dupes who are persuaded to invest in them. I knew one such. He found a mine, and was very anxious to get up a company, so he 'salted' it cleverly enough, by dynamiting tin into the soil. But the mining engineer sent down to see this mine and report on it to the investors was too shrewd for him. The projected mine was not in Cornwall but in Devon. 'Halloa!' said he, 'how comes this tin here? It is Cornish metal.'

So that mine never got on all fours.

In a great number of cases, in the large majority, in fact, the captain is himself the

dupe, and dupe of his own ambition. Mining is a speculation; it is a bit of gambling. No one can see an inch into solid rock, and no one can say for certain that indications that promise may not be deceptive. The captain sees the indications, the dupes do all the rest. If the lode proves a failure, then those who have lost in it come down on the captain and condemn him as a rascal.

But there are cases where concealment or falsification of the truth is actually dishonest. Caradon Hill, near Liskeard, according to the saying, is vastly rich in ore:

'Caradon Hill well wrought  
Is worth London Town dear bought.'

It has been mined from time immemorial, but is now left at rest, and has been deserted for some years. The tale is told—we will not vouch for its accuracy—that in one of the principal mines on Caradon, the miners came on an immense 'bunch' of copper; and at once, by the captain's orders, covered it up and carried on their work where it was sure to be unproductive. Down, ever more downwards went the shares, as the mine turned out less and less copper, and just as all concerned in the bit of roguery were about to buy up the shares at an absurd price, in burst the water and swamped the mine. To clear it of water would require powerful engines, take time, and prove costly. But as shares had fallen so low no capitalists could be found to invest, and there lies this vast treasure of copper unlifted, deep under water. 'I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.' Is it true? I cannot say—at all events it gives a peep into the methods by which the rise and fall of shares can be managed, and it shows how completely investors are at the mercy of the mining captains. But that there are rogues among the captains does not prove that roguery is prevalent, or that many are tainted with it. On the contrary, as a body they are thoroughly honest, but speculative and hopeful.

There is a certain captain who has great faith in the divining-rod. One day he was bragging about what he had done therewith, when an old miner standing near remarked :

'How about them eighteen mines, cap'n, you've been on as have turned out flukes?'

'I don't say that the rod tells *how much* metal there is, but that it tells where metal lies that is sure sartin. Now look here, you unbelieving Thomas, I'll tell you what happened to me. There was a pas'le o' fools wouldn't believe nothing about the divining-rod, and they said they'd give me a trial wi' my hazel rod; so I took it, and I went afore 'em over the ground, and at last the rod kicked, just like my old woman when her's a bit contrary. Well, said I, you dig there! and dig they did.'

'And did you come on a lode, cap'n?'

'I'll tell you what we came on—a farmer's old 'oss as had been buried 'cos her died o' strangles. Well, I promise you, they laughed and jeered and made terrible fools o' themselves, and said I was done. I done! said I—not I; the divining-rod is right enough. Look, they buried the old 'oss wi' her four shoes on. The rod told the truth—but mark you, her didn't say how much metal is under ground.'

The endurance and coolness of the miner are remarkable. But an instance or two will show this better than by dilating on the fact.

At a certain mine, which we will call Bear-walls, the shaft crumbled in. It was sunk through a sandy or rubbly matter that had no cohesion. When it ran in, there were below a miner and a boy. The latter was nearly frantic with terror, whined and wept, and could not be comforted. The man, whom we will call Thomas Penfound, considered the situation, and at once saw that if they were to be recovered alive, it would not be for many days. Accordingly, said he to his lad, 'Now, Jim, us must reserve our candles to eat. Us must do without light,' and at once he doused the candles.

For five days and nights these two were entombed. The cold was intense, and Thomas Penfound was obliged to keep the boy walking in the dark lest he should fall asleep, when he would not wake again, and he had, of course, also to keep himself awake. The tallow candles served them as food—and, by the way, miners are somewhat fond of tallow dips. I do not know that they consider them as a delicacy, but they do not dislike them.

Those without saw that the only way to save the entombed man and boy was to sink another shaft, and this was at once put in hand under the directions of the captain, Cap'n Zackie. That man worked for four days and nights without ceasing, save to take his meals, and that as a hasty snack. He neither lay down for one hour nor closed, but kept at work for all those one hundred and twenty hours as though he were a machine.

At the end of that time the buried miners were reached. The boy was in a dazed condition. Not so Thomas Penfound. The first remark he made was, 'Any fellow han' me a light and a bit o' 'baccey for my pipe?' and on reaching the grass he said, 'I wonder if my old woman have got summat cookin' for me.'

He was much surprised that all wished to shake him by the hand. 'Why,' said he, 'what is all this about? I ain't done nothin' but sit in darkness.'

Captain Zackie received the Victoria medal for his devotion. He had to go up to town for it, and was presented with it by the Princess of Wales.

Very often the captains are sober, and teetotalers. But this is not always the case, unhappily; and some are temperance advocates on the platform, but something else in the public-house. There was an old chap of this description who was known far and wide for his ardent temperance harangues. A very good friend one day went with him to prospect a promising new district. They entered to refresh at the little tavern, situated some twelve hundred feet above the sea, perhaps the highest planted public-house in England. The friend was amused to see Captain Jonas take the whisky bottle, and half-fill his glass, holding his hand round the tumbler to hide how much he had helped himself to.

'Halloa, Cap'n!' exclaimed the friend, 'I thought you took naught but water.'

'Sir,' answered Jonas with great composure, 'us must live up to our elevation. I does it on principle.'

Some of the Cornish mining captains have had experiences out of England as common miners. There is one I know who worked in the Australian gold-fields many years ago, and he loves to yarn about those days.

'We were a queer lot,' said he to me one day; 'several of us—and my mate was one—(not I, you understand)—were old convicts. But it was as much as my life was worth to let 'em know that I was aware of it. There were various ways in which a score against a man might be wiped out. I'll tell you what happened once. There was a chap called Rogers—he came from Redruth way—and he let his tongue run too free one day, and said as how he knew something of the back history of a few of our mates. Well, I knew evil would come of it, and evil did. Things was rough and ready in those days, and we'd tin buckets for carrying up the gold, and sand, and so on. Well, one day when Rogers was about to come up the shaft, by the merest chance, one of them buckets was tipped over, and fell down. I went after him down the shaft, and that there bucket had cut off half his head, and cut near through his shoulder. You wouldn't ha' thought it would have done it, but it did. Bless you, I've seen a tumblerful of water knock a man down if the water didn't 'break,' as they call it, before reaching the bottom of a deep shaft; it comes down in one lump like lead.'

After a while he went on—'I had a near squeak once, the nearest I ever had. When we were going to blast below, all men were sent up except the one who was to light the fuse. Well, one day there was only myself to do it. I set fire to the fuse, and away I went, hauled up. But somehow it didn't go off. I thought that the water had got in, so before I reached the top and had got out, I signalled to be lowered again. I had just reached the bottom

when the explosion took place. The rocks and stones went up past me in a rush, and down they came again. How it happened that I escaped is more than I can tell you; but God willed it; that was enough for me. I was back with my shoulder to the rock, and the stones came down in a rain, but not one any bigger than a cherry stone hit me. But I can tell you the men above were frightened. They couldn't believe their ears when I shouted; they couldn't believe their eyes when they saw me come up without a scratch. Folks say the age o' miracles is past. I'll never say that; it was a miracle I weren't killed, and no mistake.'

'Well, Captain,' said I, 'and did you make a fortune out at the Australian gold-fields?'

He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye. 'I went out with half-a-crown in my pocket. When I came back I'd got just one ha'penny.'

'But all the gold you found?'

'That had a curious way of leaving me, and getting into the possession of my mate—him who'd been a convict. He grew rich, he did. I didn't. Well, I came back with experience.'

'And now, Cap'n, what are you going to do?'

'There's nothing going on in the old country. I'm off somewhere over the seas again. Can't help it. I love dear old England, and blessed old Cornwall above all, but if they won't or can't support me and my family, I must go elsewhere.'

Alas! this is too true. The mines are nearly all shut down. In one parish alone, that of Calstock, there were twenty-two in active operation a few years ago, now not one.

The miners are scattered over the world. They are gone to South Africa, to Brazil, to the Straits Settlements.

The Cornish arms represent a pile of fifteen balls, and the motto beneath runs, 'One and all.' Now all the component parts of Cornish industry, the Cornish people, are scattered, and one and all dispersed through the globe; but give them the chance, and back they will come to old Cornwall again. Trust them.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER VIII. (continued).

SPURRING our horses to a last endeavour, we pressed through the town amid the enthusiastic welcome of the inhabitants and began to ascend the steep path to the citadel. It was plain that our arrival had been noticed, for a guard of honour was drawn up in the gateway to receive us. Our horses clattered under the archway and with the guard presenting arms we entered the court-yard to pull up before the palace steps. The group that I saw gathered there to welcome me I shall never forget. It included both the king and queen, and standing beside them, her hand resting upon my sister's shoulder—the Princess Natalie.

Springing from my horse, I clasped Olivia in my arms and kissed her, then shook hands with the princess, and afterwards with the king, who could scarcely greet me, so overcome was he with emotion.

'You must have ridden hard; we did not expect you for another day at least,' said the king after he had recovered himself a little. 'When your appearance on the plain was reported to me, I could scarcely believe it could be you. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this prompt reply to my call.'

As he spoke Olivia put her hand in mine and with her eyes swimming with tears said:

'And I thank you too.'

The Princess Natalie was about to speak, but she stopped herself at the last moment. A bright flush crimsoned her fair face and made her look lovelier than I had ever seen her before.

Having expressed his approval to Verman, who stood waiting upon the steps, the king escorted me into the palace, where a room had been prepared for me. A delicious cold bath, followed by a substantial meal, quite revived me; and within an hour of my arrival I was able to accompany the king to his study and to hear the story of his trouble.

As I sat in a long cane chair by the window, and he stood before me with the light falling upon his face, I was able to take stock of him, and to observe the great change the last year had worked in his appearance. When I had left the Médangs he had looked, even if he had not been, a comparatively strong man. Now he was only a shadow of his former self. His eyes were even more hollow than before, though they still retained much of their fire; his cheeks were sunken, and he walked with a more decided stoop than I had remembered of old. His mind, however, was as clear and his faculties as acute as when I had first spoken to him of his kingdom.

'Verman has probably explained all that has occurred,' he said when we were alone together, 'so that, beyond recapitulating the main points, I need not at present go deeply into that. In my own mind I am convinced that our enemies are taking advantage of the trouble that has occurred on the frontier to make an attempt to obtain possession of my kingdom, but fortunately I am prepared for them. Two or three small engagements have been fought with varying loss on either side, but so far nothing on a larger scale has been done. Here, as near as I can gather, are the particulars of our opponent's forces.'

He led me to a table in the centre of the room, on which was pinned a large chart representing the kingdom of the Médangs. On a small slip of paper pinned to this, and coloured to correspond with certain dots upon the chart itself, was an approximate estimate of the enemy's forces, with their distribution; also an exact account of the Médang army in all its branches. The king pointed out to me the plan upon which he was acting, and described in glowing terms the qualifications of the generals holding the different commands. He told me that the temper of his troops was excellent, and I gathered from his words that he was quite confident as to the result. For my own part, however, I was not so sanguine. His army seemed too small and too untried to hope to be able to cope for any length of time with the forces France would be certain to put into



the field against it; while the reserves he was mobilising, and upon which I was counting so much, would scarcely be sufficiently matured to afford them the support they undoubtedly would require. Taken altogether, the outlook was not a bright one, but for more reasons than one I determined not to allow my friend to suppose that I had any fear as to the ultimate result.

When we had discussed the situation in all its lights, had interviewed two officers leaving for the front, and my attention had been drawn to the bustle going forward in the arsenal, the king turned to me, and laying his hand upon my shoulder, said quickly:

'But I am forgetting there is some one you have not yet seen. Come with me.'

So saying, he led me from the room, down the long corridor towards his consort's apartments on the other side of the palace. Having learned from one of the women-servants the whereabouts of the queen, we were conducted to the room in question. There we discovered Olivia seated by the window, holding in her arms a bundle, the sight of which almost brought my heart up into my mouth. On seeing her husband she rose and came to meet us. The king drew back the veil that hid the little face, and with a pride that I have never seen, showed me the countenance of his first-born son. I bent down and kissed it, and as I did so, for some reason for which I could not then account, the tears rose in my eyes and trickled down my cheeks. Had I been in a position to analyse my emotion as I did later, I should have contrasted the visit to the king's study with this call upon the nursery. The two events seemed so opposite. In the first I had had brought home to me the lamentable insufficiency of the king's forces and the consequent danger to the dynasty of the Médangs; in the second I had placed before me for my consideration the father's joy in the heir to the throne he had built up for himself. One, the thing he most desired; the other, what he most dreaded. Small wonder therefore that my heart was touched.

'If you could only realise, Instow,' said the king as he took the child from his mother's arms, 'how all my hopes in life are centred in this little one, you would come nearer understanding my character than you have ever done yet. For his sake I shall fight to the death for my throne; and may God grant me success!'

His words and the sincerity with which they were spoken went to my heart, and the glimpse I caught of Olivia's face over his shoulder nearly broke down my fortitude. Her love and her pride in her husband was a most pathetic sight to see, and if you had realised how everything that meant life to them was hanging by a hair, your heart would have been touched like mine. The king's health, the safety of his kingdom, nay, even the very life of this little child, trembled in the balance, and I could do nothing but look on and wait. But *was* there nothing I could do? There and then, heedless of the consequences, regardless of what difficulties it might raise up for me in England later on, I offered my services, which were immediately accepted. All I could do to keep Marie I. upon the throne should

be done, and if he felt it should be through no fault of mine.

'God bless you, Instow,' said the king in a choking voice. 'With you at my back I shall feel even more certain of success than ever.'

'God bless you too,' said Olivia with unaccustomed seriousness, while the babe in her arms sucked his little dimpled fist and gazed round-eyed at his father and myself.

For the rest of that day and the day following we were kept as busy as bees. Despatches from the front arrived in the early morning and at mid-day, and had to be considered and instructions given where necessary. There was the supply of arms and ammunition to be pushed forward for the new troops that were being hourly enrolled, officers of all branches of the service arrived to have audience with the king, and in addition there were all the thousand and one nameless odds and ends incidental to a campaign to be attended to.

Towards nightfall a messenger was announced with an important despatch from the front. It was to the effect that an engagement of some importance had been fought, in which the king's troops had been driven back. In the general's opinion another was imminent; and he gave the strength of the respective forces, and asked for instructions. A council meeting, consisting of His Majesty, the prime-minister, the Governor of the citadel, and myself, was immediately called to consider it. At any other time I would have resented Roche's presence after what had occurred between us, but in the face of this new danger I was not prepared to upset the king by raising minor difficulties.

'Gentlemen,' said His Majesty when we were seated at the council table, 'you have heard the news that has been brought to me this evening. I will not disguise the pain this intelligence has caused me. However, as what is done cannot be undone, it behoves us to guard against a repetition of such a catastrophe. General Du Berg forwards me a plan showing his present position and also that of the enemy. I will spread it out upon the table that you may be able to study it for yourselves.'

He did so, and for something like five minutes we pored over it in silence.

'Now that we have made ourselves conversant with the situation of our troops,' he said when we had finished, 'we have to consider the general's question whether it is better to risk a big battle here, in the open country near the border, or whether it would be advisable to retire from our present position and endeavour to draw the foe after us into the jungle, where our men are more at home, and where we shall be in closer touch with our reserves. I shall be glad to hear your opinions upon that point.'

The question was a difficult one for a non-military man like myself to answer, and I waited for General Roche to speak first. My own opinion favoured the latter alternative, but it appeared that the general's preference was decidedly for risking an advance. He felt confident, he said, that the reverse the Médang arms had just suffered was the effect of the

shilly-shallying policy that had hitherto been adopted. There was a vast difference, he pointed out, in attacking and being attacked. Up to this time the French had invariably attacked, and in consequence, the heart of the troops had suffered. Let them, however, once obtain a success and their temper would be entirely changed. That success could only be obtained by advancing. On the other hand, if they were to retire into the jungle and allow themselves to be followed by the enemy, then the forces would be certain to imagine that their leaders were doubtful of success, and from that time forward the war might be considered at an end. The battle-field, he continued, was all in favour of their side, the troops were still willing, and under such circumstances it would be the greatest folly possible to think of withdrawing. So fervid was his language, so convincing his arguments, that I could see that the king was prejudiced in their favour. He was a staunch believer in his army, and would not dream it possible that they could remain long covered by this cloud of defeat.

Under these circumstances, it was with some trepidation I gave utterance to my own humble opinions in favour of withdrawal. That they were not well received I must admit. His Majesty greeted them with scarcely concealed impatience, the prime-minister with surprise, and Roche with a sneer upon his face for which I could have struck him. That the latter had some reason other than we knew for his advice I could not help feeling certain; but whatever I may have thought on the subject, I took care to keep to myself.

'I am sorry that you should not feel sufficient confidence in my troops to advise an advance, my lord,' said the king, more coldly than he had ever yet spoken to me.

'Your Majesty must remember that I do not know your army as well as you do,' I replied, 'and I only gave my opinion for what it is worth. Your men are at home in the jungle, and the French are not. Nature will assist you there as she will not do in the open, and, as you said just now, you will be more in touch with your reserves. However, both your Majesty and General Roche are military men; I am not. I therefore state my opinion with deference, and bow to your superior judgment.'

'If your Majesty will allow me to make a suggestion,' said Roche, 'I would advise that you visit the scene of action yourself, and consult with General Du Berg. You will then be placed in a better position for considering the merits of both plans and of judging between them.'

The king slapped his hand upon the table and then sprang to his feet.

'You have hit the nail on the head this time, Roche,' he cried. 'That is the best advice I have received yet. I will certainly visit the scene of action myself.'

'But, your Majesty'—I began.

'My lord,' he interposed hastily and with a little show of impatience, 'we must have no more "buts." My mind is made up. I shall leave for the front to-night. If I start in an hour, I shall be there by daylight, and then I shall see for myself what is best to be done.'

I looked at his haggard face, the stooping shoulders, and wondered that he could be so mad as to propose such an excursion. But in the face of his declared intention, I determined not to say anything on the subject to him. It would be better to find Olivia and get her to endeavour to persuade him from such a course.

This I did as soon as the council meeting was at an end, and she agreed with me that at any cost such a proceeding must be prevented. An hour later she came to me in my sitting-room.

'I can do nothing with him,' she said, almost with tears in her eyes. 'General Roche seems to have convinced him that the issue of the war depends upon his presence at this engagement, and nothing I can say or do will make him stay at home.'

'Then what is to be done?'

'We can only let him have his way,' she replied. 'But I cannot tell you how frightened I am for him. He is so ill, and he will take no care. He seems to think of every one and everything but himself.'

'Will it make you easier in your mind, dear, if I accompany him?' I asked.

'Much easier,' she answered quickly. 'I know I can trust you to see that he comes to no harm.'

'Then I will go. And throughout the time we are absent from the citadel he shall not leave my sight. Under those circumstances he cannot come to much harm.'

'God bless you, Instow,' said Olivia, and as she spoke the king entered the room.

When I told him that it was my intention to accompany him he seized my hand and shook it with all his old friendliness.

'Come with me, Instow,' he said, 'and you shall see my arms victorious. Remember they are fighting for my son and for my throne, and I know God will let them be victorious.'

#### MUNICIPAL PAWNBROKING.

THE proposal which was brought forward on a recent occasion in the London County Council with the object of establishing a system of municipal pawnbroking in the metropolis was dismissed very summarily, both by the members of the Council and by the general public. Why the question was not seriously discussed it would be rather difficult to say. On the Continent the authorities do not regard it as an undignified proceeding to advance money to the public on approved security. Almost every nation in Europe except ourselves has its system of state or municipal pawn-shops, or of societies which, under government authorisation, carry on their business solely as charitable institutions.

In England no attempt has been made by public authority to advance money to small borrowers, and private enterprise has alone dealt with the matter. Even the legislation on the subject is not of very great antiquity. The earliest trace of any enactment in regard to pawnbroking was a statute of the first parliament of James I., entitled 'An Act against Brokers.' From that time till 1872 various

measures were passed; but in this year the Pawnbrokers' Consolidated Statute was enacted, and has remained in force in Great Britain ever since. Under its regulations, which were made when money was much dearer than it is now, a pawnbroker is entitled to charge, for a loan above ten shillings and not exceeding forty shillings, a profit of a halfpenny on each two shillings lent on the pledge for each calendar month. The term is for twelve months, with seven days' grace, when the pledge may be sold by auction; but it can be redeemed at any time before the actual day of sale. Even within three years after the sale the pawnbroker is entitled to receive any surplus which may have remained after payment to the pawnbroker of the amount due to him. Pledges, however, pawned for ten shillings or under, if not redeemed in time, become the property of the pawnbroker. For sums over two pounds special terms can be arranged, provided they are embodied in the form required by the Act. If the advance is above ten pounds, the pawnbroker is in exactly the same position as any other money-lender, and can make what terms he likes with his customer. He is not allowed to take in pawn articles either from an intoxicated person or from a child under sixteen years of age, nor to receive linen or apparel or unfinished materials entrusted to wash or make up. He has to take out an annual license for each of his establishments, for which he pays seven pounds ten shillings; and if he trades in plate, an additional license of five pounds fifteen shillings. In Ireland the regulations which deal with pawnbroking are almost entirely contained in the statutes of 1786 and 1788, which were passed by the Irish parliament before the Union. Attempts have been made at various times to carry on pawnbroking in England on a more or less charitable scale, but they have all ended disastrously. Perhaps the most notable fiasco was the Equitable Loan Bank, founded in 1825 under the patronage of the Duke of York. The most recent attempt was that of a company called the 'Mont-de-piété of England, Limited,' which was formed in 1886. According to its prospectus, it proposed 'to help the poor in their time of need without pauperising them.' As its charity began at home, and consisted in making advances to its own directors on mining and other speculative securities, it is not very surprising that it ultimately came under the cognisance of the official receiver in bankruptcy. In Ireland the 'Mont-de-piété' system lived for a few years, but finally disappeared in 1853.

The country in which the smallest amount of pawnbroking is carried on is Switzerland. Being a frugal and thrifty nation, the Swiss do not encourage the system of raising money on personal property. In the canton of Berne there were a few years ago only two pawnbrokers. One retired because he did not receive sufficient support, and the other, who only did a small business, has recently died. In the whole canton of Zurich there are only two pawnbroking establishments. They are at Zurich and Winterthur, and are both carried on by the Cantonal Bank, which, being a state bank, can conduct the business without regard to a large

profit. By the cantonal law, pawnbrokers are only allowed to charge one per cent. per month; and this very low rate, coupled with the stringency of the law, precludes private individuals from embarking in such an unprofitable trade. The result is that there are a number of second-hand dealers, who are also subject to the cantonal law and under the control of the police, who buy outright the articles brought to them. Their customers content themselves with the vague and frequently illusory promise that they will be able to buy them back; but they are at the mercy of the dealers, who can ask what price they like for the repurchase of the articles. For some reason which is not very obvious, the people prefer to have recourse to the second-hand dealers, who are increasing every year, rather than raise money by pledging their property at the pawnshops of the Cantonal Bank.

The impecunious in Portugal can have recourse to the banks, the great benefit society called the 'Monte Pio Geral,' or the ordinary pawnbrokers. The pledges accepted for loans by the banks are mainly debentures and other marketable securities; but they do not disdain to increase their revenue by making advances on plate, jewellery, and precious stones. Like the 'Monte Pio Geral,' they employ licensed valuers to appraise the securities which are deposited with them, and the amount advanced on each article is about three-fourths of its certified value. The valuations are paid for by the pawner on a fixed scale, and hold good for twelve months. At the expiration of this period a fresh valuation may be made, when the pawner may be required to either reduce his liability or increase the value of his security. The interest varies with the official bank-rate, which it slightly exceeds. The business of the ordinary pawnbroker is regulated by statute. He has to obtain a license from the civil governor; he must declare the amount of capital he intends to embark in his business, and deposit at the proper office securities equivalent to the proposed sum. He has, furthermore, to give satisfactory evidence of his good character, and also of his commercial ability. Having commenced his business, he has every three months to submit his register of loans, showing the interest he is charging, to the chief of police or to the chief administrative authority. Whether there is any legal limit to the amount of interest he can charge it is difficult to say. If there be, he knows how to evade it.

In Paris pawning operations are conducted with a certain air of distinction, for the tutelary guardians of the pledges are the Minister of the Interior and the Préfet de la Seine, the latter being the president of the Mont-de-piété administration. He is assisted by the Préfet de Police, some members of the Municipal Council, of the Assistance Publique, and of directly elected representatives of the citizens. The Mont-de-piété was founded in 1777, and no other institution of the kind can be established in Paris without the authority of the Government. But Paris was by no means the initiator of the system in France, for exactly two hundred years previous to this date Avignon distinguished itself by founding



the first *Monte-de-piété*. Although the state in the capital and the municipalities in the provinces have a monopoly of these establishments, private pawnbroking exists in France, but it has no legal status. There are certain clandestine agencies which lend money on pledges illicitly, and there are the 'Marchands de Reconnaissances,' or pledge-brokers, who buy the pawn-tickets of the *Mont-de-piété*, and resell them at a very considerable profit to the original holders. The rate of interest charged by the *Monts-de-piété* is seven per cent., and the minimum advance is three francs. From this sum up to five francs no charge is made if the pledges are redeemed within two months. There is practically no limit to which an advance may be made. The name, address, and profession of the pawnier must be given, and if the sum exceeds sixteen francs, papers of identity must also be produced. In the case of a soldier, he must be accompanied by a non-commissioned officer of his company. There are stringent regulations in regard to receiving pledges from women and children for sums over sixteen francs, and every precaution is taken to prevent stolen goods from being pawned. No advances are made upon furs, uniforms, or weapons of any kind, but bedding is accepted as a security, and the administration takes care to properly disinfect it. In fact, the poorest classes in Paris during the summer months may be said to live on their beds while they are being taken care of by the *Monts-de-piété*.

Like a certain historic piece of furniture, the *Mont-de-piété* contrives a double debt to pay. Indeed it does more, for besides making advances to the needy and necessitous, it receives for the conduct of its business loans from the public, who find a safe investment in *Mont-de-piété* bonds. Furthermore, the surplus profits, which realise a very considerable sum, are devoted to the Paris hospitals, and indigence thus becomes the handmaid of the afflicted. But the *Mont-de-piété* system is not a perfect one from the borrower's point of view. Owing to the arrangement by which the appraisers are made responsible for any loss or deterioration on the articles pledged, most, if not all of them, are undervalued, and a really fair advance is rarely obtained. In the provinces the *Monts-de-piété*, which are regarded as charitable institutions, are under the control of the local authorities, the mayor of the town being *ex-officio* president of the council of administration. They are exempt from stamp-duties, and the rate of interest varies in accordance with the working expenses. At Nice, where the *Mont-de-piété* has only been established since 1891, the rate of interest is nine per cent.

In Germany pawnbroking is carried on by the state, by the parish, and by private enterprise. The State Loan Office in Berlin is under the direction of the Prussian State Bank, and it has three branches in the city. As in Paris, these establishments are conducted solely for the benefit of the public, and the surplus profits are devoted to charitable purposes. Even the private pawnbrokers are not allowed to retain any surplus which may be obtained on the sale of unre-

deemed pledges after the payment of all expenses. The amount has to be paid into the savings-bank to the account of the owner, and if not claimed within a year, the money may be devoted to parochial objects. The State Loan Office charges twelve per cent. interest per annum, whilst the private pawnbrokers are allowed to charge twenty-four per cent. on loans not exceeding thirty shillings, and twelve per cent. on advances above this sum. But whereas the money is lent for six months in each instance, the state office gives six months' grace, and the private office only four weeks, before the sale of the pledge. As under the *Mont-de-piété* system, government securities can be pledged for about three-fourths of their value, and only six per cent. interest is charged. This facility is a great advantage to the poorer classes who have invested their savings, as they are not compelled to sell in what may perhaps be a falling market. Amongst the favourite articles pledged in Germany are fur-coats and watches, which appear to be a perennial source of revenue. In the State Loan Office special provision is made to prevent the ravages of moths in the coats, which are stored in a cool place. On a certain day in January 1894 the state office had no less than twenty-seven thousand watches to take care of. They constituted eighteen per cent. of all the articles pledged.

Private pawnbrokers in Austria - Hungary carry on the largest amount of business, under laws very similar to those in force in England. There also exists throughout the empire a system of *Monts-de-piété*, under the control of either the municipalities or the state, whilst Vienna rejoices in the possession of the Imperial Pawn Office. At the head of the Imperial Institution is the Emperor, through his Imperial Chancery, but the office is practically under the direction of the Ministry of the Interior. It has one branch in the suburbs, and although originally established with the aid of the privy-purse and the Vienna poor-fund, it is now run at a profit, one-half of which is annually devoted to the poor of the capital. Its staff are all servants of the crown, and it has a pension list of £3000 a year. The rate of interest is ten per cent., and as no charge is made for a less term than a fortnight, the poorer classes are largely driven to apply to the private pawnbrokers when the article to be pawned is of small value. The private pawnbrokers are, however, resorted to by the lowest class of the community for another purpose. During nine months of the year they not only store but preserve from the moths an immense quantity of clothing, greatcoats and furs, which are entrusted to their care, and which the Imperial establishment will not accept.

The systems in vogue in the other European states may be briefly described. In Belgium, after many changes and vicissitudes, the *Monts-de-piété* were finally established in 1848, under the control of the government, and the necessary funds obtained from charitable institutions and from the municipalities. The rate of interest varies from four to sixteen per cent. At Brussels during recent years it has been six per cent. per annum. There exist also in

Belgium speculators called 'Marchands de Reconnaissances,' who buy up pawn-tickets, redeem the goods at once, distribute them in fresh lots, and repawn them. Their business is illegal, but, owing to the system they adopt, it is difficult to secure a conviction. An extremely useful object which the Monts-de-piété serve is the granting of loans, without interest, to indigent persons, when their funds permit after the payment of all establishment expenses. In Italy also the Monts-de-piété are regarded as benevolent institutions. That at Rome was founded by a monk named Giovanni Calvo more than three hundred and fifty years ago; whilst in Florence pawnbroking under government control was introduced at the end of the fifteenth century, at the instance of the great Savonarola. The rate of interest charged by the Mont-de-piété at Rome varies, according to the amount of the loan, from five to seven per cent., but loans up to five lire are exempt from any charge. The term is for six months. Woollen goods, however, are not renewable, and other articles must be revalued on renewal. There are agencies throughout the city which work in connection with the central office, but they charge rather a higher rate of interest. The private pawnbrokers, who carry on business under the authorisation of the police, charge an exorbitant interest, reaching sometimes to sixty per cent. They buy up pawn-tickets, and speculate on the proceeds of the sale of the pledges.

The 'Banken van Leening,' or pawn-banks of the Netherlands, are managed by the municipalities under a royal decree. There are also in Holland private pawnshops, which are not subject to any special regulations. They charge what interest they like, and pocket the surplus proceeds arising from the sale of the pledges. Owing to there being fewer formalities than at the municipal pawn-office, they are, despite their abuses, much resorted to by the poorer classes. They can lend money on real property, ecclesiastical symbols, military goods, workmen's tools, and public securities, which the municipal banks are not allowed to do. In Madrid the Savings-bank and the Mont-de-piété is a joint institution under the protection of the Minister of the Interior. It is managed by an honorary council of thirty, appointed by the government. The joint institution is worked in the following manner: The Savings-bank pays four per cent. on its deposits; the Mont-de-piété takes the deposits, pays five per cent. interest for them, and reissues them again to its customers at six per cent. Each establishment thus makes one per cent. profit, which is sufficient to pay working expenses and leave something for the increase of capital. Advances on jewels, precious stones, and plate are made for one year; on linen articles of clothing for six months; and on government securities for four months. There are in Madrid a great many private pawnbrokers, whose usual charge is equivalent to about sixty per cent. They are said to give larger advances than the Mont-de-piété, and remain open for business longer. Almost every town in Spain of any importance possesses a Mont-de-piété. In Norway and Sweden pawnbroking is carried on by various banking com-

panies, of which the 'Pant Aktie Bank' makes ten per cent. profit on its operations. In Denmark the system is conducted by private enterprise under the regulations of the state. Although in almost every state in Europe pawnbroking is carried on under theegis of the government or municipal authorities for the benefit of the poor and needy, it is not a little singular that in the British Isles, where exists the most extensive system of organised public charity in the world, nothing should have been done in this direction.

## JUANITA.

### CHAPTER III.

HE found the cabin deserted as he feared. Not a trace of the workings below was to be seen; the entrance to the treasure cave was covered with fifteen feet of gravel above it, safely hid for the present; and then it dawned on him, for the first time, that he was now the sole owner of all the gold. His unfortunate partners were buried twenty feet below the surface—struck as they were stooping, and crushed down by tons of water and great boulders. Such fatalities were too common in those days. The huge pits, sunk through the gravel to the bed-rock below, were often twenty to twenty-five feet deep, the sides having hardly any slope to them, for the gravel was so packed and beaten by the weight and action of the stream as to stand erect like any wall. As the workings were always up-stream, this compelled the miners to work at the most dangerous place. The enormous downpour of water struck them as they were gathering up their tools, preparatory to leaving the pit; without a moment's warning, stunned by blows from great stones and rocks hurled on them by the torrent, and thus helpless to escape, they were buried in a moment almost by the stream of rushing sand and gravel carried with the water. Escape was impossible; and it was owing to Erskine's being behind at the wheel that his life was saved, the water only reaching him, while the stones remained in the pit and filled it up.

Erskine knew nothing of these men, his late partners, or where they came from. In those days men were reticent as to their belongings and their past; they met and parted, worked together and alone, and none knew from where the other came. In case of sudden death, the custom was that failing any special bequest made by the deceased, the share of the dead man went to his partners. So all this wealth went to Ned, and his thoughts wandered back to a dear old country place at home, once in his family; now he could buy it back, perhaps, and live the most perfect life on earth, that of an English country gentleman. And then the pale, olive face—that persistent face—of Nita floated before him, and he sighed, as men will sigh when they have all they deserve and deem it hard they cannot have more. He had secured a lovely bride, and wealth beyond his dreams, and yet he sighed. Poor Ned, he was to be pitied! Packing the greater part of his effects on one mule, he mounted the other



and returned to Dave's camp, thinking his wisest course would be to stay there meanwhile, and discuss with the old man the best method of moving the treasure; besides, he would see Nita daily, and he now felt that this was necessary to his existence. He had yet formed no plans—to be with her was enough; of course he must tell her father: he had promised that much. He little knew the surprise in store for him, however.

On arriving at the camp he found father and daughter absent. Pitched close by were the lodges of a small hunting party of Indians—four or five young bucks, and an older Indian squatted on their heels round an expiring fire, busily gnawing the ribs of an antelope whose skin lay near. Ned, dismounting, tied his mules to a tree. He did not love the Indians much—mistrusted them, in fact; and, like most white men in the west, deemed a dead red-skin of superior value to a live one, well knowing that treachery was considered a virtue by most of these children of the forest and the plains. So, carelessly swinging his revolver to the front, where it would be handy in case of need, he advanced with the usual salutation of 'How.' The elder Indian rose to his feet, and gazing fixedly at Ned for a moment, said: 'Me savvy you—you killin grizzly—me Tindoy.' Erskine remembered the man and the incident, and at once felt at his ease. He had, over a year before, shot a grizzly bear under circumstances of special risk to himself, and at the same time had probably saved Tindoy's life. An Indian never forgets a friend or an enemy, and this man considered Ned a friend. Tindoy, chief of the Banak tribe of the Sioux nation, was a fine specimen of the red man. Muscular and strong, he stood erect as an arrow, like all his race; his raven hair hanging to the neck, with braided locks on either cheek, was decked with coloured beads. Fastened on the crown of his bare head was a long feather from an eagle's plume—the badge of chieftaindom. He had moccasins and leggings of dressed buckskin reaching to the waist and a vest of lighter substance, while over all fell from the shoulders a striped blanket of brilliant colours, worn like the Roman toga, leaving the right arm free. He was considered loyal to the Government during some serious Indian troubles, and had used his influence successfully in keeping the greater part of his hot-headed tribe from the war-path.

Dave and his daughter returned to camp laden with fat trout and grayling in addition to three blue grouse shot by the old man. Erskine took the fish from Nita and helped her to prepare them at the water's edge. She said: 'Ned, I have told my father. I had to tell him; my heart is so full of joy, I was compelled to tell some one. You must speak to him this evening, Ned,' then softly, 'my husband.' This last expression convinced Erskine that the girl viewed him as her actual husband, and that her stern old father probably took the same view. He remembered how she had told him that any failure on his part in love or fidelity towards her would not only kill her but himself as well; and he fully realised that she was quite capable of making matters warm for him if her jealousy or passion was aroused. He was touched by the pathetic manner she had

deplored her having no bosom friend in whom she could confide her new delicious story, the story of her love, and her being compelled to fall back on her grim taciturn father as a confidant. Ned felt the plot was thickening, little suspecting that Nita with a woman's instinct had spoken to her father freely, and had pressed him to arrange a marriage without delay. She was quite as acute in her own little way, this handsome half-caste girl, as many of her grander sisters in the fashionable world; and having hooked her fish securely, she saw no reason for incurring a possible loss in landing him by needless delays. She was not tramelled by ancient precedents or useless conventionalities. She was simply unaware of any reason why she and Ned should not be married at once, if they were to be married at all; and she was haunted by a lurking dread that something might happen to prevent her marriage if it was postponed. She was deeply in love with Ned and very proud of her victory, but equally anxious that their marriage should be at once, for then she would have him safe and her very own always, and she would be content; but until that consummation of her dearest hopes and wishes was effected she could not rest. So she told her father in her imperious way, and knowing her of old he consented for the sake of peace, though grieving to lose his daughter.

It occurred to Erskine to ask the assistance of Tindoy and his party as well as of Dave Le Gros in moving the treasure. He knew but few of the miners above his claim, and those not well enough to trust. He felt his secret would be safe with all the party present, and ere long he made up his mind to let matters take their own course. If the safe removal of the gold compelled him also to take a handsome bride, why then he would marry Nita. So turning to her with a smile he said: 'All right, Nita Mia, I will speak to him to-night.' The Indians did not join the others at supper, preferring their own food and their own style of cooking—this being simply to thrust a rib into the fire for a few moments and then gnaw it nearly raw like wolves. Later on the party joined together round the fire; and Tindoy, producing a short briar pipe, filled it from Erskine's proffered tobacco-pouch. The Indian had visited Le Gros' camp to consult him regarding the disposition for peace or war of some border tribes well known to Dave. The two men had known each other for years, and each respected the other. Erskine rose to his feet, Nita's eyes upon him; and after he had begged Dave to join him, they strolled down the glade. In a few words he told the old man he loved his daughter, that she returned his love, and asked for his consent. Le Gros stopped suddenly, his fierce eyes fixed on Ned's.

'My daughter has told me of this; I believe you are a good man, from what I know of you, but my girl has always been a good girl to me, my only friend and comrade for years past. Together we have hunted, shot, and fished, enduring many a privation and hardship; and now that I am getting old and worn, you would rob me of her and let me go my way alone. She loves me as her father, you as her future



husband, and her love for you will outweigh that for me. Ah! I have long dreaded this day,' added the old man sadly, as though talking to himself. Then fiercely he addressed Ned again: 'Why have you come between me and my girl? Why could you not have left her alone, left her heart in peace and left her to me?' Now his voice fell, and in the soft Mexican language of Nita's dead mother he talked to himself, his heart gone back to the long ago when he too won his dark-eyed bride against her parents' wishes. A silence followed, Dave looking on the ground as though his thoughts were elsewhere—as indeed they were.

When next Ned spoke, he in earnest tones pointed out to the old man the needlessness of any parting between his daughter and himself, concluding, 'I wish to camp with you and make your home mine meanwhile.'

Le Gros, looking up, asked: 'What means have you to keep a wife? I take it for granted you wish to marry my girl and make her legally your wife.'

This was a very natural question; for left-handed marriages, so-called, were too common in those days, and Dave was determined that his daughter should never contract such a tie—to be broken at the pleasure of either of the parties. Ned with a quiet smile reassured him:

'I think my means are sufficient for all our wants—I will tell you of them later on. It is your consent I first want.'

'I have not quite finished yet,' rejoined the trapper. 'Have you reflected that my daughter is not white as you are? She has both Indian and Mexican blood in her veins. Are you prepared to protect and care for her in years to come? Will you always treat her as your equal? I know the ways of the white men too well,' he added bitterly; 'I know how they lie—some of them; how they deem any woman not a white inferior to themselves, and when they return to the East leave her and their children behind them without a thought. I know all this. But my daughter is to me as precious as though her blood was pure as the great white queen's. Should you marry her, and fail to treat her always with the same respect and attention you would a wife from your own country, then remember two things—first, that Nita can take good care of herself, and if you do her any wrong, she would quickly avenge herself; second, if she failed, *I would not*.'

The old man spoke with a quiet and impressive dignity; and the last sentence was accompanied by a gleam from his piercing eyes that would in any case have convinced Erskine of his sincerity. Ned had listened silently to Le Gros. There was a certain grim humour in gaining the consent of this man for his daughter's hand, on the condition that he did not fail in his fidelity to her, under the penalty of death at the hand of father or daughter.

He was fascinated with Nita's piquant beauty and bright winning ways. He had no thought of retreat, even were it possible; and as he looked back to camp he saw her watching them, her tall figure a model of graceful curves and outlines, standing like a silhouette sharply cut against the golden sunset.

Le Gros, as they returned to camp, was

evidently pondering the matter deeply in his mind. He was a man of action in all he did, and he decided that under existing circumstances the sooner this marriage was accomplished the better. He did not believe in Ned Erskine hanging for weeks or perhaps months about Nita, each of them in love with the other; and he acted accordingly.

Calling his daughter to him, and addressing Tindoy and his party in Indian, he spoke for some minutes; after which the Indians consulted together for a moment, and then rose to their feet. Le Gros, placing his daughter's right hand in Erskine's right, said, first in English, then in Indian: 'Do you both wish to marry each other, and be man and wife as long as both of you live?'

Nita and Ned signified their assent.

Le Gros again in English and Indian said: 'I now declare you to be man and wife, married as legally as though by a priest, and joined till death parts you.'

The Indian chieftain then faced the setting sun, and stooping down lifted a handful of earth; next, standing motionless with uplifted arm, he cried: 'By the sun above me and the earth below me, do I swear that from this day this man and woman are to me as my brother and sister, and that at all times and places I am their friend when they call to me.'

The other Indians present repeated this oath, the oath an Indian never breaks. Nita grew very pale during the ceremony, brief and informal though it was, and when it was over, with a low cry, she threw herself on Erskine's breast, sobbing violently. Ned soothed her agitation, murmuring softly, 'Nita, dearest wife,' she soon raised her tearful eyes to his, and with a tender smile said: 'Ned, my real husband now.'

The reader may consider these nuptials were rushed through with unreasonable haste and lack of ceremony; but in the Far West people are not accustomed to delay when anything has to be done. In this case there was no complicated trousseau to be prepared, for obvious reasons, and there was no earthly reason for postponing this wedding for days or weeks. Old Dave was no believer in dangerous delays, and Nita, with the shrewdness of her sex, had quite agreed with her father as to the wisdom of a speedy wedding. The law in that day recognised the absolute validity of such marriages.

Ned's feelings were somewhat mixed at this moment, when he found himself supporting his blushing, tearful, and charmingly beautiful bride, now also his legally married wife. He had not foreseen the sudden manner he was to be hurled into matrimony. Not that he objected by any means, but still the haste was no doubt a little startling. No time certainly had been lost in taking him at his own proposal; and now that he had attained what he had long sighed for, Nita's hand, he felt the proceedings had been carried through with somewhat too great rapidity. However, it was now done and past recall, and as he stood there, with his bride leaning on his heart, her soft arms clasped round his neck, her eyes suffused with tenderness, he imprinted kiss after kiss on the red lips, and mentally concluded he was a lucky fellow.

A happy party sat round the camp-fire that evening, Ned with his arm round his young wife's

supple waist, and Nita's head on his shoulder. Both gazed silently at the glowing logs, each thinking of the new change in their lives—she proud and happy, with no concealment of her love; while if to him a lurking doubt would at times present itself as to the wisdom of his choice, one glance at his young wife's perfect face dispelled the doubt and left him exultant. The Indians and Le Gros on the opposite side of the fire discussed the action of the hostiles, against whom Tindoy spoke in severest terms. In times of war Indians keep touch with each other's doings in a marvellous way. News flies like lightning. Foot and mounted runners, smoke and fire signals, sun-signals made by small mirrors obtained from the whites, are all used to convey intelligence; and Tindoy related the results of severe fighting two hundred miles away, which had occurred just three days before. An Indian runner had silently come to the camp, and after a few hurried words to his chief, had taken a handful of dried venison and as silently vanished.

Ned, who had been deeply considering the matter, withdrew his arm from his wife's waist, and told Dave at full length the story of the gold discovery. He let him know that he wished for the assistance of the Indians and himself in moving the treasure out of the country, and begged him to explain the matter fully to Tindoy and his party. Then turning to Nita, he said laughingly:

'You little thought when you married me that you would be the richest woman in this district, did you?'

The girl's eyes dilated with surprise when he told her all the story, and then, nestling closer to him, she said softly: 'The gold is good, Ned, and very good to have, but you, my husband, are better to me than all the gold on earth.' Soon after, taking his hand with a rosy blush, she led him to her tent, where Dave and Tindoy had placed a great pile of soft robes and skins as their joint marriage present. And there the happy pair were lulled to sleep by the scented wind sighing through the pines, while overhead the stars shone forth with dazzling glory.

Sam Blay was a type common in the hills, with a plausible tongue and an easy smile; he preferred lying to the truth, even when the latter was the more prudent course. Calling himself a miner, he rarely worked as one; jumping a claim and then threatening to blow the owner's head off suited him better. Sam was usually to be found in the nearest saloon, where he was always ready for a free drink from drunken fools or nervous strangers anxious to propitiate all and sundry. He picked up a doubtful living by gambling, blackmailing, and stealing, for Sam was essentially lazy and hated honest work. He talked big, a coward at heart and a bully on the surface, and for trickiness was unsurpassed. Those who knew him—and few did not—called him Slippery Sam. He had been prowling down the cañon, looking for something to levy toll on—an unprotected claim or a side of bacon, all was grist to his mill—when he saw below him a party of Indians and two white men busily engaged in some work at the creek bottom. Crouching behind a projecting rock, Sam peered over the edge, seeing but unseen. He observed the men

going in and out of a hole in the rock below the gravel, where a shaft had been sunk; while from time to time they came up with small bags which seemed heavy, judging from the way the bearers held them, and placed them in a heap on the surface. Sam's eyes dilated with amazement.

'Great thunder,' he muttered, 'what is this?' The sacks held gold. He was long enough in mining camps to know that much at a glance. 'But, Caesar's ghost, what does it all mean? Indians too!' Then he recognised old Dave and Erskine, and he softly said to himself: 'I guess I have struck it this time.' He lay crouching, watching the party. He was in no hurry; this lucky stroll of his promised big results if properly worked; and his snaky eyes gleamed and the easy smile had a cruel tinge as he watched the proceedings beneath him. He saw the small sacks packed in larger ones, and loaded on to the waiting mules, then mules and party followed the lower trail down stream. Sam followed at a safe distance on the upper trail, and from his vantage ground above he saw the camp reached, and the sacks delivered inside a white tent which stood apart from the Indian lodges near it. He took careful notes of everything, and departed. Tindoy, it should be mentioned, had willingly assented to Ned's request, but disdained any share of the treasure; he did this for 'his brother,' not for reward.

Nita had been busily at work for days beforehand, cutting up and sewing into bags the choicest deer and antelope skins in camp, and using for thread the sinews of the deer's forelegs, fine as silk and thrice as strong. Buckskin is impervious to gold-dust, and is about the only material, save metal, that is.

Le Gros and Ned had sunk a shaft or small pit to the tunnel mouth, the Indians helping to transport the treasure; and the whole party intended next day to leave the country. Slippery Sam knew every one, and most people knew Sam—some to their sorrow. When he returned from his afternoon stroll—and he came back at a faster pace than he had ever done before—he stopped at a small log cabin standing apart from the others near by. Passing through the open door without knocking, he found the friend he was seeking sitting on an upturned keg before a table of rough boards, eating his newly cooked supper—a lean sinewy man, with evil eyes and unshaven face and thin lips that rarely smiled. This resolute dare-devil was James Jackson, a gambler by profession, suspected of being a road-agent when times served, and a known murderer and scoundrel. Unlike Sam, he was no coward. Fearless, quick in action as in thought, he could gallop midway between trees some sixty feet apart, and deftly plant a bullet in each at the same moment from revolvers in each hand. He was a man who would shake hands with an enemy, and with his left fist pound the enemy's face to jelly, holding his right hand fast meanwhile. An expert sharper, who would deal kings, queens, and knaves to others, reserving aces for himself, at the festive game of poker. He was hated, feared, and fawned on. Sam, out of breath with haste, gasped:

'Jim, there's the biggest lot of boodle down



the crick you ever saw. Gosh! there's loads of it, all sacked up too, nice and handy. Never seed nothin' like it in my time.'

He proceeded to give Jackson a detailed account of what he had seen, and the two worthies sat talking together eagerly until night had fallen. They decided they would make their visit to Le Gros' camp that night, and risk no delay.

Sinn Harvey kept the best drinks and the greatest variety in the district. His saloon was a huge barn-like structure, built of logs, roughly hewn inside; a long, low-ceilinged room, the rear piled up with barrels of whisky from Kentucky and wines from California. He himself was a short-legged man, with long arms of brawny muscle, and enormous width of shoulders. Leaning against the bar stood a man dressed in riding-costume of stout corduroy, with high boots and spurs. This was Lindesay, the captain of the Vigilantes, an organisation then approved by all peaceable people, while it was equally dreaded by the other side, the thieves, murderers, and rascals. Often had his life been threatened, and his cool gray eyes and firmly-cut lips had merely smiled contemptuously in reply. As he stood there, quietly chatting to the bar-keeper, a half-drunken loafer staggered past him, making Lindesay a sign as he passed on to the door. The latter waited a few moments, and then followed his spy outside. Passing up a deserted alley he found his man waiting, who told him in a few words that while he was lying on a bench feigning sleep in a deserted corner of the saloon, he had overheard the plot of Jackson and Blay's raid discussed by them and two other men they called in to help them, as they all sat, drinking together, near to where he was stretched out. Lindesay listened quietly, asked a question or two, and then moved slowly away. That very day he had ridden within sight of Le Gros' camp, and knew how to go there. He strolled leisurely along the deserted streets of the mining camp, calling at one or two cabins on his way, and then going to his own, sat down to write some letters—he did not dare to sleep, tired though he was with his long day's ride. He had been waiting for months to catch Mr Jackson in some serious criminal act, for he had long known him to be a dangerous leader and instigator of more timid small fry.

### ORANGE-GROWING IN JAFFA.

By REINHOLD PALMER, Jerusalem.

THAT much-prized fruit, the Jaffa Orange, is now so well known and appreciated in England that it may interest readers of this journal to learn some details of the method of its cultivation.

The name by which this variety of orange is known in England is derived from the place where it is cultivated, the growing and prosperous little town of Jaffa on the coast of Syria, so well known to those who have visited Jerusalem, for which it is the port. In the vernacular the name for orange is 'Portugan,' doubtless a corruption of the word Portugal, and is an indication that the orange was probably in the first instance introduced into Palestine from Portugal; but as it is not recorded

when or by whom this tree was thus introduced, the origin of the name can only be a matter of surmise. Although not a native of Syria, it thrives on the sandy coast of that country better probably than anywhere else in the world, the climatic conditions—the rainless summer, accompanied by heavy night-dews, and the winter without frost—being well suited to the growth and development of the fruit. But the culture must of course be supported throughout the long summer by artificial irrigation. Were it not that water to any amount can be procured in every garden and at a moderate depth, it would be impossible to grow oranges in Jaffa. The whole neighbourhood seems to cover a river of vast breadth, percolating through the sand *en route* to the sea. Hundreds of Persian wheels working night and day produce no sensible diminution in the supply of life-giving water.

Several varieties of the orange, such as the round Beladi, the Blood Orange, the Mandarin, &c., thrive along the coast of Syria, but the oval and almost pipless kind known as the Jaffa Orange is only produced in Jaffa itself and its vicinity; and this peculiarity, according to the native gardeners, must be attributed to the quality of the brackish water used in its irrigation. Until about thirty years ago this oval form was quite unknown, when a native gardener, quite by chance, through careful attention to his trees, succeeded, much to his own astonishment no doubt, in improving his Beladi or Spanish variety of orange into the Shamuti, by which name the Jaffa kind is known in the vernacular. By selling grafts from his improved variety to other garden proprietors, he was instrumental in substituting the Shamuti for the Beladi orange throughout Jaffa. It is a remarkable fact that all attempts hitherto made at growing the oval orange elsewhere than at Jaffa have not been successful; even at Sidon and Tripoli on the Syrian coast, where the climate and soil seem precisely of the same nature as at Jaffa, all experiments in this direction have failed.

The method of laying out a garden in Jaffa is as follows. The land having been carefully selected and purchased—preference being always given to a red sandy soil—the owner will get in his workmen and start them on levelling and working up the ground. This is very thoroughly done; the levelling of the earth being important with a view to the future irrigating of the orange trees. The ground is in the first instance well ploughed, and then with the object of effectually removing every particle of weed, the workmen use their hoes to turn up the soil to a depth of fully three feet. This expensive process is very necessary, as the presence of even the smallest root of a weed will prove injurious to the trees and be difficult to remove later on. While this work is going on the proprietor will have fixed upon the spot where the well is to be sunk, and have commenced operations. The depth at which water is found varies materially in different gardens, and ranges from about twelve to sixty feet below the surface; consequently the cost of sinking his well is always more or less a matter of speculation to the proprietor.



The deeper wells are, however, the exception and not the rule. The system of irrigating is by Persian wheels, simple in construction, cheap, quickly made and repaired; and experience has shown that they are much better adapted for the purpose intended than the steam pump. The whole of this simple machinery is quickly specified and described. A wide cog-wheel is kept going horizontally by a mule with a sweep; this turns a larger one perpendicularly, which is directly above the mouth of the well. Over this revolve two thick ropes, and upon these are fastened small wooden buckets; one side descends while the other rises carrying the buckets with them, these descending empty, those ascending full; and as they pass over the top they discharge the water into a trough which conveys it into an adjoining tank. The quantity of water discharged within the twenty-four hours depends on the speed at which the mule is kept going, and also, of course, on the depth of the well. An average-sized garden requires the constant labour of three to four mules to provide the necessary amount of water, the animals being relieved about every three hours.

The ground prepared and manured, the Persian wheel fixed, and accommodation—of the simplest kind of course—being provided for the gardener and the mules, the proprietor now proceeds to buy young lemon trees about a year old. These are meant to be used as stocks upon which the orange slips are later on grafted; and of them there is always a fair supply available in the nurseries of the older gardens. These lemon trees are now planted, under the supervision of the head-gardener, at a distance of four yards apart, and the most suitable time for this operation is during the months of March and April, before the great heat has set in. A hedge of cactus or prickly pear is planted at the same time round the garden, which in a few years' time grows into an impenetrable mass, preventing the intrusion of man or beast.

The young lemon trees will now thrive without much further attention, except that they must be carefully irrigated; this is done by a system of small masonry troughs running in all directions through the garden, and fed from the tank adjoining the well. The garden is generally divided into four equal parts, each part being irrigated within the course of two days, so that every tree receives its share of water every eighth day in rotation; and this is considered ample. A small trench is dug round each tree sufficiently large to hold its requirement of water, and as the tree grows and needs a larger supply, the trench is enlarged; the amount of water that will eventually be required must therefore be calculated on the basis of the irrigation necessary when the trees are six years old, and may be said to have reached maturity. If the garden is a full-sized one, and contains about six thousand trees, it will be necessary to sink either two wells or one well sufficiently wide to admit a double set of buckets, thus raising double the quantity of a single set in the same space of time.

During the winter months the garden is left to itself, the gardener employing his time in

taking the mules to graze, thus saving the cost of feed. The winter (or rather rains) over, the garden is weeded, manure is worked into the soil, and the trenches round the trees are renade and enlarged. Irrigating commences about the end of June, and lasts till the end of October or middle of November.

In order to recoup himself for his outlay while the trees are growing, the proprietor will sometimes arrange with his gardener to grow vegetables in the empty spaces between the young trees, giving him the seed and one-third to one-half the produce of the vegetables in lieu of wages. This system is, however, not considered economical in the long run, as the trees, which are purposely grown in close proximity to each other, really require the whole of the soil; and their development and productiveness is retarded by the growing of vegetables.

The young lemon trees are allowed to grow for two summers before the orange slip is grafted upon them; this operation is performed in the autumn by the head-gardener, who is an adept at this work. After the fourth summer, calculating from the time the lemon stock was planted, a few oranges may appear on the trees; and during the following two years the whole of the expenses of a garden will, as a general rule, be covered by the sale of the orange crops.

It is generally assumed that after the fourth year a garden becomes self-supporting; but it will require two years longer before a return in capital outlay can be expected. After the sixth year, however, a garden that has been well attended to will not only pay all expenses, but give a handsome return as well. The fortunate proprietor will now also have the further satisfaction of knowing that the marketable value of his property represents probably more than double the whole of his outlay. This will give an idea how profitable orange-growing in Jaffa really is, to those who can afford to wait a few years for a return on capital. To the native of Jaffa only one form of investment has a charm—the height of his ambition is to own a 'Biarah,' the technical term for an orange-garden; unfortunately for him, however, he as frequently as not launches upon the enterprise without having sufficient capital to see it through successfully, with the result that he is compelled to borrow money at a ruinous rate of interest in order to meet his current expenses, and finally has to part with his property before he has seen any of its fruit. This explains why most of the garden property is in the hands of the money-lending class, who have had very little trouble in growing the trees.

Once the garden is in full bearing, the proprietor, apart from an occasional visit of supervision, has little to do beyond selling his crop of oranges, paying the expenses, and pocketing the balance.

The gardener in charge receives a fixed wage of from two to two pounds ten shillings per measure only as long as the trees do not bear; once they are in full bearing he is no longer paid by a fixed wage, but receives a share of the produce, generally one-twelfth to one-tenth of the crop. It is also understood that the

gardener's wife and family, who live on the premises, assist in the garden-work without extra remuneration, hence the size of his gardener's family is a matter of some consideration with the owner. This system of making the gardener a partner in the produce of the garden works very well, as he thereby acquires an interest in the general up-keep of the property.

It is difficult to calculate the exact cost of laying down a garden. The price of the land varies of course according to position and quality; then the depth of the water below the surface and consequent cost of sinking the well cannot be estimated to a nicety. As a general rule, however, a garden containing six thousand young trees will cost from eleven hundred to twelve hundred pounds to lay down complete, with live-stock. To this sum will have to be added five years' expenditure (during which period the garden is assumed to be unproductive) at the rate of one hundred and twenty pounds per annum, making six hundred pounds. We have therefore a total of eighteen hundred pounds, representing the capital outlay on the garden up to the time that the trees are in full bearing. From now onwards the crop of oranges will have an annual value of from four hundred to five hundred pounds; and this will leave the proprietor, after deducting all expenses for wages, feed of live-stock, taxes, repairs, &c., a clear revenue of ten to fifteen per cent. on his total capital outlay of eighteen hundred pounds.

The risks which the Jaffa orange-grower runs, as compared with those which the grower in Florida has to face, are infinitesimal. The storms that visit the Syrian coast, although of frequent occurrence during the winter months, are not of such force as to damage the trees; in fact it is remarkable how very small is the proportion of ripe fruit even which falls to the ground after a storm. This is no doubt due to the fact that the Jaffa orange tree is not allowed to grow larger than a good-sized shrub; and as the trees are placed only four yards apart they afford each other very considerable protection from the force of the wind. The cactus shrubs also, forming the hedge of the garden, grow very thick and high, and give additional protection from the storms. Blizzards and frosts, which have proved so ruinous in Florida, are quite unknown in Jaffa.

Owing to the good keeping qualities of Jaffa oranges, which enables them to be shipped to distant parts, there is always a brisk demand for them, and the grower has hitherto had very little difficulty in disposing of his crops at good prices. If not exorbitant in his demands, he can almost invariably sell his fruit for a lump sum while the fruit is still green, and before the winter, with its risks of hail, &c., has set in. The shipper who purchases the fruit in this way takes over the whole of the risk of any damage that may happen to it, and he cuts the oranges from the trees whenever it suits him to do so; the contract only stipulating that the garden is to be cleared by the middle of March, as the proprietor likes to see his trees free of fruit before the new blossoms appear.

The whole of the crop of Jaffa oranges does not at the present time exceed three hundred thousand boxes of about one hundred and sixty

oranges each, which is a mere trifle compared with Spanish or American crops, and about four-fifths of this quantity is at present shipped to England.

The orange-growing industry is almost entirely in the hands of natives; a few of the newer gardens are, however, owned by Germans and Frenchmen.

## MATING FISHES.

By W. ANDERSON SMITH.

WE are gradually becoming better acquainted with the wonders of the sea, and discovering a strange similarity in its general features with much that is familiar to us in the better-known land-section of the globe. If we once got to understand that a mile of sea is a much more extensive hunting-ground than any mile of land, we should better grasp the enormous possibilities and more complex conditions of the ocean world. For in place of the few feet of the earth's surface that is inhabited, a mile of sea surface may be of vast depth, and all of it may be the scene of life and rivalry and struggle. There are different classes of fishes, and varied conditions for fish life, in all the various zones of sea. There is food of different kinds—often exceedingly minute—throughout the larger portion of it during the greater part of the year; and the lives of the inhabitants vary to as remarkable an extent as do the conditions under which their existence is passed.

It is commonly believed that a sort of communistic indifference is the ordinary law of nature that regulates the intercourse between the sexes of fish, and that 'love' does not exist amongst the cold-blooded inhabitants of the deep. This, however, is a misconception. In the case of the gregarious fishes, indeed, there is no apparent individual preference; for with the cod spawning over a period of six weeks or more, and sending its millions of eggs to take their chance on the surface of the water, this would be almost an impossibility. Yet such promiscuity is by no means a universal condition. With the plentifulness of eggs the regardlessness of the parents as to the future of their offspring seems to increase. We can scarcely look upon any creatures, much less vertebrate animals such as fishes, as wholly indifferent to the safety of their species; yet the herring will freely devour the young of its own species, and cannot possibly distinguish its own offspring amid the throng. This is the more remarkable, as the balance of evidence would lead me to believe that this gregarious and non-mating fish was originally of a higher character, and has degenerated; as humanity would probably do if compelled to live under conditions as unfavourable to domesticity. The herring spawns like an inshore fish, depositing its ova on rough sea-growths, in place of consigning them to the winds and waves like the ordinary sea-fishes. It also used to spawn close inshore until driven farther and farther out into deep water by the persistent onslaught of



man. Its American congeners on the Pacific coast still shed their spawn close inshore on wattle laid down for them by the Indians, which is afterwards removed for the purpose of collecting the ova for food. Further, there are Australian species that are even yet inhabitants of fresh water, and—a fact of great importance for our present argument—these are non-gregarious. I am of opinion that the beautiful fishes of the herring kind were originally mating fishes, and developed their beauty as a sex character; and that their great increase has driven them to become gregarious only within comparatively recent times, so that they have not yet lost all the characteristics of mating fishes, with their deposited and guarded ova. Under what conditions have the various fishes advanced to that cultivated and, as it were, partially civilised state, in which their young are cared for, and their mates delighted with a display of gay colours and startling physical adornments? There is a wonderful sameness under the complexity of the animal creation, and we find very similar conditions in all classes of life, from the insect to man. All types of family and non-family arrangement have been tried, and, found wanting under fresh social conditions, have been dropped for new ones. Yet the advantages that have accrued from the earlier arrangement often survive for a very considerable time, and defy the ordinary observer to understand how they have originally arisen.

It may safely be premised that with no kind of animals was any considerable intellectual progress made until they advanced from the original communism of the sexes, and adopted that family life which is the most powerful aid and stimulus to advance in civilisation. On the other hand, the falling away into ancient savage courses meant a similar decay in intelligence. The number of human races that have thus degenerated is probably greater than we are willing to admit. I now desire to call attention to the indications of similar degeneration on the part of fishes, and arising from similar causes. In order to take a broad view of the question, we must not be content to regard the present condition of our native fishes as representing the general character even of their own genus, much less of genera closely allied. Thus some of the herring of Australia are not only gregarious and marine like our own, but other species dwell in fresh water and are non-gregarious. So that it is no great stretch of probability to assume that all the herring tribe originally belonged to fresh or brackish water, and were mated; and that they only gradually became marine, gregarious, and sexually communistic. Rapid increase, and the necessity for an increased supply of food, would account for the inevitable movement in this retrograde direction, forcing them to return to the salt water ere the growth of land and fresh-water streams made a higher life possible. Domesticity in a great ocean seems hard to imagine. There is a primary demand for suitable physical conditions, so that the female mate can be isolated and left comparatively secure in some definite position. This can only be done in a river or along a comparatively protected coast. So that when we find in the sea fishes in which male and female have come to be sharply dis-

tinguished in appearance and which have developed special sexual characteristics, we conclude that they have so developed originally under very different conditions, and have formerly been river or shore fishes. We do not know a great deal of the habits and customs of that most brilliant of our fishes, the Skulpin (*Callionymus lyra*); but the fact that the male is so gorgeous, while the female is so plain, points to a condition of things like that which has developed birds on land. The male must have the desire to specially attract, while the female must have the aesthetic instinct and admire a 'gay wooer.' Although somewhat of a rover, the skulpin belongs to a class of shore fishes, and doubtless developed his character and physical peculiarities as a shore fish. We may take it that he is a monogamist like other gay fishes, and endeavours to attract his mate by the embellishments of his person.

One curious character of the most highly domestic fishes within our knowledge is that what elsewhere we look on as the maternal instinct is in their case paternal. Thus the little sticklebacks are amongst the most noted of nest-builders; but it is the male that watches over the eggs, as it is the male that builds the nest for their accommodation. Curiously he is not monogamous, and has to guard the ova from the mothers, as the hen turkey has to hide her eggs from the father. The sea species is also a nest-builder; but it can scarcely be called marine, seeing that it is as indifferent to fresh water as the common stickleback is indifferent to salt. Still more remarkable in this direction is the pipe-fish, or *Syngnathus*, which, when the female has ejected the ova, takes them, and placing them in a long pouch (or series of small pouches, according to the species), hatches them himself, and undertakes all the care of the young—a care that is also unusually prolonged. This is a sluggish, slow-swimming fish, much given to coiling itself round seaweed, with a tube in place of jaws, and no very marked intelligence. But it has developed the domestic instincts powerfully in a special direction, and is a singular instance of a fish that is often, however unwillingly, pelagic, and provides against the risks incidental to its pelagic existence. Although producing comparatively few ova, the pipe-fish is often exceedingly abundant; no doubt the exceptional care of the young secures them a fair start in life. They are originally, however, shore fishes and fishes of the quiet waters—they could not otherwise have maintained an existence with their weak powers of progression. I attribute the comparatively unintelligent character of this fish to the too prolonged care of the young; they are too long tied to their father's apron-strings. Their main defence lies in the tough cartilaginous casing with which they are armed, and which renders them a by no means attractive morsel to the hungriest cod. The other shore domestic fishes are specially intelligent, although often delicate and unprotected. Thus the little sucker fishes of all species are gelatinous and incapable of defence. But they deposit their ova in a safe place, and watch over them with persistent devotion. Any one accustomed to dredging in the spring over scallop ground must be familiar with the dainty little



creature, often of surpassing beauty, that is frequently found in the half-open shell of the departed scallop. She will be found to be lying on rows of eggs, which she has deposited on the inner surface of a shell just sufficiently open to permit her entrance and exit. I cannot say to what extent the male aids the female in attending to the ova; but as he is at this season in his best wedding plumage, a very ocean gem, he may often be noted as at least in attendance upon her ladyship, and neither will willingly leave their charge. These are indeed true mating fishes, and in captivity are greatly devoted to each other and to their young. Besides this little two-spot sucker there is a still more distinctively shore fish of the same family. It has a row of bright spots along the dorsal fin in the male, and though as to species it is somewhat mixed up by authorities (no doubt owing to the marked difference of the sexes), there is no doubt about its being generically *Lepidogaster*. This fish is very numerous in localities in the spring under stones on the shore, and then is found in pairs, watching over the deposited ova, being distinctly monogamous. The male is larger as well as more gay and brilliant than the female. It may be noted that this superiority in the male is not always found amongst fishes. The male sole was long in being discovered, being so diminutive compared with the female as to be thought undeveloped. Another species or variety of *Lepidogaster* is found in more exposed situations, and is provided with two brilliant ocellated markings behind the true eyes, as if to act as a protection and scare away any casual enemy. These give the impression of belonging to some huge creature; and it requires a close scrutiny to discover that, in place of being the eyes of a large fish, they are like the dragon on a Chinese shield, meant only for terrifying the enemy. These gentle, intelligent, domestic, 'mating' fishes have not many eggs, but as they carefully tend these, they have a better chance of continuing the species than the more prolific pelagic fishes. Still another genus is the Montague sucker, *Liparis*, which is equally domestic, varied in colouring, and elegant. No doubt in all these cases the beauty is determined by the sex sentiment, universally acknowledged to have such a vital influence on the appearance of animated creation. This is one reason why I hold that in such cases as the herring, with so many affinities to inshore and fresh-water fishes, the beauty may originally have been developed under conditions where the sex sentiments had better opportunities of cultivation along domestic and monogamous (or polygamous) lines.

These shore fishes are of many and varied genera, but commonly agree in the fact of their domesticity, although the manner of its display may be as different as the character of the fishes themselves. This suggests the fact that it is the opportunity that is wanted, and that the lack of it has more to do with the result than the nature of the creature. For even the Gunnel, or butterfish, allied to the great ocean ribbon-fish, is as domestic as his neighbours. His walnut-shaped roll of ova is always found with the parent coiled round it, like a hen on the nest, and reckless of its own safety in presence of danger to its young.

The conclusion to be arrived at in regard to the more beautiful and interesting fishes of our own coast is that brilliancy of colouring, with general attractiveness, has been developed as a sexual peculiarity; that it is mainly apparent in shore and fresh-water fishes; and that where the conditions are not now such as to support this contention, the evidence tends to show that these have changed, while the result of former conditions still remains. Further, suitable conditions not only produce domesticity, but monogamy, which among fishes, as amongst mankind, is an advanced sexual condition. It is also one that may be lost, more especially through over-population and unsuitable surroundings. In some instances the difficulties are met by the parents carrying the ova about externally or in pouches; while in others, such as the various viviparous and ovo-viviparous fishes, a closer communication is demanded. The homogeneity of nature is strongly shown by the great world of waters displaying the various arrangements for the continuation of species that have been, or are still, in use amongst the highest types of terrestrial mammalia. But only suitable surroundings conduce to monogamy and domesticity. The 'mating fishes,' however minute, are the triumph of intelligent sentiment.

#### CONSOLATION.

Ye classic bards, whose verses seem  
Untroubled and serene  
And smoothly flowing as the stream  
That gushed from Hippocrene,  
Did words to you seem dowered with life,  
Volition unpropitious,  
The Muses, jades who stirred up strife,  
Elusive and malicious?

Did Homer, when hexameters  
Proved obstinate or coy,  
Wish he had never tried in verse  
To tell the tale of Troy?  
Was Sophocles at times inclined  
To turn his dithyrambs  
Against the weak misguided mind  
That first contrived iambs?

Did Horace keep a temper sweet,  
When one deceitful line  
In vain he called on to complete  
An epode else divine?  
Did Virgil e'er in anger sit  
And call down classic curses,  
Because the verse would not admit  
His Corydon and Thyrsis?

Chafed by a struggle long and hard  
As ever poet sung,  
The wooing by the anxious bard  
Of his coquettish tongue,  
We hug, O mighty men of old,  
This fancy to console us,  
That there was sifting of the gold  
Rolled down by your Pactolus.

W. Hogg.

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## CLEVER FOOLING.

JUST as the pent-up forces of Nature must find some outlet for their playful energy, and are forever running to waste, so the active brain of man often seeks relief in frivolous occupations of no apparent value. The most learned of men have at times employed their leisure moments and found relaxation in what may be styled, for want of a better term, clever fooling, often with a view to playing tricks upon credulous antiquaries and scientists.

The composition of sham Latin inscriptions seems always to have been a favourite subject, of which none is more widely known than

I Sybille hæres ago  
Fortibus es in aro  
Nosces mari Thisbe trux  
Se vaticinun 'Pes an dux,'

which appeared in a Dublin paper some years ago, before wit had died out of Ireland, and purported to have been found near the site of a church dedicated to the saint known to the old chroniclers as Uncatus Ambulans [Hookey Walker. The first words are: 'I say, Billy']. In 1756 a clever print was published which depicted a knot of eager archaeologists grouped around a tombstone, endeavouring to spell out this extremely Latin-looking inscription, which some declared referred to the Emperor Claudian, till a lad one day spelled 'it out. 'Beneath this stone repositeth Claud Coster, tripe-seller of Impington, as doth his consort Jane.'

BENE.  
A.T.H. T.H. I.S.S.T  
ONERE. POS. ET.  
H. CLAUD. COSTER. TRIP.  
E. SELLERO.  
F. IMP.  
IN. GT. ONAS. DO.  
TH. HI.  
S. C.  
ON. SOR.  
T.I.A.N.E.

The following artful combinations of Latin

words so as to produce sensible English sounds was thought by Coleridge to be among the most witty productions of Dean Swift:

Mollis abuti	Moll is a beauty
Has an acuti	Has an acute eye
No lasso finis	No lass so fine is
O mi de armistres	O, my dear mistress
Cantu disco ver	Can't you discover
Meas alo ver?	Me as a lover?

In the following clever hexameters the puzzling effect is heightened by the blending of Latin words in their own sense with renderings in the most canine of dog-Latin. They contain the announcement to his head-master by a (surely exceptional) pupil that he had passed his examination.

Care mihi princeps, sum per, mirabile dictu:  
Proxima sed rasura firit, ni fallor, aratri.

'Sum per' is of course 'I am through,' and the ingenuity in suggesting 'very close shave' and 'being ploughed' will be noted.

Visa mori in somno nobis est et vice versa  
is not a very reverent way of giving,

We thought her dying when she slept  
And sleeping when she died.

Here are a few amusing specimens of dog-Latin and translation:

bene audax,	well bowled.
equinox,	nightmare.
sotto voce,	in a drunken voice.
pax in bello,	the dogs of war.
splendide mendax,	lying in state.

Learning has sometimes been lavished on hoaxes which the world insists on accepting as real. Such was the legend of the Upas tree of Java, purported to have been written by a Dutch surgeon, whose identity, however, was never made out. This is now generally believed to have been the invention of George Steevens, a malicious *savant*, who, to take his revenge on the Society of Antiquaries for refusing him their Fellowship, wasted much scholarship and time which might have been

better spent. Among others, Erasmus Darwin accepted the myth and embalmed it in stately verse.

Occasionally our learned Societies are offered papers of an apocryphal character. A description of the exploration of Wrangel Land, north of Behring Strait, with its herds of mastodons, met with a temporary success a few years back at the Royal Geographical Society; while Sir John Hill hoaxed the Royal Society with his tales of marvellous cures by Bishop Berkeley's tar-water.

The 'lunar hoax,' a pamphlet purporting to describe the discoveries of Sir John Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope, though full of the most palpable blunders in astronomy and mathematics, was so plausible that an edition of sixty thousand sold in one week. This folly was the handiwork of Richard Alton Locke, editor of a New York newspaper. And to show that science is not always proof against colourable absurdities when they ingeniously fall in with preconceived notions, we need only quote the ease with which M. Chasles was deceived by the forged Pascal papers.

That clever and well-educated men should deliberately lay themselves out to play such pranks can only be explained on one of two hypotheses: revenge, as in the case of George Steevens, or sheer love of mischief. Most, if not all, have their playful moods, times at which they must give rein to their animal spirits or, as the Yankees would say, 'bust'; and to these periods we are indebted for many of our best literary conceits. Some, like Canning, break out into punful rhyming; others into compounding elegant riddles and charades, or, like Lord Lyttelton and Horace Walpole, into writing smart and pithy epigrams. The more boisterous class of spirits, too, must have their fun, if even at the expense of their best friend, like Sothorn, who—so the story goes—once made an appointment with Toole to dine at a well-known restaurant. The hour of meeting was fixed, and Sothorn arrived some few minutes before the appointed time. An elderly gentleman was dining at a table at some little distance from that prepared for the two actors. He was reading a newspaper, which he had comfortably arranged before him, as he was eating his dinner. Sothorn walked up to him, and striking him a smart blow between the shoulders, said:

'Hallo, old fellow! who'd have thought of seeing you here? I thought you never'—The assaulted diner turned round angrily, when Sothorn exclaimed: 'I beg you a thousand pardons, sir; I thought you were an old friend of mine—a family man, whom I never expected to see here. I hope you will pardon me.'

The old gentleman growled a reply, and Sothorn returned to his table, where he was presently joined by Toole, to whom he said:

'See that old boy? I'll bet you half-a-crown you daren't go and give him a slap on the back, and pretend you have mistaken him for a friend.'

'Done!' said Toole; and done it was immediately, with a result that may be imagined.

This, perhaps, savours too much of the practical joke to come strictly under the title of clever fooling, but it is hard to draw the line between where humour ends and folly steps in—the borderland is so wide. Take, for example, these paradoxical lines on a familiar subject, recently accredited to a working-man, which are at the same time witty and nonsensical:

Cold water is the best of drinks,  
The temperance poet sings;  
But who am I, that I should have  
The very best of things?  
Let princes revel at the pump,  
Let peers enjoy their tea;  
Whisky or beer, or even wine,  
Is good enough for me.

The construction of a palindrome such as Napoleon's supposed reply when asked in his latter days whether he could have captured London:

Able was I ere I saw Elba,

simple though it looks, displays considerable ingenuity, and, without even trespassing on the borderland, we might name numerous other fields for the exercise of like talent—acrostics, conundrums, logogriffs, rebuses—in short, word games and puzzles of endless variety.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER IX.—THE PLOT THICKENS.

THE sun was in the act of rising above the eastern hills when the king and I, dead tired after our long ride, urged our horses up the slope of the last hill, and reaching the top looked down and saw before us, on the plain below, the encampment of the army of which we had come in search.

'Thank God, we are in time. They have not retired,' said His Majesty fervently as he began to descend again. 'In another hour we might have been too late. I see they are already moving.'

I followed the direction of his eyes, and saw that men were hurrying in all directions. It was evident that something important was toward. A moment later, however, the jungle took us into its embrace, and for a while we lost sight altogether of the camp. A brook lay before us, and our horses were in the act of crossing it when a sentry appeared from behind a mass of creeper and challenged us. Next moment we found ourselves face to face with a picket, the officer of which turned his men out instantly on perceiving that he was in the presence of the king. Having discovered in which direction the general's headquarters were situated, we urged our horses on again, for we had left the jungle and were once more on open ground, and hastened towards them. The news of our arrival had spread like wildfire through the camp, and by the time we reached the hut towards which we were making our way, the general and his staff were standing before it ready to receive us.

General Du Berg, if I have not yet described



him to you, was a fine-looking, well set-up man of about five-and-forty years of age. He carried himself with soldierly erectness, had short curly hair, blue eyes, a gray moustache, a gruff voice, and the reputation of ruling his men with a rod of iron. It was in a great measure to his exertions and the confidence reposed in him by his master that the army of the Mcdangs owed its efficiency, though he could never be induced to state in what country's service he had acquired his own training. Indeed, what countryman he was himself it was well-nigh impossible to tell. He spoke English, French, German, and Italian with equal fluency, and was understood to have once confessed to several years' active service under the flag of one of the South American republics.

His surprise at seeing His Majesty was not as great as I had expected it would be. He was doubtless accustomed to the king's rapid comings and goings, and thought it in no way strange that the sovereign should desire to be present on such a momentous occasion as the first real battle in which his army was to be engaged.

As soon as our greetings had been exchanged the king led the way into the hut, and I followed with the general. His Majesty looked very tired and pale after his long ride, and it was with delight I noticed that the general had ordered a meal to be placed upon the table for us. Marie, however, would touch nothing; he said he was too excited to eat. He hungered only for news.

'In which direction are the enemy encamped?' he asked, as he threw himself down on a seat.

'On the hillside across the plain, five miles due south of our present position,' replied Du Berg with that brevity characteristic of him.

'Have they moved at all since you sent me that message yesterday?' asked the king.

'They have extended their outposts half a mile or so to the east and west,' he answered. 'Otherwise they have not made any perceptible change in their arrangements.'

'And your men—what of them? Are they prepared to retrieve what your despatch told me they had let slip?'

'They are ready for anything,' replied the general. 'They are furious at having been beaten the day before yesterday, and if I but give the word they will be at their enemies' throats like bulldogs.'

'They shall have their opportunity before many hours are over,' said the king. 'Let us hope they will take advantage of it. Now, is there any point from which we can see both camps and the land between?'

'If your Majesty will accompany me, I will show you everything,' Du Berg replied.

So saying, he led the way from the hut, and the king and myself followed him. Strong man though I was, our eighty-mile ride had tired me almost to the point of dropping; the king, however, seemed as fresh as when we had ridden out of the citadel gate ten hours before. It is my belief that he was too excited to feel fatigue; but I dreaded the reaction that must inevitably follow. He climbed the hill

until he came to the point to which the general desired to bring him, and then leaning against a tree took careful stock of both camps and the stretch of sparsely-timbered plain, which would undoubtedly be the battle-field, lying between. When he had been looking at it for upwards of ten minutes, he consulted a paper he held in his hand, made several notes upon it, and turning to the general, asked him what he intended to do.

'With your Majesty's permission, I think we should advance while we have the opportunity,' Du Berg answered. 'The enemy are waiting for their reinforcements to come up, and if we are going to attack them at all, now is the time. We shall not find a better.'

'Then let it be as you wish,' said the king. 'You had better give the necessary instructions at once.'

As he spoke I caught a glimpse of his face. It was deathly pale. Thinking he was unwell, I ran towards him.

'You are feeling ill,' I cried. 'You have done too much. Will you not rest for a little while and let me give you some stimulant?'

He waved me off, however, declaring at the same time that there was nothing the matter with him.

'I am tired, that is all,' he said. 'Let me see my men victorious and I promise you will have no fault to find with the colour of my face.'

There was nothing for it but to be content with this assurance, and we accordingly turned our attention to the troops in the valley below. While we watched, a mule battery passed through the jungle behind us on its way to take up a position amongst some palms on an eminence half a mile or so to our right. The men looked as happy as schoolboys at the prospect of what was before them.

As I have already said, the main body of the enemy had intrenched themselves upon a plateau on the side of a steep hill across the valley, a mile or so from where we stood. Thence they were able to observe all our preparations. To show that they were aware that our men had fallen in, a shell left their camp and burst with a terrific report in the jungle a little to the left of the general's headquarters. This was the first shot of the battle. A few minutes later the battery which had passed us was returning the compliment, and after that the engagement might have been said to have fairly started. For the first time in my life I was under fire, and I can assure you the situation was not altogether a pleasant one. More than once the shells seemed to be aimed directly for the spot where we stood, and on each occasion I made up my mind that I could not fail to be killed, but somehow they invariably changed their course before they reached us. At any rate we remained unhurt. The king all the time stood unmoved, watching the movements of his own troops and those of the enemy through his field-glass as composedly as if he had been witnessing a review from one of his own palace windows.

At the end of a quarter of an hour the general's instructions had been carried out, and the regiments were moving forward from the valley on to the plain, under the protection

of guns on the hillside. Out in the open, however, it was a very different thing. Being within range, they were subjected to such a fusillade from the battery which had first opened fire upon us that they came to a sudden halt, and twice fell back, being unable to face it. The king watched the result with growing impatience.

'That battery must be silenced at any cost,' he cried, stamping his foot as the regiment nearest us showed signs of wavering.

'It shall be stopped if we can do it,' replied the general, and gave an order to an officer standing beside him, who immediately made his way down the hillside.

Five minutes or so later a column on the extreme left began to move forward towards the battery in question, but they had not proceeded more than a hundred yards across the plain before they too halted and began to evince a desire to turn back. At the same instant a wing of the enemy began to move along the lower side of the hill to the east with the intention of attacking us upon our left flank. Seeing this, His Majesty became almost beside himself, and, before we could prevent him, had called up a trooper who was holding a horse a few paces to the rear. Then throwing himself into the saddle, he galloped down the hillside regardless of the broken ground and the shells and rifle-bullets which were descending on all sides of him like hail. His action had been so sudden that it had taken us all by surprise, and nothing therefore remained for it but to watch and wait. We saw him gallop across the plain and finally reach the regiment in question. Once there, he pulled his horse to a standstill, and it was evident from his gestures that he was haranguing them. Shell after shell burst to right and left of him, and on one occasion three exploded almost simultaneously in the centre of the regiment not more than fifty yards distant from where he stood, causing such confusion that it seemed impossible it could ever unite again. At the same instant Du Berg's horse nozzled my elbow, and I turned to push him farther from me.

When I looked on the plain again, it was a very different scene I had before me. Raised to a pitch of wildest enthusiasm by the king's words, the regiment had sprung forward like one man, and with His Majesty at its head, was racing for the fort on the hillside, heedless of the leaden storm that was being poured into it. Still carried away by his excitement, His Majesty rode at its head, waving his sword and cheering his men on to the assault. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes, and I dared not think of what might happen.

Nearer and nearer the regiment came to the hill. Another hundred yards would see it beginning its climb, and already a second column was hastening forward to its support. Suddenly my glasses almost dropped from my hands, and I fell back against a palm with a choking sensation in my throat, such as I shall never forget as long as I live. At the foot of the hill the horse His Majesty was riding was shot under him, and I saw him go down with it.

That was sufficient for me. I could stand no

more. Olivia's committal of him to my care flashed back upon me, and calling for a horse, I sprang into the saddle, and drove him down the hillside in the direction of the fort as fast as he could go. How he managed to get to the bottom at such a pace without breaking his neck, or how I escaped destruction from the shot and shell that were tearing up the ground all round me, are two things I shall never understand. Certain it was, however, that I did escape, reaching the hillside just as the men I was following were swarming on to the battery against which they had been led.

Heedless of everything save one irresistible desire to be by the king's side, if he were still alive, I urged my horse up the hillside, drawing my sword as I went. The gunners had resisted valiantly, but before our men they were like chaff blown by the wind. As Du Berg afterwards remarked to me, 'led by the king, the men would have stormed the gates of hell itself, and thought nothing of it.' At any rate, by the time I reached the plateau the guns were silenced, the gunners were dead, and those who remained alive of the regiment, who had captured it with such conspicuous gallantry, were lying upon the ground utterly exhausted.

Bringing my panting horse to a standstill as soon as I reached the top, I dismounted and looked about me for the king. At first I could see nothing of him, and my heart went down to zero when I thought of Olivia and the news it might be my fate to have to carry to her. But a second glance relieved me of my anxiety. He was leaning against a gun-carriage, his dripping sword still in his hand, and his face white as the sheet of paper upon which I am now writing. A more ghastly sight could scarcely be imagined. His face was stained with blood from a cut upon his cheek, he was struggling for breath, and save for his dark restless eyes, looked more like a dead man than a live one. Fortunately I had had the forethought to bring with me a flask of spirit, and seeing his condition, I hastened to pour him out a cupful. He drank it eagerly, and when he had done so, declared that he felt like a different man. I was about to expostulate with him for his rash act, but he would not hear me.

'This is no time for such talk,' he cried, with a wave of his hand. 'To-day I am showing the world of what I and my troops are capable. To-day I am putting a new rivet into my throne, which will hold it together even more firmly than before, and one which will never be broken.'

As he spoke the regiment which had been sent to support him put in an appearance, accompanied by a battery which Du Berg had forwarded posthaste to work the guns that had been captured from the enemy.

Thus reinforced, His Majesty bade the senior officer re-form his men, for he had further need of them. While this was being done I endeavoured to induce Marie to mount my horse. At first he would not hear of it, but after some considerable trouble I succeeded in making him do so. And it was well that I did, for almost at the same instant that he reached the saddle an *aide-de-camp* arrived from Du



Berg, bidding the officer in command cross the valley at its narrowest point, and attack the left flank of the enemy with all the speed at his command. A glance at the main body on the plain showed us that it was advancing to attack the centre, while a regiment similar to ours had just been successful in carrying the position on the right.

'My children,' said the king, as he rode down the line, his face beaming with pride, 'you see what is required of you. Go forward, and may God prosper your endeavours. Remember your king believes in you and is proud of what you have done this day.'

With a cheer that might have been heard a mile away, the regiment moved at the double down the hill on the side to the right of that by which they had ascended, and as they disappeared, the gunners sent to manipulate the captured guns opened fire upon the dark mass of the enemy. Then, turning to the *aide-de-camp* who had waited to see the general's orders executed, the king bade him dismount and give me his horse. He could easily make his way back to the staff by way of the jungle, and once there he would be able to obtain a fresh animal without any trouble.

'Now for the *coup-de-grace*,' cried the king, pointing as he spoke to the main body of his troops which were pressing forward towards the hill under a heavy fire. 'Are you coming with me, or would you prefer to rejoin Du Berg?'

'You are surely not thinking of risking your life again?' I said, aghast at the folly of such a proceeding.

'I am going to lead my men to victory once more, if that is what you mean,' he cried, his eyes sparkling as he spoke.

'For heaven's sake, think what you are doing,' I said. 'Remember your wife, your child, your throne, and your people. What will become of them if you are killed?'

'I have thought of them,' he answered, 'and it is for their sakes I am determined to rid my country of its foes. Are you coming with me or not? Have no fear; I shall not be hurt; my fate lies in a different direction.'

'You must know I shall not let you go alone,' I said, seeing that it was useless trying to persuade him against his rash act.

'Then forward, my lord,' he cried; 'I will show you such a victory to-day as you never dreamt of. Let us be starting or we shall be too late.'

So saying, we struck in our spurs and galloped down the hill at our best speed. The main body of the troops, under one of the king's oldest and most trusted officers, was charging directly up the middle of the valley, under a severe fire, towards the hill on which the enemy had intrenched themselves. Regardless of the dangers to which they were exposed, they pressed on, to the accompaniment of the thunder of the batteries on the heights above, the screaming of innumerable shells, and the cries of the wounded who lay thick upon the field behind them. From what I had seen of the troops prior to that time, I must confess that I should never have credited them with such obstinate courage. But to-day their blood was up, their

fighting spirit was roused, and with remembrance of the example that had just been afforded them fresh in their minds, there was nothing they would not do or dare.

## OUT WITH THE INDIA-RUBBER GATHERERS.

INDIA-RUBBER: ITS COLLECTION AND CULTIVATION IN NICARAGUA.

By ROWLAND W. CATER.

AT or near the mouth of all the large rivers on the Mosquito Coast will be found the bungalow of a trader, generally English or American, fitted up as a shop, and stocked with cloth, tinned and other provisions, rope, tobacco, rum, gunpowder, and similar necessities. When the unsophisticated Indian from the interior has collected a canoe-load of jungle-produce, such as rubber, vanilla beans, sarsaparilla, herons' feathers, gold, deer, jaguar, and puma skins, &c., he pays a visit to the trader, and an exchange of commodities is promptly effected. Hard cash plays a very small part in these transactions. In due course the merchant ships the produce to New York or London, reaping a profit of—I am almost afraid to say how much per cent.—two or three hundred perhaps. At any rate the trader speedily makes a fortune large enough to recompense him for his banishment from some more civilised country.

Many of these merchants are large employers of labour in the shape of mahogany cutters and rubber collectors. The men, Indians and Caribs mostly, bind themselves to a patron for a certain period and become practically serfs. The laws regulating these '*mozos matriculados*,' as they are called, are very severe and strictly enforced. The patron or master supplies provisions, implements, and perhaps a small sum of money in advance, and each *mozo* is constrained to be diligent, and to return with the fruits of his labour at the expiration of the term. Rubber gatherers (*huleros*) are obliged to deliver one-half of their cauchó to their employer and to sell him the remainder at the current market price, less the value of the provisions, &c., previously advanced. But the patron almost invariably keeps a shop. He does not pay for the *huleros'* share of the rubber in cash, but mostly in goods. Consequently all the evils of the truck system are rampant.

A large proportion of the rubber exported from Nicaragua comes from the Prinzapulca district. At the mouth of the Prinzapulca River—called Apulca in some maps—there is a village where scarcely a week passes without the arrival or departure of *huleros*, and there I found myself during my travels on the Mosquito Coast. My host was one of the principal traders, an American, whom I will call Hayes. In his employ were many rubber collectors, so that I experienced no difficulty in making arrangements to accompany a gang into the interior. This comprised six men, four Mosquito Indians of pure blood and two Caribs of negro type.

We started at daybreak in the usual frail dug-out, and at nine o'clock the following morning reached the point from which the *huleros* intended to take to the woods. Disembarking,



we concealed the canoe in a sedge thicket, and after a meal of boiled rice and salmon, set out across a sandy plain in the direction of a cone-shaped hill. José, one of the Caribs, informed me that the rubber trees are usually found in groups of twenty or thirty, and that he had often travelled for days together without discovering a single one.

'Dis time, sah,' he added, 'we go straight to big lot. See dem long time ago.'

But José was unaware of what the elements had in store for us. A belt of forest intervened between the plain and the hill which was our landmark. I noticed pine trees, cedar, oak, and mahogany, interspersed with wild cherries and cacao, coihos, or silk-cotton trees, and here and there a guayava, not unlike an apple tree, but with more foliage. This is the white guava, from the fruit of which the famous jelly is made. It grows to a height of twenty feet, and is to be found in many dry jungles as well as in almost every garden or patio. The apple-shaped fruit is a little larger than a hen's egg, smooth, and somewhat resembling a small lemon when ripe. Inside is an aromatic pulp full of small white seeds. The red guava of the West Indies is more acid and less agreeable.

We had cut our way through some miles of this forest, and had just reached a part where the undergrowth and creepers were less dense, when one of the Indians stopped suddenly and uttered an exclamation. A peculiar sound, between a moan and a sigh, was creeping through the woods; the tops of the trees were in motion.

'Huracan, señor!' shouted the Indian in a tone of alarm, and all set off running as fast as they could.

I followed, buffeted by branches and climbing plants, and torn by thorns at every step. It was a desperate race to get into the open and out of danger before the dreaded hurricane should overtake us. In speed I was no match for those practised woodmen. They left me behind. The forest swallowed them up. But I could hear their shouts and the crashing of bushes as they tore their way, and I struggled on until I could run no longer. In a cleft of a big rock on the outskirts of the wood I crouched and waited for the storm to pass.

It came quickly. The murmur swelled to a roar. The sky grew black almost as night. Branches and twigs fell in showers. Great trees bent and swayed as reeds, groaning like giants in torture. Soon crash followed swiftly on crash as the older monarchs of the forest were swept down. Some, stripped of every branch, defied the fearful blast, comparatively safe in their nakedness. Others were torn up entire, and carried yards away from the great pit their roots had left behind. But while the tornado raged, even if I had dared to look out from my place of refuge, it would have been impossible to distinguish anything, except perhaps when a flash of lightning revealed the hurtling mass of leaves and branches overhead and all around.

As suddenly almost as it came, the hurricane swept onward and passed, followed in its course by myriads of twigs and small boughs, drawn forward it seemed by suction. For long afterwards these floated in the direction taken by the

storm, resting apparently on the thick cloud of dust which seemed to reach from the ground to the tops of those trees that had withstood the storm.

No hurricane so terrific had visited Central America for many years, but luckily it was confined to the coast. Adjectives are of small use to describe its effects. These provided the Indians with a topic of conversation for months, and very marvellous were some of their stories.

An old man walking beside a river was said to have been lifted up and deposited on the opposite bank. An Indian who had lost his horse discovered it in the fork of a tree thirty feet from the ground, and was compelled to fell the tree to recover it. Whether it remained sound in wind and limb the more or less veracious chronicler omitted to state. Another found in his garden a row of banana trees which he had not possessed before. Great was the mystery until the owner of an hacienda many miles away identified them as his property. Some of the tales might be true—*Quien sabe?* Nobody is obliged to believe them. But I can testify that the hurricane was a very bad one, as also do the many wrecks remaining to this day on the beach near the mouth of the Prinzapulca and other rivers.

Pushing on over the debris, I eventually reached the hill, and there found the *huléros*, who had sheltered in a cave with which they were acquainted.

From the hill-top the keen-sighted fellows marked down several clumps of rubber trees not in the track of the hurricane and set out in couples to tap them. I accompanied José and Pete, the Caribs, both of whom spoke English after a fashion of their own.

Here I should observe that the best and purest rubber comes from the great forests intersected by the Amazon and its many branches. It is known as Pará rubber, and is obtained from several species of *Hevea*. The india-rubber plant of our greenhouses is *Ficus elastica* of India, generally epiphytic, the seeds germinating at the top of forest trees, whence are sent down numerous aerial roots. Rubber, or caoutchouc as it is called commercially, is also obtained from species of *Manihot*, *Landolphia*, *Willughbeia*, &c., in addition to the subject of this paper, the *Castilloa elastica* of Mexico and Central America.

The *Castilloa* grows to an average height of sixty feet, and throws out its huge branches, many of them a yard in diameter, at a considerable elevation. The bark is of a dark slate or ash colour; the leaves measure from ten to eighteen inches long, are elliptical, glossy, closely veined, and paler beneath than above. They usually grow at the end of the boughs in compact groups of three. The fruit consists of a capsule comprising three divisions, each containing a large seed, white, irregularly marked with black.

The best season for tapping is from August to February; and the operation should be performed early in the morning, before the daily rain, or in the evening after the rain has fallen. In the latter case the milk should be coagulated as soon after sunrise as possible next morning.

The milk, or sap, is white, and of the consistency of cream. The tree thrives best in moist but not marshy forests on a warm sandy

clay. It seeds in the tenth year, and ought not to be tapped before its eighth year, or its growth may be much retarded.

On reaching the group of trees, which numbered seventeen of various sizes, my Carib friends first cut away the twining creepers that almost hid the trunks, and then carefully removed a couple of buruchas, natural ropes of rubber, formed in the following manner: From incisions in the bark, possibly caused by woodpeckers or some insect, the juice often exudes, trickling down the trunk, in and out of the encircling creepers, and sometimes reaching the ground. The milky stream coagulates and turns black as it runs, forming a long strip or cord, with which the huleros often tie up their bales.

The parasites removed, Pete and José strapped on their espuelas (climbing spurs), fastened at the knee and ankle, and having dug a small pit or basin at the foot of each of a couple of trees, passed a ring of stout rope round the trunks and their own waists, and walked up with their machetes between their teeth. By lifting the rope at every step they were enabled to stand almost erect, and when lying back in the ring both hands were at liberty.

José, whom I watched closely, commenced operations immediately below the first branch. With his broad-bladed sword he cut in the bark a horizontal canal which almost encircled the trunk and terminated in a V-shaped angle. From the point of the V downwards he next cut a perpendicular canal about two feet in length, which joined another horizontal channel ending in a V, and so on to the ground. In the last cut he inserted a large green leaf to serve as a funnel and guide the milk into the basin.

The Brazilian rubber collectors always place a receptacle of tin or earthenware in the hole at the foot of the tree to prevent the admixture of grit or other foreign matters; they also strain the milk through coarse muslin; hence the greater value of Pará rubber. But Nicaraguan methods are primitive.

The sap runs down the incisions to the basin, where the water evaporates. Artificial heat is employed to hasten this evaporation in Brazil, but happy-go-lucky Nicaraguans leave the process to nature. When the hulero is of opinion that no water remains, he makes a decoction of liana vines, or of a kind of convolvulus, and adds it to the juice in the proportion of one pint of the former to a gallon of the latter, when the sap immediately coagulates and forms india-rubber.

When the sap had ceased to run, my Carib companions ought to have filled up the canals carefully with mud or clay. There was a stream close at hand, but they did nothing of the kind. Consequently, when next they passed that way, the trees would probably be dried up and sapless. It is said that a kind of wood-leech attacks the tapped *Castilloa*, introducing itself through the channels, and so injures the tree as to cause its eventual decay. This the clay would prevent, and at the expiration of six months the tree might be again tapped, with as much profit as on the first occasion. I took José to task on the matter.

'Plenty hulé heah, sah,' he answered, grinning.

'Me find ten—twenty mo' trees while 'um doin' dat. An' what good? Perhaps I neber come heah no mo.'

To that I had nothing to say. The forests are No Man's Land, and another hulero would probably have reaped the fruit of his labour.

The heated air speedily evaporated the water from our rubber milk, and the necessary coagulation did not occupy much time, though the process appeared to me very wasteful. With this I will deal presently, however. While the evaporation was taking place other trees were being tapped. When the sun sank the Caribs left off work. We slept beneath the rubber trees, as is the huleros' custom. All the day following the Caribs toiled, and at sunset we returned to the dug-out, José and Pete carrying about forty pounds of rubber each. The Indians, who had been less successful, were awaiting us. Next morning we ascended the river still farther and again entered the forest, leaving two men with the boat to take care of the rubber and pack it in bales.

Dishonest huleros frequently put stones and pieces of heavy wood in the middle of the bales to increase the weight. But the merchant usually pierces every package with a sharp-pointed steel rod, so the rogues seldom escape detection.

At the expiration of ten days, being then four days from the mouth of the river, we commenced the return journey, towing the bales of rubber behind the dug-out. We did not escape the usual capsize; but as each man had a life-buoy in the shape of a waterproof bag, and, besides, could swim like a fish, nothing more serious than a wetting resulted, and that we could not avoid on land.

These rubber bags, which a native of this coast is seldom seen without, are made by the huleros as they go along, so to say. A sack of unbleached calico is stretched on the ground, and painted over with rubber milk, a cocoa-nut husk serving for a brush. When the first coat is dry the operation is repeated, three coats being necessary before the bag is fit for use. The result is a waterproof article, rather heavy, but in every other respect far superior to any manufactured in Europe. Before setting out in their frail canoes, the natives take care to inflate their bags and tie up the mouth. Thus the sack forms a receptacle for clothes, a pillow on land, and a life-buoy in the event of an accident upon the water.

On arriving at what was left of Mr Hayes' bungalow, for the hurricane had not spared it, I had several discussions with that gentleman in reference to the practical cultivation of *Castilloa elastica*. The result of my inquiries on the Mosquito Coast and in other parts of Nicaragua are here summarised.

The subject has been ventilated by many private persons in addition to the various Central American governments, and in Nicaragua a bounty of ten cents native currency is paid for every tree planted. As the world's supply is rapidly diminishing, while the demand is increasing by leaps and bounds, there appears to be a magnificent field for Englishmen with capital. Certainly, unless the output is soon increased, manufacturers of rubber goods may have to fall back upon substitutes. In Mexico



there are English and American Companies already at work, but, except two plantations in the Chontales district, I am not aware of anything of the kind in Nicaragua. That the industry would be exceedingly profitable has been demonstrated by the results of many experiments; and when I say that neither coffee, tea, cocoa, sugar, bananas, indigo, nor hemp growing would pay so well as the cultivation of india-rubber trees, I speak on the authority of Mr Hart, F.L.S., of the Botanical Gardens, Trinidad.

In March of last year I visited a plantation in Chontales, which, strange to say, is the result of native enterprise. It then comprised one thousand trees, well developed, of hardly appearance, and as large as a good-sized apple tree. An early maturity seemed assured.

Señor Romero, Mexican Minister to the United States, in an article published in the *India-rubber World* (New York) for April 1892, estimates that each six-year-old tree, planted at intervals of fifteen feet, will have cost eight cents U.S. currency, and will yield six pounds of rubber. Other authorities fix the yield at maturity as high as fourteen pounds of rubber. It depends on whether the season has been wet or dry, and whether the trees are well or badly cultivated.

In order to be on the safe side, I propose to estimate the cost to the end of the eighth year at 18 cents U.S. currency, or 9d. per tree, and the eighth year's average yield at five pounds of rubber. The market price of good Central American rubber is 2s. 4d. per lb. Para rubber fetches from 2s. 3d. to 3s. 6d. per lb.; and if gathered and coagulated in the same cleanly manner, rubber produced in Nicaragua should be worth as much. Nevertheless, I prefer to estimate on a selling-price basis of 2s. per lb. only. The result at the end of the eighth year of an acre plantation comprising 193 trees planted fifteen feet apart would be as under, including the premium of ten cents native currency—say 3d.—per tree paid by the Nicaraguan Government.

Dr.	Cr.
Cost of cultivation for the term of eight years, with seed, &c., of 193 trees at 9d. each.....	Government premium of 3d. per tree.....
£7 4 9	£2 8 3
Cost of tapping or harvesting.....	Yield of 193 trees at the end of the eighth year—965 lb. at 2s. per lb.....
3 0 0	96 10 0
To balance.....	
88 13 6	
£98 18 3	£98 18 3
Profit.....	£88 13 6

I arrive at the cost of tapping, or harvesting, in the following manner: A huléro, working in the dense, overcrowded forest, can tap four wild, creeper-grown trees in a day; therefore it stands to reason that, in a plantation where the trees are weeded and cleaned of all superfluous growth, he could tap five at least, and also plaster up the cuts with mud. Thus the 193 trees would occupy him 39 days. A mozo in Nicaragua is well paid if he earns fifty cents native currency, or say 1s. 3d. per day, but I have calculated his daily wage at rather over 1s. 6d.

Supposing that the plantation comprises five hundred acres, then, on the above figures, the

eighth year's profit would amount to the enormous sum of £44,337, 10s. And the yield increases every year, with no outlay except for weeding and harvesting.

The gross capital expenditure for the eight years I estimate as under:

Cost of 500 acres of land at 5s. per acre.....	£125 0 0
Surveying and procuring titles thereto.....	100 0 0
Clearing land for planting.....	1000 0 0
Collecting seed and planting.....	500 0 0
Eight yearly weedings at £200 each.....	1600 0 0
Extras, implements, &c.....	300 0 0
	£3625 0 0

Interest on £3625 for eight years at five per cent. per annum.....	£1450 0 0
Planter's expenses, cost of living, &c., for eight years at £200 per annum.....	1600 0 0
Cost of gathering the eighth year's crop.....	1500 0 0
	£8175 0 0

I have included in the above the cost of maintaining the planter during the eight years that should elapse before the Castillos are tapped; but it should be borne in mind that when the trees are planted fifteen feet apart, coffee, sugar-cane, cotton, cacao, and other shade-loving plants, yielding yearly crops, may be grown between them, and their produce should maintain the planter. But adding five per cent. interest, the planter's expenses, and the cost of harvesting, there still remains a net profit of £36,162, 10s. Estimating the value of the ninth year's yield at £50,000, and deducting £200 for the annual weeding, £1500 for the cost of harvesting, £180 for interest, and £500 for the planter's expenses, the net profit for that year will amount to £47,620, which is a pretty good return for a net capital outlay of £3625. Of course it will be necessary to maintain a nursery of young plants to fill vacancies caused by accidents and replace trees when their rubber-bearing life is over; but the cost of such a nursery would not be great. And one must not count on the Government premium being paid in perpetuity.

In reference to the life of a rubber tree and its increasing productiveness, the following extract from *The World* (New York) of 21st August 1892 will be of interest:

'Three young trees transplanted from the forest to a cultivated field in Soconusco, Mexico, are now said to be seven feet in diameter, and have yielded rubber for more than thirty-five years; the present product averaging more than fifty pounds of gum per year.' The average increase is generally estimated at one pound of rubber for each year of the tree's life up to a certain age, which, however, I am unable to fix.

On the eastern side of Nicaragua, and especially in the Mosquito territory, there are immense tracts of land suitable for the cultivation of *Castilloa elastica*. In choosing land, shelter from strong winds, the greatest enemy of the young Castilloa, should be kept well in view. The seeds should be sown in a nursery bed shaded from the mid-day sun, and the young plants transferred to the hacienda when twelve months old. For each plant a hole should be dug three feet in diameter and one foot deep, and filled with fine loamy soil to



which a little sand has been added. The mixture should be well-trodden down and watered night and morning for two days, when it is ready for the young *Castilloa*, which must be placed in its new bed at exactly the same depth as in the nursery; if it is weak, a stake support is very desirable.

Trees tapped in the wet season are estimated to yield five times as much milk as in the dry. The quantity of rubber produced therefrom depends to a great extent on the coagulating agent employed. Sixty per cent. of the milk ought to be turned into rubber. A very good agent is one ounce of alum dissolved in sixteen ounces of water. But a weak alcoholic solution will give even better results, for the process is immediate, and the solution may be used many times. In my own experiments I never lost more than forty per cent. of the bulk, and often only thirty-five per cent.

That the cultivation of *Castilloa elastica* is worth the attention of the thousands who are seeking really remunerative investments there cannot be the slightest doubt, and this the author intends to show in a work on the whole subject of india-rubber which he hopes to publish shortly. For success careful study and inquiry is imperative.

## JUANITA.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE hour before dawn is the heaviest hour of sleep, and Jackson's party had timed their visit accordingly. The waning moon hung low in the west, shedding a faint mystic glamour around the camp, where complete silence reigned. Two dark forms crawled slowly over the grass towards Erskine's tent, where he and Nita lay sleeping, tired with their previous day's fatigue, when suddenly the sharp ring of a rifle-shot broke the stillness, and one of the figures rolled over writhing on the grass. A second shot, and the remaining figure, bounding to an upright position, dashed into the tent, to be met at the entrance by Erskine, who had sprang to his feet at the first alarm. The shots were fired by Tindoy, who, Indian-like, slept with one eye and both ears open. He had heard a dry twig snap, and rifle in hand, had instantly sprang to his lodge entrance. Seeing two figures crawling towards the tent, he had at once opened fire, hitting Blay, but missing Jackson.

The other two members of Jackson's gang at once opened fire on the Indian lodges from their position in a thicket of young cotton-woods, where they held their horses, trusting to Jackson to cope with Ned and bring off some of the treasure. Meanwhile these two were locked in deadly embrace, Nita helpless to assist her husband, as the men rocked and staggered over the tent floor in the dim half-light. With a gasping cry, Ned fell to the ground, stabbed by Jackson's knife. Pushing the frightened girl aside, Jackson seized some of the small bags of gold lying in a heap at the tent-pole

foot, and rushed outside to his comrades, who were exchanging a lively fire with Le Gros and the Indians. He shouted to his men, and running forward, leaped on his horse, after hastily giving some bags of gold to the others, and rode off at full speed; but his horse had hardly gone twenty yards when he reeled, fell on his knees, and then rolled over dead—a bullet from a heavy Colt's revolver had pierced his brain. Jackson, a cool rider, sprang clear of his falling horse, and looking up, saw a horseman before him, who, with pistol pointed at his head, said quietly, 'Hands up, Jim, we want you.' The speaker was Lindesay. His party of four men rode up, and one, sliding from his saddle, deftly slipped the handcuffs on Jackson's outstretched hands. His two partners were also made prisoners and handcuffed, and the three held under guard while Lindesay visited the camp.

Dawn was now well advanced, and the cool air was full of the sweet smells of early morning and the cheery song of birds; but in the camp was sorrow and grief, for poor Ned lay in his tent, with his life-blood slowly ebbing away, his young wife vainly trying to stop the incessant bleeding. Ned's wound was too serious for Nita's limited surgery. Lindesay, kneeling down, closely examined the wound—an ugly knife-thrust between the ribs, but missing the heart. Hastily plunging a piece of dressed deerskin lying near into a pan of water, he squeezed it up like a sponge, and pressing it against the wound, told Nita to hold it firmly in place with both hands. Then quickly bending one of Nita's needles in the smouldering camp fire to secure the necessary curvature, with a thin filament of sinew he neatly stitched up the wound, replacing the wet buckskin, and binding it securely with straps and bandages of skin. And after telling the girl that Ned must keep quite still for some days and the buckskin be kept constantly wet with water, left the tent.

This rough but effective surgery saved Erskine's life, and his poor wife was divided in her gratitude to the Vigilante leader and reproaches on her own head for not having prevented Jackson's murderous attack. But the very suddenness of the affair, the few seconds it lasted, the twisting, struggling figures, the uncertainty as to what it all meant, and then, as she thought, her husband dying at her feet, completely paralysed her. All these combined were sufficient reasons for her inaction, but she felt mortified and annoyed at herself notwithstanding. No other casualties had occurred save Slippery Sam's death from Tindoy's first shot, and a wounded mule belonging to old Dave, who called loudly for vengeance on Jackson's head for his loss.

One morning six leading desperadoes hung side by side in the street, and the following morning three more were added to the row; and the cowardly curs who had followed their lead vanished like an evil mist before the sun. The change was marvellous. Order sprang

from chaos, people breathed freely again, peace and freedom reigned. But the old leaven still lurked in places; and such men as Jackson and Blay merely bided their time to make a sudden stake, and then leave the country.

In the depths of the shady forest, where tall sentinels towered upwards three hundred feet, sat three horsemen, securely bound as to hands and feet, with mounted guards beside them, holding the reins of the prisoners' horses in addition to their own. Near by were some fifteen men superbly mounted and equipped, each one with holstered pistols and rifle slung to the saddle-horn, in addition to a heavy Colt hanging from the cartridge-belt round the waist. Stern, resolute-looking men, these were the acting committee of the Vigilantes; men of substance and position, who had sworn to put down with unrelenting hand the intolerable lawlessness of the district. Lindesay had sent for them to be present at the final act of justice to be meted out to Jackson and his two *confères*. He addressed a few words to them, relating what he had seen that morning, and after a short pause, asked: 'What say you, gentlemen?' Each man in turn answered the one grim word 'Death.'

The prisoners were at once dismounted, their feet being freed. An active member of the guard scaled a knotty pine from which projected a stout horizontal arm; sitting astride the limb, he quickly adjusted three rope nooses thrown up to him from below, and then descended. Meanwhile the prisoners' horses had been stripped of saddles and bridles, the doomed men were remounted on the bare-backed animals, which by means of a loose rope round their necks were led under the hanging nooses now being placed round the prisoners' necks by a mounted guard. Up to this time no word had been uttered by the men. They knew they played a desperate game, and they equally well knew they had lost—what good was there in saying anything? They dealt no mercy themselves, and expected none. One of them said with an evil scowl: 'I'd sell my soul this moment to kill every blasted one of that gang;' and to this Jackson replied with a gambler's coolness, 'A poor deal for Satan—he has you already.' At that moment, on a sign from Lindesay, the ropes were slipped off the horses' necks; and a sharp blow behind given to each animal caused them to start suddenly forward and leave their late riders dangling in the air.

Erskine's wound healed rapidly, thanks to a good constitution, aided by Nita's careful nursing. Ned, in fact, said he enjoyed his novel honeymoon; to be petted and made much of by a beautiful girl, and that girl your wife, was not only a new experience, he felt, but a very satisfactory one. As for Nita, she was supremely happy; she had her handsome white husband all to herself; he was her prisoner, for he could not move away or move anywhere in fact. She was constantly popping in and out of the tent, bringing him a cool drink or some choice little dish of venison, game, or trout; or caressing and murmuring soft words of love to him, and letting him feast his eyes by gazing into the black depths of her own. There were times when she could hardly yet believe

she was actually a white man's wife, his legal wife. It had been her dream for years; for Nita held herself proudly, and no dusky representative of her own class could ever have mated with her. Her convent education had given her desires and aspirations she never expected to see fulfilled. When Erskine crossed her path, and her love leaped out to him, she nervously wondered if he would marry her. Now it was all over, and so quickly too, and she was his wife, his real wife! and she glanced at her left hand, to look again at the wedding-ring Ned had given her, his dead mother's ring. She laughed softly to herself, laughed with very joy, and trilled a line or two from an old Mexican love-song—for she could sing well, and with her guitar would amuse her husband for hours during his enforced idleness. Erskine, as he lay in his wife's tent, had ample time for reflection, and for reviewing the sudden rush of late events, events of the deepest interest and importance to him. He felt he had no cause for complaint. Almost in a moment, actually in a few hours, he had won wealth and a wife, ample wealth and a glorious wife; he loved her deeply, she had saved his life. He knew she loved him with her tempestuous southern nature, almost to idolatry, and yet when all was said, deep down in his heart there was a faint jarring note. He felt as though undue despatch had been shown in marrying him to Nita—that he found himself securely tied before he realised what he had done, or what had been done for him. He felt a shadowy grievance somewhere, he hardly knew against whom, Nita or her father, perhaps both; man-like, he excepted himself from any possible blame.

Nita wore her usual camp dress, a short skirt; she discarded moccasins, showing the bare ankles and feet shod with mooseskin sandals, while her arms were bare to the shoulders. A loose crimson kerchief, one of Ned's gifts, barely concealed her perfect bosom; a silken strip of golden colour was wound round the waist and body to the arms, the ends falling in a loose knot at the side. Her dark glossy hair streamed to the waist, but was gathered at the neck with a bright ribbon. If possible, the girl looked more charming in this simple costume than in any other she had yet displayed herself in to her husband. Kneeling down, she lifted his head, placing it on her bosom, then stooping over, kissed him. This simple little action could not have occurred at a more fortunate moment, had Nita been a thought-reader, for it melted and dissolved that latest grain of grievance which had been slowly forming, and which, unchecked, might perhaps have gained uncomfortable prominence in Ned's mind. He felt conquered by the tender steadfastness of his wife's affection, and was happy in his defeat.

As Ned began to recover strength, he and Nita would go out fishing and bring back long strings of trout and grayling; or they would leisurely ride to the nearest lair for bear or elk—picketing the horses, and then cautiously exploring for the game.

Erskine, a keen observer of all the wondrous phenomena of nature in the hills, was delighted to find his wife quite as observant as himself.



He daily found new points in her uttered thoughts, showing clearly that the seed was stored in her mind and merely needed cultivation. For let the woman be ever so fascinating and her physical charms ever so alluring, the man will inevitably—after the hunger for possession is allayed—begin to examine his new partner more critically, to inquire, in fact, just what her acquirements are. If she prove herself an equal companion mentally, and can look after his comforts also, the man is satisfied as a rule. Erskine was more than satisfied; his shrewd common-sense told him that Nita would gradually develop herself if let alone, and would quickly adapt herself to the situation amidst other scenes and other people when the time came. He was quite content to wait. He had already seen her tactfulness and quickness of perception in several instances. The more he saw of her the more he was charmed and in love with her. Her glorious beauty seemed if possible to improve each day, and her playful mode of authority towards him amused him. They told each other of the odd things they had seen when wandering alone through the silent mountains. And they would sit together idly fishing or pretending to fish—for Nita had quickly assumed her wifely prerogative of looking after her husband, and she would not allow Ned to exert himself much. He was not yet very strong, and she made him take matters easy. He was quite willing, in fact he felt he was growing lazy. Being nursed and petted and made much of by such a tender wife was a delicious novelty. He did not care how long it lasted; but the keen pine air, the purest air on earth, rapidly restored him, and returning strength brought appetite, and, like all wives, Nita wished to stuff him, until he laughingly declared he must be active again as he was actually getting fat.

One evening Tindoy said: 'If my brother is able to ride again, I should like to move south. The days are already shortening. The wild geese and swans are leaving the north, and before the early snows come we should be gone.' So camp was struck and everything packed on mules and ponies. The cavalcade started on a bright morning with a trace of early frost in the air. In front rode old Dave and Tindoy, the latter's bright blanket falling from his shoulders to his horse's tail; next was a line of mules and ponies, loaded with camp equipage, the lodge-pole ends trailing on the ground, Indian fashion; then came the precious gold, lashed on the backs of the trustiest mules, secured with the wonderful 'diamond hitch' so easy to learn and so impossible to remember. Last of all, Nita and her husband, she proudly riding a man's saddle, for she disdained such frivolities as side-saddles, and could sit her horse like any Mexican. They rode side by side when the trail permitted, and when it narrowed Ned fell behind, keeping always a watchful eye on the pack train in front. Two Indians scouted in advance and two more brought up the rear, some hundred yards behind, guarding against a possible surprise, as Ned did not feel altogether secure until he had got well away from the late camp. To Dave and Tindoy, who knew every pass and trail for hundreds of miles before them, was left the decision as

to where to camp. Pack trains march only some six or seven hours a day—as loading and unloading is a tiring business—and no mid-day halt is made as when wheels are used.

## LEPERS IN CHINA.

By E. H. PARKER.

THE first place in China where I saw lepers in any great number was Canton. In that city they seem to have a great monopoly of the retail rope and cord trade, and they may be seen any day at the corners of the narrow streets squatting on the ground with their humble stock-in-trade before them; nor does there appear to be any particular dread of personal contact with them. Whether it is that a municipal rule keeps them away, or whether it is that the more repulsive lepers do not care to come into town, it is at any rate unusual to see very advanced cases in the public streets of the city. In order to witness these, one must go to the leper village, situated outside the east gate, in the direction of the execution ground, or rather of the ghastly field into which the dead bodies of executed criminals are thrown, a mile or two below the city walls. There they may be seen in all stages of decay, from a faint livid spot in the lobe of the ear to a sort of scrofulous chalky rottenness covering the greater part of the body, and slowly eating the hands and feet away. In all parts of China where leprosy is common, the people say the same thing, namely, that there is no danger of contagion so long as a healthy person does not actually sleep with a leper. Hence it comes about that, however careless the Chinese may be in their daily intercourse with this unfortunate class, they are always exceedingly particular to turn them out of town before sunset. Tending cows seems to be the occupation of the village lepers; and I remember that at one time this discovery created quite a panic amongst the European ladies of Canton. Perhaps for this reason most Europeans there now milk their own cows. The leper village outside of Canton is a walled enclosure, containing several streets and a considerable number of well-built houses, with a temple and other public buildings for the use of the inmates. These are of all classes; for, no matter how rich a man may be, he is unable to keep a leprosy member of his family in his own house if once the fact becomes known to the neighbours. Once in the leper village, there is nothing to prevent one diseased person from marrying with another and begetting children; nor, if a healthy wife chooses to sacrifice herself to a leprous husband, does the law stand in her way. Leprosy, however, is one of the few cases which justify the breaking off of a marriage, even if it be the woman who seeks to cancel her contract with a leprous man.

It is not only the mere bodily contact whilst in occupation of the same sleeping accommodation which transmits the disease; it appears sufficient if the breath of a leper, or the effluvia thrown off by a leper when in a comatose state, is breathed at close quarters by a healthy person whose body is also in a comatose or



receptive condition; thus one sister may get the disease from another, though of course conditions of receptivity are more varied and numerous in the case of man and wife. Naturally the children of lepers are also lepers; but occasionally a generation is skipped, and a healthy son may transmit his father's leprosy to his own progeny. However, the Chinese are so little observant in scientific medicine and surgery that we cannot be quite sure upon this point.

The only recognised way of finding out whether a subject is affected by leprosy or not is to expose the suspected features and members to the light over a crucible of nitre (*King siao lu*), when the traces are shadowed out unmistakably. A native Shanghai newspaper of May last contains the following item: 'Purchasers of female slaves in the region of Canton always subject the proposed purchase to the ordeal of the crucible. But it so happened that last year a friend of ours bought a girl of twelve or thirteen, who, despite the fact that she had been exposed to the nitre stove, very shortly afterwards betrayed a sort of cloudy red spot on her face. A leper doctor at once identified it as leprosy; but when he had her exposed a second time, to every one's surprise she seemed as sound as an ordinary person. No statements of an incriminating nature could be extracted from her, and she roundly swore she was no leper. Recourse was then had to threats, and in order to avoid being pitched into the river, she confessed at last that she really was a leper, and that the seller had told her that if she kept a silver coin in her mouth during the crucible ordeal, no traces would come out; he warned her to keep the secret, or else she would certainly be put in the leper village' (called in Chinese the *Peng-yüan*).

When I was in Canton twenty years ago, there were one or two alleged European or American cases, but it did not appear to me that they were clearly authenticated; and in any event the foreign population of Canton is so fleeting and changeable that the hospital could not possibly have time to form an adequate opinion upon a permanently resident case. There is an expression, 'selling leprosy,' well known at Canton, and possibly some sailor or temporary visitor may have fallen a victim in this way.

In Hoihow, a town in the island of Hainan to the south of Canton, I became 'quite intimate' with the lepers. There, as at Canton, they are confined, for sleeping purposes, to a village just outside the walls of the town, and they are authorised by old custom, or by municipal rule, to proceed twice a month to the island metropolis of Kiungchow in order to beg in the public streets. I used to meet them coming back on the first and fifteenth of each month, their wallets filled with broken food. It is a favourite plan of theirs to force alms from a stranger by feigning to catch hold of the hand. Of course most people draw back in horror, and many are only too glad to throw a few coppers in order to exchange the lepers' company for their room. It always seemed to me that they emitted a sort of 'hot smell,' not a rank or loathsome or acute odour, but a kind of feverish musty smell, as though some sub-metallic

fume were being exuded into the air around them. Half-way between Kiungchow and Hoihow there stood a number of tiny mat-huts, scarcely larger than dog-kennels, at intervals of a few yards from each other, on both sides of the road. These huts were inhabited by half-naked leper women, and most of them had lost either arms, toes, or both sets of digits. When I paid my formal visits to the mandarins in my sedan chair, I always directed the official servants who ran after me to put about five hundred cash into the palanquin, and with these cash I used to amuse myself and gratify the women as I ran the leper gauntlet. I well remember one woman who was almost like a skeleton covered with skin. She had no fingers and no upper lip; besides that, her elbows, shoulders, and facial protuberances were all covered with a sort of mouldy stuff. I don't know whether these road cases were so bad that even the leper villages would not take them in, but there they always were during the day, and I suppose they remained there at night too. In the town of Hoihow there was a curious little beggar boy, very bright and intelligent, who used to assist at the local rope-walk, and run about playing with other boys in the streets. He was covered all over by a sort of half-invisible yellow scale, like a fish, and the people used to class him as a 'doubtful leper.' Apparently he slept on the doorsteps, and successfully asserted his doubtfulness to the extent of not having to go to the village at night. I never actually touched him, though I often gave him a copper, and allowed him to walk and talk with me. I believe he used to sleep under my porch occasionally too; probably he is still there.

In the interior provinces of Hu Peh and Kiang Si I twice came across lepers. One of them offered me some fine pears for sale. I cannot say if these inland specimens were indigenous or imported lepers. I also saw a few during my year's stay at the riverine port of Hankow. The remarkable thing is that lepers do not suffer any pain. At first the only sign that leprosy is coming on is a feeling of numbness about the fingers, ears, or nose; the eyebrows get scabby-looking; and the hair begins to thin away. Then the face gets to assume a bright or glazed appearance here and there, as though the parts had just recently healed of a burn or scald; the eyes look hot, inflamed, and rat-like, like those of a white rabbit or common ferret. Progress downwards from this stage is very gradual, but any accidental lesion encourages the formation of deep and fetid ulcers. When I lived at Kewkiang, Dr Shearer used to take lepers in hand, and he told me his experiences. I believe careful treatment with alteratives, coupled with good feeding, may easily arrest the course of the disease; but it will not eradicate it, and the subjects are usually of too humble a walk in life to make it worth any one's while to feed them up, unless it be for scientific purposes, or out of motives of curiosity. No perspiration ever takes place through the glazed portions, and paralysis in the face is a very usual accompaniment. So far as I have been able to ascertain, leprosy in China is confined, firstly, to places near a tidal

river; and, secondly, to places of a marshy and undrained character. In the interior of China no such care is taken to segregate the lepers as is insisted on in Canton and Hoihow; but probably this is on account of the comparative infrequency of the disease. Against smallpox, plague, cholera, and other analogous scourges the Chinese usually take no sanitary precautions whatever; it is only leprosy which imbues them with horror, although it is quite painless, and never affects the general health, except that, in the case of very young people, it retards puberty. The Hoihow people say that leprosy may be specifically acquired by eating the flesh of a dead chicken over which a centipede has run. But there is no end to their medical yarns.

When I was in Burma I saw a few cases of leprosy near Rangoon; but the weather was too hot for me to personally explore in leprosy localities. A native Burmese doctor once assured me that he possessed the secret of an absolutely certain cure for leprosy, and offered to cure in my presence any leper I might bring to him. He said he had learned the secret from an old bonze in a *kyauing*, or temple such as the poor use in Burma for all the purposes of an inn. The doctor had done the priest some good turn, and the priest, who was on the verge of death, wished to requite the favour. The cure is as follows: As in the case of the Chinese crucible test, nitre plays an important part, and it is worth while investigating the question why nitre should possess at once the alleged property of disclosing and curing leprosy. It is also remarkable that, as with the Chinese, arsenic is used as an alternative. The Burmese bonze's prescription specified equal parts of saltpetre, arsenic, camphor, vitriol, sulphur, orpiment, common solder, and white arsenic, powdered and heated over a charcoal fire. A piece of paper is laid over the pan to prevent the mixture from flaring up by contact with too much air. The thick vapour which arises is allowed to collect in an alembic in the form of a crust. One sixty-fourth of a rupee in weight of this crusty essence is administered, mixed with pure honey, to the patient, who must have previously devoured at least a pound of honey by way of preparing his stomach. Notwithstanding all this honey, the leper is at once seized with a most violent fit of nausea and vomiting, and during the whole of the next day the leprosy spots will be so hot that their glow may be felt at a distance of two feet. (This remarkable glow accords with my own experience of a hot feverish smell.) On the fourth day scabs are peeled off all the affected parts, and the process is repeated, if necessary, until all these leprosy spots cease to be feverish. In some cases four or five repetitions are necessary, and occasionally the severe vomiting carries off the patient. Of course there is no cure for disfigurements, nor can parts which have once dropped off be made to grow on again; but the disease is eradicated from all parts where it lurks in an active state.

The above cure, or alleged cure, for leprosy was brought by the Burmese doctor before a European practitioner in Mandalay or Rangoon,

and this practitioner advised the man to lay his secret before the Indian Government. But nothing was done. As I held an official position under the Indian Government at that time, I informally undertook to make the suggestion. But there is some knack or secret in the mixing or heating of the drugs above enumerated, and this secret the Burmese doctor would not disclose without a preliminary reward. Thus the thing fell through again. I promised not to disclose the secret even so far as it is explained above; but the man died a couple of years ago, and I therefore consider myself absolved.

## A MODERN ALCESTIS.

By ROSALINE MASSON,  
Author of *A Departure from Tradition*, &c.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'AND you won't marry me, then?' he asked, going back to the original point, just as I thought I had explained it all to him.

'I don't ever intend to enter the domestic service,' I replied.

'Does that mean that you are a "New Woman?"'

'Comparatively new: twenty-three.'

'Ah, now you are flippant!' he cried, turning a white face and angry eyes to me.

We women have all more or less of the cat-and-mouse instinct; but there come times when we are genuinely sorry—ay, and even a trifle frightened.

'I'm not flippant!' I cried. 'But I don't want to marry! Why should I? Women are so happy nowadays! They have everything they want without marrying. They used to marry to be independent, and for the excitement of the thing, you know. Now they have independence and pleasure without, and so they don't marry, unless'—

'Yes?'

'Well, unless the spirit move them to, I suppose,' said I lamely.

He smiled grimly. 'I wonder if anything ever moves a woman except a desire to please herself!'

'I wonder you want to marry me, if that be your opinion of us!'

'I wonder I do! But I've wanted to ever since I first saw you. *Why* won't you marry me?'

'Have you had a classical education?' I asked him.

'I was at Harrow,' he replied sulkily.

'It does not follow. Do you remember the story of Alcestis?'

'No, I don't.'

'I said it did not follow.'

'What has the story got to do with us?'

'If you remembered it, you would see. Alcestis consented to die and go down into Hades instead of her husband.'

'Well, I shouldn't ask you to do *that*, Miss Dayrell!'

'Oh yes, you would; every day.'

'What *do* you mean?'

'Spring cleanings, and autumn outings, and



tradesmen's bills, and church attendance, and afternoon calls,' I enumerated.

'Would you kindly consent to explain?'

So I explained.

'Alcestis seems to the modern reader to be an unusually self-sacrificing heroine,' I replied; 'and, her husband—Admetus, was he not called?—an unusually selfish lord and master. Indignation struggles with amusement when we read that Admetus first tried hard to persuade his parents to suffer death in his place, using the agreeable argument that their terms of existence were anyhow comparatively short. But the parents were obstinately deaf to reason, and were charmed when Alcestis dutifully undertook dying for her husband as part of the trivial round and the common task. The father of Admetus even led him aside, and earnestly suggested that a judiciously selected relay of wives might postpone Hades indefinitely. The story struck me; that is why I remember it. Please don't think that I am as well up in all classical mythology. But really, Captain Despard, do we not see the enacting of this melodrama every day of our lives? I have a great many married lady friends. They would themselves all deny it indignantly; but it is plain to the most casual observer that they, every one of them, make a practice of suffering daily perdition for their husbands.'

I paused, for effect—and breath. But Jack Despard continued in an attitude of polite attention.

'The nearest approach to Hades nowadays that I know of, I went on, 'since we have eschewed the pit of fire and brimstone of our childhoods—is the spring cleaning. You will allow this?'

'I don't know much about it,' said Jack Despard meekly.

'Exactly so,' I answered drily. 'You were never required to go down into Hades; you probably went to your club instead. During the spring cleaning—which is a recognised necessity among the middle classes—the whole house smells of soft soap and furniture polish; and workmen are perched on ladders; and all the furniture is grouped in the centres of the floors, and covered with shrouds; and meals are irregular and unpalatable; and the servants are untidy and discomposed; and you can't find anything you want; and you are not able to ask a soul to come and see you; and you are disturbed at four in the morning by the banshee moanings of chimney-sweeps; and all day long hammering goes on; and'

'Oh, stop!' he implored.

'Well, during all this time, who arranges and supervises and suffers uncomplainingly?—the wife! Who lives on a brown-teapot tea and bread and butter, brought when the servants feel inclined?—the wife! Who goes for a week's golf or a little fishing with a friend?—the husband! Who, if he have to remain at home, grumbles incessantly, and considers himself ill-used, and dines daily at his club?—the husband! On this occasion, then, the wife clearly and distinctly suffers Hades on his behalf.'

'He'd be awfully in the way.'

'Oh, if it comes to that, Admetus would prob-

ably have been awfully in the way in Hades. Then again, take the autumn exodus to the seaside. Who travels with the servants and the luggage—boxes, baskets, hampers, wraps, gun-cases, violin-cases, baths, bales, tennis-racquets, golf-clubs, fishing-tackle, and wine-hampers?—the wife! Who comes next day, when the cook has had time to get reconciled to the kitchen-range, and everything is unpacked and in order?—the husband! On this occasion, then, the wife clearly and distinctly suffers Hades on his behalf.'

'Ye—es.'

'Or take such minor inflictions as dull callers. When the husband comes in and finds that Mrs McJones, who takes a deep interest in the Jews, is upstairs; or Major Mandrake, who has such a painful stammer; or the two Misses Fidgetts, who overlap one another's remarks, and remain from three till six; or Lady Ball, with her ear-trumpet—does he not slink into the library and sulk there? And at dinner, to which his wife comes down with a splitting headache, does he not grumble that she did not send him a cup of tea? And never for a moment does he realise that for two mortal hours or more she has been suffering Hades on his behalf.'

'I do not see the use of calls myself; but ladies seem rather to like them.'

'Admetus did not see the use of death; but he would probably have excused himself on the plea that Alcestis seemed rather to like it. Again, take church attendance—well, we won't discuss that. But house-movings, or—oh! There are so many ways in which wives suffer perdition for their husbands! And you ask me to become your wife!'

'I know it's awfully presumptuous, but—*couldn't* you marry me, May?'

After all my rhetoric! What could one do in the face of such tenacity?

I don't quite know what I said then to make him go away; but when he had wrung my hand and bolted, I sobbed till my head ached. Argument is very exhausting.

Next day Captain Despard called again. He had a smiling countenance, wore a flower, and had by no means the air of a rejected suitor. I felt angry. He took the cup of tea I handed to him, and sat down.

'Miss Dayrell,' he began at once, 'I have been thinking all carefully over, and I've got an idea.'

'Have you?' I responded coldly. 'I am exceedingly glad to hear it: ideas are rare nowadays.'

'Yes,' he continued, unabashed, 'and what is more, it is a capital idea.'

He drank some tea, and then took a calm survey of our drawing-room, holding his cup in his hand, and craning his neck to examine, apparently, the stucco-work on our Adam's ceiling.

'Do you ever have this room thoroughly cleaned?' he asked suddenly.

'Why, of course we do!' I cried, alarmed.

'What makes you ask? Cobwebs?'

'Who sees to it?' he demanded sternly.

'Sees to it?' I repeated.

'Who gives the orders, and overlooks the works, and supervises, so that it is properly done?'



'I do!' I exclaimed, still hunting the ceiling to discover the cobweb.  
'Just so.'

There was a change in his voice that arrested my attention; and when I glanced at him to discover its meaning, I noted a triumph on his face that should have warned me, but that only puzzled me.

'Your mother died when you were a baby?' he asked me gently.

'Yes,' I said, still more puzzled to discover the analogy.

'And your sister married and went out to India when you had just left school, I think?'

'Yes.'

'You must have found it difficult at first to manage this large house all by yourself?'

'Oh no! I enjoyed it. And father is very good and patient; he never interferes.'

'He leaves it all to you?'

'Oh, entirely!'

'Where is your father at this moment?'

'In the library. You must forgive his not appearing—he very rarely comes up to tea, because'

I paused. It would be rather rude to tell him that father hated afternoon callers.

'Are you going abroad this spring?'

I began to wonder if trouble had not unhinged the poor young man, his conversation was so disjointed; and I told him gently, as you would tell a child, that we might go abroad later on; but that at present we had no plans, except that father was meditating a week's yachting.

'While the spring cleaning takes place?'

'Yes,' I owned at once, amazed that he should guess this deep-seated domestic reason so accurately; and then I met his eye and saw the whole plot.

'It seems to me that, as you are already suffering the torments of Hades daily for your father's sake,' he said, 'you might consent to suffer a little of them for mine.'

'I don't see that at all!' I exclaimed, cross at having stepped into his net.

'Have you had a classical education?' he asked me.

'If you are going to tell me the whole story of Alcestitis over again, I'—

'Oh, not at all!' he said in an alarmed voice.

'I thought you seemed excellently well up in it. I was merely going to inquire if you knew the meaning of *ceteris paribus*.'

I signified that I did.

'Well then, *ceteris paribus*, it resolves itself into the question of whether you prefer your father's society to mine—either involving you in acquaintance with Hades.'

'Ye-es,' I responded doubtfully.

'I have been thinking it over, you see. I have a great many unmarried lady friends.'

'Indeed,' I said coldly.

'Yes. It is plain to any observer—though they, themselves, would deny the accusation indignantly—that they repeatedly suffer the torments of—er, Hades, for their fathers and brothers and cousins and uncles.'

'I do not see how.'

'Well, take the case of a country vicar, with a son and a daughter. The family resources

are meagre, but they are taxed to the uttermost in order to provide Tom with the education suitable to a gentleman, and that will equip him to claim his rank in the world. Mary remains at home in the dull vicarage, surrounded by gooseberry bushes. When Tom returns from Eton or Harrow or Rugby, Mary darns his stockings and worships him. When Tom goes to Oxford, Mary economises in the family commissariat, and denies herself in every way in order that the thing may be. She is greatly impressed by her privileges when she is once taken for a four-days' visit to Oxford during the Eights week, and has tea on her brother's college barge. When Tom gets a curacy, Mary goes and keeps house for him, in order, by thrift and management, to make his little income suffice. When Tom gets a living he marries; and Mary, now grown pitifully shabby and timid, returns to the parental vicarage and the gooseberry bushes. In this case, then, the sister has clearly and undeniably endured—er—Hades for his sake, and sacrificed her life for his, as much as your Alcestitis friend ever did. Nor will it occur to Tom, throughout his life, that he has fed the pride and strength of his manhood on the sap of his sister's happiness and youth; and when he has risen to the head of his profession, and counts himself a prosperous and successful man, he will not feel that he owes all this to the gentle maiden lady whose colourless existence he now kindly helps to support.'

'Oh, I agree with you!' I cried. 'I know of so many cases like that!'

'And there are many other minor occasions,' he continued, 'in which sisters suffer—er—Hades for their brothers, and mothers for their sons, and daughters for their parents. When there is a sudden illness in a family—who is called on to give up occupations and engagements at a moment's notice, and retire behind sheets that have been wrung out in carbolic acid?—the mother, the sister, the daughter, or the aunt! Who goes away to golf, or to fish; or, if obliged to remain in town, who lives at his club, and grumbles on the state of affairs, and considers himself personally ill-used?—the father, the brother, the son, or the uncle! Who is expected, by divine right, to know how to deal gently but firmly with the peevish patient, and who accompanies the convalescent to the undesirable seaside?—the mother, the sister, the daughter, or the aunt! Who comes in once a day to ask 'How are you this morning?' and then hurry away to his avocations and pleasures?—the father, the brother, the son, or the uncle! On this occasion, then, the mother, sister, daughter, or aunt, clearly and undeniably suffers—er—Hades.'

'Well, but men are so in the way in a sick-room!'

'Oh, if it comes to that, Admetus would probably have said men were so in the way in Hades. Or take—oh! there are so many times when sisters, and aunts, and daughters suffer martyrdom!'

'Well, granted!—But how does this affect me?'

'It crushes your argument. If you don't approve of woman's subjection, you mustn't only

not marry, you must leave father and brother, and cousin and uncle, and, by leaving them, leave a great many other things besides, and live by yourself and for yourself. Wouldn't you rather marry me?' 'Well, it seems that I gain nothing.'

'You gain certain privileges which society confers on a married lady.'

'*Nous avons changé tout cela!*' I cried. 'What intrinsic value has the feeble Mr Noodle, with his receding chin and his two songs and his five ideas, that I should give precedence to a young woman, just because she has consented to be his wife? Or is the social *status* to be conferred by way of compensation? If so, poor girl, she may sweep her bridal fineries out before me and welcome.'

'But suppose it were not Mr Noodle, but some one who could not sing, and had six ideas?'

'It does not alter the case. A woman, I consider, by assenting to the obsolete doctrine that matrimony dignifies her, is paying a barbaric compliment to man.'

'Will you pay me the barbaric compliment of marrying me?'

'No, I won't.'

'Do you dislike me personally?'

'I shall soon. I never heard of any one proposing in such an argumentative manner before!'

'But you met my proposal by logic, and I have logically proved you to be in the wrong.'

I battled for a little while; but his proposition seemed plausible, and so, as I pride myself on being strictly just, I promised to reflect on it, and he went away, saying he would come to-morrow to learn the result of my reflections.

When he came next day, I told him that I agreed with him: I was acting the part of Alcestis: I would do so no more. As long as a woman pandered to the selfishness of her male relatives—be they fathers, brothers, husbands, cousins, or uncles—as long as she consented to receive anything at their hands, and so put herself into the position of being required to give in return, they required it of her that she should daily give her life for theirs. It was injustice to woman in the abstract to yield to such a state of matters. I would yield no longer.

'You will then be just to one poor fellow in the concrete?' he cried.

'I shall go into lodgings,' I replied.

His face fell suddenly.

'May, you are joking!' he exclaimed.

I assured him that I was not joking. I had suddenly realised that I was a slave.

He looked round the drawing-room. It is a very pretty room, full of old carved wood and soft colours and the scent of many flowers.

'Do you call this slavery?' he asked, with a dramatic gesture.

'It requires cleaning annually,' I replied.

'Your father is very kind and indulgent to you, is he not?'

'I have no doubt that Admetus was kind and indulgent to Alcestis in everything except essentials.'

'Oh, may Alcestis go to everlasting per'—

'It is exactly what she did do.'

'No; Hercules went and brought her back.'

He had evidently been reading it up. I felt snubbed.

He protested till the dressing-gong sounded; but I remained as firm as a rock.

'May,' said my father at dinner that evening, 'that young Despard seems to call here pretty often. This is the third day running, isn't it?'

'Yes, papa; but he won't ever come here again.'

'Why not?' asked my father, looking up at me keenly.

'Because I am going away.'

'Going away? Where?'

'I am going into lod—lod—lodgings!' I cried, bursting into tears.

'My little May, what is it?' he asked, coming round to me at once.

'Oh, you are so—so *very* kind to me, papa!—and—and I'm sure you don't mean it! But you s—s—send me down into Hades for you!'

'My dear child!—what strong language! What do you mean?'

I dried my eyes, and told him all about Alcestis.

He did not take it nearly so well as Captain Despard had done. He was very angry, and talked about 'rank folly,' and 'modern notions derived from reading idiotic novels.' I pointed out that the notions were derived from an intelligent comprehension of ancient classical mythology, and he told me to go to bed. I went, though it was not yet ten o'clock, feeling excessively miserable, but with my mind now firmly made up. What more is needed, save one touch of martyrdom, to make a woman feel sure she is in the right?

#### HEAVEN ON EARTH.

THE heavens may lose their blue and gold,

The lilies scentless lie;

The roses, when the winds blow cold,

May fade, and fall, and die;

The merles may hide in bush and brake,

The lark and thrush be dumb;

But Love can constant summer make

Within the walls of home.

Though tumults loud may rise and reign

In market-place and square;

Though greed and strife in street and lane

Make discord on the air;

Yet angry feelings enter not,

And discords never come

To noble hall or lowly cot,

If there is Peace at home.

And though the years bring pain and woe,

And many an hour of care;

Though soft cheeks pale and hollow grow,

And silvery white the hair;

Still sorrows lighter seem to bear,

And fuller joys become—

A heaven on earth is surely where

Love reigns with Peace at home.

M. ROCK.

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## AN ARMENIAN WEDDING.

By G. B. BURGIN.

NINETY-ONE men and boys of all ages are seated together in double rows. The room is decorated in the usual Armenian fashion, with mirrors, carpets, divans. Bowls of blue china stand on ledges close to the ceiling. These are heirlooms, and must not be broken for fear of ill-luck. There is a gaudy chandelier in the middle of the room, surmounted by a glass peacock, and tin sconces shine dully through the thick haze of tobacco smoke.

As I enter, with as little noise as possible, every one rises effusively. According to oriental ideas of etiquette, a certain amount of importance in one's demeanour is indispensable. The Orientals have no notion that it can pay to respect a man who does not respect himself; and, therefore, if a Pasha of two tails visits you, you should demean yourself as if you were a Pasha of three. This may not be a very gentlemanly rule of conduct; but it is one which is almost indispensable.

A one-eyed gentleman in a blue dressing-gown assures me that it is the proudest day of his life to welcome such a distinguished guest in Mardin. A window is opened to let the smoke clear away, and with two hundred and seventy-three movements of the right arm I salute the ninety-one guests.

The bridegroom's father takes his place below a burly Turk with a mole on his forehead—a Mohammedan is always entitled to sit above a Christian. Then come six Turkish officers, then a boy sucking a cigarette, and a Kurd chief, who, on consideration of receiving a big present, has promised not to molest the bride and bridegroom. He has fine aquiline features, small ears, and tiny feet. His dress consists of a silk turban blazing with false brilliants, striped silk trousers, and a gold-laced, tight-fitting jacket. A natty black lambskin over-jacket fits closely to his shoulders, and a crimson sash, studded with silver-hilted daggers, encircles the waist of this hand-

some dare-devil. Next to the Kurd sits a solemn-looking fire-worshipper, in closely-fitting black cloth jacket, trousers, and astrakhan cap.

The proceedings commence with a small glass of mastic (a most evil-smelling spirit) all round, including the boy. Then come the musicians; they are shabby and mournful, and their discordant melodies sound like the howling of a pack of wolves. Then there is a solo on an Arabic harp. The performer is so energetic, his little parchment-covered fingers so active, his tum-tiddy-tum-tiddy-tums so rapid, and his despair at the conduct of one Fatima so great that we are full of sympathy when he declares his intention of quaffing the flowing bowl which she hands to him even should it contain poison; for one glance from her eyes can transform the deadliest draught into life-giving nectar. And so on, until the Kurd and the Persian volunteer a dance.

The Kurd takes the Persian's right hand in his left. They commence proceedings with a 'one-two-three, one-two-three, hop, skip, and jump,' to which they add a vocal accompaniment.

'What are they singing about?' I ask, after fifteen minutes of this monotonous performance.

'The death of a Kurd prince.'

After another quarter of an hour has elapsed I make the same inquiry.

'Oh, Effendi, the death of another Kurd prince.'

After supper, which is served on an enormous circular tray supported by a low stool, we return to the salon.

Shriller and shriller ring out the flageolets in the courtyard. Tambourine and guitar players jostle each other; a thrill of excitement lights up the impassive countenances of the spectators. 'What are they going to do?' I ask. 'Where's the bridegroom?'

'Effendi, they are going to dress him. By Allah, he cometh.'

A brawny barber, his arms bare to the elbow, bustles in. His assistant carries a chair, over which is spread a flowered towel. Then enters a procession. The bridegroom, his countenance



of ashen pallor (it has been floured for the occasion), totters along supported by sympathising friends.

After he is shaved by the barber, a variety of costly and wonderful garments are put upon him, all of them gifts from his fair Gemira. Fourteen of the bridegroom's brothers, each holding a candle in the right hand, strip him to the skin, and then re-clothe him—new undergarments, three green silk waistcoats, a blue silk robe, sash, flowered white satin overcoat, two jackets over that, a long loose blue robe, and a new fez. The stockings, however, do not fit, and the bridegroom grumbles. Then he kisses my hands, and sits down beside me on the divan.

'I suppose you're very happy?' I somewhat infelicitously ask, not knowing how to begin.

He smiles as if in pain.

'You love your bride very much?'

'Very much indeed.'

'What's her name?'

'Effendi, I forget.'

Fortunately, at this juncture the music again strikes up in the courtyard, and dancing begins with great spirit around two bonfires—the women at one, and the men at the other. A group of old women squat on the housetop. In another corner of the courtyard the flames throw a Rembrandtish light upon a group of withered crones.

Six beautiful Armenian girls, carrying bundles of the bride's clothes on their heads, take their places at a third fire. They are small and slight, with melting dark eyes, voluptuous forms, and tiny hands. They whirl round and round, blazing with gold and silver coins, in a kind of waltz step, their short blue robes displaying beautifully moulded ankles. Most of them wear blue muslin veils, strings of pearls in their long, braided tresses, and heavy gold bangles on wrists and ankles. Their dancing embodies the poetry of motion. Now darting soft, languishing looks upon the spectators, now revolving around each other with parted lips and flashing eyes, they are alike attractive and beautiful in their unaffected enjoyment and artless desire to please.

Near the dancers stand several old women who utter at intervals a peculiarly shrill cry, thereby invoking all good influences upon the happy couple.

To-morrow evening the bride, surrounded by her friends, will go to the church-door on horseback: the bridegroom walks. On their arrival the priest will come to the porch and explain to bride and bridegroom the obligations of matrimony. The procession will then march slowly round the church, preceded by players on bells and cymbals. On reaching the altar, the bride and bridegroom's foreheads will be placed in juxtaposition, and their heads tied together with gold chains. The bride keeps herself veiled for three days, and is not left alone with her husband until this time has elapsed.

But now there is no more feasting or giving in marriage with these poor people. Their bridegroom is Death—Famine and Pestilence attend him; and the murderous monster who sits upon the throne of Islam smiles cynically,

surrounds himself with a vast army, and devises fresh methods by which he may exterminate the whole Armenian race. 'How long, O Lord, how long?'

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER IX. (continued).

WHEN their king had crossed before them and it was realised that he intended personally leading them to victory, a yell of joy went up, and it was instantly noticeable that the great mass pushed on even faster than before. I was riding just behind the king, perhaps fifty yards in advance of the fighting line. If anything, my horse was a better one than his, and I had all my work cut out to keep him in his place. The excitement of that charge I cannot hope to make you understand. I had never experienced anything like it before, and I don't suppose I ever shall again. The rush through the crisp air, the roar of the battalions behind me, the wild lust of fighting that was rising in my heart, the total abandonment of all care, and the one set desire to come to close quarters with the foe, were sufficient to produce a peculiar kind of intoxication in which every emotion and every thought seemed quite distinct and enjoyable.

A few seconds now would bring us to close quarters with the foe; already I could see them crouched behind their works waiting to receive us. At this range the execution done by their guns was terrible in the extreme. It seemed to me impossible that any man could live to reach that glittering line of bayonets. And yet, strange to relate, even while that thought was in my mind, I was conscious of no fear. If every other man in our army behind me were killed, it seemed certain that I should escape scot-free. I can only suppose that this must be the case with most men under similar conditions, otherwise no human being would surely be insane enough to run such awful risks.

For upwards of a hundred yards from the base of the hill, the plain was strewn with large rocks. In some places they were so close together that to go straight forward was a most difficult, if not well-nigh impossible proceeding. The pace, however, at which we were travelling rendered it an equally hard matter to turn to right or left. Under these circumstances, we were perforce compelled to continue in as straight a line as possible, dodging the obstacles in our way as best we might. This erratic course was destined to prove my doing or undoing, as I cared to consider it, for in endeavouring to avoid one rock I crashed into another, and the result was eminently disastrous. My horse leapt into the air in an endeavour to clear it, caught it full and fair upon his chest, and turned an almost complete somersault, throwing me over his head, and rolling upon me when he had got me on the ground. I have a vague recollection of crawling under the shelter of the rock to avoid being trampled on, of observing the troops go panting by, and of seeing a young man have his head severed from his body by a shell, and the former come rolling and pitching

towards me, before I lost consciousness and remember no more of what happened.

It must have been upwards of half an hour later when I opened my eyes again. To my surprise, I discovered that I was lying beneath a tree on the same palm-topped hill where I had been standing with the king and the general commanding when the battle had commenced. His Majesty was kneeling by my side with an anxious face, and one of the medical staff was feeling my pulse. As soon as they saw that I was once more conscious, a glass of brandy and water was given to me, and under the influence of this stimulant I was soon myself again, though wofully weak and sore.

'What has happened?' I asked of the king as soon as I could speak. 'Did we capture the position?'

'We have been victorious all along the line,' he answered. 'The enemy are now in full retreat.'

'Thank God,' I said. 'Your Majesty has won a victory to-day of which any nation might be proud.'

When I was able to move, I rose, and leaning on the king's arm, for I was still extremely shaky, looked across the battle-field. Already the ambulance corps were hard at work collecting the wounded of both sides and conveying them to the impromptu hospitals which had been erected on the hill adjoining Du Berg's headquarters. The enemy's strong position on the other side of the plain, as well as the batteries to right and left of it, had fallen into our hands, while a large supply of arms and ammunition had become our property. The army, flushed with its success, was prepared for anything, so the king informed me, and could with difficulty be restrained from following the foe into the jungle to which they had retreated.

Leaving the knoll, we descended to the headquarters hut in order to recover ourselves after the exertions of the day. The sun was now directly overhead, and we had tasted no food since daylight. Having satisfied our hunger, we laid ourselves down, and in my case I know that in less than a minute I was as fast asleep as I had ever been in my life.

When I woke it was three o'clock, and from the commotion outside the hut it was evident that something important was happening. Having convinced myself that the enemy must be advancing, I sprang to my feet, and clutching my sword ran to the door. But it was nothing of the kind. Up the steep path that had been cleared through the jungle, a man was toiling on a worn-out horse. Covered with foam, lurching from side to side, panting so that we could hear him even at the distance we were from him, he made his way towards us. Who he was it was impossible to tell at that distance, but when he reached the hut a surprise was in store for us. He was none other than the young priest, whom I have mentioned to you before, His Majesty's chaplain at the citadel, Father Ambroise. I could hardly believe my eyes, and I could see that the king was equally astonished.

Having half-scrambled, half-dropped from the saddle to the ground, he staggered towards us,

pulling a letter from his pocket as he came. He handed it to the king.

'What is the meaning of this?' cried the king, turning ghastly white as he spoke. 'What is it that brings you here?'

'Treachery, your Majesty,' cried the priest. 'Her Majesty the queen bade me deliver this as soon as my horse could bring me to you. I have ridden from the capital since sunrise this morning.'

As he spoke he gave a little sigh and next moment fell in a dead faint at our feet. Du Berg and one of his aides sprang to his assistance, and having picked him up carried him into the hut.

The king meanwhile had opened the letter, and was reading it as if his life depended on it. When he had finished he seized me by the arm.

'For God's sake, Instow, come with me,' he said in a voice I hardly recognised. 'This letter contains terrible news, and I must consult with you upon it.'

I followed him to a spot in the jungle some fifty yards or so from the hut. Here he turned and faced me.

'Read that letter,' he said, handing it to me, 'and tell me what you think of it.'

I seated myself on a fallen tree and did as I was ordered. It was from Olivia, and read as follows:

*'THE CITADEL, Tuesday Night.'*

'MY OWN DEAR MARIE—I have, I fear, terrible news for you. If I do not explain my meaning as well as I should otherwise like to do, remember I am writing in the greatest possible haste and in terrible distress of mind.'

To-night, after you had gone, Natalie was walking upon the battlements alone. Quite by chance she sat down for a little while upon the parapet near the window of General Roche's quarters. While there, she heard him in earnest conversation with a stranger, a Frenchman, who arrived in the citadel to-day under the pretence of seeking service under your Majesty's colours. From what she overheard, they were discussing the event which is to take place at midnight to-night. How I am to tell you of such treachery, such black double-dyed villainy, I do not know. One thing, however, is evident. Roche is the traitor Instow has always believed him to be, and not your faithful servant as you suppose. His plot is as follows: At half-past twelve o'clock to-night a messenger is to arrive, presumably from you, who will report that the army has received a terrible defeat, and that the king requires the instant services of as many of the garrison as can be despatched. Under pretence of complying with this demand, the majority of the troops, certainly all those who are faithful to your throne and person, will be marched out of the citadel into the surrounding country. A messenger will then be despatched to the French commander, who is now within fifty miles of the place, coming from the east with three thousand men, and before the troops can return the capital will be in the enemy's hands. Not knowing who may be in the plot, I have written this letter, and am now sending it to you by the Padre, who is the only person in the

citadel we can trust. He will ride to the death, if need be, to deliver it into your hands; and when you receive it, you will take such action as you may think necessary. If you could only come in person, you would turn the tables on them, and we should be saved. As it is, I shall not give in while there is a man in the fortress to stand by me. God be with you, my husband.—Your devoted wife, OLIVIA.'

'What is to be done?' asked the king when I had finished reading, and handed the letter back to him.

'We must think,' I answered; 'and that quickly too. What time was that letter despatched?'

'The Padre says he left at sunrise this morning.'

'Or in other words at five o'clock. He was here at three. What time is it now?'

'Just half-past.'

'Eight hours and a half to do the return journey. Can it be done, think you?'

'It must be done,' he answered vehemently. 'Come what may, I must be in the citadel by twelve o'clock. Du Berg must find us horses, and we must start at once. I presume you will come with me?'

'You may be sure of that.'

He held out his hand and gripped mine tightly in it.

'God bless you for a true friend,' he said. 'And now for boot and saddle, and the king to the rescue. The traitors shall see with whom they have to deal.'

Five minutes later Du Berg had been informed of what had taken place at the capital, and was making arrangements to despatch a column to intercept the force that was making for the citadel from the east, and a quarter of an hour after that the king and I were on the backs of the best horses in the camp, proceeding across country as fast as our animals could take us to the rescue of the city.

*(To be continued.)*

## ACCOUNTANCY AND ITS FUTURE.

By A MEMBER OF THE PROFESSION.

PERHAPS one of the most interesting and at the same time significant and pressing problems of the time is the constant and increasing difficulty which presents itself to parents desirous of finding a suitable and promising occupation for their sons; such an one as will, with steady application and perseverance and a reasonable amount of ability, at least yield an adequate remuneration in years to come.

It seems a fact, as curious as it is unfortunate, that too large a proportion of the rising generation whose fathers are in business entertain some antipathy to following the same occupation, and look as a rule towards the 'professions' for their future field of labour. How far this may be due to some mistaken idea as to the relative 'dignity of labour' we need not stop to inquire; but it is not seldom the case that parents them-

selves have often a mistaken ambition to see their sons educated to some one or other of the professions by reason of the erroneous impressions they hold of its prospects, and the social position which it opens out to those engaged in it.

Something of the same feeling has extended to almost every rank and class, and as a natural consequence the lapse of time has, under such circumstances, brought about a condition of things which has resulted in a cry of 'overcrowding' (and consequently 'over-competition') which, not loud at first, has rapidly grown in intensity each succeeding year. It is not surprising therefore to find that with an increasing knowledge of these facts, and the evident continued invasion of the professions by numbers of article clerks, a greater amount of caution and courage is being shown by those who at one time would not have thought twice had an opening presented itself for any of their sons in any of the professions. Leaving out of consideration the army, navy, and the church, and devoting more particular attention to what may be termed the practising professions, it has been for many years increasingly plain that those of medicine and law are sadly overcrowded, and that the percentage who embark in practice, and ultimately, from sheer force of competition, retire defeated, is an alarming and a growing one. It may truly be said that unless the commencing practitioner, be he doctor, barrister, or lawyer, has at his disposal sufficient independent means to enable him to wait a very considerable period for an income in the shape of 'fees,' his chances of success are small, and by degrees are growing 'beautifully less.' Of the depressing position of those who of necessity give up the struggle it is not necessary to speak at any length; their number is considerable, and, drifting back as assistants or commencing in some new and precarious sphere, they lament the chance which led them to the profession of their choice, with perhaps the added consciousness that the best years of their lives have been wasted.

With such facts as these becoming more and better known, it is not surprising that attention is being increasingly directed to one of the professions which, though not claiming great antiquity, and yet being of great and increasing importance, is not as yet so sadly overstocked—namely, that of the accountant. If we venture to indicate in some degree the scope of the work included in the term 'accountancy,' and the future prospects of those entering it, it may probably be useful to parents seeking suitable openings for sons about to leave school and commence the battle of life.

Though the profession has but lately received its present organisation, it is not of course a new one. As a separate business it can hardly be said to be more than a century and a half old; the oldest example of the word in this sense given by the Philological Society's New English Dictionary dates from 1539: 'The said Books shall be examined with the Accomptants and particular Clerkes for the perfecting of the same.' There were 'Accomptants-generall' of various public



offices in the seventeenth century. The earliest specimen of the modern spelling 'accountant' given by Dr Murray is, oddly enough, from Tom D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719), where mention is made of

A British accountant that's frolic and free,  
Who does wondrous feats by the Rule of Three.

'Accomptant' is the form used by Isaac Taylor in the middle of this century; and the first example of 'accountancy' given by the Dictionary is of 1854.

The extensive and unique experience which the practice of the old accountancy gave to its members, and the knowledge of the inner workings of every conceivable class of business which they acquired, marked them out as being eminently suitable for the duties of Trustees in Bankruptcy and Liquidators of public and private companies, and to-day their duties may practically, though not wholly, be classed under the two great heads of accounts and liquidations. The magnitude and variety of the work comprised in the different subdivisions of these two chief branches is unique, and give to the accountant's profession a distinction and importance which is fast being judicially recognised. As expert book-keepers and accountants, auditors of private and public partnerships and companies, accountants to large trusts and corporations, trustees in bankruptcy and private arrangements, liquidators of companies, receivers, and arbitrators on matters of account, their services are in constant demand, and the qualifications demanded of a thoroughly capable practising accountant are as searching as they are varied; demanding, in addition to a thorough knowledge of the technicalities of the profession, a clear head, a keen perception of probabilities and possibilities, and a thorough knowledge of human nature.

How far the demand for accountancy services is progressing may to some extent be judged from the fact that in the course of the last thirty years the number of professional accountants in permanent practice has more than doubled; the membership of the Institute of Chartered Accountants alone, which in 1882 was eleven hundred and ninety-three, is now two thousand two hundred and forty-eight, whilst that of some of the other professional societies shows a similar increase. It was as a consequence of the growth of the profession, both in numbers and importance, that in 1880 a charter was granted incorporating under the before-mentioned title certain petitioning accountants and providing certain bylaws as to the qualifications to be required of future 'Chartered' accountants, and for the conduct of members of the profession. Since that time charters have been granted, under strict conditions, to several Scottish societies, and in England there has been incorporated the 'Society of Accountants and Auditors,' each and all of which exist, speaking generally, 'to raise the character of the profession and to secure for the community the existence of a class of persons well qualified to be employed in the responsible and difficult duties devolving on public accountants.' That they have, by their system of examinations and compulsory training for five years under articles, in the main fulfilled their object is undoubted, and to-day the profession

stands higher in the esteem of the mercantile and general community than ever before.

And now let us look for a moment at the future of higher accountancy. It cannot be said to be overcrowded at the present time. Seldom, if ever, does the capable practitioner want for employment, and those now commencing practice, provided they are persevering and have a thorough acquaintance with their duties, find it a remunerative and promising opening for their talents. But is it likely to be so in years to come?

The immediate future gives every indication of a great increase in accountants' work, and much of it is due to the economic conditions under which commerce is carried on, resulting, as they have done in the past and promise to do still more in the future, in an ever-enlarging volume of trade, both inland and foreign. Taking this for granted, the stress of commerce and the regulations which the law of the land imposes on those engaged in it promise to bring the expert accountant into greater need than ever before. Absolutely impartial and accurate accounts, a perfectly true adjustment of profit and loss, a correct system of costs, and the preparation of fair and complete balance sheets by independent persons, are all becoming more generally recognised as necessities in mercantile houses which have in times past worked more by 'rule of thumb;' and such are, in increasing numbers, availing themselves of the services of those who by training and experience are in every way fitted to give valuable and material assistance. Of the remarkable extension of joint-stock enterprise and the consequent increasing appointment of independent professional auditors it is hardly necessary to speak; the field is an ever-widening one; whilst the services of accountants in such matters of account as executorships, trusts, and other spheres are being rapidly and surely extended.

So far as bankruptcy and liquidations are concerned, too, the outlook is promising. There is a growing tendency to entrust the administration of estates in process of being wound up to practised accountants, with their necessarily intimate acquaintance with the details of business, rather than to the red-tape officialism of the state departments; and if present indications are anything to judge by, it is more than probable that legislation in future will lean more in the direction of the extension of non-official trustees and liquidators than otherwise. But however that may be, certain it is that the skill and training of the accountant are becoming, and will continue to become, more and more recognised as necessities in mercantile work, whilst it is probably only a question of time when the practice of the profession will be restricted, as is the case with law and medicine, to such as have qualified by articles and examinations, and subsequent membership of one of the recognised societies.

Of the question of the monetary remuneration which usually falls to the share of a qualified practising accountant it is more difficult to speak, but it may reasonably be stated that it will at least be equal to that earned by the average member of the legal profession. But it should be borne in mind that in the accountant's profession the practice which obtains amongst lawyers of terminating relations with their articulated clerks,

as soon as their term of service is completed, is not followed in any degree, and an accountant is generally glad to retain the services of one who has been with him during articles. As a consequence, there is an exceptional number of fully qualified professional accountants who continue their relations under their principals; and it may safely be said that the principal values the services of those who of necessity have acquired much confidential and private knowledge as to the position of his clients. As to the remuneration of these it is hardly possible even to give an approximate idea. Between the extremes of ability will be found every grade of remuneration, but such an assistant will probably commence at a salary of about £120 to £150, rising to two or three hundred pounds or even higher, according to ability.

## JUANITA.

### CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

ON a warm, sleepy afternoon, the afternoon of an Indian summer, the train slowly wound its way through the Valley of the Thousand Springs. Ned was absorbed in conversation with his young wife. She had been asking many questions, chiefly about matters that had often puzzled her. Ned, a clever, well-read man himself, was only too glad to tell her what she wished to know, and he was struck with the clear, acute comments she made at times on the subject in hand; and he mentally smiled as he compared her with some feminine acquaintances at home, who posed as leaders in their own particular set, and who seemed to consider life was merely a routine of babbling generalities and inane vapourings, well-flavoured with the latest slang. His young mountain-beauty was natural and simple in all her ways, with a quiet dignity well suited to her perfect face and figure. Not but that there was a slumbering volcano behind that calm exterior, and Ned knew it, for this girl's warm nature, when once stirred, needed constant caressing and assurance of unchanging love from her husband.

At an exclamation from his wife, Ned looked forward and saw that the train had halted, and that the leaders were talking to the two scouts, who had fallen back with news. Hastily riding up, Dave told him that hostile Indians were reported on the adjacent bluffs a few miles ahead. A council was held, and it was decided to make camp at once. As this was to be a decoy-camp, or camp to beguile the wary hostiles, it was necessary to begin early while there was yet daylight. The animals were driven into a small space nearly surrounded by young cottonwood and alder trees, the packs were unloaded and piled in a half-circle, making a serviceable breastwork to one lying on the ground full length. At the open side of this space, some fifty yards distant, the usual camp was made, lodges erected, a fire started, and a few ordinary articles of camp use scattered about. The canvas tent was laid flat on the grass behind the barricade for Nita's comfort. An early supper having been eaten, robes and blankets were laid round the fire with willow twigs and sagebrush roughly rolled in them to represent

sleeping figures. At dusk the pack-animals were brought in and tied up behind the barricade for the night. The reason for this performance was the well-known habit of Indians to make a night-attack when possible, or rather at the first signs of dawn. The redskin believes he will be haunted by the ghosts of his victims if he slays them save in daylight, so he selects the hour of earliest dawn for his murderous attacks. Tindoy, who knew all the tricks of his race, told the party when they had lain down behind the barricade, rifles in hand, to sleep, as he would arouse them when the time came—for the old warrior was sleepless when danger threatened.

Slowly the night passed away; the great stars blazed forth in the glory only seen in high altitudes, a deep silence prevailing. Just at dawn the mournful howl of a coyote broke the stillness, answered by the low hooting of an owl. Tindoy's outstretched arm silently awoke the sleepers. He knew that the cries were Indian signals.

All of them, including Nita, lying full length behind the barricade, pointed their rifles to the front and waited. In a few minutes dark figures well defined against the coming dawn appeared; and then came an irregular fire of shots directed at the dummy figures lying round the expiring fire, a second volley being poured into the lodges. As no movement was made by the figures lying on the ground, the hostiles rushed in, scalping-knives in hand, with joyful howls, thinking they had massacred the party, and then a deadly hail of bullets from eight repeating rifles surprised them. Several fell killed or disabled, the remainder crawled rapidly to cover, when a desultory fire was exchanged for nearly an hour. Indians much dislike fighting a concealed enemy. Some well-directed shots from Dave's and Ned's guns emptied a few saddles—for the enemy had now re-mounted and were circling round the barricade as is their custom. About this time two mounted runners came at racing speed to the attacking party, their horses blown and covered with dust. Shouting loudly to the others, the whole party rode off at a sweeping gallop. Tindoy, who was watching and listening, said:

'They are gone. The white troops are coming this way driving all before them.'

This was good news, but bad was to follow. Almost the last shot fired by the enemy had struck old Dave, the bullet entering his neck, and penetrating to the heart. He lay on his back, conscious, but evidently dying. Nita, kneeling beside him, clasped his hands in both of hers, sobbing violently, while Ned moistened the old man's lips with water. The dying man with difficulty gasped out: 'My girl! Nita! be good to her; and then he passed away, dying as he had lived in the heart of the eternal mountains. They buried him under a giant pine with a roughly-cut cross in the deep bark above him, piling up a great heap of stones over him to keep off the sneaking coyotes; and so they left him to his eternal rest, with the whispering winds as his requiem and the winter snows as a pall.

Erskine deeply regretted old Dave's tragic end. He had liked the stern old man for his straightforward honesty, and he felt sorry for



Nita's sake, for she was inconsolable at first. She had been a comrade as well as daughter to her father—had shared his pleasures and hardships—had so entered into his life and habits that she felt they must never part; and now he had left her, and lay calmly resting under the great trees. She reflected in her grief how utterly alone his death would have left her had there been no Ned to lean on and to comfort her, and she clung to her husband with increased affection, were that possible.

Dave's loss was also a serious one for another reason, and Erskine realised that the old man's prudent advice and readiness of resource in difficulties would be greatly missed. However, he had to make the best of his situation, and requesting Tindoy to continue as their guide, they started again on their march. They had not proceeded far before they were startled by a loud humming noise coming from a wide shallow gulch on their right, and the next moment they saw a multitude of mounted Indians with their squaws and equipage come madly rushing towards them, crying loudly to each other—the screaming squaws the loudest. In an instant the pack train was surrounded, and the mules swept along with the resistless horde. Ned found himself hemmed in by warriors, and Nita carried to the rear amongst the hideous squaws. It was all done in a moment, and Ned saw his valued mules scattered amongst the frenzied crowd of redskins, whose mournful cries and savage glances filled him with foreboding.

This band was the remnant of Chief Joseph's tribe, the fighting chief of the Nez Percés. They were fleeing from the white cavalry behind them, after having been badly worsted in a stubborn fight on the previous day. They numbered over a thousand in all, and were panic-stricken at the result of the last fight, when the whites, though much the smaller party, had given them a never-to-be-forgotten lesson in the famous battle of the Big Hole. They were heading for Wyoming, to hide in the rock fastnesses of the Wind River mountains. Ned vainly tried at times to edge his horse to the outside of the throng, whereupon scowling riders pointed to the front, pressing their horses against his and brandishing long knives above his head, so as to let him plainly understand he had to obey orders or lose his scalp. To his great relief, they halted at a stream, their horses blown and exhausted—for, as he learned later, they had been riding since early dawn. His pack mules were bleeding from the arrow pricks given by the Indians to keep the animals from falling behind; but he noticed with surprise and satisfaction that all were collected in one spot, and the packs unloaded in a heap together.

Ned was then led to a young pine tree, where he was ordered to sit down, two Indians binding him to the tree round the waist, but leaving his legs and arms free. They searched him, taking his arms away, and left a guard beside him. He could see nothing of Tindoy or Nita. Dread as to Nita's possible fate overpowered him. How long he sat there in his helpless despair he knew not, until recalled to his senses by feeling a hand on his shoulder. Looking up he saw a tall handsome Indian with eagle's feather in his hair standing before him. His bonds were cut

and his guard vanished. Joseph, for it was he, told him in good English to stand up, and asked him who he was and who was the white woman. Ned briefly told his story, not mentioning, however, the Indian fight of the previous night; and he explained that the white woman was his wife, making much of the fact that both were subjects of the great White Queen, and were leaving the White Father's country for ever.

Ned knew the States Indians envied their brother tribes under the rule of Canada, where difficulties rarely occur, owing simply to the fact that treaties are respected and enforced by the Canadian government. Joseph asked many searching questions as to how long Ned had been in the west? who his wife was? and where he was going with his goods? Then telling him to follow, he led the way to a distant lodge, where, squatting on the ground inside, were Tindoy and his party of four Indians. Chief Joseph motioned to Ned to sit down, and thus addressed the party: 'Tindoy, Chief of the Banaks, I have talked with this white man. He says what you said about him. His tongue is not forked. He is not one of those accursed American children of the great White Father who, with lying tongues, first stole our country, promising to pay us for it and then broke their promise. They placed us on reservations, promising daily food for our wives and children and ourselves, and then through cheating agents tried to starve us, giving us tracts and hymn-books instead of flour.'

'I know these white men want to wipe us out, to drive us from our land and country, where we have hunted and fished for ages; they want it all; they wish us dead.' Then fiercely to Tindoy, 'And if you, Tindoy, would only join me with your forces, we would drive these accursed whites from our midst yet.' This speech was given in Indian. Then turning to Ned, he said in English: 'You are free; your wife will be restored to you unharmed, also your pack train and treasure. I have no quarrel with the White Queen's people; I only wish she ruled this country also.' Tindoy then arose, and in impassioned language urged Joseph to surrender, pointing out the absolute hopelessness of his cause.

Joseph knew that Tindoy had been taken to the chief eastern cities at government expense, to see for himself the magnitude and power of the whites, so that he might tell his restless followers on his return. Joseph wavered for a moment; then his old hatred came back and he said: 'No! I shall remain with my people and fight to the end,' and left them. A few moments later an Indian appeared and silently motioning to them to follow him, led the way to the outskirts of the Indian camp, where to their surprise they saw their own lodges and Nita's tent erected, the packs lying close by, and all their mules and ponies grazing near them, a mounted Indian keeping them apart from the other herd. Rushing to the tent, Ned found his wife lying on a pile of robes crying bitterly. 'Nita, darling!' 'Dearest husband!' came like a duet together, and she clung to his embrace and would not release him for long.

When she found they were all free to proceed



unharméd on their journey, she laughed and cried and kissed Ned all together, and took a long time to quiet down. Ere long Tindoy came in and told them that Joseph's scouts had just reported the white troops to be following another trail in their pursuit. Joseph's party having divided into two during their retreat, their chief proposed resting next day where he now was, to let the horses recover themselves. Tindoy suggested that they do the same and wait until the Indians had all gone, lest some might join them in hopes of plunder. There was no danger of the troops disturbing them, as their course led them several miles to the north of where Joseph rested, and Ned, mindful of the pricking his poor mules had sustained in the late *mêlée*, agreed to wait until the Nez Percés left them.

The next day passed quietly, Ned and Nita prudently keeping within their tent most of the time. Next morning Nita stole out to the front, leaving her husband sleeping. Looking round in amazement, she found that not a trace of Indians was to be seen; warriors, squaws and papooses, horses, lodges, and all had vanished silently in the mists of morning. She quickly counted their own animals; not one was missing, and meanwhile she saw Tindoy riding slowly back to camp. He had accompanied Joseph a little distance, urging him at the last moment to send in offers of surrender; but Joseph, although respecting his kinsman's sagacity and advice, was resolute in his determination not to give in to the hated whites, and he went his way with his plucky band to endure countless hardships and privations until forced by hunger at the last to surrender.

In a few days they emerged from the last mountain pass they had to cross, and involuntarily drew rein at the scene below them, where stretched a great fertile valley green with waving crops of grain, hemmed in on every side by savage mountains. In the far distance an inland sea reflected the sunshine like a huge mirror from its motionless surface. They were gazing at the Great Salt Lake, for they were now on the outposts of Mormondom.

They were on their way to the land of constant flowers and sunshine, the land of ease and indolence and dreamy indifference to the future, to the native land of Nita's mother, sunny Mexico. Many thoughts revolved in Erskine's mind as they descended their last hill. He was face to face with the fact that a new era in his life was now in view, and as he glanced at his wife's calm face—for Nita had lately assumed a most dignified and matronly air—he reflected that the burden now lay on him to make all things easy and pleasant for her in her gradual ascent to the heights of what we are pleased to term Society. Just then Nita placed her hand on his arm and with a wistful look in her dark eyes said:

'Ned, will you do something to please me—will you?'—pausing, 'will you let us be married in the church down there,' pointing below as she spoke. She blushed crimson as she continued, 'I know, dear, that we are legally married according to the law of the country; but Ned, darling, it is my whim—a woman's wish—will you, Ned?'

Her husband smiling said:

'Yes, of course, Nita, if you wish it. As a matter of fact we are married as legally as though the ceremony had been done by a bishop, but if it will gratify you, in a church it shall be performed.'

Arriving at the busy frontier town, they rode first to the bank, where Erskine explained to the astonished manager how he had come by all his treasure. The gold was transferred to the safe, and then they proceeded to the hotel, where they proposed resting a few days before moving southwards. That same afternoon Ned called on the local minister, one of the fearless pioneers of the Church, who had dared to build his little church of logs in the very face of the Mormon zealots, who would gladly have made a bonfire of it, with the minister inside, had they dared.

The good man, on hearing Ned's story, approved his desire for a second ceremony, and they were quickly and quietly married once more, and Nita signed her name with a gratified smile, as though she had at last secured her adored husband beyond all question. And then the taciturn, faithful Tindoy left them. He sternly refused the gold offered him by Ned. Gold, he said, was his country's curse, bringing the white men to it; but he accepted Erskine's pearl-handled revolver with pride, and his men were given a goodly store of cartridges, highly valued by all Indians.

The old chief stood erect, his blanket carelessly thrown back from his right shoulder. 'Good-bye, brother, sister. Tindoy is glad you are safe'—thus he spoke with impressive earnestness to Ned. 'If you see the White Father, tell him to send us agents whose tongues are not forked, and whose hearts are not black. If our treaties were respected as the great White Queen's are, there would be no war,' and then with a hearty farewell, he vaulted on his horse and was seen no more.

## INDIAN WRESTLING.

By H. N. M.

INDIA is indeed the home of wrestling. The science is there regarded as a fine art, patronised by the aristocracy of the land, and highly popular with the masses. The champion wrestlers enjoy a reputation as great and wide-spread as the most celebrated bull-fighters of the Spanish ring: idolised by the people, their names are on every one's tongue.

Indian wrestlers, or *pahlwans*, as they are called, belong to a hereditary class. They are a special breed of men who have practised the art, and lived by it, for generations. One occasionally hears of an outsider who may be possessed of abnormally developed muscles, adopting the profession; but such is a rare exception, for the wrestler is generally trained from his infancy in exercises of a severe nature and diversified form, which have been handed down from his ancestors as the result of centuries of experience and actual practice. The efficacy of these old codes of training cannot be doubted when one sees their result in the finished *pahlwan*, as he stands erect and proud

in the arena, his masses of knotted muscles glistening with all the polish of satin.

We ourselves are so passionately devoted to athletics in every form, that it would be interesting to have the opinions of our experts upon the advantages of the native systems of training. We should undoubtedly be able to pick up some useful wrinkles from the recipes of our Aryan confrères.

The style of wrestling adopted in India is catch-as-you-can. But the conditions are such that matches with European wrestlers are rarely brought off. Some time ago an English wrestler, said to be the champion of the world in certain styles, met the private wrestler of a leading rajah, a great patron of the sport. The match came off in a large tent, and was witnessed by over three thousand spectators. The opponents faced each other, and tried for a few moments to grip each other by the back of the neck. It was done so quickly that it was hard to see how it came about; but, suddenly, the English champion was seen on his hands and knees on the ground, his opponent standing over him with one leg on either side of his body. The native then entwined his arms around the body of the Englishman, and though the latter weighed about seventeen stone, lifted him up from the ground, and seemed to test his weight. Meanwhile, the Englishman tried to manœuvre for an advantage by twining his legs round those of his opponent, but he was no match for his dark opponent in either science or agility. The native then slipped his hands within the small drawers worn by the Englishman, and at this, the latter raised his hands and seemed to be expostulating with the judges. He had no sooner done so, however, than he was lifted up and sent revolving some ten feet away, like a ninepin, and he was again pounced on, and laid quietly on the flat of his back before he had time to gather his senses. Whether it was fair wrestling or not it is hard to say, but the fact remains that the four judges, two being British officers, at once gave a unanimous decision in favour of the native.

The oriental possesses one advantage in that his body is oiled; but this is done not so much to make him slippery as to benefit his muscles, for the oil is rubbed into the skin till its existence is scarcely perceptible. Their agility and suppleness is little short of marvellous, and it is a common sight to see a man weighing seventeen or eighteen stone turn a double somersault or walk erect on his hands, just as a preliminary, to take the kinks out of his joints. The most eminent wrestlers in India are kept in the employment of the great rajahs and princes. Though their actual pay may not be very large, they receive valuable gifts on winning their bouts. Amongst the sporting rajahs themselves the greatest rivalry exists over the prowess of their pet champions. Thus, wagers of thousands of pounds are frequently laid between two princes, each backing his own nominee. It would be derogatory to the dignity of an eastern potentate to appropriate the stakes won to his own use, so these perquisites fall to the actual victors in the contests.

A wrestler starts his professional career, as a rule, when about twenty years of age, and

retires at about forty. Sometimes, however, he leaves the ring almost before his prime, and this takes place when he has won some great and signal victory. As soon as he has thus gained some distinctive championship he avoids all possibility of his coveted laurels being snatched from him, by prompt retirement. It was reported that the young wrestler who threw the Englishman decided that that should be his last appearance in the ring; and he now solaces himself on the thought that he is the champion wrestler of the whole wide-world. They say that he has amassed about £80,000, and that he lives a quiet uneventful life upon the estate presented to him by his employer for his last great victory.

### SHIP-BREAKING.

Of all the developments of this scientific age, the progress of modern shipbuilding is perhaps the most phenomenal. Vessels of high efficiency and most approved type can now be built at a price thought altogether impossible a few years ago. The modern steamer is of better design, has improved engines, and burns less coal than her predecessor of ten and twenty years ago; and, what is equally important, steel is much cheaper than it was, and hence the up-to-date vessel costs less to build and less to work than the older craft of our merchant fleets. Thus owners possessed of old and obsolete ships find it impossible to compete with the present creations of the builders' skill, and hence they must replace their old boats by new ones or go to the wall by stress of competition. What is to be done with these displaced vessels, many, in fact the bulk, of which are still, so far as stanneliness goes, fit for many years' work were competition less keen? Some go to the foreigner, others to the ship-breaker—the nautical knacker, as he may be called.

Let us suppose that a shipowner has determined to get rid of certain of his vessels. Due announcement of such intention is given, and on a certain date the vessel is put up to auction, and disposed of to the highest bidder. Such sales are always attended by the breakers-up or their agents, ever on the lookout for a bargain; and many are the bargains they make. The price they pay for the craft they buy is, of course, a variable quantity, but that usually obtaining is from a pound to twenty-five or even thirty shillings per ton register. That mammoth mistake the *Great Eastern* brought £16,100 when sold to be broken up, and brought more than modest fortunes to several parties concerned in her first demolition. The non-professional eye may detect little difference between two steamers of approximate size in which the breakers-up are 'interested.' Not so however the parties concerned. They can gauge to a nicety the amount of copper and brass work about a vessel, and the quantity of these materials is always a factor in determining the price paid. Then too the size of the vessel's plates must be considered. The larger these are the less rivets there will be to cut through, and the greater the quantity of undrilled iron and steel obtain-



able. Hence the vessel with the larger plates will require less labour, and will besides give better material, and thus turn out a better investment. Of course it frequently happens that the shipowner prefers to break up his own vessel, and then, instead of selling her, he engages a professional breaker-up to dismantle and demolish his ship for a certain contract price. When, however, the final sentence has been pronounced, little time is lost in commencing operations. The vessel is towed at high-water, usually of a spring-tide, to some flat and more or less deserted beach, such as most of our larger estuaries can boast. She is taken as high up the beach as is possible, and then securely anchored. Then the work of dismantling begins. Cabin fittings, &c., are first disposed of, frequently by auction. Then the funnel, ventilators, screw, and masts, except those which may be needed to assist the breaking up of the vessel, are removed. By this the craft is considerably lightened, and she is now warped farther up the beach, and finally anchored; the position of her three or four anchors being marked by upright posts, warning small craft to keep clear of so dangerous a vicinity.

There is something inexpressibly pathetic in the sight of a vessel so moored, for it is impossible to see a craft which once

#### Walked the waters like a thing of life

in the hands of the modern wrecker without conjuring up pictures of the many storms she has successfully encountered, the crews or passengers who once trod her now deserted decks; and more dominant still perhaps is the potent commentary such a spectacle furnishes upon the mutability of human affairs, for the craft in question, useless though she may now be, represented when built the latest development of the builder's art.

Viewed by day, the scene on board a large vessel in process of being broken up is striking and animated. Sturdy workmen, perhaps to the number of a hundred, are busy wielding enormous sledges in their work of demolition or in performing other of the hundred and one operations incidental to such a business. The decks, if of wood, are torn up, thrown overboard, and formed along with other wood-work into huge rafts which at high-water are floated to land and there stacked until sold. The rivets binding the huge steel plates to the ribs of the ship are cut through, and the plates placed in positions convenient for removal. At high-tide lighters and small steam-craft come alongside, and after loading their metal freight promptly depart unless they wish to be left aground when the tide falls. All is bustle and animation, but amid the chaos of wreckage there is method and order. For the breaking up of an iron or steel vessel is now reduced, if not to an exact science, at least to something very nearly approaching it. When the various superstructures are removed the engines have to be broken up, and this is perhaps the most difficult part of the wrecker's work. The more delicate part of the machinery is, of course, amenable to the mighty sledge, but the heavier masses have to be otherwise dealt with. One method which the writer saw

employed upon a three thousand ton ship in course of demolition is exceedingly primitive. One of the masts had been left standing, and to this there was attached a strong gaff provided with a pulley. The auxiliary engines, which worked a winch, had not been interfered with, and the steam thus obtained was employed to hoist by means of a stout wire-rope a heavy mass of steel weighing nineteen hundred-weight to the end of the gaff. When in this position, vertical to the engine-room, and distant above it some thirty or thirty-five feet, the cannon-ball-like mass of metal was released to shatter and fracture the machinery and castings upon which it fell. The noise produced by the crashes of the aerolite may be readily imagined. And the work was not unattended with danger, great care having to be taken by those who manipulated the 'smasher,' to keep out of the way of the flying metal splinters. After each descent the fragments were hoisted out of the way, and all made ready for another fall of the 'bomb,' as the boss of the gang facetiously termed it.

With the close of the working-day, however, all this is changed. The vessel is deserted, save by the night-watchman, who keeps watch and ward over the disappearing hulk. The necessity for such vigilance is obvious when it is considered that there may be large quantities of valuable copper or brass, to say nothing of other 'unconsidered trifles' which a pirate dealer might attempt to remove by water under cover of darkness.

The watcher is always attended by a dog, frequently two, of the terrier species, as well to guard the ship from human depredation as to protect his master from an invasion of rats. It is usually believed that these vermin abandon a sinking ship even before the fact that she is going down is realised by her human freight. But the rodent's instinct seems clearly at fault so far as a vessel sold to be broken up is concerned. In many such vessels the rats simply swarm. It is usually the custom, when a craft is finally moored *in situ* for demolition, to detach a plate near her keel. This admits the water to the lower levels of the vessel, and consequently prevents her lifting with the rising tide. While this gives the vessel a better 'lay' it considerably circumscribes the domain of the rats; and at high-water, to the uncanny swish and surge of the water in the hidden recesses of the vessel is added the squealing and pattering of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of 'these passengers that pay no fare.' It must be remembered, too, that there is little food on board for these mischievous rodents, and their hunger makes them dangerously bold. The watchman in the boat already alluded to had a most pitiful tale to tell of how while he dozed over his fire in the galley, and his 'barrier' was rating 'forrad,' his supper was stolen from his very elbow not once but twice on successive nights, and of it and the enveloping handkerchief he could not find the slightest trace. Even when his modest refectory was enclosed in a basket, the ravenous rats frequently disturbed his snatches of sleep by savage gnawings to obtain ingress to the edibles within. Time, however, brings its revenges, and the



watchman will at length see the vessel so far cut down as to be covered at high-water, and then the rats must quit the rapidly-disappearing boat. Persons who have witnessed the exodus which then takes place describe it as a sight never to be forgotten. By scores the rats make for the shore, which may be half-a-mile or so away. There is no shilly-shallying, no waste of energy spent in swimming round their former home. They make straight for the beach, and while many of them are drowned *en route*, others, as contiguous householders bear witness, thrive amazingly amid the new conditions of life which there await them.

Sailing vessels do not often come within the province of the breaker-up. They are not 'improved' from off the active list as are steam-craft. Losses, too, among this section of our merchant fleets are of more frequent occurrence. When such vessels naturally come to be withdrawn from the active list they usually take a new lease of life as a coal or store hulk, and thus it comes to pass that they escape the attentions of the ship-breaker.

Though steam-vessels usually furnish a considerable profit to the professional wrecker, the fraternity like best to secure a good old composite man-of-war. In a Government vessel the material employed may always be expected to be of the best, and yields to the breaker-up a rich harvest of valuable copper bolting and yellow metal sheathing. These plums, however, are keenly sought after, and insure a spirited bidding when they come under the hammer.

Such, in brief, are some of the more interesting features of ship-breaking, a business which the rapid evolution of economical steam-craft has rendered quite a necessary feature of modern shipping economies.

## A MODERN ALCESTIS.

### CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

NEXT day I went out and looked at various lodgings. Those I liked best were in a quiet little street near to the Marble Arch. It was called Old Quaint Street; and the woman who let the rooms had lost money, and cried very much when she told me about it; and the white curtains were stiff and smoky and grimy; and the passage smelt of cookery: but what were all these minor details when weighed against a principle?

I did not quite like to actually engage the rooms. Some of the timid dependence on other people's sanction still clung to me. I said I would let her know.

When I returned home I found that Captain Despard had called during my absence, and had had a long interview with my father. I do not know what they had said; but when I came home father met me quite cheerfully, and even looked a little amused.

'Well, May,' he said, 'have you found comfortable quarters?'

'Not luxurious,' I admitted, 'because, you see, I have only a hundred a year of my own, and I shall really require it all for my dress; and so that leaves very little over.'

'It does indeed,' father agreed. 'Next to

none, I should say. And are you not going any longer to honour me by drawing your allowance?'

There was a touch of laughter in my father's voice that stiffened me into instant dignity.

'I have some sense of rectitude,' I said. 'I shall live entirely on what is strictly my own. Please don't think I blame you, papa, or feel that you have ever been consciously unkind to me. On the contrary, I see, looking back, that, according to your lights, you have been a most indulgent parent.'

'Thank you, my dear,' said my father meekly, 'and may I come and see you in your lodgings?'

'Oh yes, papa!'

'And I shall be able to bring you news of the world you will have left behind.'

'Left behind?'

'Yes—of all your friends, and of what is going on.'

I looked puzzled.

'Because you may feel yourself a little shut out, you see,' continued father.

'Oh, I don't think so!' I replied cheerfully.

'Well, you don't anticipate being able to entertain much, do you?' asked father, smiling.

'No, of course not!' said I, with a mental picture of my parlour in Old Quaint Street still vividly before my eyes.

'And you can hardly go to all your parties, my dear, and return alone to your lodgings.'

'Oh—no,' I assented doubtfully, with another mental vision of a beautiful new ball-dress that had been sent home only yesterday.

'You have thought of all this?' asked father.

'I had not quite realised it,' I answered honestly.

'I fancy you have not realised many things yet, my child,' said father.

'Oh, I did not expect to have nothing to give up!' I responded cheerfully. 'A pioneer does not tread on rose leaves! Do you suppose I shall miss all my engagements more than I shall miss you, daddie?'

'I know that I shall miss my little daughter!'

I felt my lips quivering, but I managed to ask: 'What shall you do, papa?—I mean who will?'

'Oh, I shall ask your Aunt Jane to come and look after me while you are away.'

Now my Aunt Jane I thoroughly detest. I know it is wrong; but I can't help it. She does interfere so! Ever since I came home from school, five years ago, it has been a continual struggle to show her that I prefer to manage things in my own way, and consider myself capable of doing so unaided. Many is the tussle I have had with her, and she usually has had to retire discomfited, with a sniff and a muttered allusion to her young days. And now to think that *she* would come and be mistress in my house, and order my servants, and—oh! this was the last straw. But I made up my mind to endure it. One can endure anything for the sake of a principle.

I went to my lodgings at the end of that week. I will draw a veil over my parting with my home. I went round and looked at all the dear rooms, and at the books in the library, and at each of my beloved things. I

went last into my own little boudoir with its pink hangings, and unlocked my box of treasures, and burned a quantity of old letters. It struck me as curiously like what Alcestis had done. I remembered that she had gone round her house and said good-bye to everything. I think at the last moment I would have given it up but for the remembrance of that quizzical look of father's, and of what Captain Despard would say. I nerved myself with thoughts of this. I had a farewell interview with my old nurse, Tabby. She has been with us ever since I can remember. She was strangely unfeeling.

'I'm sorry indeed that you've quarrelled with your pa about the young captain, Miss May. Pas is arbitrary. But just you keep true, missie, and he'll come round, as sure as they does in the play.'

So *that* was the version in the servants' hall! Well, I could not explain, so I let it be. It was perhaps unjust to father.

I got into my cab and drove away. I took twelve boxes and cases in all, besides several little pieces of furniture and pictures, and odds and ends. My biggest dress box would not go in at the door, and had to be unpacked out in the street, and sent back empty. I could so easily have got into it and been taken safely home again!

It took me several days to unpack and then repack—because there was not room for anything. Then I 'did up' my sitting-room, and put my books and pictures about, and filled the vases with cut flowers, and made the place look—well, better. But it *was* lonely in the evenings! I went out in the afternoons and paid several calls on several bosom-friends. I explained to them about Alcestis, and how wrong it was for women to submit as they did. They all laughed at me, and I was glad to be able to prove to them that I was in earnest, by telling them about the lodgings. That made them open their eyes; but they were more concerned with their own affairs than with mine, and soon ran on with their chatter. How trivial it all was!—the flower-show—the so-and-so's dance—Meta's engagement. I sat and listened. A week ago I should have joined in readily enough. A week ago I was certainly intending to fulfil every one of the engagements they were discussing—except, of course, the matrimonial ones. How interested they all seemed in matrimony!—as if marriage were the most important thing in the world, except dress. I went home feeling rather 'out of it,' as father had expressed it.

Then came a spell of wet weather, and I spent my days at the window watching the street below, and the tops of the umbrellas of the passers by, and listening to the continual whirl of the machine of the little dressmaker who lived above me, and to the strumming of the poor girl who lived down-stairs with her widowed mother, and gave music lessons. These days were decidedly dull and conducive to pessimism; but I learnt to talk to myself a good deal. 'In order to carry out your high ideals,' I said sternly, 'you have to learn to forego frivolous society and the pleasures that have hitherto proved sufficient for you. So be

it. Life contains other pleasures—higher ones. You must seek these.'

So I went to Mudie's, and came home laden with recent novels.

Father appeared one evening. He explained that Aunt Jane was very conscientious, but not a stimulating companion; and so he had walked to see how I was getting on. He smoked a cigar, at my request, and he talked a good deal about Britain's attitude towards the opium question; but he gave me no account of all Aunt Jane must have been doing in the house—and he never even mentioned Captain Despard's name.

When he got up to go, he looked round my room as if he had suddenly seen it for the first time.

'So this is where you live?' he asked.

'Yes,' I said.

He shrugged his shoulders and kissed me.

I ceased to pay calls. What was the use of going and listening to people whose lives were so different from my life? I even stopped attending our usual church; it would look so weak to sit in the family pew. I went on visiting my district, though. The poor have such simple ways of looking at things. It never occurs to them to question existing facts. The great problems of life that confront us do not seem to trouble them. There was one poor woman in my district whose husband was out of work, and the way that woman sobbed when she told me of how he came home to her, night after night, footsore and disheartened, after having tramped miles in answer to some advertisement only to find that some other applicant had been chosen. I saw the husband once. He looked a nice, well-built, honest lad. The wife tried to seem cheerful when he came in, and poked up the little bit of fire, and began to spread out some wretched apology for a meal. I went away and drove round to every one I could think of, including the Charity Organisation, to ask for work for that man. But the courtesy of this century cannot stand the strain if you interfere in either business matters or with sport; and I got no help for him. Finally I went to my father's chambers.

'Tut, tut!' he said. 'Why should you be undertaking this man's taste of Hades for him?'

'Oh yes, of course, the whole system is wrong!' I cried. 'But meanwhile these people are unhappy! Think of the poor wife, father! She says he has always been so kind, and worked so hard for her, and now she is afraid his courage will break down. And she is ill herself.'

'No doubt. She should have been as sensible as you, my dear, and declined the part of Alcestis.'

I went away dejected. But that evening I got a note from father. 'Have sent a clerk round to see your protégées and find it all as you say. Have given him work and sixteen shillings a week. Will you reward me by coming to the theatre to-morrow night. Do you regard the Haymarket as a form of Hades?'

Dear father! How good he was! And what a treat the theatre would be! And how happy that poor little wife would feel by now! I ran up-stairs to shake out one of my crushed evening dresses that I had not worn for so



long, and I laid out my opera-cloak and fan and gloves, and felt quite light-hearted.

Father fetched me. The play had begun when we arrived. When we were sitting in our box father handed me his opera-glasses. The very first thing I saw, before I raised the glasses to my eyes, was Captain Despard sitting with a group of people in the stalls. I hastily levelled my glasses to the stage, and became absorbed in the play. Captain Despard did not look once in my direction; he seemed engrossed in conversation with the lady next him. There were two of his fellow-officers with him, and an elderly man, and three ladies. Captain Despard talked mostly to a dark-haired girl on his right, who was quite pretty. He put on her cloak for her when they came away. I caught sight of them all in the hall as we came out; but Jack was rushing about trying to get some one's carriage, and did not see us. We had to wait quite a long time for ours.

'Well, did you enjoy it?' father asked.

And I told him it had been delightful.

Father left me at my door. How cold and squalid my little room looked when I got back! And that fire was out again! 'I wondered if Jack had gone to supper anywhere with them.

The following day an irresistible desire came over me to see my own dear home again. It was now almost two months since I had left it. Two months!—two whole months of living by myself and for myself. How miserably lonely old age must be to one who has not managed to form ties in youth—ties that neither fading beauty nor flagging spirits and failing health will loosen. Yes, love is what we ought to earn and to hoard in youth; it is better provision for old age than is any balance at the banker's. I would go and see Aunt Jane—poor Aunt Jane! Perhaps I had wronged her. She had not much to live for; it was exceedingly natural that she should be disagreeable.

How familiar it all looked when James flung open the front door! The rush of warm air from the spacious hall, the big doors with their carved wooden handles, the soft carpet on the broad, shallow staircase—how familiar it all was!—and yet how strange. I felt as if I had been away a life-time. And now I was in the dear old drawing-room again, with the screens and pictures, and the piano, and the easy chairs, and the blazing fire, and—and *all* my flower-vases empty! Not a flower in the room!

Aunt Jane received me with her customary duplex kiss.

'I am glad you have come, though you have been a long time making up your mind to do it. However, I can well understand your reluctance.'

'Now don't scold me, Aunt Jane.'

'Well, in *my* opinion, it is just a good scolding you want. But as I have promised—I mean, well—let us change the subject.'

But I was too occupied in covertly looking round at everything to heed what she said. There were but few changes, little things I could easily alter—but of course they would never be altered.

Aunt Jane gave me some tea. She was using the wrong set—the little Dresden one that I thought too small for comfort.

Then some other callers came—friends of Aunt

Jane's—and seemed to take her position quite for granted, and hardly noticed me. I went away soon after, and was sorry I had gone at all.

When I reached my lodgings that fire was out again, and the place looked horrid. I felt too tired and depressed even to ring and have the fire re-lit. The bell would summon only Alice, with smudged face and cap askew. Still, it was stupid of me to sit down and cry; and it was more stupid of me, after I had cried for one hour by the clock, to bathe my eyes and go for a walk in the gathering dusk, in order to let the cool air cure my headache. Did all reformers feel as wretched as I felt that afternoon? I hurried along one of the broad walks of the Park, with the lights of Park Lane dancing behind its railings, and felt that I *could* not go back to that wretched, hateful little room. I bought some flowers from a woman who was standing with a basket at a street corner. You can always have a touch of mystic refinement when you can possess flowers. The woman had a baby in her arms, and a child clinging to her skirt.

'Are they both yours?' I asked involuntarily. She seemed little more than a girl.

'This one is, miss,' she answered, smiling down at the sticky infant in the shawl; 'but that'—glancing coldly at the little shivering child—'is a neighbour's. She left it.'

'Left it?'

'Some ladies got her a place, and she pays me to keep it.'

I put some money into the little child's cold hand, and she looked up at me with big, wondering, grieved eyes.

I hurried on to a deserted corner of the Park. It was now raining fast, and the path was deserted. I did not put up my umbrella, for I had forgotten it. I did not mind getting wet: I did not mind catching cold. There was no one who would care. I sat down on a seat under a tree, and watched the rain gathering into little pools at my feet.

Some one emerged out of the mist and walked slowly past me, and then suddenly stopped, turned, and came quickly back. I glanced up—it was Jack Despard.

'May!' he exclaimed; and I knew in a moment that it was all right.

Jack had a big umbrella, and he sat down by me and held it over us both.

'What is the matter, darling?' he said.

'Nothing,' I answered, turning my face away; 'it is the rain.' And then, because I was nervous, I said the one thing I did not mean to say. 'I saw you at the theatre last night.'

'Yes; and I saw you.'

'Did you? I thought you didn't.'

'You never looked at me.'

Well, that was fair; and after a moment we both laughed.

'Do you know it is eight weeks and four days since we met?' he asked.

'Really?' I answered airily.

'And how long is it to be till we meet again?'

I did not answer, but I felt his hand take mine, and I left it.

'Is it to go on like this?' he asked.

Still I did not answer.



'Is it to go on like this?' he repeated.

'No, dear,' I murmured.

I don't know what made me say 'dear;' but it sounded quite natural at the moment. Only—I did not quite foresee the immediate consequences.

'Perhaps Alceste liked going there for him,' I whispered presently.

'But he was a brute to let her!' answered Jack.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

SIR JOSEPH LISTER, who, through his great discovery of what is known as antiseptic surgery, has been the means of saving tens of thousands of human lives, naturally included a review of his work in his recent presidential address to the British Association at Liverpool. He recalled the time when a surgeon did not fear evil consequences from a badly fractured limb half as much as he did the putrefactive changes which would probably occur in the wound itself. And so much was this the case that Mr Syme—whom Sir Joseph Lister described as 'the safest surgeon of his time'—was inclined to think that it would be better, on the whole, if all compound fractures of the leg were subjected to amputation, without any attempt to save the limb. Soon after this, carbolic acid, at that time a chemical curiosity, was found to have a deodorising effect upon sewage, and Sir Joseph determined to try the effect of the same agent upon wounded flesh. The experiment was entirely successful, and surgery was at once placed upon an entirely new footing, making operations for the alleviation of human suffering possible which in previous times would never have had a chance of success. Sir Joseph Lister also dealt in his address with the jubilee of anaesthesia, and with the most recent advances in surgical practice made possible by the employment of the Röntgen rays. The British Association will meet next year at Toronto, in 1898 at Bournemouth, in 1899 at Dublin, while the last year of the century will probably find it at Glasgow.

Every one knows how common it is in country districts to see horseshoes nailed against the doors of barns and cottages, as a harbinger of good-luck. This old custom has lately come under notice in a paper on the 'Folklore of the Horseshoe,' read by Dr Robert Laurence before the American Folk-Lore Society. He believes that the custom of nailing up horseshoes originated in the rites of the Passover, the blood sprinkled on the doorposts and the lintel at the time of the great Jewish feast marking the chief points of an arch, which is reproduced in the form of the horseshoe. It is also possible that the custom is also traceable to the idea that the horse brings luck, for in legendary lore the animal has often been credited with supernatural gifts.

There is a greater demand now for the product of the india-rubber tree than has ever been known, the tires of the ubiquitous bicycle and other vehicles alone consuming an immense quantity. Everything regarding the substance is therefore of real interest to many, and Sir Henry Derrington's recent report on the rubber industry as

carried on in Mexico will find many readers. The methods of its collection in Nicaragua, and the profitable nature of the industry, are fully discussed in the article, 'Out with the India-rubber Gatherers,' on a previous page.

A newer source of india-rubber is Lagos—an industry which is considered, according to the *Kew Bulletin*, one of the most remarkable instances of rapid development that has taken place in recent years in any British colony. A plant growing wild, *Kickxia Africana*, was found, two or three years back, to yield a valuable rubber, and this substance is now in great commercial demand. The beginning of the industry was marked in January last year by the exportation of twenty-one thousand pounds of this rubber, valued at £1200. From a recent return communicated to Kew by the government of Lagos, the total exports of the material for the year 1895 amounted to more than five million pounds (two thousand two hundred and sixty-three tons), with a value of nearly £270,000. The collection and preparation of the rubber is effected by native labour. Only a year or two back a rubber industry was started with the same success at the Gold Coast, and it is now second only in importance to that of palm oil. Sir Harry Johnston, in his latest report on the British Central Africa Protectorate, is in hopes that this industry will be greatly developed there in the future. Rubber is there produced from three species of *Landolphia*, one or more species of *Ficus*, and by a shrub recently discovered and named *Tabernaemontana elegans*.

Scenic representations at theatres are becoming more and more realistic, and stage erections, or 'sets' as they are technically called, are consequently of a most elaborate character, often involving a very long wait between the acts for their preparation. At the Court Theatre at Munich this difficulty has been met by a device which will probably become common in theatres so soon as its advantages are sufficiently known. The stage there consists of a huge circular platform which can be rotated by electrical mechanism. On this stage four separate set scenes can be built up, each occupying a quarter of the circle, so that when the time comes for changing the scene, the stage is caused to give a quarter revolution and a new spectacle is brought before the audience in the short period of eleven seconds. As the house is darkened during the actual change, the means employed to bring it about are not visible. It may be mentioned that at Drury Lane Theatre, London, arrangements have been made by which the entire stage can be raised or lowered by means of a hydraulic lift—an innovation which will give scope for scenic effects never before possible.

It is said that a new kind of roofing material is being produced at a mill in Christiania, Norway, in the shape of imitation slates, which are made of compressed wood-pulp and rendered waterproof by a secret process. The new slates are black, not easily broken, of light weight, and are cheap. In short, they possess every advantage of the best slates now in use.

In an article in *Symon's Meteorological Magazine* some curious particulars are given concerning the running dry on various occasions of the river Thames between the years 1114 and 1716. This

was, of course, long anterior to the establishment of the many locks on the river, which would render such an event impossible now. In the first year named: 'There was so great an ebb everywhere in one day as no man remembered before, so that men went through the Thames, both riding and walking, east of London Bridge.' In 1158, in consequence of an earthquake, 'the river of Thames,' according to *Stow's Annals*, 1615, 'was dried uppe, that all London might walke over the same dryshod.' In 1591 the river was again so dry that a man could ride over it on horseback near London Bridge. In 1687 a great storm of wind blew down the valley of the Thames and kept the waters back so that its bed was dry, a thing which happened again on 14th September 1716. On this last occasion the river 'was driven to so low an ebb,' says the *Weekly Packet*, 'that both above and below the bridge people passed and repassed on the sands, which lay so clearly bare to view that a silver tankard, a silver-hilted sword, a gold ring, a guinea, and several other things were taken up that had been lost there.'

Paper has been put to a variety of uses, but its most curious employment is foreshadowed in the recent patenting of a blotting-paper towel. The idea is that a person on stepping out of his morning bath, instead of rubbing himself dry in the orthodox manner, should envelop his body in a towel made of blotting-paper, which will, without trouble, and in a few seconds, absorb all the moisture upon his skin. The idea is ingenious, but it does away with that wholesome friction which many believe to be so beneficial to the skin.

In the year 1849 some quarrymen discovered at Monsunmano, near Lucca in Italy, certain caves which are so hot and moist that they can be used as Turkish baths, and attention is now being directed to the place as a health-resort. The place was visited by Garibaldi and Kossuth for relief from rheumatic affections, it having been found by the inhabitants that the caves were beneficial for such complaints. The caves occur in a porous rock, and the air, saturated with moisture, attains a temperature of eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

There is a scheme on foot for the establishment in London of an immense terrestrial globe, eighty-four feet in diameter, which will show the various countries and seas on the earth's surface on a scale of about eight miles to an inch. The globe would be enclosed in a cylindrical building with a spiral gallery all round its interior, the edge of which would conform to the contour of the model world. This would slowly revolve on its axis, so that every part of it would be open to inspection. It may be remembered that a globe of half this diameter was exhibited at Paris in 1889, and that a few decades back London had a globe as one of its permanent attractions. This used to stand in Leicester Square, a quarter of the metropolis which is now almost monopolised by gigantic music halls. It is very doubtful whether the establishment of such a globe in London at the present day would pay its enormous expenses, for the taste of modern holiday-makers does not lean towards such a grave study as that of geography.

Ever since it was shown that the diamond

was only a somewhat rare form of carbon, and possessed the same chemical composition as a bit of plebeian charcoal or coke, attempts have been made to make the gem artificially, so that it might be produced in greater profusion than it is from the grudging laboratory of nature. M. Moissan, the eminent French chemist, has attacked the problem in a fresh way. He dissolves carbon in molten iron in the intense heat of the electric furnace, afterwards cooling the product under pressure, when the carbon separates in the crystallised form. Thus he produces true diamonds; but they are minute, and are by no means clear and beautiful like the brilliants so prized by jewellers. They are, moreover, costly to make, so that possessors of diamonds need have no fear of a reduction in the value of their holdings by reason of artificial competition with Kimberley. But with the artificial production of rubies it is different, for these gems can now be made of sufficient size to be used in jewellery. Many methods have been suggested for the accomplishment of this end, one of the best consisting in submitting to a high temperature a mixture of alumina, potassium carbonate, and calcium fluoride.

A little-known industry is the manufacture in Italy of the citrate of lime, from which the citric acid of commerce is made. The process adopted is as follows: Spoilt lemons, or those of such inferior quality that they are not good enough for export, are deprived of their juice, which is mixed at a temperature of eighty degrees with sufficient washed chalk, or whiting, to form a paste. The acid of the juice combines with the lime, and the bags in which the mixture is placed are subjected to heavy pressure to get rid of the useless, extraneous moisture. Next, the white paste is spread out in drying chambers until it crumbles to powder, and in this form it represents citrate of lime. The compound is subsequently treated with dilute sulphuric acid, and after filtering, the liquid is exposed in shallow trays to crystallise by spontaneous evaporation. An ounce of citric acid produced in this way is equivalent to about a pint of lemon juice.

A railway of unique form will probably be opened to public use before these lines appear in print. It is known as 'The Brighton and Rottingdean Sea-shore Electric Tramroad,' and will doubtless form an extra attraction to a favourite seaside resort. The railroad is laid on the foreshore, which here consists of hard chalk, and its average distance from the cliffs is about two hundred yards: it is just three miles in length. At low-tide the rails, four in number, can be plainly seen, bolted on solid concrete blocks, mortised into the chalk rock, but at high-tide they will be covered by fifteen feet of sea, but will be still available for use. There is but one car, but it is of special construction, and will carry about two hundred passengers. It is somewhat like an ordinary street tramcar, and at the same time like the deck of a yacht. It is supported on four massive tubular legs twenty-four feet above the rails, so as to allow for the rise and fall of the tide, and it carries two electric motors, which are actuated by means of an overhead cable running the entire length of the rails.



These motors actuate the wheels by means of shafting passing through the hollow legs of the car, each leg terminating in a big foot which constitutes a bogie carriage with four wheels. The system will offer all the benefits of a short sea voyage, without that distressing penalty which so many have to pay.

We have all been taught that brown bread, containing the bran of the wheat, is more nourishing than white, which in the refined process of milling now in vogue loses much that it would be desirable to retain. Mons. A. Girard, at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy, combats this view, and declares that the more delicate article is in every way quite as nutritious as the coarser. Another article of faith with regard to white bread is that it does not contain the necessary amount of phosphoric acid to keep the human organism in good health. M. Girard meets this objection by observing that bread is not the sole staff of life, and that if it were, the difference in the amount of acid furnished by the two sorts is unimportant. Eggs, milk, cheese, and potatoes and vegetables generally supply between them far more phosphoric acid than we get from bread, either white or brown. Physiologists say that to preserve health a man would require 3.29 grains of the acid daily. M. Girard asserts that by analysis of the food of labourers in some of the poorest districts of France, he has found as a rule quite double that amount to be consumed.

When all our tramcars, at present drawn by horses, are replaced by mechanical carriages, a large number of cumbrous vehicles will be rendered idle, and the companies will be confronted with the question, 'What shall we do with them?' Perhaps they will take a hint from what occurred not long ago in Connecticut, when horse traction on the street lines was largely superseded by another system in the various cities of that state. Some one suggested that the obsolete horse-cars might be utilised as summer cottages, hunters' camps, lodges, &c., and the idea was taken up with such readiness that now none of the old cars are to be had. Some campers-out have utilised three or four cars, using them as temporary country-houses, by planting them so as to form four sides of a square, with a canvas top stretched over the enclosed space.

In June last an expedition started with the object of exploring Central Australia. It is not generally known that there is an unexplored region in that vast island continent six times the area of England. The great difficulty of pushing into this *terra incognita* has always been its waterless character. The new expedition, under the command of Mr L. A. Wells, is provided with camels, and equipped with all necessities.

The most powerful lighthouse in the world is now in course of erection at Penmark Point on the western coast of France, about forty miles south of the place where the *Drummond Castle* was wrecked a few months ago. The tower will have a height of sixty-three metres, and in clear weather the light will be visible for a distance of a hundred kilometres. The light will not be of the ordinary revolving kind, but will be governed by new apparatus, and will be emitted in flashes lasting the tenth-part of a second. This principle is based on the observation that lightning, which

has a much shorter duration, makes a distinct impression upon the retina. The flashes will occur every five seconds. The Penmark lighthouse will cost £24,000.

In connection with the publication of Mr Garner's new book on Monkeys and Chimpanzees, and researches into monkey language, and 'Monkeyana' on a previous page, it is worth recalling that the late Sir Richard Burton has a prior claim to the discovery of the monkey-tongue, and had formed a vocabulary of no less than sixty 'words,' or twenty more than Mr Garner professes to have classified.

Burton whilst in India was seized with a fit of misanthropy, and preferred the society of monkeys to that of men. Lady Burton tells us that he collected forty monkeys of all kinds, and lived in daily companionship with them. One was his doctor, another his chaplain, another his secretary, and so on. They sat at meals with him, and were gravely waited upon by his native servants. It was then that he made his study of the monkey language, but unfortunately his carefully-compiled vocabulary was destroyed in the fire at Grindlay's repository.

#### A SONG IN LATE AUTUMN.

The blackbirds call from laurel cover,  
Their sweet spring songs forgotten now,  
And those old days are all passed over,  
The lover's kiss, the lover's vow.  
But oh, sweetheart, though storms may shatter  
And blow the barren branches bare,  
Though all the sweet flowers fall and scatter,  
'Tis not as though they never were :

For every flower that summer cherished,  
By wood or meadow, vale or hill,  
Though long ago it drooped and perished,  
In memory's garden blossoms still :  
Buds of all seasons blow together,  
Blooms gathered in from every part,  
There comes no frost nor wintry weather  
Within the garden of the heart.

And one fair figure ever lingers,  
A goddess in that garden green,  
With roses in her slender fingers,  
And crowned with roses, like a queen.  
A limpid pool no frost can harden  
Reflects her face, so fair to see,  
She is the queen of all the garden,  
And oh ! true-hearted, thou art she !

S. CORNISH WATKINS.

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## THE HEDGLEY-HASKINS LAWSUIT.

By A. M. BELDING.

### CHAPTER I.

It is possible that there are persons living within a hundred miles of the locality who have never heard of Plunkett Settlement. It is there, nevertheless, in the interior of a fine New Brunswick county, some twenty odd miles from railway communication, and, therefore, not in the regular route either of business or tourist travel.

It is also possible that the people of Plunkett Settlement are to a certain degree behind the times in their manner of life, and a little out of touch with the smart ideas and fashions of more favoured communities. But hearts beat there as elsewhere, and the people are actuated in the main, it must be confessed, by motives and feelings very similar to those that sway the great centres of population.

When Farmer Hedgley of Plunkett Settlement rose from the dinner-table one fine autumn afternoon, and announced that he would go out to the back field and fix up a break or two in the pasture fence, it was with no expectation of the thrilling event about to take place. He had eaten a hearty dinner, and was in the frame of mind naturally induced by so gratifying an experience. Axe on shoulder, and humming a verse of an old, familiar hymn, he set off across the fields.

The back field lay beyond the crest of a hill, and extended to a belt of woods on the rear of the farm. Arrived at the crest, Mr Hedgley paused and looked back, to view with pardonable complacency the thrifty acres his father's hand in former years and his own more recently had reclaimed from the Canadian wilderness. Having concluded his survey in that direction, Farmer Hedgley turned and looked toward the woods. An expression of sudden and great surprise crossed his features, and he shaded his eyes with his hat for a second look along the fence he

had come to repair, and which separated his own land from that of his neighbour Farmer Haskins. And as he gazed, the expression of astonishment merged into one of visible wrath; for there, before his very eyes, was a man busily engaged in moving the line fence—the portion of it nearest the wood—farther back on his (Hedgley's) property. And a close scrutiny disclosed the fact that the industrious person was no other than Farmer Haskins himself. With great strides Mr Hedgley covered the intervening distance, and while yet some way off raised his voice to a high pitch and shouted:

'Here! What are you at, there?'

Farmer Haskins looked up, but the question was so obviously superfluous under the circumstances that he made no reply whatever. Mr Hedgley ran up to him, dropping his axe, and seized one end of the fence pole his neighbour was about to remove.

It should perhaps be explained that for many years there had been a difference of opinion between Mr Hedgley and Mr Haskins as to the exact location of the line between their respective properties. When Mr Hedgley cleared the field on which they now stood, his location of the fence was regarded by Haskins as an encroachment; but no active protest resulted, and the fence remained. Another dispute having since arisen, Mr Haskins had engaged a surveyor, whose report was found to sustain his view. He thereupon requested Mr Hedgley to pay half the cost of the survey and move his fence—or he would even be content with the latter action on Mr Hedgley's part. But Mr Hedgley promptly and decisively refused, a fact that may be accepted as an explanation of Mr Haskins's industry on this particular afternoon.

The two men, each with a firm grip of the fence pole, glared at each other.

'You drop that fence rail!' cried Hedgley.

'You git off my land!' retorted Haskins.

Mr Hedgley gave a tremendous jerk, and went over backwards. But he was rewarded, for the fence pole went with him. He scrambled to his feet and shook his fist savagely at his neighbour.

'You put that fence back where you found it,' he wrathfully declared, 'or I'll have the law of you as sure as your name's Jim Haskins.'

'You kin have all the law between here and Halifax,' fiercely retorted Mr Haskins; 'but that fence stays where it is.'

'I'll show you whether it will or not,' roared Hedgley, and made a rush for the panels that had been removed.

'Don't you tetch it,' warned Haskins. 'Don't you lay a finger on it, Hedgley.'

Mr Haskins was a tall and burly man, and strong enough to tie Mr Hedgley, who was scarcely of medium height, and much the lighter of the two. The latter paused.

'If you lay a hand to that fence, I'll break your back,' cried Haskins, advancing.

'All right—all right,' said Hedgley, falling back and retreating to his axe; 'all right, Haskins. I'll show you whether you'll break my back or not. You got hold of the wrong man, Haskins. There's law in this country. You'll smart for this. You needn't think I'm a coward or a thief neither.'

'Who's a thief?' thundered Haskins. 'Don't you throw out any of your dirty hints at me, Hedgley. If you want the law you kin crack on as fast as you like. I'm ready. But don't you throw out none of your talk about thieves, or I'll give you something to go to law fur. Now mind that.'

'All right, Haskins—all right. We'll see what you'll do before the week's out.' With which gloomy threat Mr Hedgley shouldered his axe, and without another glance at Haskins went straight home.

#### CHAPTER II.

Mr W. G. White, barrister-at-law, &c., sat in his office at Berton Village reading the morning papers. He had a snug practice in the village and county at large. It was said of him that he had actually been known to try and persuade people not to go into the court with cases that might and ought to be settled outside. An odd reputation for a lawyer, but the fact must be stated. Berton Village was on the railway, and some twenty-five miles from Plunkett Settlement, of which it was the entrepôt.

A knock at the lawyer's door on this particular morning was promptly answered, and heralded the entry of a man who sidled in as if rather doubtful of his personal safety in a lawyer's office. The visitor removed his hat, and seated himself in a stooping posture on the edge of the chair offered him, holding his hat between his knees. He wore a rough tweed coat and waistcoat, and homespun trousers tucked into heavy boots.

'You're Lawyer White?' he queried, bringing his eyes back to that gentleman's face after a cautious survey of the room.

'Yes, sir,' said the lawyer cheerfully. 'What

can I do for you this morning? Anything in the way of business?'

'Well, yes. I have got a little somethin' I want to talk over. My name's Hedgley. I live out back here in Plunkett Settlement.'

'Ah,' said the lawyer, rising and offering his hand. 'I thought I knew your face. Well, Mr Hedgley, what's the trouble?'

'My next neighbour,' began Mr Hedgley, 'is Jim Haskins. His land jines mine to the eastward. There's a dispute about the line. There was an old survey, and I built the back fence along that line, do you see. But here lately Jim Haskins he went and got a new survey, and fetched the line over on me for quite a piece on the rear.'

'Yes,' assented the lawyer.

'Yes, sir,' said Mr Hedgley, 'he went and got that survey, and now he's gone and shifted the pasture fence over to what he calls the line. I went out t'other day and ordered him to quit. He told me to git out of that or he'd break my back. Them's his words, and I'll swear to it. I told him I'd sue him, and he told me to crack on as fast as I liked. Now I'm gon to crack on and find out if he kin take my land and then threaten to break my back for nothin'.'

The recital of his wrongs restored Mr Hedgley's confidence in himself, if for a moment he had seemed to have lost it, and he delivered the concluding sentence in an exceedingly valorous tone.

'Is this an old dispute,' queried the lawyer, 'or has it only come up lately?'

'Oh, we've been bickerin' about it off and on for years, but nothin' ever come of it till here last winter, when I went to cut some timber on the rear of my place and cut over to the old line. Then Haskins got mad, and swore he'd have it surveyed—and so he did. And now he's shifted the fence, and when I tried to stop him, he threatened to break my back, and told me to crack on. Now, I'm gon to crack on.'

'Did the new survey start at the same place as the old one?' asked the lawyer.

'Jist the same place exactly—yes, sir. And it run along the old line for quite a piece. Then it struck off a little, and kep' that way to the rear of the lots. The old stake at the rear is tore up, but I know where it was.'

'Who was the last surveyor?'

'Old man Lake.'

'A good man, Mr Hedgley. He doesn't often make mistakes,' said the lawyer. 'I've heard him give evidence in a good many land suits. Does the new survey take off a very wide strip of what you claim as your land?'

'It ain't the land,' said Mr Hedgley. 'I wouldn't a been so pat'ickler, only he told me to crack on, and threatened to break my back. Now I'm gon to crack on.' Mr Hedgley said this with the emphasis of a fixed resolve.

'How much land would you lose,' asked the lawyer, 'if his survey were accepted as the right one?'

'Well, I dunno. Half an acre, maybe. But it ain't the land. He told me to crack on.'

'In what direction does the line run?' interrupted the lawyer.

'Due north and south from a post in the medder at the foot of the hill below the road,' lucidly responded Mr Hedgley. 'I never done



him an ill turn in his life, and I never believed in neighbours fightin'. But he told me to crack on, and by hages I'm gon to. And I want you to take holt of it for me.'

'How much is the land worth, suppose you did lose it? Have you thought of that?'

'No, I hain't thought of nothin'. He told me to crack on.'

'Well, but, my dear man, it doesn't signify what he told you. As I understand the case, it is simply a question as to the true location of a line due north and south from a given point. And it only involves a very small strip of land out in the woods anyhow. You want to consider what this thing will cost you if you take it into court. We lawyers, as a rule, don't object to business being thrown in our way, but if you take my candid advice, and I won't charge you for it, you'll make another effort to settle. You're not a rich man, Mr Hedgley, although I know you've got a snug place out there. A lawsuit will cost you both a good deal more than ten times the value of the land in dispute, and will leave you bad friends into the bargain. The game, my dear sir, isn't worth the candle. Have you tried to settle?'

'It ain't no use to talk about settlin'. He's no business with my land, and he ain't a gon to git it,' emphatically declared Mr Hedgley.

'I thought you said a moment ago you didn't care about the land.'

Mr Hedgley scratched his head, and looked a little foolish; but before he could offer any further observations about cracking on, there came another knock at the door. When it was opened, in walked no other than the defendant, Jim Haskins himself. He had seen his neighbour depart that morning from the precincts of Plunkett Settlement, and rightly conjectured that the latter was after legal advice. He resolved to follow, perhaps with a vague idea that if opportunity offered, he would carry out his threat of making a fracture in the spine of Mr Hedgley.

'Ha! you're here, are you?' said Haskins to Hedgley.

'So are you, for that matter,' said Hedgley to Haskins.

'After law, I s'pose?' said Haskins, half in query, half in assertion.

'Jist that,' rejoined Hedgley with emphasis; and turning to the lawyer, and nodding his head sideways at the new-comer, remarked: 'That's him—Haskins. Smellin' round to see what he kin hear, I guess.'

'I don't hear by seein', or smellin' either,' retorted Haskins. 'I leave that for them that don't know any better.'

And he glared hard at Hedgley, as if implying that that gentleman had a vicious habit of listening with his nostrils.

'Mr Haskins,' said the lawyer, 'sit down. You are the very man I wanted to see.'

Mr Haskins sat down, still holding Hedgley with his eye.

'Now,' pursued the lawyer, 'you two neighbours are in a fair way to have a big quarrel over a very little thing. The law is my profession, and I don't often talk against my pocket, but I want to see you two men settle this matter peaceably. You can do it without any great loss to either of you, you'll do it cheaper, and

you'll feel better. Now, don't you think so yourselves, honestly?'

'He told me to crack on, and threatened to break my back,' said Hedgley obstinately.

'I told you to crack on,' thundered Haskins. 'Who began the row? Who went over the line first? Who swore he wouldn't settle it? Who swore he'd sue? Hey, Hedgley, hey?'

As Haskins hurled these questions at the other, he leaned toward him and shook a very large fist under his nose. Feeling then better satisfied with himself, he sat very erect, placed his hands on his knees, palms downward, still holding Hedgley with his eye.

'You'd no right to my land, and you hain't a gon to git it either,' growled Hedgley sullenly.

'Your land! your land!' yelled Haskins. 'Who in blazes wants your land? It's no good anyhow. A grasshopper 'ud shed tears lookin' for a place to hide on it.—I tell you, squire, turning to the lawyer, 'I've been tryin' for five years to git this here thing settled. Time and time agin I offered to pay half the cost of a new survey, and he wouldn't agree to it. Now I've had it surveyed, and I'll hold to that survey. And he kin crack on jist if he wants to. That's me, every day in the week.'

The speaker bestowed a withering look on Hedgley, who returned the same with interest.

'Gentlemen,' said the lawyer, 'keep your temper. Nothing was ever made better by getting angry over it. Just think for a moment what all this may lead to.'

'You kin advise him if you want to,' said Haskins. 'He came to you for it. I intended to see you myself, but it's all right. It's all right. There's more lawyers than one in the town. You kin advise him and welcome. I don't know anybody needs it more.'

These observations were followed by another ominous exchange of glances, and a clinching of fists on the part of Hedgley.

'No,' the lawyer said, 'I want to advise you both. As you perhaps know, I've had to do with a good many land cases in court, and I know what it costs. It means ten and twenty dollar bills to go on singing to the tune you men have started. You are both out of temper now. Let that pass. Let us talk the whole matter over quietly together. Be neighbourly. Let me help you. What do you say? It seems to me a very absurd thing that two old neighbours should go to law about so small a matter. Of course I don't fully understand the case yet. You both say you are right, and of course you both think so. But it seems to me you can come to terms outside of the court-room. Shall we try?'

'I've always wanted it settled quietly,' said Haskins, softening a little. 'And since you put it so, squire, I don't mind talkin' it all over. Mebbe we kin come to terms.'

'You hear that, Mr Hedgley?' said the lawyer. 'What do you say, now? Are you willing to talk it over in a friendly way? Let's all be good-natured.'

'Well,' said Hedgley, 'I'd a been good-natured, ony he threatened to break'—

'Well, there, there,' interrupted the lawyer, 'we say a great many things in ill-temper. Let that go.'

'Oh, I'll talk it over,' said Hedgley. 'I'm



willin' to have it settled quietly. I'm a peaceable man, and I don't want no quarrel with nobody. Haskins and me's been neighbours all our lives, most, and we never had no trouble to speak of, only this dispute about the line. Yes—I'm willin' to settle it quietly, if we kin come to terms.'

'Now that's what I call handsome,' declared the lawyer, rubbing his hands and smiling. 'If you both stick to that way of thinking, we'll settle this affair so easily that you'll both want to give me a fee—and a big one. But I am a peacemaker this time, and I won't take it.'

Then they all smiled, the lawyer in a genial fashion, Hedgley and Haskins a little dubiously. The atmosphere was decidedly clearer.

'Now,' pursued the lawyer, after a little pause, 'which of you is going to make the best-natured proposal looking toward a settlement here and now? That's the point. Who will be the first to come half-way and a little more for the sake of peace and good neighbourhood?'

'Well,' said Hedgley, 'if he'll agree to leave the line where it was—'

'No, he won't!' interrupted Haskins. 'No, sir!'

'Well, then, there's no use talkin',' declared Hedgley. 'The land's mine, and I won't be chiselled out of it by nobody.'

'Who's tryin' to chisel you out of it?' bellowed Haskins, more furious than ever. 'Drat ye! For two pins I'd shake the gizzard outen ye!'

'Ye can't do it!' yelled Hedgley, jumping up, evidently resolved to die if need be in defence of that mysterious portion of his anatomy. 'Ye can't do it! Ye haint the man, Haskins!'

'Come! Come!' cried the lawyer sternly. 'No more of that from either of you.'

'All right, squire—it's all right,' said Haskins. 'No offence to you, squire—but, oh Jerushy.'

'Don't ye!' roared Hedgley. 'Don't oh Jerushy me, Haskins!'

'Gentlemen,' broke in the lawyer—'if you are gentlemen—have some sense. It would only be serving you right if I drove the pair of you into the street. Shame on you both!'

The belligerents fell back; still, however, glaring furiously at each other.

The lawyer proceeded to give them a piece of his mind.

'You men,' he said, 'are old enough to have more sense—old enough to advise me in the matter of behaviour—and here you have acted like spoiled children. You are old neighbours, and I suppose you both have children. A fine example you set them. If they should hate each other, quarrel with each other, and act generally in a spiteful and hateful manner, whose fault would it be? You'll go to law about a strip of land that isn't worth five dollars in the first place, and you'll spend ten times or twenty times as much in costs of lawsuits. Now that's sensible, isn't it? Of course you can put the case through if you want to. Mr Hedgley has asked my advice. If he still desires it, all right—that's my business, gentlemen. But I would rather see you settle it quietly. It's clear enough that you can't both win the case in court. But you can do as you like.'

The force of these remarks was not altogether lost on Haskins, whose temper was easily cooled; but anything he might have said of a pacific

nature was thrust back by Mr Hedgley's observations.

'If the land's mine,' said Mr Hedgley, 'I want it. If it isn't, the law'll show it. That's all I've got to say.'

'All right,' said Haskins with great cheerfulness, 'you kin crack on.—I'm sorry I disturbed you, squire. You must excuse me. Good-day.'

Haskins thereupon seized his hat and strode out.

Before Mr Hedgley left it was understood that action for damages on account of trespass was to be entered forthwith against his neighbour. He had not greatly relished the lawyer's plain speaking, but the latter had a high reputation in cases of this kind, and Mr Hedgley had a shrewd eye on the main chance. He pocketed his resentment and agreed to pay his fee.

The next day it was known to all the people of Plunkett Settlement that Hedgley and Haskins had had a row, and that Hedgley had sued Haskins for trespass. And people took sides, as people will, and there was much profound discussion of the whole subject.

Lawyer White, after his latest client had gone, resumed his seat and his paper with this remark to himself; 'Another pair of idiots will have heavy costs to pay by-and-by, and when they have settled the bills they will say that the lawyers are the curse of the country.'

## OUR IRON INDUSTRY.

By W. T. JEANS,  
Author of *Creators of the Age of Steel*.

THERE appears to be a good deal of uncertainty or perplexity in the public mind at present as to the exact position of our iron and steel industry. Hitherto this industry has been regarded as the backbone of our manufacturing power, and for many years during the present century it was believed that our supremacy in metallurgy rested upon mineral possessions which nature had bountifully bestowed upon this country, and to a large extent withheld from others. As the century, which has been described as the iron age of England's greatness, is drawing to a close, that supremacy is being questioned.

This is not, however, the first time that our metallurgical prosperity has been under a cloud and has emerged from it with renewed vigour. When this century opened a similar cloud darkened its infantine prospects. In 1810 it was officially reported that the trade of Birmingham, Sheffield, and other centres of iron-making was quite at a standstill, and that there were no orders for execution there except a few for home consumption. A similar condition of collapse has been attributed to the trade over and over again as the century rolled on, but on each occasion this has turned out to be the darkest hour before the dawn of a fresh period of prosperity. There is good reason for believing that we are likely to experience a similar disillusion on the present occasion.

Generally speaking, each period of depression has also become a period of transition either in the methods of production or the incidence of distribution. It is therefore worth while to

survey the salient features of the trade and see whether there is solid ground for hope instead of despair as to the future; remembering the dictum of Hallam that a calm, comprehensive study of (industrial) history, not in such scraps or fragments as the partisans of our ephemeral literature obtrude upon us, is the best antidote to extravagant apprehensions.

In the beginning of this century it was the invention of Henry Cort for refining iron by puddling that made this country independent of Russia and Sweden for supplies of iron, but it was not till 1830 that our iron trade assumed the dimensions of a great industry. In 1828, Neilson, an engineer at the Glasgow Gas Works, discovered at a smith's forge that a hot blast was superior to a cold blast in making iron, and in the course of the next quarter of a century our production of iron increased threefold. In the contemporary literature of that period it was avowed that this rapid increase was in part caused by the economy introduced through the use of the hot blast in smelting, and that that process, which had materially lowered the cost of iron, had led to its employment for many new purposes.

After this period of expansion the production of iron was, comparatively speaking, stationary for nearly ten years, and then came the great invention of Sir Henry Bessemer for the conversion of iron into steel by simply blowing air into the molten metal in a large, egg-shaped vessel called a converter. By this means the superfluous carbon in the iron was consumed, but the phosphorus, another superfluous and deleterious element, remained. It was therefore found that only iron free from phosphorus could be converted into steel, and as England had an exceptional supply of ore of that quality the steel trade flourished here more than elsewhere. In the quarter of a century that followed the invention of the Bessemer converter, the production of iron in this country was doubled, but during the last ten years of that period it remained almost stationary.

At the end of that period came the basic process, by which phosphorus could be eliminated from the molten iron in the Bessemer converter and in the open hearth—another process for converting iron into steel that had meanwhile been coming into use. The elimination of phosphorus was effected by lining the converter with bricks made of magnesian limestone burned till as hard as flint. The phosphorus, of which there is only a very small percentage in the iron, likes this material and adheres to it in the converter, whence the molten liquid, after a blow of cold air, flows, freed from carbon and phosphorus. The discovery of this improvement, the work of three metallurgists, enabled all iron-producing countries to make steel, as almost any quality of ore or iron can now be used for that purpose.

Such being the case, every cloud on the horizon is now regarded as an omen of our lost supremacy. But that is a short-sighted view. This country was the greatest iron producer in the world before the dawn of the age of steel. Each of the epoch-making inventions we have mentioned tended materially to reduce the cost of production; and, curiously enough, now that most countries are put upon a footing of equality as regards the

possibility of producing steel, attention is again being directed to the most efficient and economic means of producing iron. The chief factor in this problem is the construction of the blast-furnace, and in respect of blast-furnace practice England is still in the van of progress. It is well known that in the shipping trade success now largely depends upon the adoption of the latest improvements in shipbuilding as giving increased speed and economy of fuel in proportion to the locomotive power used. So it is with the blast-furnace. In 1860, when the basic process was regarded as likely to revolutionise the steel trade, Sir William Siemens said that a ton of fuel ought to smelt a ton of iron, and eminent iron manufacturers treated that view as the theory of a visionary; but it is now becoming an accomplished fact. Not only has the rate of production increased, but the consumption of fuel has decreased. It was then believed in the trade that the quantity of coke required to smelt a ton of iron would continue to be 23 cwt., and the average production of the blast-furnace then was between 500 and 600 tons a week. Now, the present British practice, says Mr E. W. Richards, one of the greatest authorities on the subject, averages, from ores containing 50 per cent. of iron, 1000 tons of iron a week, with a strong tendency to increase, and the coke consumed varies from 18½ cwt. to 20 cwt. per ton of iron. The invention of firebrick stoves and their adoption instead of cast-iron pipe stoves, effected a saving of 2½ cwt. of coke, as well as made possible an increased rate of production. Improvements in the shape and size of the blast-furnace are continually being made for the purpose of promoting these objects, but the details of these improvements are too technical for popular description. Moreover, different districts and different ores require different types of furnace; and one of the secrets of success in the iron trade is to know the best type of furnace that in a particular district or under special conditions will yield the best results. Practical skill and inventive ingenuity here find ample field for profitable exercise.

In this power of constructing the costly apparatus that produces the cheapest iron, this country has always been pre-eminent. All the great inventions that have cheapened the price of iron have been made by Englishmen; and with the exception of Neilson's discovery of the hot blast, which Dr Ure said was accidental, they have all been the result of researches intentionally made to effect the end in view. Why, then, should not this country, which has hitherto been the birth-place of metallurgical improvements, continue to hold that distinction? The incentive to improvement is as great as ever. The history of the iron trade is one long and striking illustration of the old adage that necessity is the mother of invention.

Our adaptability to changing conditions is marvellous. In 1881, in referring to the probable effect of the basic process, the then President of the Iron and Steel Institute said that when that process became a proved success, 'We may expect to have secured a great national gain, and the importation of expensive ores will probably cease.' He added: 'It is quite possible that even now the export of hematite ores from foreign



ports is nearly at its maximum, and therefore any further expansion of the steel trade must be sought for in the smelting of those ores which up to this period have not been thought suitable. Since that was said our imports of foreign ores have been doubled, and during the present year about one-third of the total iron production of this country is being made from Spanish ores.

A good deal of stress is commonly laid upon differences in wages, in hours of labour, and cost of transport in different countries; but national comparisons based upon these details are generally misleading. In like manner, attention is now and then directed to the fact that in recent years production has not increased by leaps and bounds. But even from this point of view our progress, though not uniform, has on the whole been maintained. In the quarter of a century that followed Neilson's discovery of the hot blast, our iron production increased by about three million tons a year. In the next quarter of a century, beginning with the advent of the Bessemer process, the annual production of iron again increased by about three millions; and there is every reason to believe that during the current quarter of a century, beginning with the basic process, the production will show an increase of over three million tons a year.

Again, we occasionally hear of great progress made by other countries in our markets, and this naturally causes alarm. For instance, Lord George Hamilton, in submitting the Indian budget to the House of Commons in August last, said: 'There are two forms in which steel and iron are imported into India—in the shape of rails or railway material, and in bars or bulk. This country practically monopolises the imports of railway material, but I think this is rather due to the fact that the policy of the Government is to give some preference to home production. But when we come to steel and iron in bulk there is a remarkable shrinkage in British imports into India. Twelve years ago we had 97 per cent. of the total imports of iron and steel into India, but according to the last returns our percentage has shrunk to 56 per cent., while Belgium has risen during these years from 2½ per cent. to 39 per cent. These figures are those of iron and steel in bulk. Now,' he added, 'I think there are some people who maintain that foreign competition is a bogey, but here there is clear and distinct evidence that in regard to a manufacture of which we had a practical monopoly, we are gradually being ousted.'

That is one of the most alarming statements ever made on this subject. What are the facts? To begin with, the average total imports of iron and steel into India only amount to about one-thirtieth part of our total exports of these articles, and if we did not send another ton of iron to India it would not appreciably affect the iron trade of this country. Then, again, the exports from Belgium to India reached their maximum in 1893-94—the year in which the great coal strike in this country temporarily crippled the iron trade by greatly increasing the cost and restricting the supply of fuel—a year when, in consequence, our total exports of iron were the lowest recorded for many years. Since then our production of iron has increased by more than a million tons a year, and our total exports this

year are at the rate of a million more, while the production of Belgium and Germany has, comparatively speaking, been almost stationary in these years.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

### CHAPTER X.—THE CONSPIRATORS BAFFLED.

AFTER one has arrived at a certain stage of weariness there comes a time when one grows careless as to fatigue, if not almost unconscious of it. It was so in our case. During the previous twenty-four hours we had ridden eighty miles at express speed, had been engaged in a battle lasting upwards of six hours, and, as if that were not enough, were now starting back on a similar journey to that from which we felt we had only just arrived. For the first eight or ten miles we were so buoyed up by the excitement of the enterprise upon which we were embarking, that we had scarce a thought for anything save the necessity of speed. Then the dull monotony of the ride settled upon us, in which the reiterated sameness of the jungle scenery, and the steady, almost mechanical movements of our horses, played such a part that it appeared as if we were destined to continue in the same employment throughout eternity. That we should reach the capital in time to be of any use to the garrison struck us as being quite as improbable as that there could be a termination put to our anxiety. Like the idea of death to a young man in the full tide of his health and strength, both contingencies seemed so remote as to require no consideration, and yet it was towards both that every stride was carrying us.

The horse upon which the king was mounted was a dark bay with black points, standing upwards of sixteen hands. Mine was a black, half a hand shorter, but boasting, if possible, a little more breeding. Both were magnificent animals, born and bred in the king's stables, and trained under his own personal supervision. Fortunately for us they were in the very pink of condition, and having been born in the country, were stronger than any imported animals could have been. On this occasion their strength and endurance would be tested to the uttermost, and what would become of us if either should prove unworthy of the trust reposed in him I dared not think. Upon their swiftness depended a king's throne, a nation's independence, a young child's future, and his parents' lifelong happiness; surely load enough for two uncomprehending beasts.

The sun was beyond his meridian as we left the camp, he was lying on the tree-tops like a ball of fire when we forded the Ki-yin River, and told each other that the first twenty-five miles of our journey were accomplished. Ahead of us a yawning gulf of fifty miles still lay and looked as if it could never be overcome.

Crossing the river, the waters of which showed blood-red in the glorious sunset, we climbed the opposite bank and then pulled our horses up



for a few moments' rest within a *tope* of palms that grew beside a ruined temple. With the exception of a horde of monkeys in the trees overhead, and a couple of crocodiles basking upon the mud a hundred yards or so farther down the bank, we were the only living creatures to be seen. The evening breeze rustled the jungle foliage and moaned among the ruins of the temple which stood up gaunt and lonesome amid the bush and which must have been old when England was young. It was not a cheering sound by any manner of means, and neither of us were sorry when it was time to tighten our girths again and continue our ride. As we settled ourselves in our saddles, and took up our reins, I stole a glance at the king. To judge from his face, his heart might have been holding all the accumulated sorrow of the world. He looked wretchedly ill, and I could not help thinking that if he reached the end of the journey it would be as much as he could possibly accomplish. Even that appeared impossible.

The sun sank lower and lower behind the trees, and as he disappeared the shadows lengthened upon the ground. Still our horses preserved their even pace, and side by side we sped along, now dodging the boughs of trees and masses of overhanging creeper, now avoiding a treacherous pool, now disturbing a brace of jackals at their evening meal, anon swinging out into open glades where the frightened deer gave one glance at us and then disappeared like lightning flashes into the surrounding forest. Once, slinking through the undergrowth, we espied a tiger making his way to his favourite hunting ground. He was not twenty paces from us, and as we passed he drew back his lips, and uttered that peculiar coughing sound that only a tiger makes when he feels that fate is against his hunting, and he will probably go supperless to bed. A moment later we had left him to his solitude, and were speeding on as if to meet the rising moon.

The pale goddess of the night was sailing high in a cloudless sky as we climbed the low range that marked the half-way line of our journey. Over our heads rose the bluff outline of the hill, with every peak, every rock, and every feather-topped palm standing out in silhouette against the steel-gray sky. Behind us the jungle stretched like a dark sea, broken here and there with a touch of silver, where the moon's rays caught the still water of some pool or river. A night bird called from among the rocks, otherwise the landscape was as still and silent as a place of the dead.

Reaching the spot we had been aiming for, a small plateau situated almost at the summit of the hill, we pulled our horses up, and descending from our saddles, unloosed our girths, and slipped the bits from their mouths. A small pool lay among the rocks to our right, and our tired animals, which, as may be imagined, were thirsty after their long journey, became impatient to get to it. But heated as they were, it would have been the wildest folly possible to have permitted such a thing, so we contented ourselves with rubbing them down with handfuls of grass, and then, having secured

them to a tree, threw ourselves upon the ground and stretched our tired limbs.

'It is just eight o'clock,' said the king, who had consulted his watch, 'and we have still forty miles before us. Can we do it, think you? Will the horses hold out?'

'They must,' I answered. 'They are generous creatures, and we must ride them to the death if need be.'

Unable to remain still for many minutes at a time, the king rose, and crossing the little open space, stood with his elbows resting upon a rock, gazing down at the moon-lit plain. Feeling that it would be the wisest course to leave him to his own thoughts, I did not disturb him, but contented myself by attending to the horses with what strength I could muster for the work. Finding that they had in a great measure recovered their coolness, I led them to the pool and allowed them to swallow a dozen mouthfuls of water each. This done, I permitted them to feed for a moment upon the luscious green grass that surrounded the pool, and then led them back to their tree, and once more made them fast. After that I drew from my holster the flask, which I had taken the precaution to fill before leaving the camp, and also the biscuits I had placed there. Approaching the king, I poured him out a cupful of brandy and water, and to be certain that he took it I watched him drink it. The biscuit he refused point-blank, asserting that to attempt to make him eat anything in his present state would inevitably be to choke him. As soon as I had finished my own meal, the time we had arranged to allow ourselves for rest was at an end, and we unbitch our horses, and having girthed them up, swung ourselves into the saddles. Then for the first time since we had set out, I really discovered how tired and stiff I was. To move caused me the most exquisite torture, and to lift my weight into the saddle nearly brought a cry from my lips. The horses, however, seemed much refreshed by the spell, and made their way up the hillside in a very different fashion to that in which they had approached the pool. Reaching the top, we began our descent, and in somewhat less than half-an-hour were moving swiftly across the plain on the other side of which the capital was situated.

You must try to imagine for yourself, my dear Forsyth, my feelings during the ride that followed. For some time a peculiar waking nightmare possessed me. One moment I imagined myself back in England, and strangely enough, in my place in the Lords, during a debate on the question of the independence of the Médangs; at another I was on my yacht's deck, speeding across the Gulf of Siam to the king's assistance. Then I would seem to wake to the reality of my position, and with a word or two of encouragement to the king, would urge my horse to greater efforts. Long before the first twenty miles of the second half of our journey had been accomplished our animals were showing unmistakable signs of fatigue. It was plain that they were less careful of their footing than before, reeled somewhat in their gait, and on one occasion my poor beast stumbled upon a tree root and came within an

ace of hurling me headlong in the centre of the track. Knowing that it would mean the complete shattering of all our hopes if we rode them out to the bitter end, I called upon the king to stop. At first he did not hear me, but on my repeating my cry he pulled up, and turning in his saddle faced me.

'What is it?' he cried huskily. 'Why do you stop? For heaven's sake, man, remember how much depends upon our speed.'

'I do remember,' I answered, as I sprang to the ground. 'And I also know that if we do not rest our horses we shall not reach our destination. My animal is almost done, and yours is not much better. We must give them a quarter of an hour at any hazard.'

'A quarter of an hour?' he cried, in a voice that went to my heart, so full of pain was it. 'Do you know what a quarter of an hour may mean? It may mean death to every hope I have in life, and destruction to all I hold dear in the world.'

'To ride that animal another mile will mean worse even than that,' I answered with brutal candour. 'To give them a chance to recover themselves a little may mean your salvation. Come, my friend, descend from your saddle, and let me look at your beast.'

With that he dismounted, and instantly fell full length upon the ground, his legs being no longer equal to the task of sustaining his weight. I gave him another drink from my flask, and when I had taken one myself, proceeded to look after the horses. First I removed the saddle of the animal the king had been riding, and then, holding him by the bridle, allowed him to roll upon the soft grass. When he had done so, and after he had shaken himself, he scrambled to his feet again. I then allowed my own beast to follow his example, which he did without waste of time. After that I rubbed them both down with some dry grass as before, and resaddled them. This work finished, I rinsed their mouths with brandy and water from my flask, and then informed the king that I thought we might proceed again. With the word his strength seemed to come back to him like magic; he sprang to his feet without the assistance which I stood ready to give, and reached his saddle. Having seen him safely there, I mounted my own beast, and we then recommenced our ride.

Even after this long interval, the agonies of the next hour and a half seem as fresh to me as when I was enduring them. Slowly, and to the accompaniment of pains that racked me with every stride my horse took, the miles drifted by, until we were not more than ten miles distant from the capital. Small as was the distance compared with what we had already overcome, yet it seemed as if we should never be able to accomplish it. The horses no longer moved with any spring, but with a strained action that now grew more jerky and more uncertain with each succeeding mile. Already the jungle was thinning out, and signs that we were approaching the city were becoming more and more apparent. In another half hour at most, if only Providence would support our tired beasts, we felt we ought to be seeing the

gray peak of the castle rise before us. Then the town once behind us, nothing but the steep path to the citadel would remain between us and those we wished to reach. But would Providence uphold our horses for that length of time? That was the question which caused us such untold anguish.

### THE BALMORAL OF SPAIN.

THE history of the famous palace of La Granja, set among the pine woods on the northern slopes of the jagged Guadarrama Sierras, is eccentric and thoroughly Spanish. His Majesty Philip V., much oppressed by religious and state cares, was, while hunting in these glorious woods, struck one day by the quietude and extreme isolation of a certain farmstead, then in the possession of some monks of the neighbouring town of Segovia. He decided to build a little hermitage for himself in the same retreat. Later, he bought the monastic farmstead, and there and then conceived the idea of a palace in these solitudes. Word was issued, and the prodigious task of clearing primeval trees, levelling rocks, and subjugating wanton waters began. The king's French origin made him anxious to have a Versailles in Spain; and, with a truly royal indifference to cost, he decided that his palace in the mountains should resemble the French palace of his forefathers as much as possible. In twenty years, more or less, the deed was done. La Granja (it is a pleasant satire to call it by the homely name of 'Grange'), still embosomed in woods, overhung by mountains, and eternally resonant of waterfalls, is a princely house of stone, with a façade more than one hundred and fifty yards long, enchanting gardens, and scores of fountains. It stands nearly four thousand feet above the sea. A few millions sterling of its expense were repudiated by the king's successor—and very rightly said that king's astute advisers. But the crown kept the palace nevertheless, and for a hundred and fifty years it has been a favourite summer resort of the Spanish court.

It is a glorious spot in the dogdays. No wonder in these days the little town that crouches at the feet of the palace has grown considerably, and now assumes to offer its attractions to the tourists of Madrid. There are hotels open only in the season, and there is talk of a railway. This latter will, no doubt, eventually be made, for there are no difficulties of gradient between La Granja and Segovia, only six miles distant; but Spanish public works are tardy in execution. At present you may get to the palace only by driving, cycling, riding, or on foot.

My approach to it was not of the sensational kind. I crossed the Puerta or pass of the Guadarrama from the south, a couple of thousand feet or more higher than the palace, with superb pine woods all about me, and the snow-touched summits of the mountains clear against the blue sky above. The air here was very welcome after the heat of Madrid; so, too, was the solitude. Now and then, in the



long zig-zags through the woods, I met an ex-cart drowsily climbing the ascent—with ear-cracking creaks—or a picturesque person on a mule; else I had the murmurous waters to myself. Memorable, indeed, were the peeps into the deep ravines between the mountains and the distant views of red and yellow Old Castile, which stretches its bleak and barren undulations a hundred miles northward in the direction of Burgos. The woods abounded with violets, and in places the rutted road was fringed for scores of yards with bushes of yellow broom in abundant flower. Butterflies flashed to and fro, some of a huge size. The humming of bees mingled with the remote, slow, tinkling of the bullocks' bells above or below me. Pines, pines, pines, nothing but pines, and so it continued until the road became level, and with little introduction I found myself among the houses of La Granja.

In Madrid and thereabouts for weeks the sun had been scorching everything it could set its rays on. Here all was green and humid. The trees by the broad pleasure walks that radiated from the gilded palace gates were in luxuriant though not full leaf. A seducing trout-stream frolicked among boulders east and west, with patches of shaded grass on its banks that tempted to repose. In the gardens on the north side of the palace—at all times open to the public—flowers were plentiful, and stone seats under limes and magnolias. Men were, nevertheless, watering the rich turf between the beds. The air was cool and sweet, and one had but to look at the faces of the half-a-dozen or so strollers among the palms and pines to realise that, if Philip V. had sought health instead of retirement he did well to spend a few millions at La Granja.

The town is not much. It has no antiquities, and one is rather glad of it. Its houses are of the usual third-rate kind: tall and white in the chief streets, low and dark in what may be called its slums. There is, of course, a market-place, in which contented old ladies sit in the shade all day, for the most part asleep; while the flies examine their cheeses and fruit, and the chickens make trial of their store. Bread appeared to be the main thing in demand here; and very rightly, methinks, for Spanish bread is seldom aught but good. The church bell rings at intervals near them, but does not distract those serene market-women; and lean dogs prowl about their feet, nosing their goods, ready at a moment's notice to thrust tail between legs and run off yelping in anticipation of the vengeance to come. The men of the town seem even less busy than the women. They too cling to the shade wherever it may be found. The rolling and puffing of cigarettes appears to be their engrossing occupation as they loiter against the house walls. In the two or three cafés, however, there is the more furious pastime of dominoes, love of which possesses so many mild Spanish souls.

One does not expect to find tall chimneys and factories in a place like La Granja, nor are they there; but the little town is not without one very special article of industry. It makes glass and notable looking-glasses. I realise this only when I have been accepted as

a guest at the one hotel that chances to be open. It is difficult not to exclaim at the lavish mirrors in the dining-room (well protected against the flies), and the still more extensive mural glasses in the vast chamber that is given me for the night. My bedroom is, indeed, almost bewildering, there is so illusive an air of population about it. But the loquacious lady of the house explains everything: it is her duty and joy to patronise the local products, which are generally, she says, much admired by her guests; and so I too praise them, though they do show me up as an abominably heated and dusty biped, and assure her that with their aid I shall be ready for the noontide meal sooner than if they were not. His Majesty Charles III., it appears, established this mirror factory here. The kings of France had done the same thing at Versailles: this seemed a good enough reason to the sapient Spanish monarch for taking artisans into the pine woods of La Granja. Conceivably, at first, the industry was designed for the sole supply of glass to the adjacent palace; but it has grown out of that, and now has a national repute. One meets La Granja mirrors in other palaces of Spain and also in general use.

My landlady asks me if I like 'sardines,' and I reply with indifference. If she wishes me to eat sardines, I tell her, I will do so without a murmur; but it turns out she means 'jardines,' a very different matter—'Do I wish to see the royal gardens?' in fact. The Spanish 'j' is a most beguiling letter, with as little in common with our 'j' as it is possible to imagine. Of course I desire to see what Philip V., poor melancholic man, got from the Guadarrama Sierras in exchange for the nation's millions. And so my landlady's little boy—a very intelligent child—is sent post-haste with my card to the royal administrator of the palace, to obtain the necessary permission to see all that is to be seen at La Granja. Meanwhile, I breakfast on Highland trout and beef-steak, and drink the very fair white wine of the place. In spite of the mirrors that surround me (with disappointed flies clamorous about the tissue that protects their gilding), it is like eating in the dark; for, with the Spaniard's terror of the noonday sun, my landlady has closed the shutters, so that only a faint wisp of light falls through a chink upon the table. There are pictures on the walls, and the gloom seems so unfair to them that, grasping my opportunity, I bare them to the sunshine. But they are of the bad tragic kind, and I decide after all that the room looks best in the dark. The man with an imagination carries furniture with him wherever he goes.

The royal palace, on the other hand, proves anything but dark. It abounds in windows, for which Philip V. may receive a certain amount of credit. Though sad-hearted, he was not of so sombre a turn as his great predecessor, the second Philip, whose apartments (or rather dens) at the Escorial depress quite as much as the written records of his last days. For the rest, the palace is pretty much what one expects. There are scores of rooms upholstered in every shade of silk and satin, from daffodil yellow to carnation red, mirrors and



glass chandeliers innumerable; clocks also innumerable; prodigious frescoes on ceilings and walls, for the most part prodigiously bad as works of art, though resplendent for their colours. I was much impressed by the clocks. Monarchs have their hobbies, like private persons with limited incomes; and one of these Spanish sovereigns is said to have had a mania for clocks. Among the hundreds of others were two courtly old things with the name French of Cornhill upon them. It may have been fancy, but they seemed to stand with an air of contempt for the gilt timepieces under glass, which a hundred years ago were their rivals. On this day, however, they were all equally dumb.

There are pictures enough in the palace, and also statues. But these too are all fourth or fifth-rate, or copies. The real treasures of art of La Granja have long ago been carried to Madrid. One does not care very much for the Bourbon portraits, which are the main objects of interest on the palace walls. As individuals, these royal personages were singularly ill-looking. One perceives it here as well as in the National Gallery of Madrid. The marvel is that they did not themselves notice the fact and forbear multiplying presentments of themselves. Even the palace lackey smiles as he introduces their defunct majesties to the stranger; and yet you would suppose he must have got used to them.

It is far better outside in the gardens, with the mountain summits towering above the tree-tops. I am not even seduced to moralising indoors by the tale of the historic and other events which have occurred in the palace. The table upon which Queen Christina, in 1836, here signed the Constitution of 1812, under pressure from a troop of common soldiers, is shown with a certain reverence. I am told too that the impudent Godoy here settled the compact which led to the Peninsular War and the death of so many brave men. But the voices of the waters in the woods are better than these dead events, better even than the bloated tombs of King Philip V. and his wife in the palace church, with their portraits once more in relief against the marble. The rest of Spain's kings and queens for centuries lie in the rich but solemn vault at the Escorial. Philip V. would have none of the Escorial. He thought to establish a brighter Pantheon here. But his influence in this matter was confined to himself and his wife.

The gardens and the natural woods are the thing at La Granja. These merge into one another. It is infinitely better than at Versailles, where Nature seems ever to play a secondary part. And how enormously the advantage is increased by the close presence of the noble mountains, with their forests and gray bare summits, snow-spotted, backing the royal demesne south, east, and west. Standing on the terrace of the palace, one listens for the grunt of a wild boar; nor would it be strange to see a stag moving down one of these leafy avenues, fresh from his native solitudes.

Still, there is no forgetting the artificiality of the palace, at first. From the façade, miles of walks proceed with cold precision. You go a hundred yards and come to a huge fountain

of tritons or nymphs or gods and goddesses. Hence you see other fountains, just as vast, in all directions; and isolated statues among the trees, those of marble hooded with wooden shelters, those of baser material left to weather as they may. On this common day all the fountains are silent, save for the babble as the waters flow in and out of their marble basins. But on festivals they still rise among the trees, shooting a hundred feet and more into the air and with a complex cross-play of jets that say much for the ingenuity of Messrs Fremin, Thierry, Dumandre, Pitué, and the others who in respective generations have devoted their genius to La Granja. One goes among these fountains slightly predisposed to mock them as intruders in this nook of Nature. But they are not to be contemned. They really do dignify the place. I am told that royal princes have for many a year bathed in one or other of these delightful marble tanks with the living water in them. It is more than credible.

But, having at length shaken off my attendant, I give myself up to the woods, which are the best feature of La Granja. I am free to roam in the royal plantations where I please, and lose myself in Nature's plantation beyond if I please. This however seems impossible, so numerous are the thready paths, all converging upon the palace below. Still, some of them are almost wiped out a mile or more from the town; and here I can climb among big granite boulders, mossed and brambled, and fancy I am where man never yet set foot—the last white statue peeping round a tree-trunk is at least half-a-mile distant. And the blue pigeons cooing in the oaks and pines overhead seem in no terror of gunshot. The voice of the waters is still with me, and here and there the clear streams may be seen rushing among the grass and brambles. But these are quite untrammelled. They are straight from their rocky sources in the Guadarrama; cool and sweet to the palate.

It is said that more than seven thousand trees have been planted in avenues at La Granja. Of these, limes, elms, and the Indian chestnut are the most conspicuous. The lime especially seems to enjoy the moist though cool uplands. Its leafage in May is good to see. But away from the area of the plantation-gardener one is among oaks and pines, and farther still pines only; and this is better than even the fresh, methodical green of the perfumed limes. The woods are tricked out with forget-me-nots, hyacinths, cowslips, and many another English wild-flower. The brambles grip each other and make walls from tree to tree. The gold of the broom gleams ever among the verdure. And the blue sky of Spain domes all.

Philip V. did better even than, in all probability, he believed in making a nest for his royal self at La Granja.

I spent all the hours of an afternoon in these charming woods: now regaining the statues, and smoking a cigarette at the feet of a Venus or a Daphne; and now meandering afresh towards the mountains. With the approach of evening the coolness becomes marked. But it is not so pronounced that the ladies of La Granja, who have the *entrée* of the gardens, care

to wear on their heads more than the mantilla. Their graceful black forms (I allude to their dresses) contrast strongly with the white statues. Perhaps they are as beautiful as these marble prototypes of beauty, perhaps they are not. The time and place envelop them in a certain mist of romance.

The stars usher in yet one more charm for La Cranja. The snow of the Guadarrama shines against the heavens, like a motionless moonlit cloud, and the running waters talk on under the moon even more loudly than in the full glare of the day.

'WANTED, FOUR GOOD ROCK-DRILLERS.'

A JOHANNESBURG STORY.

'WANTED, four good rock-drillers at Henrietta mine; permanent work for competent men. Apply between three and five p.m. at Grand National Hotel.'

The Grand National is perhaps the best known of all the Johannesburg hotels, which fact is probably owing to its central position, having a long frontage in Rissik Street, which leads from the Park Railway Station into the central part of the town. It also possesses the largest vestibule of any Johannesburg hotel, which patrons find useful for making appointments.

On the afternoon of the day on which the above advertisement appeared, Mr Leonard Winstanley, the sub-manager, was seated in the smoking-room waiting to see what answers it would bring forth. He was not very sanguine, for it was the autumn of '95, and the mines were working well, competent workmen were scarce, and he anticipated only partial success would reward his two hours' vigil. Soon after three, however, a black waiter came to inform him that a man was waiting to see him in the vestibule. The sub-manager promptly rose, and, following the waiter, was conducted to a spruce, dapper little man standing in the vestibule, who held in his hand a copy of the *Johannesburg Standard*, in which the advertisement had appeared. The man touched his cap, and explained that he had come in answer to the advertisement.

'What experience have you had rock-drilling?'

'I have been over twelve months at it, sir, at the Simmer and Jack.'

'And why have you left?'

'Had a row with the mining manager, sir. You will find me quite competent if you give me a trial. The usual wages I suppose?'

'Yes. Can you start to-morrow? I leave here at nine o'clock.'

'Right, sir. Do you want any other men?'

'I do. Do you know of any?'

'Well, sir, as it 'appens, I can find you three good men.'

'Then by all means bring them here at once.'

'I couldn't well do that. Bill Budgen is lodging in Jeppe Town, and Sam Colwin in Bloemfontein, and as for Joe Higgins I don't know where 'e's living, but I'm sure to find him to-night at the Pirates' bar in Commissioner Street. I think I can guarantee we shall all four be here to-morrow morning.'

Mr Winstanley hesitated a moment. He ought to see the men before engaging them, and he must

return to-morrow morning. To hunt up these men would take the rest of the day, and this man could do that as well as he. Life on a mine is very slow, it is a little world of its own; there were far more agreeable ways of spending this brief holiday, there were several friends to call on, a dinner invitation, and the Empire to finish with.

'What is your name?' he asked.

'Henry Smith, sir.'

'Very well, Smith, I will rely on you. You are sure that these three men have all had previous experience?'

Mr Smith was both positive and eloquent on the point, so finally Mr Winstanley cut him short, and dismissing him, prepared to make the most of his holiday.

According to his orders a carriage was waiting outside the hotel next morning at nine o'clock. The Henrietta, as every one knows, is ten miles distant from Johannesburg over the veldt, and is a prosperous dividend-paying mine. The four rock-drillers were standing by the carriage when the sub-manager emerged from the vestibule. One of them was small and spruce like Smith, the other two broad-shouldered, burly men, of powerful build. Mr Winstanley surveyed them with satisfaction. 'Evergreen,' he said to himself, referring to his chief, 'will be pleased with these men.'

He handed in his handbag, got into the trap, the four men following, and they started. Soon they left the town behind, and followed a rough road over the veldt. The scenery round Johannesburg is by no means pretty, the absence of trees giving it a bare look; the grass, too, is generally scanty, and the undulating plain is barren of all points of interest. More than half the distance had been traversed; the sub-manager sitting silently by the driver, the men in the rear conversing in whispers among themselves. Suddenly Smith said: 'I guess we had better turn off here;' so saying, he came forward, and jerking the reins out of the driver's hands, turned the horses' heads to the right. Mr Winstanley uttered an exclamation, and rose to his feet, but the two big men behind laid violent hands on him, and each gripping a wrist, forced him down again. Almost speechless with astonishment and rage, he tried to demand an explanation.

'Just sit quiet, sir, a minute,' said Smith soothingly; 'I'll explain it all directly.' He drove over the veldt—it was a rough drive, there being no road, and the cart jolted over big stones; presently they came to a queer little natural amphitheatre or hollow in the ground. The veldt sloped down all round, leaving a few square yards of perfectly flat surface in the middle. By this he drew rein, and getting out, gave the reins again to the driver. Mr Winstanley, freed from the restraining grasp of his captors, followed, and then the other men, these latter proceeding to take from the trap a bundle of iron posts and some rope and other bundles. Mr Smith handed the driver two sovereigns.

'Just you sit still,' he said, 'and when you've driven us back you shall have three more.'

Then he turned to Mr Winstanley.

'Now, sir, let me 'ave the honour to introduce you to Jim Rivers, the heavy-weight champion of New South Wales, and the other gents is Pat



Murphy, champion of America, and his trainer Joe Cohen. I'm Jim's trainer myself.

'What, the prize-fighters,' cried Mr Winstanley; 'but what does all this mean? I have engaged you all as rock-drillers.'

Mr Smith grinned. 'I guess you won't get any rock-drilling out of us at a pound a day. Why, Jim and Pat can both earn their fifty quid a week at the 'alls. No, sir, this is how it is. We've been playing a little "roodegar" on you, as the French say. As you know, since the Ryan-Goddard fight, prize-fighting in public has been stopped by order of the police, and we wanted a quiet little mill with Pat, the genuine sort, to see which is the better man, 'cause Pat just beat Busby as we're trying to match with Jim 'ere, and we're so watched and followed that we just pretended to engage ourselves to you to get out of the town without bein' noticed, and Pat fights best in the open; and there you are, you see.'

Mr Winstanley did not understand all this; but the fact that he had been taken in became very obvious, and his language as he fully recognised this fact became 'frequent, and painful, and free.'

'Now what's the good of cussin',' protested Smith; 'you're going to see as pretty a fight as ever was, and I'm goin' to ask you, sir, to act as timekeeper.'

Mr Winstanley sadly recognised his fate, and relapsed into silence, and gloomily watched the men erect the ring and strip for action; he even accepted the watch Smith handed him, and listened to his instructions as to when to call time. 'In for a penny, in for a pound,' he soliloquised. 'I can't get away, and I may only get knocked about if I refuse. But I'll not rest till I see that scoundrel Smith in the dock.' His wish was gratified even sooner than he anticipated.

Meantime the men were ready and in the ring, and at a given signal the fight began. The first few rounds were very slow, the men exercising the utmost caution, then as they warmed to their work the pace got quicker. It was very pretty fighting, for both men fought with the utmost fairness, neither clinching nor attempting to foul. In spite of himself the sub-manager began to get interested, and followed the fight with the closest attention.

With equal interest the driver on his box looked on, and as for the two seconds they never took their eyes off their men.

The fight had been in progress over half an hour, neither man having gained any advantage, both 'going strong,' as Mr Smith expressed it, when the inevitable interruption occurred. The sound of wheels near at hand made the principals pause and the engrossed spectators turn their heads. But it was too late. A big wagonette was close by, and a posse of policemen were even now descending from it. Flight was impossible, and next moment the prize-fighters, their seconds, and the unfortunate timekeeper were under arrest, and found themselves the prisoners of no less a person than Van Dorlop, the chief inspector. This gentleman was in high feather at the capture.

'You were not quite clever enough, mine good friends. Did you think you could trick me? I had my eye on you the whole time, but your plan

was rather clever, Mr Winstanley? I fear it will also be rather expensive. I didn't know this was in your line.'

Mr Winstanley had a slight acquaintance with the chief inspector, and drawing him aside hastily told his tale.

'I assure you,' he concluded, 'it was I who was taken in; ask any of the men if it was not so. Do allow me to return to the Henrietta in the carriage, for the driver is equally innocent.'

The chief inspector smiled in reply.

'My friend, I fear I cannot let you go. Do you—what is your phrase—"see any colour in my eye?" No, that story will not wash itself. You must return with your fellow-prisoners, and accompany them to the police-station.'

Vainly did the unhappy man loudly protest, and ineffectually appeal to his former companions to corroborate his story; sunk in dismal dejection to their capture, they heeded not his complaints.

'Twenty quid apiece this 'ere little job will cost us,' mournfully said Mr Smith as he ascended the wagonette, 'and no good done neither. An' they call this a sportin' country.'

Mr Winstanley was given the place of honour next the chief inspector, and the wagonette returned; sad were his reflections on the journey. He would have to send a mounted messenger to Mr Evergreen to come and bail him out. He had lost his rock-drillers, but that was a minor point. His position was very disagreeable. If his story was believed he looked a fool; if not, his reputation as a business man was seriously damaged. A sub-manager sent to fetch workmen, and instead participating in a prize-fight, and ending the day in the police-station—anything sounded better than that.

There was also a disagreeable notoriety about the end of the drive which added to his discomfort, and assured him unmistakably that his share in the boxing fiasco could not be hidden. News of the interrupted prize-fight had got about, and of the capture of the participants. The streets were thronged with people awaiting them, who cheered derisively when they appeared. With shame and disgust Mr Winstanley saw himself recognised by various acquaintances, whose interest and amusement in the spectacle was heightened by sight of him sitting beside the chief inspector.

But the crowning drop in his cup of misery was to come. With a start of horror he saw himself recognised by Mrs O'Brian and her charming daughter Eva—Miss Eva, in whose eyes he was very anxious to stand well, and with whom (for she was accounted literary) he had only the previous afternoon been discussing Browning and Ibsen.

But help was at hand; there was no need to send to the Henrietta for Mr Evergreen. Two friends who had seen him in the wagonette came to offer to bail him out, and even this was unnecessary, for when the law-courts were reached the case was taken at once. Mr Smith and his friends, for contravening the law relating to prize-fighting in public, were severely reprimanded, but let off with a small fine on promising not to repeat the offence. About Mr Winstanley's guilt there was some doubt, but Smith having given evidence of his innocence,



and the others corroborating, there was 'laughter in court,' and finally he was discharged with a very unnecessary caution, and on his promising (which he did with great earnestness) never to do it again, and allowed to leave the court accompanied by his hilarious friends. But he got away from them as soon as possible, and not having the courage to call on Mrs O'Brian personally, took a carriage for the mine, promising himself to write and explain when he got there, which he did, and I fancy he is pardoned. But over his interview with Mr Evergreen we had better draw a veil!

That latter gentleman comes to Johannesburg now when workmen are wanted for the mine.

## MY SCRAP-BOOK.

WHENEVER at a loss for something to read, I turn to my scrap-book, throughout whose pages are dotted a curious medley of odds and ends picked up from time to time, during many years, that have struck me as possessing either interest or power to amuse. On the title-page, compared by Vicesimus Knox to the portal of an edifice, I have copied from Evening III. of his *Lucubrations*: 'The mind is nourished by variety of food, the *farrago libelli*, like the body by a commixture of fish, flesh, fowl and vegetable,' a fair index of its miscellaneous contents.

Page 1 opens with a number of curious selections from the Hatch, Match, and Despatch columns of our Dailies, which cannot be quoted for obvious reasons. Among the examples of 'pious sentiments missing their mark' is one, said to come from the North-western Provinces of India, which, though by no means new, is good enough to bear repetition.

## SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. ———,

WHO, AFTER TWENTY YEARS' UNREMITTING LABOUR AS A MISSIONARY, WAS ACCIDENTALLY SHOT BY HIS KHANDATGAR.

'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'

Turning over, I come to what I call my 'Page of Snobs,' people who hark back two or three generations to introduce into a notice some titled ancestor. One such, of a Copper Wedding, appeared a few years back in *The Morning Post*; upon which some wag, thinking to teach the copper-bridegroom a lesson by means of a little harmless cynicism, sent in the following notice, which the same paper accepted and published, in solemn earnest, on the day following:

## BRAZEN WEDDING.

POYNTEZ-D'ARGENT-CHAMPIGNON.—On November 9, 1888, at St Wombat's, Stony Stratford, by the Rev. Peter Brooke Poyntz-d'Argent, father of the bridegroom, and privately owing to affliction in bride's family, the Rev. Maximus Cadwallader Poyntz-d'Argent, B.A., Brasenose, and some time curate-in-charge of Cabbage, Beds, to Rosy Gillian, only surviving child of Vane Champignon, Esq., of Champignon, Beds, and granddaughter of the late Sir De Horsey Champignon, Kt. of Muckross, and maternal great grandniece of the late Honourable Caroline A. W. Skeggs.

The way in which Maximus Cad is introduced is neat; nor are cabbage beds and the allusion to the mushroom without point.

Then follow several news-cuttings on the

vexed question of The Divining Rod, succeeded in their turn by a number of jokes that have tickled me, from which these two or three are culled at random.

The commanding officer of a corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible, and remained as dirty as ever. A brilliant idea struck the colonel—Why not march him up and down the ranks, and shame him into decency?—It was done. The untidy warrior, who hailed from the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself, and to march up and down the entire regiment, and the men were told to have a good look at him. At the close of the exhibition, the unabashed Pat halted, saluted the colonel, and said, in the hearing of the whole corps, with the utmost coolness: 'Dhristiest righmint I iver inspected, sorr!'

The teller of the next tale was walking beside a railway line with a man who was very hard of hearing. A train was approaching, and as it rounded a curve, the whistle gave one of those ear-destroying shrieks which seem to pierce the very heavens. A smile broke over the deaf man's face. 'Hark!' he said, 'there's the first cuckoo I have heard this year.'

The volume would be unworthy of its title did it not contain a few good epigrams, apt quotations, misreadings, and some curious specimens of the art of advertising, which divide between them the next half dozen pages, and give place to a bundle of authentic children's sayings, one of which I cannot refrain from quoting: A mite of four, whose birthday falls on 24th December, when he duly receives his presents, saw his small sister one Xmas morning laden with seasonable gifts, while only a few and trifling fell to his share. On it being explained to him that he had received his day before, the poor little fellow pulled, oh such a pitiful lip, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed: 'Oh mother! why did you born me so near Christmas?'

As good as any of the repartees is that of the famous Dr Busby, head-master of Westminster two centuries ago, to the celebrated Father Petre, who had been under him as a pupil, and was one of the perverts of James II.'s time. Busby asked him why he had changed his faith. The quondam pupil replied that 'the Lord had need of him.' 'I have read the Scriptures pretty diligently,' said Busby, 'and never read that the Lord had need of anything but once, and then it was of an ass.' This same reference from the Bible was quoted (in the *Standard*, 4th February 1889) a few years since at the end of an 'In Memoriam' notice.

A number of simple recipes are worth having, such as the frosting of glass by painting it with Epsom salts dissolved in beer; and of tests, e.g. of water for organic pollution, by dissolving in it a lump of sugar, corking the bottle tightly, and standing it in the light for a couple of days, when, if no milky cloud appear, it may be considered free; or of arsenical paper-hangings, by touching the beautiful but dangerous green with common spirit of hartshorn or ammonia, a sure test for arsenic, turning it blue.

The next few sheets are devoted to Literary

Curiosities after the style of Poe's Valentine, and furnish examples of curious forms of mental recreation, to anagrams, palindromes, optical illusions, curiosities of figures *et hoc genus omne*, as well as to arithmetical puzzles, of which this subtraction sum seems to perplex people most:

	Poles	Yds.	Ft.	In.
From	4	0	1	7
Take	3	5	2	11

As it stands, this seems a sufficiently puzzling calculation. But it is enormously simplified by stating the lower line in another equivalent form—making it, namely, 4, 0, 1, 5.

The last entry under the heading 'Strange Coincidences' is the one brought to notice in the columns of *The Daily Telegraph* during last March, when the excitement concerning the Transvaal raid was at its height. In a case heard before Judge French at Shoreditch County Court the name of the plaintiff was Jameson, while two of the witnesses for the defence were named Willoughby and Rhodes.

The subject of cricket occupies the closing pages, accounts of matches interlarded with many an amusing anecdote, a couple of which must wind up this rambling sketch of my precious scrap-book, the half of whose treasures have not been touched upon. Volapük, Luminous Paint, Snails as Diet, Origins, Marks on China, Smoky Chimneys, Fairy Rings, Parrot Stories, besides endless notes on matters scientific, are fair samples of the other heterogeneous ingredients of this literary hotch-potch.

'On August 11, 1879,' wrote Arundo, 'I was bowling for Somerset v. Gloucestershire, at Clifton, and with a straight ball struck Dr E. M. Grace, who was batting, on the pads. The appeal for l.b.w. was given in my favour. 'What!' exclaimed the doctor with real or feigned surprise, 'did you say I was out, umpire?' 'Hout, sir,' replied that official, one of the best umpires in England. Then turning to me, he added, *sotto voce*, with grave impressiveness, 'and I never seen a *houster*.'

A certain cricketer, being conscious of his inability, just before his innings, to conduct his performance creditably to his club, owing to his temporary infirmity causing him to see things in a treble light, was, however, persuaded by a comrade to go in and take his luck, and be sure to strike at the middle ball, and all would be well. The first ball unfortunately got him out. When his friend upbraided him for not following his instructions, he explained 'It would have been all right, only I hit the middle ball with the outside bat.'

I may add an incident that this recalls to mind. It befell while I was playing whist at the Murree Club (we did not spell it Mari in those days) in India, one night nineteen years ago. One of our adversaries (A—) had dined not wisely but too well, and during the first hand his partner (B—) had been simply yelling for trumps. At its close he very naturally asked A— if he had not noticed his constant call for trumps:

A—: 'Of course, I did.'

B—: 'Then may I ask why you didn't lead them?'

A—: 'I had a very good reason.'

B—: 'May I ask what your reason was?'

A—: 'Because, if you had given me heaven, I couldn't have told you what trumps were.'

## ARTISTIC GLASSWORK.

THE subject of glass and glass-making is one that is of great interest to all mankind, for by its use so many and varied discoveries have been made, and so much comfort given to all persons in all ages; and, as an old writer has aptly put it: 'By its means we are enabled to enjoy the light of heaven and at the same time to exclude the wind and rain, to enjoy beautiful forms of vessels for domestic use, and provide subsidiary means for comfort in seeing and reading;' thus was the first maker of glass employed though without his knowledge or expectation.

There is a kind of glass called native, natural, or volcanic glass—namely, the mineral obsidian, which is found in the vicinity of volcanoes, and was used by the Egyptians and Romans for the making of small artistic vessels; in later times the Mexicans have made use of it. Artificial glass—the glass of commerce—is made by the fusing together of certain silicates of potash with either soda, lime, lead, or other constituents according as ordinary, crystal, crown, or other glass is required. The vitreous material, when taken from the earthen pots, is capable of being drawn out, cast, or blown; the object so formed has next to be slowly cooled, or annealed as it is called, in order to render it less liable to be broken. Some glass is polished, such as crown glass.

The art of glass-making is one of so early a date that its first history is absolutely lost; perhaps the earliest mention there is in connection with it is the tale told by Pliny, in which he states that certain sailors, returning from Egypt with a cargo of soda, were wrecked near Mount Carmel, and that, when cooking their food upon the sandy soil, glass was formed by the action of heat upon the alkali and the sand.

This legend would lead one to suppose that to the Egyptians or Phœnicians must be assigned the invention of glass-making. It was undoubtedly in Egypt that the earliest known piece of glass was manufactured, consisting of a glass bead found some years ago near Thebes, and now to be seen in the British Museum. It is in the form of a lion's head, having certain hieroglyphics beneath, which have been deciphered as constituting the name of the monarch Nuantef IV. of the eleventh dynasty about 2423–2380 B.C. At Beni-Hassan are certain monuments supposed to have been erected 2000 years B.C., and upon one are to be seen representations of Egyptians in the act of taking molten glass from a furnace and blowing it into a vase-shaped object. Another early piece of glass to which an approximate date can be assigned is also a bead bearing the name of Queen Hatsheps or Hatasu, sister and co-regent of Thothmes II. and III. of the fifteenth dynasty (*circa* 1450 B.C.); it bears an inscription stating that she was 'beloved of the goddess Ather resident in Uas' or Western Thebes. An important glass object is a little ewer about five inches in height, now in the British Museum, which bears



upon it in hieroglyphics the name of Thothmes III., who lived about 1464 B.C. (the same monarch who caused to be carved the obelisk now to be seen on the Thames Embankment); the ewer is of a light turquoise blue with ornament in dead gold upon a blue ground.

During the excavations made by Sir Henry Layard at Nineveh some very fine specimens of glass were discovered, ranging in dates from the ninth to the first century B.C. The most important specimen, found in the north-west palace, was a small vase of transparent greenish glass, having on one side a lion engraved, and upon the opposite side a line of cuneiform characters giving the name of Sargon, who was king of Assyria in 722 B.C.; this vase was blown in one solid piece and then shaped and hollowed out by a turning machine, the marks of which are still visible. Sargon is mentioned as a contemporary in Isaiah's prophecies. In the twentieth chapter the shameful captivity of Egypt and Ethiopia is prefigured; and to specify the year in which the prophecy takes place it is stated that it was 'in the year that Tartan came unto Ashdod, when Sargon, king of Assyria, sent him.' Among other objects found was a glass lens having opposite convex and plane surfaces, the properties of which could scarcely have been unknown to the Assyrians; it may be regarded as one of the most ancient if not the earliest specimen of a magnifying glass.

Many beautiful little glass vessels have been found in tombs in the countries bordering upon the Mediterranean. For years such objects were thought to have been of Greek manufacture, but it is now considered almost certain that they were made in Phœnicia at the celebrated works at Sidon between the fifth and first centuries B.C. They are distinguished by a deep transparent blue colour, the surface being ornamented by bands of colour, forming zigzag lines, generally of white, turquoise, and yellow. These little vessels were very highly valued by the Greeks and Etruscans, the former of whom do not appear to have largely manufactured glass previous to our era, although small pieces were occasionally used for architectural purposes.

The making of glass would seem to have been introduced into Rome by Egyptian workmen, and in a few years reached a point of perfection which has scarcely been equalled in modern times. The Roman emperors took a great pride in it, and soon an enormous value was set upon choice specimens, it being mentioned by a writer of the time that two vases were sold for the great sum of £49,200 modern money. Almost every variety of glass was made in Rome, and amongst others, a kind of interlacing of bands of threads, both white and coloured, known as mosaic glass, beautiful specimens of which are to be seen in large museums; another kind was that made in moulds, objects such as dried dates, masks of men, fir cones, &c., being represented. But perhaps the most important branch of the art in Rome was that in which a layer of glass of one colour was placed over another, portions of which were carved away, leaving a pattern of one coloured glass upon the lower different coloured layer, such, for example, as is seen in the celebrated Portland Vase. This vase was found in 1644, in a sarcophagus near

Rome, supposed to be that of the Emperor Severus (35 A.D.) and his mother. It measures ten inches in height, and bears a design, probably representing the awakening of the soul in the regions of the dead; at present it is to be seen in the British Museum, after having been smashed in 1845 by a madman, and afterwards carefully put together again. In 1786, Wedgwood made copies of it in his own peculiar ware, specimens of which are to be seen in most museums in the kingdom.

In the fourth and following centuries etched gold-leaf was placed between layers of glass, and was largely used for marking the places where the dead were laid in the Catacombs.

Glass was used for windows by the Romans, as also mica and alabaster; the making of glass for such purposes was continued throughout the dark and middle ages; allusions are made to it by Lactantius in the fourth century, St Jerome in the fifth, and Gregory of Tours in the sixth.

Very little is known concerning the manufacture of glass in the Byzantine Empire after the decline of Rome, but it is considered probable that workers of glass brought their materials and arts from Rome to Byzantium. The art was but little carried on in those countries under Mohammedan rule previous to 1000 A.D. In the eleventh century certain factories were at work in Syria and Egypt; and in the twelfth century at Antioch and New Tyre (*Sâr*) glass-making was practised. In the thirteenth century the workmen had learned how to apply enamel colours and gilding to glass, this special branch culminating in the beautiful enamelled lamps so much sought after at the present time. Damascus in the fourteenth century was noted for its glass, and many objects were brought into our country by travellers; one such now in existence being the goblet known as the 'Luck of Edenhall,' beautifully ornamented in enamel colours, with oriental design. In 1402 Damascus was sacked by Timour Beg, and the glass-workers taken away. This, together with the fact that the Venetian glass was becoming known, brought about the decay of Damascus glass.

Venice for many years was the chief seat of the manufacture in Europe, and Venetian glass is well known to all art collectors. It is thought probable that the making of it was carried on during the early centuries on a small scale, and that the determination to cover the interior of St Marks with mosaic had a great effect in stimulating its manufacture. The first knowledge of any known artist in glass is obtained from a document in the Venetian archives of date 1090. Constantinople was taken by the Venetians in 1204, and among the many art objects dispersed were specimens of glass, many of which found their way to Venice, and so stimulated the art in that city. Various are the kinds of glass which the Venetians made, and very beautiful are the forms which emanated from their glass factories; so important were the makers of glass that the state conferred upon them the highest privileges possible. Venetian glass has been divided into six classes—namely, those objects which are made of one-coloured or plain thin glass, such as the well-known wine glasses; then those which are formed of coloured glass, painted with enamel colours and



then gilded, forming perhaps, some of the earliest shaped pieces of glass made about 1450—1520; a third class consists of mosaic glass; in a fourth are placed the opaque glasses; to a fifth class are assigned those 'crackled' glasses, formed by the sudden cooling and reheating of objects whilst in course of manufacture; and lastly are classed the peculiar lace glass and filigree glasses. So important was the glass manufacture that very stringent regulations were enforced by the state to prevent the secrets being carried to other countries, one, it is said, enacted that if a workman left a factory, and took the secrets of glass-making with him, he was at first asked to return; if he refused to do so, his nearest relations were imprisoned; if, notwithstanding this, he still would not return, an emissary was sent to find and secretly kill him. Yet with all these severe penalties, certain of the workmen left Venice and carried their art with them into Germany, France, and England.

In Germany the art had been carried on previous to the sixteenth century; at this period and during the next two centuries a peculiar kind of beer-drinking cylindrical vessels known as 'Wiederkomms' were made, generally of plain glass ornamented in enamel colours with the arms of the Emperor and Electors of Germany, with the Imperial Eagle, or with designs dealing with domestic subjects. The art of cutting glass was brought to great perfection in Bohemia toward the end of the seventeenth century, and at Potsdam in 1679 a peculiar kind of ruby glass, invented by Künckell, was manufactured.

Very few pieces of French glass now in existence can be attributed to an earlier date than the sixteenth century. But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the art advanced, and in the time of Louis XVI. very delicate ornamentation was made on glass by means of wheel engraving, the usual pattern consisting of monograms and initial letters interlaced in the midst of an escutcheon.

Many small portions of glass have been found in various parts of the United Kingdom, bearing a great resemblance to the old Roman glass, and it has been conjectured that such was imported into England. At Woodnesborough in Kent a large number of elongated glasses were dug up; they are said to have given rise to the word 'tumbler' as applied to drinking glasses, for, from their having rounded bases, when stood upon a table they were tumblers in a true sense; they are considered to be of Anglo-Saxon origin, and many are to be seen in the British Museum. The earliest evidence there is of the making of glass in England is in 1447, when John Prudde of Westminster in agreeing to make the windows for the Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick, promises that he will 'use no glasse of England.' Sussex from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century was noted for its glass. Stow in his chronicle says that the first making of Venice glass began in England at Crutched Friars in London about the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by Jacob Vessaline, an Italian. In the seventeenth century lead was used in the glass manufacture, and the glass so made was known in England as 'flint' glass. At Lambeth in 1673 the Duke of Buckingham

started glass-works. In 1736 English glass-making had so improved that it was considered to be superior to Bohemian. At Bristol in the latter end of the last century a factory was started and became noted for its vases and beakers.

The first glass in Scotland was made at Wemyss and afterwards at Prestonpans and Leith. Many goblets are met with which have engraved upon them a rose with two smaller rose-buds emblematic of James II. and the old and young Pretender; some also bear the portrait of Charles Edward in tartan dress encircled by a wreath of laurel: such glasses were probably made in Scotland. Many beautiful specimens of glass have been made in India, Persia, and China, the Persian glass sprinklers of various colours being specially noteworthy. The small snuff-bottles made by the Chinese are not only beautiful but very interesting, for they recall the old methods of the Romans of using two or three layers of glass of various colours, and cutting away certain parts to form some device or pattern.

At the present time specimens of old Venetian glass are being copied in some few instances with great success, though it is to be feared that much of the modern glass is commonplace in form, doubtless owing to manufacturers having to sell at a cheap rate. Yet it is gratifying to know that where time has been allowed to skilled workmen for the manufacture of certain specimens, a high standard of excellence has been the result, approaching the Venetian work of the best period. Copies of the old Mosque lamps and other ancient patterns are being made in Paris and Italy at the present time, and it behoves all those interested in buying old glass to be somewhat careful as to their purchases.

### THREE PICTURES OF A LIFE.

#### DAWN.

PLAYMATE of dreams and flowers and all things bright,

Oh little child—whose hands  
Have found a treasure in the cuckoo-lands—  
Thy fair-haired comrades of the earlier light,  
Missing thee from their bowers,  
Have come to seek thee in thy realm of flowers.

#### NOON-DAY.

Maytide and morningtide have passed away.

Roses and lilies rare  
Have chased the kingcups and the cowslips fair  
From meadows where the child no more can play;  
And stronger hands have grasped  
That dearest blossom which his fingers clasped.

#### DUSK.

Slow to his side the lingering river creeps,

Whispering into his ear  
Strange stories of the far and of the near.  
The clustering flowers are dead—wan Autumn weeps;  
And all life's better part  
Lies buried in the dreamland of his heart.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

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## BIBLE PRINTING AND DISTRIBUTING.

VOLTAIRE'S famous prediction that in a hundred years the Bible would be totally unknown has proved as ludicrously wrong as that other noted saying of his—that although it took twelve men to establish Christianity, it would require only one to overthrow it. More than a century has elapsed since Voltaire's time, and so far from being an unknown book, the Bible is now circulating over the whole world in numbers and in forms such as in the days of the Ferney Philosopher nobody had ever dreamed of. Voltaire died in 1778. Within about the first quarter of the next century, during which the circulation of the Bible was to dwindle and die out altogether, there was established in London the British and Foreign Bible Society, which alone since its institution has circulated, according to last year's accounts, over one hundred and forty-seven million Bibles, or Testaments, or portions of them, and is still pouring them out all over the earth at the rate of about four millions a year, or thirteen thousand copies for every working day, more than a quarter of a century after the date at which the sceptical Frenchman prophesied that the book would be wholly extinct.

Nobody seems to know even approximately what is the total output of Bibles at the present time. There are reckoned to be about seventy centres of production and distribution, but what is the extent of their work there are no means of ascertaining. Of distributing associations there are four principal ones—the British and Foreign Bible Society, the American Bible Society, the Scotch, and the Dutch. Of these the London Society is by far the largest. It is managed by a committee of thirty-six laymen, six of whom are foreigners resident in or near London. Of the remaining thirty, half are members of the Church of England, and the other half are representatives of other Christian communions. It has a gross income of about a quarter of a million of money. The societies affiliated with it in

various parts of the world—collecting funds and aiding in the circulation of its sacred books—number over seven thousand. It has its own agents, depôts, and colporteurs all over Europe, and throughout India, China, and other countries. Of colporteurs alone it employs nearly six hundred in various parts of the world, and it has between four and five hundred Bible-women engaged in bringing the Bible and a knowledge of the Bible to the women of the Eastern world. It issues its publications in over three hundred different languages, and there are at the present time not far short of a thousand men, missionaries and others, engaged in making other translations, or improving existing ones.

This society has been the pioneer in the work, and is by far the largest in its operations. The American, Scotch, and Dutch have followed in its wake, though the American not only distributes the Scriptures, but 'manufactures' its books. The British and Foreign Bible Society does no printing in English, except what is done for the blind in raised type. All its issues in English are printed by the presses at Oxford and Cambridge, and by the Queen's printers.

The copyright in the Holy Scriptures is vested in the crown, and in England there are only the three authorised printers of them just named. Oxford and Cambridge have, by royal charter, the right of printing the Bible, and the Queen's printers are licensed to print the sacred books during Her Majesty's pleasure, a license which may at any time be withdrawn by an Order in Council. In Scotland anybody is at liberty to print Bibles, but no edition may be lawfully published unless it has been read and licensed for publication.

All this, however, refers only to the 'authorised' version of the Scriptures. The expenses attending the recent revision of the sacred books were very heavy—something like £20,000, and the Queen's printers, who were invited to contribute a share, preferred not to do so. The two great universities alone, therefore, have proprietary rights in the revised version of the Bible,

and all editions of it emanate from the Oxford and Cambridge presses. It is a remarkable fact that although the revised Scriptures have now been before the public for fifteen years, the old or authorised version is still the one in general use. The revised Bible was produced at immense cost, and by the highest scholarship of the day, and no competent judge is likely to dispute that it is a more accurate, and upon the whole, a better translation than the authorised version. Yet the Oxford Press still annually prints at least five times as many of the old version as it does of the new, and Cambridge does practically the same. One of the chief reasons for this is that the great society we have been describing—the British and Foreign—has hitherto declined to circulate the revised version. It is a fundamental rule of the society to issue nothing but the authorised version of the Holy Scriptures, without note or comment, and though this rule was of course framed when the authorised version was the best, that rule remains unrepealed, though attempts have been made to get it amended so far as to permit of the distribution of the new translation to those who prefer it. The slow acceptance of the new version is after all, however, only a repetition of what was experienced when the authorised version itself first appeared. People still cling to the old translation to which they had been accustomed, and it took two or three generations to bring the newer one into popular favour.

Among the Bible printing establishments of the world the Clarendon Press at Oxford holds the position corresponding to that of the British and Foreign Society among distributing agencies. It is by far the largest of its kind in existence. The Clarendon Press is a remarkable institution in many ways, especially if we include with it the various branch establishments connected with it. It is itself a large wholesale publishing establishment, having extensive premises in London, and branch depôts in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and New York, and it has its travellers in all parts of the kingdom. The Clarendon Press not only prints, but it casts all its own type, does its own stereotyping and electrotyping, makes its own printing-ink and its own paper. It also carries on a large establishment for the binding of the volumes it prints. In one way and another it has about a thousand people regularly engaged in the production of books, of which Bibles form by far the greater proportion.

The paper-making for Oxford Bibles is a specially important and interesting part of the work. At Wolvercote, a mile or two out of Oxford, the university has a large mill for the supply of its own requirements. A good deal of the paper they turn out here is made out of old ships' sails, the materials of which, after battling with storms in all quarters of the world, come here for the purpose of being made into paper, printed in almost every language under heaven, and bound up into volumes to be again scattered far and wide into all the uttermost ends of the earth. This Wolvercote paper-mill has much to do with the great reputation that Oxford has acquired in the production of Bibles and other devotional books. Twenty years ago and more the management here hit on a valuable

invention in paper-making, and ever since their 'India paper' has been the envy and the puzzle of manufacturers all over the kingdom. There are said to be only three persons living who know the secret of its make; and though the process has never been legally protected, and all the world is free to imitate the extremely thin but thoroughly opaque and wonderfully strong and durable paper of the best Oxford Bibles if they only knew how, all the world has hitherto quite failed to do so. It is as thin as tissue, but perfectly opaque, and so strong that a strip of it three inches wide has proved to be capable of sustaining a quarter of a hundredweight. Over one hundred and sixty works and editions are now printed on this paper. This special advantage has very largely helped Oxford to retain the leading position which it originally gained by being nearly the first if not quite the first printer of books in the kingdom, and by the prestige of its name. A very extensive and most interesting establishment is this, the chief source of our sacred books in their material embodiment—spacious, well-ordered, dignified, and in some respects a trifle conservative. Some of its machines are of a somewhat antiquated type, but they print and send up to the London depôt from four to seven tons of printed sheets every day, and the smartness with which they can, if required, turn out their books, was illustrated at the time of the Caxton quincentenary a few years ago. A meeting was to be held in honour of Caxton at South Kensington, and at two o'clock on the morning of the day the printing of a hundred Bibles was commenced at the Clarendon Press. By two o'clock in the afternoon a complete copy was handed up on to the platform at the meeting. It was a book of over one thousand pages, and it had been printed, dried, pressed, sent up to the bindery in London, and there collated, sewn, rolled, and bound. Its edges had been gilt, and the cover embossed with the university arms, and it had travelled seventy miles all within the twelve hours. They have modernised a good deal of their machinery since then, and if they were attempting a similar feat again, it is said that there would be ample time to make the paper as well as the book.

Of Bibles alone this one establishment turns out at the present time over a million a year, in addition to large numbers of New Testaments and portions of Scripture, and both the university of Cambridge and Messrs Eyre and Spottiswoode, the Queen's printers, also print very largely. From all three sources the printed matter is to a large extent sent to the British and Foreign Bible Society in sheets, the society having them bound up by their own bookbinders, this item alone costing the society from £2000 to £3000 a month. The university has, however, an extensive 'bindery' in London, and its own large publishing house in Paternoster Row, the university publisher being Mr Henry Frowde, whose name has been printed more frequently and circulated more widely, probably, than that of any other man who ever lived. Cambridge University also has a publishing press in the same locality, while the Bibles issued by the Queen's printers are published from their extensive premises in East Harding Street. As it has already



been said, there are other less productive sources of the sacred books; and it seems a probable computation that somewhere about a century and a quarter after Voltaire's prediction the world's Bibles are multiplying at the rate of from three to four millions a year at the very least.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER X. (*continued*).

THE jungle once done with, a long strip of open land cultivated here and there in small blocks lay before us. Then came another small strip of forest, and after that the suburbs, if I may so call them, of the city. Though I could not of course see them, I knew that our spurs were red with blood; indeed, my legs ached with the repeated blows I had been compelled of late to give my poor brute's sides. No longer did they gallop with heads erect, but they held their noses almost to the ground, thereby spoiling the pace and doubling their chances of a fall.

'It cannot be done,' cried the king, as if his soul were being torn from him. 'They are dead-beat, and another mile will be as much as they can manage.'

'Courage, my friend,' I shouted back. 'We will not say die until we're beaten. At most we have not more than five miles to do.'

'Five miles!' he cried. 'You might as well say five hundred.'

I did not answer, and in silence we continued our ride. The moon was behind a cloud, as indeed our fortunes seemed to be. But presently she emerged again, and as she did so we caught a glimpse of the citadel rock, rising dark and forlorn from out of the plain before us. The king saw it as soon as I did, and I heard him mutter hoarsely, 'Thank God! thank God!' Almost at the same instant his horse stumbled, and went down crash upon the ground, throwing its rider from the saddle as a catapult hurls a stone. I pulled up instantly, and jumping from my saddle ran to his assistance, only to discover that he was quite unconscious. Almost raving at the untowardness of our fate, I bathed his forehead and his lips with spirit, chafed his hands, and endeavoured by every means known to me to bring him back to life, but without success. He lay as he had fallen, his eyes closed, and his white haggard face turned up to the moonlight.

Well-nigh beside myself with despair, I pulled out my watch and examined the face. It was exactly a quarter past eleven. If we did not reach the castle in three-quarters of an hour, we should be too late to prevent the mutiny and to save those we loved. What on earth was to be done? I racked my brains without arriving at a conclusion.

Suddenly an idea occurred to me. Somewhat

less than a mile farther on was the house of the Chowmung, or head-man of the village, just beyond the city boundary. If I could only manage to get the king as far as that, I might leave him there in safe quarters, while I pushed on to the citadel, and took the affair of the rescue into my own hands. But how I was to get him even such a short distance I could not for the life of me see. His own horse was dead-lame, and even if he were *not*, he was hopelessly worn out, so that I might dismiss him from my mind at once. My own animal was in well-nigh as bad a condition, and even if he had been fresher, he could never have borne the weight of two such men after his journey of eighty miles. There was only one way out of the difficulty. I must leave the king where he was, and hurry on to the Chowmung's house and inform him of what had happened. He would then send for the king while I hastened on to the citadel.

No sooner had I arranged all this in my mind than I hastened to act upon it. Drawing the king's body a little off the road, I made him as comfortable as circumstances would permit, beneath a tree, and then, mounting my horse, urged him forward at his best pace towards the residence of the Chowmung in question. It was not long before I reached it, and still less time elapsed before I had the man I was in search of out in the cool night air listening to my tale. He was most concerned, and assured me that that very instant he and his son would hasten with a buffalo-cart to the place in question. Once they had found their prince I knew he would be as safe as in his own castle. Under the present circumstances perhaps safer.

As soon, therefore, as I had assured myself that he intended to do what he promised, I urged my weary horse forward again, and in less than ten minutes was toiling up the main street towards the citadel path. That once reached, I realised that it was no use my asking more of my generous beast, which now stood still, shaking like an aspen leaf. I sprang off, and taking my revolver from my holster, and placing it in my pocket, left my steed to take care of himself, and hastened up the steep path. By the time I reached the top I was more dead than alive.

Once at the gates, I paused for a moment to recover my breath, and then endeavoured to understand in what manner I should proceed next. For every reason it was necessary that I should act with the greatest caution. One fatal step might ruin everything and every one, and then God help those whom we had come in such haste to save.

Advancing to the great gate, I was about to beat upon it with my sword, when a large pebble (I have it in my possession now) fell from the battlements above, and struck me upon the helmet. I looked up instantly, to find a man leaning over the coping, making frantic signals to me. Before I could realise his

intentions, a rope descended, and fell within my reach. It was plain from this that I was to be drawn up by way of the wall, without troubling the guard at the gate. One thing, however, puzzled me, and made me feel a little anxious. Who was I supposed to be? If they thought me the messenger from the French, I should fall into the traitor's hands nicely; but on the other hand, I questioned how should I be better if I knocked at the gate, for I could not suppose that Roche would be foolish enough to allow any but his own partisans to be on duty on such an important night. So having discussed the question with myself in this fashion, I made up my mind as to what was the best thing to do, and then tied the rope securely under my arms. That done, I took a good grip upon it above my head, and having given a little jerk as a signal to begin to pull, was next moment lifted off my feet and dragged up the face of the wall.

By the time I reached the top, I had had about enough of it. My weight on the end of the long rope caused me to swing round and round like a teetotum, and once or twice I came perilously near breaking my head against the wall. However, all is well that ends well, and in a very short time I found myself being dragged over the coping by eager hands. 'Now,' thought I to myself, 'I shall discover who I am supposed to be, and then my fate will be decided for me.'

As soon as I had recovered my breath I sprang to my feet and faced the men who had pulled me up. I say the men, for the reason that there were two of them. To my joy, however, I discovered they were friends, not foes. One was the old steward of the palace, an Italian named Polacci, as faithful a fellow as ever lived, while the other was a Malay servant named A-Mat, whose devotion to the king's person was proverbial throughout the country. How it was that Roche had allowed them both to remain at large I shall never be able to understand.

'Thank Heaven, my lord, you have come,' whispered Polacci as soon as he had discovered my identity; 'but where is His Majesty? The queen expected you both.'

'Your king has met with an accident upon the road,' I answered, 'but he is safe with friends. Now let us consider what is to be done. What is the time?'

'Just twelve o'clock, my lord. The palace clock struck only a few minutes since.'

'And where is General Roche?'

'In his quarters, I believe, my lord, with the Frenchman who arrived last night.'

As if, however, to show that we must not take anything for granted, just as he spoke we heard footsteps on the stone stairs to the right of where we stood. Polacci was the first to appreciate their meaning.

'Quick, my lord,' he whispered. 'One of those footsteps is the general's. We must hide ourselves, or all is lost.'

With a strength I could scarcely have believed his meagre frame to have possessed, he dragged me in the direction of a large buttress which stood out from the wall some six or eight feet. There, in the shadow, the three of us

crouched, keeping as close to the wall as it was possible for us to do.

As Polacci had said, one of the new arrivals was Roche, the other was a man whom I then thought I had never seen before, but whom I rightly set down in my own mind as the Frenchman of whom we had been told. It was evident they were taking a last walk round the walls in order to see that everything was in readiness for their scheme. How little they guessed who was near them, only awaiting his opportunity to upset all their plans. Closer and closer they came to where we crouched, until they were only a few feet away. Fortunately they were approaching from the other side of the buttress, otherwise they could scarcely have failed to see us.

'Ah, I wish I had your confidence, friend Gaspard,' Roche's companion was saying. 'You are so certain that all will go well. But what if the men should discover that the king is not dead, and what if His Majesty should put in an appearance before you have got them out of the castle? How would you fare then?'

'It is no use considering either alternative,' said Roche confidently. 'The men will not find out their mistake until I have them safely cornered, and His Majesty, bless his royal heart, is at this moment tucked up in his blankets upwards of a hundred miles away, so I have no fear of him.'

'Ah!' said the other with a sigh of envy, 'what a man you are to be sure! If I had your powers I might do anything.'

'If I were such a craven cur as you, I should do nothing,' retorted Roche with a sneer that cut like a knife.

'There is nothing, my friend, to be gained by calling one's fellow-workers names,' said his companion.

'I am best judge of that, and you'd better leave it to me,' answered Roche. 'Now let us hasten round and see that all is right. After that we'll return to my quarters and prepare for the messenger who will be here in twenty minutes or so.'

'I am at your disposal, *cher ami*,' said the other, and they resumed their walk.

When we had given them time to get well out of hearing we crept from our hiding-place and were about to make for the steps leading down to the palace when I paused and turned to Polacci.

'Polacci,' I said, 'at any cost the king must be brought here and at once. Who can I send to fetch him?'

'If your lordship will trust me, I will go at once,' he said.

'I would rather trust you than any man, but how can you get out?'

'You must lower me over the wall,' he answered. 'Then I will hasten with all speed to the residence of the Chowmung and bring His Majesty hither.'

'Come along then, let us lower you,' I replied. 'There is no time to lose. But first give me the key so that I may get into the palace when you are gone.'

He did as I wished. The rope by which they had dragged me up was then fastened under his shoulders and made secure. That



having been done, old man as he was, he scrambled over the edge of the wall with as little fear as a boy would show in climbing for a sparrow's nest.

'Lower away gently, my lord,' he whispered; and we did as he desired.

Once he was at the bottom the rope was drawn up, and after that, with A-Mat at my heels, I made for the palace steps.

As it turned out I need not, however, have asked for the key, for when I reached the door leading into the Fountain Courtyard I found it opened and Olivia standing within, with Natalie beside her, waiting to receive me.

'Instow? Oh thank God,' she cried, and threw herself into my arms. 'But where is Marie? Why is he not with you?'

'He will be here soon,' I answered, as I shook hands with the princess; for I was resolved on no account to tell her that the king had met with an accident, at least not until I was obliged. 'Now let me come in and prepare for what is before me. No one must see me until the proper moment.'

'No one will see you,' she said. 'But you must have food first. Natalie and I have prepared everything for you. We knew you would come as soon as you received my letter by the brave Padre.'

She led me as she spoke into her own boudoir. There I found a meal spread out upon the table. I ate what I could, and taking some more with me, hurried to the king's study, which overlooked the courtyard.

Ten minutes passed, and no sign came of the messenger Roche was expecting. The clock upon the wall chimed a quarter to one and still he did not put in an appearance. I began to grow anxious. Could anything have gone wrong with him, or had he arrived while I was in Olivia's boudoir?

Just as I was beginning to reproach myself for having delayed my coming to the room where I now was, I heard a thundering at the gate, and a moment or two later a horseman galloped under the arch and into the square. Passing the palace at full speed he drew up before General Roche's door and dismounted just as the latter came rushing forth to inquire what the matter was.

Five minutes later a bugle-call rang out, and before a man could have counted a hundred the soldiers were pouring from the barracks in all stages of undress.

When they had fallen in, Roche came from his quarters, and mounting the coping of the well in the centre, proceeded to address them. He told them that a despatch had just arrived from the front in which General Du Berg stated that the army had been beaten back with terrible loss, and that the king had met his death upon the field. A deep groan burst from the ranks at this dire intelligence, which speedily changed into a roar when the governor of the citadel informed them that they were to march at once against the foe in order to avenge him. He bade them return to their quarters in order to prepare themselves for the campaign. In a quarter of an hour they would leave the citadel.

This quarter of an hour's grace was a greater

boon than I had anticipated, and I thanked God for it with all my heart and soul. By the time the bugle sounded again, I should have made my preparations, and would be ready for anything that might happen.

## THE DISTRICT MESSENGER SYSTEM OF LONDON.

### ITS PRACTICE AND ROMANCE.

IN the *Times* of 29th January 1891 there appeared a notice of a new undertaking which had just been started in London, and which, owing to the novelty of its operations, was creating considerable interest among Londoners. This was the 'District Messenger System,' which the *Times* described thus: 'A very useful institution, and one which bids fair to become exceedingly popular in our midst, has recently been introduced into this country from the United States, where it has for some years past been flourishing.'

In spite of the dislike of the English people to new institutions and new systems; in spite of their professed objection to American innovations; in spite of all and every obstacle, it can now fairly be said that the 'District Messenger System' is firmly rooted on the rock, and grows daily in popular favour among all classes. With its seventeen offices scattered about the various districts of London, its thousands of miles of wire, its hundreds of messengers despatched daily on thousands of different errands, its careful and elaborate organisation, it stands as a monument of what energy and perseverance will do. On the other side of the Atlantic the system has been in operation for over twenty years, and has financially been most successful, paying large dividends. It has been said that this is a service which never sleeps. When once a subscriber's house has been attached to the district office, he is at once in electrical communication with it all the day long—all the night long—all Sunday—all the year round. The system never ceases to be at the instant beck and call of the subscribers, week-day or Sunday, bank-holiday or Christmas-day; it is all the same to the cheery little Mercury, in the blue and white uniform, with the glittering badge and springy step; he hastens to learn your bidding, and perform it. It may be to deliver a couple of pheasants in the adjoining street, or to start off at once for the north of Scotland; nothing surprises him—he starts off at once on his errand.

Let us glance briefly at the system as seen at work in one of the district offices, for possibly some who read this may be unaware of the existence of the institution, London hitherto having been the only city in Europe where it has been introduced. Let us conduct our visitor to the office in Piccadilly, with which are connected some nine hundred clubs, hotels, theatres, restaurants, private houses, and shops.



This office serves as a centre for about half a mile radius. To each office is allocated a chief superintendent with two assistants. The chief superintendent is of course responsible for the whole conduct of the office and its general management. These three superintendents work in three shifts of eight hours each. To this office are further attached some eighty messengers, all neatly uniformed, and each with a distinctive number. The most rigid discipline is observed, and a system of fines is in vogue; or as may be imagined, at a rather slack time when most of the boys happened to be in, riot and confusion would ensue.

From this office are sent out a number of circuits comprising about one hundred boxes each. If any person signifies his wish to become connected with the company's office, the company's workmen proceed to tap the main wire and introduce the branch into the customer's premises. This can be done in the most unobtrusive manner either back or front, and involves no structural alterations or disturbance. The wire is then connected with a small metal box, like a small clock. On the dial of this are the words Messenger, Cab, Police, Fire, Doctor, together with a revolving pointer, and a lever. According to your requirement you move the pointer and pull the little lever, and your message speeds on its way to the office. Arriving instantaneously at the office, it signifies its arrival by making a loud clicking noise and repeatedly sounding a bell. All this disturbance conveys nothing to the mind of the general public; but to the superintendent in charge of the office it announces the number of the customer who requires the services of a messenger. He accordingly reads out the number as the message, with many a click and much sounding of bells, unfolds itself. As he gives out the number, a senior messenger, or sergeant as he is called, goes to a little nest of drawers, each drawer being numbered, and pulling out the one with the number indicated, hands it to the superintendent, who, taking from it a slip of paper with the owner's name and address printed, writes on it the hour at which the call is received. Meanwhile a messenger has risen from his seat and is standing at the counter ready, and promptly becomes, instead of a 'blue boy within,' a 'blue boy without,' as he speeds along to learn the requirements of his temporary master.

In the meantime the sergeant has booked the messenger's number, the time of his departure, and the name of his employer. Upon his return will be also booked the time he returned, the time he was away, where he was sent to, any expenses he incurred, and what his duties were. Thus a complete check is always in force and can always be referred back to if desired. Should the police signal be given, a boy is instantly despatched for the nearest policeman, whom he takes with him to the house. In the event of the fire-signal coming in, two messengers are despatched with an extinguisher, while a third alarms the fire-brigade. The messengers have been the means of extinguishing several small fires before the arrival of the brigade, which might easily have

assumed much more serious dimensions. Quite recently, indeed, the newly established office in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, received two distinct fire-calls from Park Street within five minutes. In each case the fire was extinguished before the arrival of the engines which the boys had summoned.

In case of sudden illness in the dead of night, what a relief it is to be able to summon your own doctor without any one leaving the house! Otherwise there would be great delay. A servant would have to be aroused, would have to dress, and thus a precious quarter of an hour would be lost. On the 'doctor' call being given, a boy goes straight for him, brings him to the house and waits in case he has to go for medicine or any other purpose. On the night of Sir Edward Hamley's death the 'doctor' call was given, and within ten minutes of the call being received, the messenger was back in the office, having conducted the doctor to the patient's bedside; but alas! it was too late, the distinguished soldier had breathed his last.

There is one other very important function which the company performs. At large institutions it is usual to have a watchman by night; but who knows whether the watchman goes his rounds honestly and conscientiously every night? If he does not, it is clear that the building and its contents would be just as safe without him. Or again, it is possible for the best and most faithful of watchmen to be overpowered by drowsiness, or illness, or robbers. The difficulty is, then, to watch the watchman! This the company undertakes to do in the following simple manner. Call-boxes are placed in various parts of the building, say, four of them. Every hour or half-hour a watchman goes the round and signifies to the office that all is well at each point. Should the call not come in at the appointed hour, a messenger is despatched to see what is the matter. Or should the watchman find anything wrong, he can summon aid by switching on the police or fire signal. Where this service has been introduced, it has been the habit to send in to the owner in the morning a paper in which is recorded the exact time at which the watchman went his rounds.

Having thus treated of the practice of the District Messenger Company, let us glance at its more amusing and even romantic side.

To narrate all the different uses to which messengers are put would be a very long and tedious task, but some are I think sufficiently peculiar to be of interest. Upon one occasion a man presented himself at one of the offices with a smart young lady of some seventeen summers. 'Can you help me out of a difficulty,' said he to the superintendent. 'I have to go shopping, and I can't take my daughter all over the place with me, nor have I time to take her back myself. Can you let me have a trustworthy youth to take her back to her school at Highgate?' 'Certainly, sir!' said the superintendent; and after thinking a moment, called out 'No. 352.' No. 352 came forward looking rather shy and uncomfortable, and developing a little extra colour as he did so. But the end of it was that No. 352 and the young lady got on the top of a bus, and

were seen to start off for Highgate chatting away most amicably together.

At the same office a few days later a gentleman presented himself with three small children. He also wanted to get rid of his encumbrances while he went shopping. The children had a decided penchant for Olympia, but he could not take them. The result was that a trustworthy youth was despatched with the children, and they, messenger and all, did 'Venice in London' thoroughly, and enjoyed themselves hugely, untrammelled as they were by any parental restraint.

One day the Charing Cross office was honoured by the presence of royalty. Quietly and unpretentiously there came in His Majesty the King of the Keeling Islands. I am informed after exhaustive inquiry that His Majesty's dominions comprise several coral atolls, far out in the Indian Ocean and midway between Calcutta and Melbourne. Being on a friendly visit to his sister sovereign, Queen Victoria, he naturally inspected the District Messenger System, no doubt with a view to introducing it in his own country. So gratified was His Majesty at what he saw, that he was graciously pleased to issue his royal commands that a messenger should go into the City of London and purchase thirty shillings' worth of penny and twopenny toys for distribution among his subjects on his return to the Keeling Islands. His instructions were faithfully carried out, a messenger being occupied for two days in the streets and toyshops making a careful selection.

Long-distance journeys are constantly taken at the shortest notice. On one occasion one of our most eminent statesmen sent a boy up to the north of Scotland with some important papers. Upon another, one of the most trustworthy lads in the service was despatched to Brighton with a large sum of money in notes. Journeys have on several occasions been taken to Manchester and Liverpool, and to Sheffield, Clitheroe, Grantham, Leicester, Chester, Winchester, Southampton, Eastbourne, and Birmingham, and even to Antwerp. Some of their daily duties are as follows: Taking a blind gentleman out walking, taking dogs out, acting as footmen on cabs, &c., taking children to school, conveying luncheon to races, waiting at table, general domestic service, shopping at the stores, meeting people at railway stations, leaving cards, and in short for every conceivable purpose, including that of fielding lawn-tennis balls, for which purpose H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg has employed them.

At the Victoria Street office one evening an officer in the Guards came hurriedly in inquiring whether he could have a boy to go down to Pirbright with a pony, and to act as a groom for a month. A suitable lad was found, immediately went off, and gave great satisfaction.

One of those ladies who haunt the Law Courts also invariably employs a lad from the Chancery Lane office. He has to act generally as her aide-de-camp. He follows her about the courts all day, carries her bag, and takes notes for her in court.

One instance must be given of the care with

which the call-boxes must be treated, or disastrous results may ensue. In the early days of the company's operations a certain M.P. was very desirous of having a call-box installed in his house. Accordingly the wiremen came one morning and set to work. The member of that august assembly was very anxious to have it installed that day if possible, as he was entertaining some friends to dinner and was very desirous of showing it to them. The foreman promised to do what he could. He said that anyhow he would fit up the call-box, but he was afraid it would scarcely be possible to attach it to the office that day. Accordingly after dinner, when the harassed legislator and his friends were all on excellent terms with themselves, they were conducted by their host to see this scientific novelty in the hall. He, carefully explaining to them first that it was because it was unconnected that he could show them the working of all the signals, proceeded to turn the pointer on to 'Messenger,' and then pulled the small lever. A clock-work buzzing resulted. 'There!' said the triumphant member, 'that would bring me a messenger in five minutes, if it was connected, and now see, "Cab."' The same operation was repeated with the 'Police' and 'Fire' signals to the delight of the audience, who were really interested. 'Most ingenious contrivance,' said one. 'Lucky it's not connected,' said another. The words were scarcely out of his mouth before there was a thundering knock at the front door and a loud peal at the bell. Before the door was opened a loud clattering was heard outside, and the genial features of the host began to wear an anxious look. This considerably increased when the door was opened and disclosed two messengers and a hansom. But this was only the first instalment. Another minute, and the hurried pattering of footsteps was heard as two more boys arrived breathless with the extingisher, and were immediately followed by a policeman. And then last, but anything but least, arrived the fire-engine, throbbing and smoking as it galloped up to the door. Needless to say, all the guests were delighted at this unexpected practical proof of the efficiency of the new invention, and were profuse in their thanks to their host, whom they left in a very limp condition, after his efforts to explain matters in succession to the messengers, cabmen, police, and firemen, who all seemed to be rather sore about it.

Quite recently a departure, in several respects entirely new, has been made by the company. In America it has long been the practice of the Messenger Companies to take orders for fuel. The London Company now does the same, and has also undertaken agencies for Pickford & Company, for Pitt & Scott the continental carriers, and for several other institutions. Two of these are of sufficient importance to the general public to deserve a separate mention.

If you require one of the Coupé Company's neat carriages, you can now obtain one almost immediately by means of a District Messenger boy. It is not only infinitely easier, and in every way a more satisfactory way of transmitting a Coupé order, but it has the additional



merit of costing nothing. The other great feature to which allusion has been made is the agency for the sale of theatre tickets. There surely never was any institution better adapted for this purpose than the Messenger Company, with its numerous branches, its extensive telephone system, and its large number of subscribers.

There is one other feature the directors contemplate shortly introducing with the idea of doing away with the nuisance of the irrepresible cab runner. It has often been suggested that a luggage porter at each office would be a great addition to the district. A trustworthy man would then be always secured by the timorous householder, instead of the wild, uncouth roughs that accompany your luggage into your front hall, demanding as a right that they should carry it.

Looking at the Messenger Service from the purely philanthropic point of view, undoubtedly a very good work is done. Boys are taken on just when they are leaving school and at once brought under the healthy influence of a firm but kindly discipline. They are taught to be clean and smart, punctual and accurate, to be well-mannered, and above all learn the invaluable lesson of implicit obedience. By remaining three or four years in the company's service, their employers acquire a perfect knowledge of their character, and so are able to give them a thoroughly good recommendation on leaving to better themselves. Indeed messengers have exceptional opportunities of getting into good positions, and the experience they gain of all the ways of the world during their term of service as messengers will surely not be lost upon them. In one way the system is very difficult to work smoothly. Of course the interests of the company require that an ample staff of messengers should be maintained in order that a prompt and reliable service should be afforded. But at the same time it is evident that the size of the staff must not exceed the demand for its services. Now after looking into things most closely from every point of view, and after comparing one year with another, and one event with another, it seems quite impossible to tell beforehand when a day is likely to be a busy one. As a rule, a very windy wet day is a very busy one; but not invariably. Sometimes a race meeting near London will cause a rush on the company's resources, but not always. Sometimes an office will suddenly become very busy in the mornings for a week together. Steps will at once be taken to meet the unusual demand, when all at once that office will become very slack for a week or so. Then without any warning it will get very busy in the evenings, and subside again as suddenly. The vagaries of the public in this respect are very curious and puzzling. It very much resembles the unceasing activity of the sea, constantly rising and falling in its anxious restlessness. One moment the ocean is smooth as glass, without a ripple on its unruffled bosom; in another, the tempestuous waters are tossing angrily their white-crested manes. So it is with the Messenger Service. Twenty minutes may pass and not a soul require a messenger, even in that busy and wealthy district of Piccadilly. Then all of a

moment the office leaps into sudden activity. It has occurred to a dozen or so of different persons that they want something done. So they flash their signals into the office, it may be at the rate of two or three a minute. In half an hour those messengers will be scattered all over London and possibly the suburbs too. Their knowledge of local geography must be something portentous. The company shows a thoroughly up-to-date appreciation of the requirements of the public, especially in their latest new feature of providing luggage porters, strong, respectable men, the pick of old soldiers, sailors, and police.

## THE HEDGLEY-HASKINS LAWSUIT.

### CHAPTER III.

SUNDAY was literally a day of rest in Plunkett Settlement, if we except one sceptical person who would persist in mending fences or doing other such things on that day, and who was unanimously regarded as a much misguided man, who would one day see the error of his ways to his own intense if not everlasting regret. It was a day of rest from toil. No shriek of distant train or roar of traffic woke the echoes of the Sabbath hills. The streams murmured, the birds sang, the leaves made music when the wind swept them; but the sound of Nature's voices only emphasised the general silence. A great deal of visiting was done on that day; so much, indeed, that one clergyman had levelled more than one vigorous sermon against it as an insidious and dangerous enemy of the human soul. The enemy, however, had not been routed.

There was the usual amount of visiting on the Sunday succeeding the events already narrated, and much speculation was indulged in regarding the effect of the Hedgley-Haskins embroglio upon the relations between the plaintiff's pretty daughter, May Hedgley, and the defendant's son, Ben Haskins; for one local authority of high repute in such matters had openly expressed the conviction that Ben was 'just half cracked about May—so he was.'

The settlement was favoured with a preaching service in the meeting-house every Sunday night. It was a 'union' meeting-house, for some of the people were Methodists and some were Baptists, and in view of the limited exchequer of the settlement they had joined their forces in the erection of a place of worship. On alternate Sundays the preachers of the two denominations conducted service, both to the same audience, for everybody attended every meeting. It was too great an event in the programme of life in the settlement to be ignored, even by the sceptical person already referred to who frequently occupied a seat on the rear benches, and thus, in the general opinion, forfeited all excuse for his continued contumacy.

The service was unusually well attended on the evening under consideration. It was a fine sight to see Mr Haskins rise in his place, for there was



no organ, and 'set' the hymn-tunes; and, a little later, to see Mr Hedgley pass the contribution-box down one side of the house, not omitting even to poke it under the nose of Mr Haskins, and graciously receive that gentleman's thankoffering. The preacher acquitted himself with ability and vigour, in pressing home to the hearts of his hearers the blessedness of unity among the brethren, and altogether the service was of an eminently gratifying character. If now and then eyes wandered to the demure face and figure of sweet May Hedgley, sitting well up to the front with some other girls, and then wandered back to the stalwart form of Ben Haskins, the scrutiny was not rewarded by any startling discovery; for innocence in the one case and studied carelessness in the other was the prevailing expression. When the service had concluded, there was a general round of hand-shaking and sympathetically mutual inquiries concerning health, followed by a very gradual melting away in the autumn moonlight. Mr Hedgley and Mr Haskins wore high serenity on their brows, but it was noticed they did not shake hands.

May Haskins and a girl companion went out together, and set off down the road. The companion, however, speedily, and it is fair to say, not at all reluctantly, found herself leaning on the arm of a young man. May, therefore, fell back and walked alone. Not long, however. A strong footstep crunched the gravel behind her, and the shadow of a sturdy form loomed up in the moonlight beside her own.

'Good-evening.'

'Good-evening.'

A pause, during which the two shadows progressed evenly along the road.

'Fine night.'

'I think it's beautiful.'

'Good meetin' to-night.'

'Yes, it was—splendid, I thought. Great many there to-night.'

'There was so—quite a crowd.'

The most readily available topics being thus exhausted, silence ensued for a little time.

'You're very quiet to-night, May.' This at last confidentially.

'Am I?' also confidentially.

'You are so.'

'I think you are, too.'

'Well, I don't want to be.'

But silence fell once more, despite this frank avowal, for Ben was smitten with a bashfulness altogether out of harmony with his appearance, and his companion was not a whit more confident. But there had to be a break sooner or later.

'Will you take my arm?'

It was a bold question, Ben thought, but he was rewarded by feeling at once within his arm the faint pressure of a shy little hand. The atmosphere was clearer at once, and though they walked some distance farther in perfect silence, it was by no means oppressive.

The reader should understand that these two interesting young persons had not been in the habit of taking moonlit walks together. They had been schoolmates in childhood and friends since, and had met innumerable times, as was inevitable in so circumscribed a field of action as Plunkett Settlement afforded to the young and lively members of the community. But the

shadow of the Hedgley-Haskins land dispute had hovered always in their vicinity with a greater or less density, and the two families were never quite sure when another eruption might occur. Therefore, the amount of mutual visiting indulged in by the members of the two families had not been such as to cause a suspicion that they lived for each other. Ben Haskins could count on his fingers the number of times he had visited the Hedgley farmhouse within the last five years. But he had had ample opportunity to cultivate the acquaintance of May Hedgley, as far as mutual reserve would permit, and of late had even hailed the advent of such opportunities. The maiden could not well be oblivious of the fact, and that she did not repel the timorous advances might be construed as evidence of a mutual feeling. But she might have been actuated by motives quite the opposite, and Ben knew enough of woman's nature in the abstract to understand that it is not always prudent to trust appearances. On this particular Sunday evening he was more than ordinarily dubious as to the state of mind of his companion.

'I wasn't quite sure,' he said to her at length, 'whether you'd speak to me to-night or not.'

'Why?'

'Oh, the old folks have had such a row, and people's had so much to say, that I thought maybe you'd rather I'd stay away.'

'It isn't your fault is it, Ben, that father and your father's goin' to law?' May said in answer.

'No, it is not. I tried to reason with our old man, but it's no use.'

'I don't blame you, Ben,' the girl said; and then went on with a little weary sigh, 'it's too bad. We've been neighbours all our lives—and now to think there's gon to be a lawsuit. I had a good cry over it.'

Ben gave a sudden pressure to the hand within his arm, and echoed her words with unmistakable feeling: 'It is too bad.'

They had been walking very slowly, and many of the people going that way had passed them by, staring eagerly at the two to be sure of their identity, and so have a fruitful source of spiny comment to mingle with general criticism of the meeting. Ben returned the stare in every case with resentful interest, well knowing the motive by which it was prompted. They had now reached what was called the 'cross roads,' from which one road deviated and led away from the settlement. But a short distance along it a bridge spanned the narrow, elm-bordered stream that watered the valley. By tacit consent they turned aside and walked to the bridge.

'Shall we stop here?' Ben asked, when they had reached the middle of the bridge.

She turned with him, and they leaned together over the rail to look down upon the water, dark in the shadow, but showing a track of gleaming silver where the moonbeams fell, and sparkling scintillations where the stars embosomed themselves on the smooth surface. The evening was rarely beautiful. A faint breeze stirred the leafy elms to music, that joined in soothing and delightful harmony the murmurs of the stream. The autumn landscape, bathed in moonlit softness, was a dream of tender loveliness, every harsh outline melting into beauty in the subduing light.

'Isn't it beautiful?'

The girl spoke the words with a little sigh of rapture as her gaze dwelt upon the scene before them. Perhaps they were uncultivated, these two. May Hedgley had not been more than fifty miles from home during her nineteen years of life. Her companion had gone to the market of the nearest city on several occasions, and had seen something of life in the adjoining settlements; but neither of them had spent many years at school, and both were most familiar with the daily round of farmer life. Such intellectual culture as they had came from membership in a temperance society—for a number of these had risen, flourished, and passed away in Plunkett Settlement in the last ten years—and from the reading of the weekly paper, and a few books they had enjoyed; but, measured by critical standards, this would not entitle them to much distinction. Yet even the uncultivated eye and heart at the romantic age have some intuitive conception and appreciation of that beauty around us which those feel who are most cultured, but of which even the most cultured find it difficult to give an abstract definition. So these two felt the indefinable 'spell of the place and the hour,' and though Ben's answer, 'It's a glorious night,' to her fervent ejaculation was commonplace enough, there was behind the expression a depth of earnest feeling. An added charm was given to the effect of certain unexpressed, and perhaps only partially defined, longings in the heart of each. They stood for a little in silence that was as natural as the previous exclamations had been.

Presently Ben spoke.

'I'm glad, May, that the row between the old folks hasn't made hard feelin's between you and me.'

'So am I,' she answered, in a low tone.

'Did you notice how people looked at us to-night?' he asked.

'Oh yes; I expected that.'

'And did you care?'

'No. Why should I? It's none of their business.'

'They make it their business,' said Ben, with a tinge of bitterness.

'They must talk about somebody,' May rejoined. 'While they're at us they're givin' somebody else a rest.'

She was looking down at the moon's reflection in the stream, her face turned a little from him. Ben looked at her, and as he looked a deep longing filled the heart of the great, awkward fellow, and a sudden resolution nerved him to speak his thought. It came to him with sudden and overwhelming force that in all the world there was nothing else so dear to him as this girl who was willing to brave the sting of gossip tongues and walk at his side, even though the shadow of a quarrel hovered over their homes. He spoke her name so sharply that she started and looked up in wonder.

'May,' he said, his deep voice a little unsteady, 'I have something I want to say to you. I hardly know how to speak to you—but I must speak to-night.'

He paused, and the girl looked up at him, wondering still.

'I know I'm only a rough chap,' he went on. 'I can't brag about my good looks or good manners.'

'Did I ever find fault with your looks or your manners, Ben?'

'No, you're too good-hearted to do that. That's why I took to you more than to other girls. You never hurt a fellow's feelin's. I liked you more the better we got acquainted—that is, since we both grew up—and now I care so much for you that I've got to see you more, or not at all. Do you understand me, May?'

It was not very dramatic, and Ben felt far from heroic; but his meaning was clear enough. His companion's wondering look had changed and her eyes fell, but she answered in a low tone:

'Yes—I understand.'

'You are not offended?' he anxiously asked her.

She looked up, a happy light shining in her dusky eyes, and met his gaze fearlessly.

'No, Ben; how could I be?'

He was answered. Without another word he leaned forward and took her in his arms. Had any of the worthy people of Plunkett Settlement witnessed that proceeding, there would have been a great deal more spice in the gossip of the period.

'I was afraid,' Ben said at length, 'that you didn't care for me very much. I wish I could tell you how happy I am.'

'Not happier than I am, Ben.'

In lieu of further remark he lowered his head and kissed her over and over again.

Lovers, as a rule, do not care to have their first mutual confidences reported at length. It is enough to observe just here that a novel and striking complication in connection with the Hedgley-Haskins embroglio had its origin on this particular Sunday evening.

## CONCERNING VAMPIRES.

RATHER more than one hundred and fifty years ago there dwelt at Gandersheim, a small town in the Duchy of Brunswick, one Johann Christoph Harenberg, a pious and deeply-learned German pastor, Rector of the Foundation School at the town just named, whose heart was vexed, and his conscience grieved, at the prevalence of superstition among his people. Superstition of any kind was abhorrent to the pastor, who saw even in the ordinary tales of gnomes and fairies, such as are told around the Christmas hearth, things repugnant to God and perilous to the soul. But it was not against these idle fables that the effort of his life was directed. He chose a darker superstition, and smote Satan in a more vital place. He would not spend his strength in arguing against the follies of children while there spread and flourished among his people a belief which menaced perpetually the safety of human life, and after life enchained the soul to a course of evil deeds here on the earth; and therefore, girding himself for a great intellectual effort, Harenberg boldly attacked the prevalent belief in vampires.

In Britain the vampire superstition seems never to have been prevalent—though the burial of suicides at cross-roads with a stake thrust



through them, usual in England till well into this century, closely resembles the precaution used in Slavonic lands for inducing vampires to cease from troubling; accordingly to a native of these islands it may appear that in bringing all his ponderous engines of learning to bear on such a subject, his profound knowledge of Greek and Latin literature, his familiarity with Hebrew, and his exhaustive acquaintance with the theological treatises of all Europe, the good pastor was tilting against a windmill, attacking an illusion which might very well have been let alone. Indeed, there are probably many people to be found who, so far from comprehending the reality of the mischief which Harenberg saw at work among his flock, do not even understand its nature, and are acquainted with no vampires, save those large bats which have a reputation in South America for biting the toes of unwary persons who lie uncovered in their beds. There must always be a certain interest in the false beliefs which have possessed the minds of men; and before beginning to speak of Harenberg's book, which is now somewhat rare, it may be explained that a vampire was a person, man or woman, who, after death, or after that which seemed to be death, returned to the scene of his or her past life, and sucked the blood of living people. This was bad enough; but the worst part of the matter was, that innocent people slain in this way became vampires themselves, and so the evil spread in an ever-widening circle.

Such was the belief which Harenberg set himself to combat; being instigated thereto, not only by the pious nature of the work, but also, as he himself explained, by the wishes of 'an exalted person,' to whom he dedicates his book, in terms of mingled worldly respect and spiritual blessing, which make us feel as if we knew and loved the man. Thus fortified with the protection of the great, which he doubtless considered indispensable to him, and which, perhaps, was so indeed, Harenberg began to accumulate materials for his task.

His first proceeding seems to have been to stock his paragonage with every work he could find which touched, directly or indirectly, on vampires. To these he added an extraordinary number of treatises on necromancy, witchcraft, and the cabalistic art. He provided himself with Rhenelin's *De Arte Cabalistica* and the *Dialogus de Operationibus Dæmonum* of Michael Psellus. Meyenberg, *On the Depths of Satan*, stood on his shelves, side by side with the Dissertation of Theodore Kirchmeier *On Men apparently Dead*; while the great and learned composition of Gottlieb Wernsdorf *Concerning the Condition of Souls parted from the Flesh, and their Dealings with the Living*, naturally occupied a place of honour. Hoffman's work on *The Power of the Devil over Human Bodies* was, of course, indispensable; while on the collection of tales formed by Harsdorfer under the attractive title, *Mournful Tales of Murder*, the pastor relied for many precious facts. These, with Paricelsus, and a host more names of greater or of less repute among those whose thoughts dwell in darkness, adorned the pastor's study; and there the good man sat day after day—for the work must have occupied many months, if not even years—plunged in the constant

contemplation of the most gruesome and terrific amongst the imaginings of man.

If ever ghosts or wandering spirits revisited the glimpses of the moon, one might suppose that the rectory at Gandersheim was full of them. The little study, where sat the patient student, straining, with all his intense German application, and his eager longing to know, after a clear view of the truth or falsity of the evil influences said to proceed from the next world, might surely have been a meeting-place of spirits. Doubtless, the peasants, returning late at night to Gandersheim, trembled and hurried on when they saw across the fields the light gleaming from the window where their pastor sat wrestling with Satan. One cannot doubt that Harenberg himself had his moments of terror and of shaken faith, as he read and pondered the wild and terrible stories which he either relates or refers to in his pages; but of such waverings of spirit there is no trace whatever in his work. One clear thread runs through it all; a firm and steady faith in the universal rule of goodness and of reason shines out of every paragraph. Truth it is which the pastor seeks, and not once does he bow the knee to superstition.

But now let us see what these tales were which so disturbed the excellent man and impelled him to deal this lusty blow at Satan. From the borders of Turkey they chiefly emanated. Servia is particularly named as a hotbed of such beliefs, numbers of which were vouched for on excellent authority. The following story, for example, is told by Erasmus Franciscus, who annotated Valvasor's standard work, describing the Archduchy of Krain or Carniola—the reference is to the third volume, book eleven, of that valuable treatise.

In the year 1672 there dwelt in the market-town of Kring, in the said Archduchy, one George Grando, who, in the ordinary course of nature, fell sick, died, and was buried with the usual rites of the Christian church. These rites were solemnised by one Father George, a monk of St Paul; but so little did they avail to give rest to Grando's spirit, that the monk, with the other mourners, had hardly returned to the widow's house, intending to give her consolation, when they saw Grando himself sitting behind the door. It was clearly futile to console anybody for the loss of one who was not gone after all; and arguing thus, all the mourners tumbled over each other out of the house, leaving husband and wife to settle the matter together. Even the monk fled as quickly as the rest.

As it proved in the event, he would have done better to remain and grapple with the difficulty at the outset. For, ere long, strange stories began to fly round Kring, of a dark figure seen to go about the streets by night, stopping now and then to tap at the door of some house, but always passing on without waiting for an answer. In a little while people began to die mysteriously in Kring; and it was noticed that the deaths occurred in the houses at which the spectral figure had tapped its signal. Some said the spectre was that of Grando; and, at the same time, the widow complained that she was tormented by the spirit



of her husband, who night after night threw her into a deep sleep, doubtless with the wicked object of sucking blood, as all vampires did, while she lay in slumber. All these tales and rumours gathered force so quickly that, at the end of a fortnight, the 'supan,' or chief-magistrate of Kring, could no longer disregard them, but felt himself under the necessity of taking the usual steps to ascertain whether it was indeed the case that Grando was a vampire.

It was a nervous business, but the supan summoned those whom he thought the most stout-hearted of his neighbours; and, having fortified them in advance with a judicious allowance of strong cordial, laid the matter open to them. Grando, he said, had already been gnawing several people in Kring, and it was high time to stop his antics. The brave fellows professed loudly that they were not afraid of 'the restless night-walker,' and they sallied off, provided with two torches and a crucifix.

Perhaps it was a little foolhardy to undertake this task at night; for the wavering light of torches has ere now upset the nerves of many men who are brave enough in the cheerful sunlight. We need not, therefore, be unduly contemptuous of these stout ghost-catchers of Kring when we find it recorded that, on opening the grave, and seeing Grando's body untouched by decay, the mouth open with a pleasant smile, and a rosy flush upon its cheeks, the whole party were seized with terror, and fled in ignominious rout back to Kring. This cowardly retreat of nine living men, before one who was not even certainly dead, annoyed the supan, who had remained behind, occupied, doubtless, with more important affairs. He rated them soundly, and tried to restore their courage with more cordial; but to no effect. Not a man would budge unless he would go back with them to the grave. Even a vampire must certainly respect the supan the men argued; but the supan himself was not quite sure, and thought it prudent to have a priest in the party. A priest was accordingly brought—not the Father George who had already been concerned in this affair, but one of tougher fibre—and the party carried with them also a heavy stake of hawthorn wood, sharpened to a point, which was generally esteemed a sovereign specific in the case of vampires.

At the grave all was as the fugitives had left it. Grando lay smiling on them, with the high flush on his cheeks, like a man just awaking from a refreshing slumber; but there was one of the party now who did not fear him. The priest knelt down solemnly, and held his crucifix aloft. 'Oh, vampire, look on this!' he said. 'Here is Christ Jesus who loosed us from the pains of hell, and died for us upon the tree!' And he went on to conjure the restless spirit in the most compassionate and moving terms, on which a wonderful thing happened. Great tears formed under the vampire's eyelids, and rolled slowly down his cheeks—a sign of human weakness, which gave courage to those standing by. The hawthorn stake was brought forward; but, as often as they strove to drive it through the body, the sharpened

wood rebounded; and it was not until one, bolder than the rest, sprang into the grave and cut off the vampire's head, that the evil spirit departed, with a loud shriek and a contortion of the limbs, which proved too well what it was that had found a dwelling-place in the dust and ashes which were once a man.

Such was a typical vampire story, differing in no material point from fifty others which were perpetually circulating from the borders of Hungary to the Baltic. One may imagine how the ignorant peasant folk terrified themselves with these tales, passing them from mouth to mouth with added touches, which heightened their effect, until, on infirm minds, a sensation was produced which the pastor, the natural counsellor of his flock, might well have thought worth his utmost efforts to allay.

With quaint and curious learning Harenberg traces the development of the vampire superstition from the heathen sacrifices of living animals, offered to satisfy the thirst of invisible spirits for blood, through the fancies of the Platonists, and the dreams of the learned Jew, Isaac Abarbanel, who maintained that, before the soul can be loosed from the fetters of its flesh, it must lie some months with it in the grave, down to the doctrine, adopted rather than imagined, of the Greek Church, which taught that persons who died under its ban could not be resolved into the elements again until the curse was taken off, but lay untouched by decay, while their spirits wandered up and down the earth, tapping at house doors as Grando did, with the same fatal consequences. To serve its own ends, the church scattered this doctrine to the winds, which spread it like thistle-down, laying up countless difficulties for teachers of a higher morality in the future. But even greater than the responsibility of the monks, Harenberg declares, is that of the so-called men of science, Thales, Saracenus, Boehmen, and many another, who, being cursed with intellectual laziness, introduced a spirit whenever they encountered a difficulty. 'Not, however, that I wish to deny,' he remarks, 'that the lore of spirits, when better cultivated, may give right valuable help to a Christian man; but many things are to be done before that can happen. Safe experiences, sound conclusions, and a well-grounded consideration of the most difficult places in the book of God—these are the elements, and all the "wind-mill spirits" and soft-blowing airs of fancy must first be swept away.'

'Safe experiences, sound conclusions'—wise and weighty words, good pastor! But when shall the world behold a controversialist who, while exposing the weakness of his adversary's buttresses, casts an equally careful eye upon his own?

'Let us grant,' cries Harenberg, 'that the flush of life was really on Grando's body many days after his death and burial. Still, there would be no miracle in that if the man were alive all the time! Look at the *Chronica Slavica*—by an unknown author, it is true, but not on that account to be distrusted—where you will find that a school-boy of Lübeck, in the year 1367, slept for seven years at a stretch, after which he woke up perfectly well!' If this fact be thought too venerable to use in an argument,

take the Swedish gardener—no authority is quoted for this story—who, going to pull a neighbour out of the water, tumbled in himself. The water was ice cold, and the gardener lay in it for sixteen hours, at the end of which time he was taken out stiff and to all appearance dead; but, being carefully toasted before a gentle fire, with abundance of blankets, came round quite nicely, and may be living still. And, as we cannot all expect to have the constitution of a Swedish gardener, listen again to the wonderful story of a woman who, travelling somewhere with her baby, a child seven weeks old, fell into a pond, and lay under water for no less than three days! You will say both mother and child must have been dead! But no! judicious treatment brought them both round, and they were none the worse; though both these stories, Harenberg admits, have caused great searchings of heart among the learned. Moreover, it is well known that swallows sleep all the winter through, and guard themselves from being waked up too soon, either by burrowing down under the earth or by sinking themselves deep in streams or lakes, where nobody can disturb them.

With such a hail of indubitable facts, the learned Harenberg bombards us into admitting that animation may sometimes be suspended; and that, if the supan of Kring had laid aside his hawthorn stake, his knife, his crucifix, and resorted to the gentler method of chafing Grando's extremities, and toasting him before a comfortable fire, much more satisfactory results might have been obtained. Hereby, of course, a hole is knocked in the vampire superstition, which, if not as deep as a well, or as wide as a church door, is, in Harenberg's opinion, quite enough to let its life out. But, as the pastor was nothing if not an honest controversialist, he has no sooner achieved this signal success than he gathers up his forces to complete it by demolishing the stories of the living people, who claimed to have seen the vampire, or to have been bitten by him.

It would be very tedious to follow the pastor through all the interminable branches of his argument. For, though starting majestically like a river at the flood, it must be admitted that its current soon gets choked among sand-banks of learning, and meanders on through dismal wastes, where one stumbles perpetually over authorities quoted from the most recondite sources. Diodorus Siculus, Sextus Empiricus, Censorinus, Julius Caesar Bengerus, Thomas Stanley (one is refreshed to find an English albeit Latinised name), Mauratinus, Conrad Dippel, Epiphanius, Iamblichus—one should be a German pastor to enjoy them. But at the end of all this cavernous reasoning a gleam of light emerges. These tales of such people who believe that vampires have been plaguing them, what are they then? 'Mere illusions!' shouts the pastor triumphantly. 'Nothing in the world but the workings of a diseased imagination.' Really, one is so pleased with the conclusion that one forgets to ask whether the good man might not have reached it by an easier road.

Having thus established himself securely on the hill of wisdom, Harenberg proceeds, in a

few concluding chapters, to cast a pitying glance round upon the follies of his neighbours, touching lightly upon witches, Brocken-spectres, werewolves, and other grisly superstitions which were widely held among the people. Witches, he declares, are much to be pitied, there being excellent reason to suppose that all their stories of having sailed up to the Brocken on a broomstick, with a large cat perched in front, and of having done various outrageous and wicked things there, are just dreams mistaken for reality. 'Proof!' chirps the pastor; 'there is excellent proof.' Some years ago a young witch in Mecklenburg gave herself up to the authorities, being quite unable to bear any longer the recollection of the awful crimes she had committed on the Brocken, and driven by an irresistible impulse to confess them. Luckily for her, the authorities were sensible men; and, instead of setting up a stake at once and scattering her ashes to the four winds of heaven, they were minded to watch her, and see whether she really went to the Brocken. Accordingly, they locked her up, with all the charms and unguents which she declared to be necessary, and had the satisfaction of seeing that, after she had smeared her temples and the soles of her feet with an ointment of opium, she did nothing more desperately wicked than to fall into a heavy sleep. This was no hanging matter in Mecklenburg, even though the foolish woman woke up in the firm belief that she had sailed through the skies as before. The prosaic magistrates believed their eyes, and let her go.

Again, the same method is good towards werewolves, those terrific beings, human creatures with wolves' form and temper, who, by their mingled nature, create far more terror than the fiercest wolf or the most savage man. 'What shall I say of werewolves?' asks the pastor, evidently at a loss for a moment. But he quickly recollects how certain peasants, once caught one, and brought him before Duke Albert of Prussia. The accusation of being a werewolf was supported by the fellow himself, who admitted that twice every year, at Christmas and at midsummer, he was turned into a wolf, and possessed with a lust for tearing men and animals to pieces. 'Shut him up over Christmas,' said the duke, 'and let us see this werewolf change.' But when Christmas had come and gone, the man was a man still, though possessed by a mania which made him fancy himself a wolf.

Strange what the fancy will do! Harenberg muses. There was a man in Harzburg, a capital fellow, a good Christian soul, but possessed with the notion that on Ascension Day anybody who tried could ascend to heaven. He tried it once himself, mounted up into a cherry-tree, spread out his arms boldly, as if they had been wings, and leaped into the air. Alas! he went down instead of up, bruising himself sorely upon the ground.

With such pleasing anecdotes, the pastor adorns his moral, and, at the same time, drives it home. But, perhaps, enough has been detailed of these reasonable and Christian reflections, as their author styled them; for it is unfortunately true that they would be more amusing if they were less reasonable. The world—it is a de-



plorable fact—does not love reason; it loves lies. Had Harenberg been a liar, he might have been a more popular and more widely-read author. He was too conscientious; and one may doubt whether his contemporaries were at all pleased with him for stripping so many of their favourite illusions of every rag of decent covering. Perhaps these considerations may serve to deter any pastor of our own days who may be impelled to slaughter some superstition—if any there be in this dull age—to refrain from being so very truthful and rational in his argument, and to try to pick up, as he goes along, some of that 'atmosphere' which is the only thing that can make a book attractive to the general reader.

### HOW THE KROOMEN TOOK THE GUNBOAT.

By the Author of *Rising of the Brass Men*.

BETWEEN the British colonies of Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast in West Africa lies a region of palm and cottonwood forest and muddy river, stretching away from the shores of the blue Atlantic towards the little-known Soudan; where, along some five or six hundred miles of sun-fringed beach, the woolly-haired Kroomen dwelt for centuries in comparative peace.

Now, as a rule, the West African native will do little manual work; he fishes, hunts, and is proficient at any kind of 'trade,' and should these fail him, the fertility of the soil is such, that a minimum of labour expended in planting bananas, maize, or cassava will provide sufficient food.

The Kroo country, however, is a hard one, where food is scarce; so the inhabitants have frequently to go forth in search of sustenance, and on three thousand miles of coast from the Senegal to the Congo, wherever there are steamers to load or oil-casks to roll down, the easy-going, laughing Krooboy is to be found.

It happened that about seventy years ago various philanthropists and others in the United States sent back a number of freed and partly educated slaves to form a colony in the Kroo country, which they did, and in due time the colony developed into a republic (Liberia). Then the latter proceeded to make laws, which it required the Kroomen to comply with, and erected custom-houses, and levied heavy duties on their trade. The Kroomen, however, accustomed from time immemorial to do what seemed right in their own eyes, and to trade when and where they pleased, objected strongly to pay so much on every case of gin or 'piece of cloth' they brought in, or so many dollars a head each time they sailed away in search of work. So, after a desultory skirmish from time to time, and the burning of a custom-house or two, they finally decided to disregard the Republic altogether.

Accordingly, up to the present day, they board the steamers by night from lonely beaches

swept by the heavy Atlantic surf and import their 'trade' duty free, without the aid of the customs. Also, when food is scarce, they steal out in their two-foot-wide canoes to intercept the vessels by river mouths, hidden amid the desolate mangrove swamps, or occasionally even swim off in scores, so as to get away in search of work 'down the coast;' for the Krooboy is more at home by water than land, and there is no surf in Africa big enough to drown him.

From too much 'free trade,' the Republican treasury suffers occasionally—to such an extent that a Gold Coast colonial surgeon who once cured several leading senators, and received a fifty-dollar draft on the Government, was, when he presented it, asked to wait a little, as there were then only five dollars in the exchequer.

However, when there is plenty to eat, the Krooboy stays at home, and by way of recreation organises a desultory war against the neighbouring tribes and the Republicans. Then he burns an outlying station or two, or crawling by night through the bush, fires a handful of broken pottery into some of the gaudily uniformed soldiers who are sent in pursuit of him, 'to maintain the supremacy of a civilised nation over a barbarous race,' as the coloured editors say in Monrovia.

Some few years ago it was decided that to 'assert its supremacy' in a becoming manner, the Republic needed a navy; but it is difficult to purchase a navy, or even one torpedo boat with an empty treasury. However, where there is a will there is—sometimes—a way, and eventually, what the papers called 'the nucleus of our western squadron' arrived. This craft, for there was only one, was something between a big launch and a small steam-yacht. Rumour had it she was a free gift to the Republic by an English merchant, but rumour is not always to be depended upon, and in any case, it would have been mistaken generosity.

It happened that about this time the Kroomen became particularly aggressive, and some of them having been fired on while embarking on a British steamer, before paying the Republicans for permission to do so, their leaders sent many insulting messages to Liberia. A council was therefore held, and it was decided to despatch the new gunboat with orders to burn all the disaffected villages along the coast.

With the greatest secrecy, a small Maxim and Nordenfolt gun were put on board the steamer, with a scanty supply of provisions. Some two dozen soldiers embarked, and a few days later the 'armed cruiser *Goronomah*' put to sea under sealed orders.

The same night that the gunboat steamed out of Monrovia a big 'war palaver' was held by the Kroomen in a village near the mouth of the Cavally river. The village was of the usual West African type; a cluster of 'swish' or mud huts, palm thatched, lying beneath a cluster of graceful palms. In front stretched a broad beach of yellow sand, where the long swell of the Southern Atlantic, curling over in glittering walls, breaks in ceaseless thunder and spouts of foam, while low forest-covered hills rose behind.

A large circle of Kroomen, naked with the exception of a narrow loin-cloth, three parallel



slashes on either cheek, and a broad blue mark tattooed down the centre of the forehead, which is the mark of the race, surrounded a fire of aromatic wood; for although the moon shone down with the clear radiance of the tropics, a fire is always essential to a 'palaver.' Some swayed themselves backwards and forwards, singing the song whose chorus is 'A ooh ah, Ah ooh ah,' to the monotonous tapping of a native drum, while others struck up the paddling chanty used when driving the canoes through the surf.

In the centre of the circle, however, with the red glow of the firelight falling upon their white hair and serious faces, between the whirling wreaths of scented smoke, the 'head-men' of the village held a consultation.

In spite of the distance, and the secrecy maintained at Monrovia, they knew all about the sailing of the gunboat, for the naked savage, by some extraordinary means, always knows what is happening along the coast. The traders say the Ju Ju, or Fetish man, is generally more to be depended on than the telegraph. This is not surprising, for in places where the latter is used, it is frequently found inoperative when most wanted, owing to some native blacksmith having cut out a few fathoms of the 'talking wire' to make necklaces for the daughter of a chief or hammered slugs for his 'Long Dane' gun.

After a debate of many hours, the plan of campaign was determined upon; the Kroomen dispersed, and put out the fire just as the first rays of the rising sun lit up the line of snowy surf on the beach and the swaying branches of the palms.

The next evening the *Goronomah*, after steaming all day parallel to a long line of golden sand and curling breakers, while thundering river bar, cottonwood forest, dismal mangrove swamp, and clusters of graceful palms opened out and drifted away astern, dropped anchor at sunset in a little bay not far from Cavally.

Seated in cane chairs on the narrow deck, the commander, lieutenant, and chief engineer, all pure negroes, educated in the United States or Sierra Leone, and got up in most gorgeous uniforms, smoked their cigars and chatted.

'To-morrow morning, chief,' said the commander, 'you will have steam by six o'clock, when we will go closer in, land the Maxim and twenty soldiers, and burn every hut of the town. Then we will shoot a dozen or two of the Kroomen—to teach them the respect due to the Republic.'

'So we will—you let your boots on that,' said the lieutenant, who had commenced life in the United States of America.

Then, giving orders to the sentries to keep awake, and warn them if any canoes approached, the three officers went below, leaving the deck to the soldiers and seamen, who always slept there, as there was no room for them anywhere else.

Now the genuine African savage, uncivilised and heathen, is, taking him all round, rather a favourable specimen of humanity, although he has his weaknesses, such as a hankering after cannibalism and human sacrifice. He is always brave, cleanly, and, if treated fairly, to be

depended on, while in knowledge of the ways of the forest he is unequalled. The native, however, who is brought into contact with the semi-civilisation to be met with 'on the coast' is generally a weak-kneed creature, who will lie, steal, and take himself off when the least danger threatens.

So the sentries, after vacantly gazing round on the moonlit sea, which on the one hand stretched away into the dim distance, and on the other curling in huge breakers over a projecting reef swept in long swirls of foam over the glittering sand, went one after the other comfortably to sleep.

Then a silence fell over the vessel, only broken by the rattling of the helm as she rolled heavily on the swell, and the dull roar of surf on the beach; while the white fever-mist crept down from the hills, and rolled in ghostly wreaths along the bluff, over the palm trees swaying in the night breeze, and across the wet sand. Through the mist a long line of dark figures silently crept towards the beach, carrying the light two-feet-wide canoes, which will go through almost any surf, towards the water; then naked men, armed with sharp machetes, embarked and paddled out through the breakers. Had the sentries been awake they might also have seen a row of black heads spread over the shining water on the opposite side of the bay, as the Kroomen, gripping the leaf-shaped spear with one hand, swam vigorously with the other towards the steamer; but, as was their custom when on duty, they slept soundly, and saw nothing.

Once the commander half awakened, and looking through the port near his head thought he saw a splash in the water, 'Only a flying-fish or a herring gull,' he said as he went to sleep again.

A few minutes later black hands grasped the cable and the low rails of the vessel as she rolled down towards them, and naked, dripping forms swung themselves over the bulwarks, and stood for a few moments to recover breath, with the moonlight shining on their spears. Still the sleepers rested, unconscious of danger, until wakened by the well-known Kroomboy shout they saw their foes standing over them, and many, without a struggle, were hurled into the water: for the Krooman, as a rule, is not fond of useless bloodshed.

Roused from their peaceful sleep, the three officers rushed up the after-companion only to see a desperate fight going on forward, where a swarm of naked savages were spearing their men or driving them overboard, while a few hundred yards away a fleet of canoes waited to carry off the plunder when the steamer was taken.

As luck would have it, all the arms were forward, with the Maxim gun, beneath the deck on which the Kroomen fought, and the sentries and their rifles had been tossed into the sea already. Calling the lieutenant to aid him, the commander stepped behind the shield of the Nordenfolt gun and swung it forward; gazing down the sights, he lined the muzzle on to the centre of a struggling mass of naked skins, then drew the lever. 'Bang' went the gun, and the solid steel projectile tore its way through the

group, and out over the bows to ricochet from wave to wave until it sank beneath the bright water. But, while a row of men went down like grass before a scythe, the commander caught sight of the Republican uniform among the victims, and as it did not seem quite the thing to shoot his own soldiers, he swung the gun round until the muzzle rested on the foremost canoe. Then, waiting till the steamer rolled upwards on the crest of a wave, he drew the lever, and while the smoke drifted across his eyes, saw the shot crash through the frail craft, which upset, throwing its occupants into the water. 'Click, clank,' went the crank as another cartridge slid into the chamber, and as the report rang out, another canoe split into fragments, and the surrounding water was covered with black heads. Then, leaving the wounded to look after themselves, with a chorus of yells, whistles, and hisses, the canoes swept towards the vessel, while two or three projectiles whizzed harmlessly overhead, and threw up a cloud of spray where they struck the water. A few seconds later the Kroomen swarmed over the bulwarks; and the commander, fighting desperately with his sword, as well as the lieutenant and the engineer, laying about them furiously with handspikes, were driven back foot by foot along the deck till they reached the stern and leaped into the water. Shortly after the unequal struggle forward ended; every soldier who resisted was hurled into the water, and the remainder, bound hand and foot, laid on deck. Then, while a Krooboy, who had served as deck hand in the British and African service, opened the valve, the 'clink, clank,' of the winch as the cable came in link by link showed that the anchor was being raised, and a crowd of naked savages descended into the stokehole and engine-room. Here they drew levers, and opened cocks and valves right and left, with the result that in a few minutes clouds of scalding steam and boiling water were flying everywhere. As the laughing 'Frypan,' one of the leaders, told us afterwards, under the fore-castle awnings of the *R.M.S. Angola*, when he had resumed his peaceful calling, 'The Lord not give them sense to savvy engine, plenty 'team, burn, and skin come off, too-much. Krooboy live for get out dam quick.'

Meanwhile, the *Goronamah*, with clouds of steam pouring out of her engine-room skylights, drifted slowly inshore, the lieutenant quietly floating in the shadow of the ship, and the commander and engineer holding on to the rudder-chains aft, buried periodically feet deep as the stern fell in the long swells. As soon as all resistance was over, the assailants offered no further violence to the crew, who swam and floated around—for every coast African is at home in the water; but concentrated all their energy on looting the ship, and in half-an-hour had stripped her bare, and thrown the two guns and all the ammunition overboard.

Then, to make sure of their plunder before she struck, the canoes, loaded to the water's edge, paddled for the shore, while a swarm of naked blacks swam behind, pushing in front of them bales, boxes, locker cushions, and coils of line: in fact, everything that would float,

and doubtless got safely ashore through a surf which would certainly have drowned the crew of a European steamer.

Seeing that there was no foe left on board, the commander let go his hold, and swimming to the low bulwarks amidships, crawled over, followed shortly by the lieutenant and the engineer. It was high time, for the gunboat was rapidly drifting toward the reef, where her sides would crush in like an eggshell; so, throwing a coat over his head, the engineer descended into the machinery, and after a severe scalding managed to put things right below, and start the engines 'slow ahead.' Then the commander, grasping the wheel, turned the vessel's head out to sea, while the lieutenant loosed the prisoners, and blew his whistle to gather his men. Stopping a few moments, the crew and soldiers swam alongside and crawled aboard, and shortly afterwards the *Goronamah*, under full steam, rolled along over the moonlit sea, steering for Monrovia.

In the swish huts beneath the palms the Kroomen held high festival, washing down tinned salmon and sardines with exhilarating draughts of gin, vinegar, and Worcester sauce; while they spread tins of metal polish and patent rottenstone on ship's biscuits, and ate them afterwards with much satisfaction. They, however, regretted bitterly that the steamer had not driven ashore and enriched them for life.

All things considered, very little life was lost on either side. The Krooboy's treat the affair as a capital joke, and many a sable deck-hand tells the story, his face expanding into the merry laugh of the African, showing his splendid teeth, while he pretends to clean the brasswork beneath the saloon deck awnings.

In Monrovia, however, the journals could not sufficiently praise the commander for 'upholding the honour of the Republic against desperate odds,' and so great was the enthusiasm that enough money was raised to purchase a really smart little vessel, the *Yorktown* and so both sides were satisfied. A few negro women, however, by thundering surf-swept Kroo beaches and in the narrow lanes of Monrovia, realise that war is a cruel thing, as they mourn 'for the mariners who come no more from sea.'

#### WHEN SUMMER WANES.

WHEN summer wanes, and green is turned to gray,  
The floral fires die out along the lanes.  
A thousand glories hasten to decay  
When summer wanes.

The sad-voiced wind blows chill across the plains,  
And wet white mists trail inland from the bay,  
While the last sheaf within the field remains.

On silent wings the swallows steal away;  
Its leaves to earth the forest slowly rains;  
Night's curtains close too soon upon the day  
When summer wanes.

SAM WOOD.

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## THE BIOGRAPHER OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

FORTY-TWO years have passed away since John Gibson Lockhart was laid at the feet of his great father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, within the precincts of Dryburgh Abbey; but we have had to wait until now for the biography of one who was himself a confessed master in the art. A notice by Mr Gleig in the *Quarterly Review* (1864), which Lockhart edited with fairness and ability for twenty-eight years, has been hitherto the chief authority for his early life; but his important place in the literary history of the early half of the century is apparent from the frequent mention of his name and the numerous anecdotes about him that crop up. There is much about him, and altogether to his credit, in Smiles's *Memoirs of John Murray*, and doubtless there will be more when the Blackwood papers, at present in the hands of Mrs Oliphant, see the light. For nothing is more remarkable, as his present biographer tells us, than his universal ability.

'He could write,' says Mr Gleig, 'on Greek literature, on the origin of the Latin language, on novels, on any subject from poetry to dry-rot; but his biographical articles bear the palm.' His life of Sir Walter Scott ranks amongst the best and most interesting biographies in the language, and he was author likewise of brief lives of Burns and Napoleon. In *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk* we have charming and interesting pictures of Edinburgh and famous Edinburgh men in the first quarter of the century, and time has now robbed many of the quizzical and satirical references of their sting. He was an early and able contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and while holding an influential position as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, he was in touch with some of the most eminent men of his time. He was the author of four now neglected novels, one of which, *Adam Blair*, may still be read with pleasure and profit, and from which some of the writers of the so-called Kailyard School might learn humility; for in fiction

his 'gifts were far from imitative, he could feel with passion, and communicate what he felt with power.' And this of a man who has been regarded in the popular mind as indeed the 'scorpion which stingeth the faces of men' of the *Chaldee Manuscript*, and as cold, hard, satirical, proud, and reserved. The main value of the *Life and Letters of John Gibson Lockhart*, by Mr Andrew Lang (London, J. C. Nimmo, 1896), consists in showing how, in spite of his early escapades in *Blackwood*, his turn for caricature, his constitutional deafness, his reserve and melancholy, and the many trials of his private life, there existed in him a well of human kindness; that he had tender and reverent feelings for childhood and age, for babies and for 'venerable and secluded men.' This should silence for ever those who say he wanted heart. By birth, sympathy, and early training, Mr Lang is well qualified to write such a book, which took its rise in a desire to add a biography of Lockhart to a new edition of the *Life of Scott*. The material swelled into the two handsome volumes before us, illustrated with portraits and sketches of contemporaries, and a few of Lockhart's own caricatures coloured by hand. It was well that this work should have fallen to a Border man, one who knows and loves the Tweed, Eddrick, and Yarrow, and the literature and romance of them all, but especially the romance of Scott, whose life by Lockhart, Mr Lang says, has been to him a kind of 'literary breviary' from youth up.

Mr Lang traces the pedigree of Lockhart through the houses of Lockhart of Symington, of Lee, of Cleghorn, of Birkhill, and of Wicketshaw, until documents fail about 1339-1440. 'The war of independence, the chivalrous pilgrimage of the royal heart, the feudal anarchy, the Douglas wars, the struggle for religious domination by the Covenanters, are all among the ancestral memories of the Lockharts' we are told. Dr Lockhart, minister of Cambusnethan in Lanarkshire, was, like his distinguished son, a scholar and a serious, narrow divine of the old Presbyterian school; it was he who reported to his son



the incidents upon which *Adam Blair* is founded. The mother was a daughter of the Rev. John Gibson, minister of St Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh, and the Spanish type of Lockhart's face may have been derived from her. He was born at Cambusnethan manse, 14th July 1794, one year and a few months before Carlyle at Ecclefechan. A delicate child, and through an early accident partially deaf all his life, he did not long enjoy the bracing air of his native place; his father was translated to the College Kirk of Glasgow when John was in his second year. From the age of six to twelve he attended Glasgow High School, where he was clever and industrious, and, in spite of frequent absences through illness, was usually dux of his class. Full of fun and humour, he yet had no liking for quarrelling or 'bickering' such as Scott seems to have entered into with zest. When he went to Glasgow University he did well in his classes, and secured a nomination to a Snell Exhibition at Balliol College, Oxford, which he entered in 1809. Here he indulged in his fondness for caricature: but he was a good classical scholar, wrote good Latin, and was accomplished in French, Italian, and Spanish. H. H. Milman, afterwards Dean of St Paul's, and a contributor under his editorship to the *Quarterly Review*, was one of his contemporaries and friends, as was also Sir William Hamilton, until a political difference caused a coolness for life.

Lockhart, who wished for an army chaplaincy under Wellington, came to Edinburgh instead, studied law, and became an advocate in 1816, but soon discovered that his strength lay not in law but literature. His enthusiasm for German literature led to a visit to Weimar, where he saw Goethe. When William Blackwood (for whom he had written an article on Heraldry and afterwards translated Schlegel's *Lectures on History*) started his famous magazine in 1817, Lockhart became a contributor, attacking the *Edinburgh Review* and the so-called Cockney school of poets. The time seemed ripe for a revolt against the dominant Whiggism of the *Edinburgh Review* and of Edinburgh society. Wilson and Lockhart led the way, and Blackwood reaped the benefit. It is now certain that Lockhart and John Wilson had a considerable hand in the famous *Chaldee Manuscript*, although Hogg wrote the first draft. His contributions were not all satirical, but included classical subjects, as well as the Spanish ballads. Love and friendship 'destinate' most lives, and a meeting with Scott at the house of Mr Home Drummond in 1818 led to an invitation to Abbotsford and Lockhart's marriage to Scott's eldest daughter Sophia in 1820.

The five and a half years spent between Edinburgh and Chiefswood, on the Abbotsford estate, may be regarded as the happiest in a life which was not without many dark shadows. Lockhart helped with the *Annual Register*, inherited some of his father-in-law's literary schemes, such as the completion of an edition of Motteux's translation

of *Don Quixote*, as he was a better 'Spaniard' than Scott. Some mystery surrounds the fate of an edition of Shakespeare upon which both he and Scott were engaged. *Peter's Letters*, issued the year before his marriage, was followed by his four novels, *Valerius*, a Roman story (1821), *Adam Blair* (1822), *Reginald Dalton* (1823), and *Matthew Wald* (1824). The authorship of *Adam Blair* in some quarters was attributed to Galt. Blackwood acted handsomely, giving him £300 down, and £200 for a second edition with copyright. Lockhart had himself to pass through the sorrow described in the opening chapters of the tale, which had another counterpart in real life, as witness the scene in Dr John Brown's reminiscences of his father. 'This book alone,' says his biographer speaking of *Adam Blair*, 'shows how unaffectedly impressed he was by the high, bare, austere, and heartfelt devotion of the old Scottish type.' For *Reginald Dalton*, which is a novel of a more conventional type, he received £1000; but after *Matthew Wald*, which Scott said would never do, as it was 'misery from title-page to finish,' he seems to have deserted novel-writing, for which in truth he had no special natural aptitude. Benjamin Disraeli, whom later he called in one of his letters to his daughter, 'that Jew scamp,' visited Chiefswood in 1825 with an offer to the brilliant young Tory writer of the editorship of the ill-fated *Representative* newspaper. Lockhart declined, but soon afterwards accepted the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*. This post, which led to his removal to London, he held for twenty-eight years with conspicuous ability, contributing one hundred articles from his own pen, not one of them political however, biography and classical subjects being most in favour. He did other work for Murray, such as superintending his *Family Library*—the first volumes being *Napoleon*, from his pen. His admirable short life of Burns was contributed to Constable's *Miscellany*. Lockhart was present at the symposium at Abbotsford when the publication of this excellent series of popular volumes was discussed by Constable and Scott, before the dark shadows of commercial disaster fell on both. Murray claimed the original suggestion of these cheap volumes. But Lockhart's great biographical work was his *Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott*, completed in 1838 in seven volumes; the second edition, with corrections and fresh matter, was in ten volumes. Mr Leslie Stephen regards this biography as, next to Boswell's *Johnson*, the best in the language. Mr Lang qualifies this statement, however, by pointing out that subject, treatment, and biographer are very different, but that both are first-rate in their own order. Lockhart's life was henceforth that of an industrious literary man who mingled in the best society, had command of the ablest pens of the day, including those of Croker, Southey, Milman, John Sterling, and of Scott, who could not afford to be indifferent to a £100 cheque for a single article. Lockhart's *Ancient Spanish Ballads* speak for him as a poet, and some verses of his on Immortality were very frequently on Carlyle's lips in later life. From 1843, Lockhart was auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a post to which a small salary was attached.

Failing health led to the resignation of his editorship of the *Quarterly* in 1853. Like Scott he sought health in Italy (where he studied Dante) and in his native Lanarkshire; and it was when on a visit to his daughter Charlotte (Mrs Hope Scott of Abbotsford) that he died, on 25th November 1854. A tendency to melancholy and seclusion had been emphasised in Lockhart's case by Scott's embarrassments and death; by the death, in 1831, of his eldest boy, John Hugh, the 'Hugh Littlejohn' of Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*; by the death of his wife, Sophia Scott, in 1837; and by the estrangement, for a time, and death of a scapegrace son, Walter Scott Lockhart, who had entered the army, and crowded, as his father said, the follies of a lifetime into two short years. From his daughter Charlotte, who married James Robert Hope Scott in 1847, are sprung the only living descendants of Scott. Their daughter Mary Monica, now Mrs Maxwell Scott of Abbotsford, to whom Mr Lang's handsome volumes are dedicated, and to whom he has been much indebted for help and various letters, married the Honourable Joseph Constable Maxwell, son of Lord Herries; and their eldest son, born 10th April 1875, came of age last spring. He is thus the great-great-grandson of Scott.

Lockhart and John Wilson were the ruling spirits in the early days of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Leslie Stephen says his hand is visible in the seventh number. According to the biographer of Thomas Pringle, its first editor, Lockhart, a 'young advocate,' contributed to the first number. Lockhart, as we have said, attacked the dominant Whiggism of Edinburgh, the *Edinburgh Review*, and Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt, and the so-called school of Cockney poetry. He was attacked in return by the author of *Hypocrisy Unveiled*, whom he challenged; but the most regrettable incident of his career, doubtless, was the quarrel with John Scott of *Edinburgh's Magazine*, who fell in a duel with his friend Christie. Mr Lang tries to make it clear, however, that neither Lockhart nor Christie were really to blame. Scott's advice to him after this sad affair was to have done with that 'mother of mischief'—as he termed *Blackwood's Magazine*. There is evidence that he repented of much of this early journalism.

Scott had prophesied that Lockhart would 'blaze'; instead, his career showed a steady flame, and he kept his position to the end. There are high tributes to his literary taste and discernment in Smiles's *Life of John Murray*, and the intimacy and mutual confidence between himself and his publisher continued unabated to the end. He was punctual and methodical in his literary engagements, an immense improvement in this respect on Gifford. The *Quarterly* had then a circulation of between 9000 and 10,000. While Croker irritated some of the political contributors and readers by what he inserted or left out, Lockhart had the knack of greatly improving articles sent to him, without giving annoyance. 'By his knowledge of language,' says Smiles, 'and mastery of English style, he added grace and point to even the best written papers.' Mr Lang pays him the high compliment of saying that he *re-wrote English*, and compares his style in clearness and directness to that of Swift. More than once he seems to have hinted to Murray that he received too high an hono-

rium—a hint which was never taken. In a note printed in Smiles's *Murray*, we find that publisher writing in 1828 to the effect that his dividend would in future be £325 (instead of £250) a number, and he added: 'I think it very hard if you do not get £200 or £300 for your own contributions.' This made his editorial fee £1300 a year.

We find that he thought of Mr Gladstone for an article on Newman; and John Ruskin felt grateful for marginal corrections and suggestions, and asked his editor to Denmark Hill. He would not insert a damaging article on Wordsworth, even at his old friend Professor Wilson's instigation. Like Wilson in *Blackwood*, he noticed Tennyson's first volume unfavourably; on the other hand, John Sterling's favourable criticism of the second volume, in spite of Croker's views to the contrary, was a great aid to the rising poet's popularity. Save his biographical paper on Theodore Hook, none of his own essays have been re-printed. Unlike Carlyle and Macaulay, or even Southey, who used their review articles as pegs upon which to hang elaborate essays, Lockhart made his paper an exponent of the matter in hand, and kept himself studiously in the background. The essays of Macaulay and Carlyle have, however, become part of their collected works; while Southey's *Life of Nelson*, an expanded *Quarterly Review* article, is now a classic, and has had the honour of a greater number of different editions than any other modern biography. Lockhart declined Carlyle's *Chartism* for the *Quarterly*, and suggested that it was better suited for separate issue; he dared not publish it, at all events. It is possible, Dr Smiles thinks, that Murray declined *Sartor Resartus* on his judgment; if so, that did not prevent good feeling between them, and Carlyle has left no acid etching of Lockhart as he has done of so many of his contemporaries. Lockhart's *Burns* formed the peg upon which Carlyle hung his fine and characteristic essay for the *Edinburgh Review*; and when he came to review Lockhart's *Scott* in an essay which is still read though far from being as good as the *Burns*, he credited him with having done it vigorously, and with sagacity, decision, candour, diligence, good manners and good sense. We find Lockhart congratulating Carlyle on his *Past and Present*, and telling him that he had more power of putting life into the dry bones of the past than any other writer except Scott, and urging him to do a romance of the middle ages. Carlyle's hint to Lockhart's assistant, Elwin, to write a biography of his chief, came to nothing.

Lockhart's great achievement, as has been said, was his *Life of Scott*. Mr Lang remarks that he seems to have been born to love Scott, and it should never be forgotten that, while paid a fee by his trustees, the main portion of the profits went to Scott's creditors, when he might have done meanwhile many remunerative articles or volumes. His wife, in writing to Cadell the publisher, from Sussex Place, in 1826, tells him that Lockhart was working as hard at it as could be wished. His power of concentration, which was largely the secret of his success from the first, was evident. 'When once set to a thing, he neither sleeps nor takes the necessary exercise. . . . He has been arranging it so long in his mind, that now fairly commenced he will not



be long about it; and he has read to me, and continues to do so, what he writes, and I am much mistaken if anything in our time will come up to it in interest, style, or as a picture of manners just passing away. I cannot speak enough of the interest he has contrived to give to the genealogy, the least promising part, and you may believe the rest is not behind hand.' This is Sir Walter Scott's daughter who writes, yet every reader can confirm her impression to the full, and so, as Mr Lang tells us, 'his lesser light is blended for all time with the warmth and radiance of the man he loved.'

At his various London residences Mr Gleig recalls outpourings of wit, bursts of merriment, and exuberance of fun, while Lockhart was charming in his intercourse with such women as Lady Salisbury, the Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, Miss Edgeworth, Lady Davy, and the mother of Tom Hughes, who kept his table supplied with pigs' feet and other delicacies. However depressed he might be, and he was often out of health in later years, he recovered himself when he took pen in hand, and to his daughter Charlotte, or his son Walter, he would describe his doings and surroundings. We have a pretty account of how Landseer conveyed a present of two descendants of the real Abbotsford 'dandie dimmons' to the Queen in 1851, who, when warned by the artist, 'Take care, madam, they have been dressed with a little oil and brimstone,' replied: 'Pooh, what signifies that?' and she caressed them both. It was Lockhart, and not Sydney Smith, it seems, who said, when Landseer proposed to do his portrait: 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?'

Lockhart's strong, complex character, and his reserve, have caused him to be often misjudged. The Dean of Salisbury, who contributes some interesting recollections, says: 'He had a very warm heart, often concealed by a cold, reserved manner.' Mr Gleig, in his notice in the *Quarterly*, says: 'There never lived a man more high-minded and truthful; more willing to make sacrifices for the comfort of others; more faithful to old ties of friendship and affection.' The *Times* said of him that 'although he had turned himself into a pillar of literary strength, yet the leading qualities of his mind would have fitted him for any post where far-sighted sagacity, iron self-control, and rapid, instinctive judgment mark the born leader of others.' In appearance he was tall, slight, and handsome, with dark hair and a broad, black brow, indicating force and penetration. The Rev. E. D. Griffin, an American clergyman, who met Lockhart at Mr Murray's in Albemarle Street, in 1828, describes him (why does not Mr Lang quote this?) as 'tall, and slightly, but elegantly formed; his head possesses the noble contour, the precision and harmony of outline which distinguish classic sculptors. It possesses, too, a striking effect of colour, in a complexion pale, yet pure, and hair black as the raven's wing. Though his countenance is youthful, yet I should designate reflection as the prominent, combined expression of that broad, white forehead; those arched and pencilled brows; those retired, yet full, dark eyes; the accurately chiselled nose, and compressed, though curved lips. His face is too thin, perhaps, for mere beauty, but this defect heightens its intellectual character.'

Should these volumes of Mr Lang send readers again to Lockhart's *Scott*, Lockhart's biographer will feel, we may be assured, that he has not written in vain.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER XI.—THE CONSPIRATORS BAFFLED.

THE clock had chimed a quarter past one, and the moon was exactly balanced upon the western wall when the bugle sounded the second time for the troops to fall in. As it did so my heart beat so fast that I almost thought it would choke me. I was playing for high stakes, and I tried to calm myself; for one little show of nervousness or indecision might ruin everything.

In the courtyard outside the garrison was standing at attention. The officers were hitching up their sword-belts, and in other ways preparing for the march before them. But look as I would, I could see nothing of Roche. Was it possible that he intended to remain behind in order to welcome the foe when they should arrive? In that case the plan I had arranged for myself would be certain to miscarry. The hair rose on my scalp, and a cold shiver ran through me as the thought occurred to me.

Five minutes elapsed before he put in an appearance, but when he did, I was relieved to see that he was prepared to march out with the column. Having scanned the battalion, he gave a few orders in a sharp voice, and then took his place in the order of march. As he did so, I left the window and made my way from the room across the Fountain Courtyard and up the stone steps on to the battlements, calling as I went to A-Mat to follow me with a torch, as arranged. Once there we ran as fast as our legs would take us to the stairs leading down to the great gate. We only reached them just in time, for as we took our places, myself a few steps from the bottom and A-Mat with his blazing torch behind me, the foremost files were but a few paces from the archway.

'Halt!' I cried, at the top of my voice, and with every ounce of command I could manage to cram into it, at the same time holding up my hand as a signal to them to stop.

As if by clockwork the surprised battalion obeyed, while Roche spurred his horse forward to discover what this interruption might mean. Thank God, he acted just as I had hoped he would do, and now I was prepared for him.

'Men!' I cried; 'Soldiers of King Marie, in His Majesty's name I forbid you to move one pace forward. You have been told that the king is dead, and that the army under General Du Berg has been defeated. The messenger who brought that news did not come from the army at all. But I left this afternoon, and I can tell you that, far from being defeated, the army has been victorious all along the line. We have won a great victory, and those who have spread this report are leading you into a trap. Return to your quarters, and leave me to deal with those who are attempting to deceive and ruin you.'

When I had finished speaking there was an



instant's silence, in which I saw Roche's face working with astonishment and suppressed passion.

'Lieutenant,' he cried, turning to an officer at his side, when he had recovered himself a little, 'take a file of men and arrest that person. Let him be confined in a cell until I return. Throw open that gate there, and now, my men, forward.'

'The first man who moves will answer for it to the king,' I cried, as the officer in question came haltingly forward to arrest me.

'The king is dead,' shouted the general, 'and I act in his place.'

As he finished speaking, my ears detected a hammering upon the gate outside. Was it the king, or was it another part of this infernal plot? But this was no time for half measures; I had to risk that or lose everything.

'Open that gate,' shouted Roche again.

The great gate was accordingly unbarred and thrown back, but neither Roche nor the men behind him moved. My heart seemed to stop beating as I leant forward to see who entered. Then such a shout went up as never a man in that courtyard had heard the like before, for there, seated upon his own magnificent state charger, who stood tossing his head and clamping his bit as if conscious of the value of the performance in which he was taking part, was the king himself, looking pale and very weary, but otherwise as well as when he had left the camp with me more than eight hours before. Behind him was old Polacci grinning from ear to ear. The king regarded Roche steadily for upwards of half a minute. Then he spoke, and his voice sounded clear as a bell.

'You see you were mistaken, general,' he said quietly. 'In spite of your machinations I am still alive and well.'

The general must have realised that the game was lost. At any rate he did not attempt to say a word in return. He looked at me and then at the king, and then backwards and forwards from one to the other of us, as if he hardly knew which of us to hate the most. His face was working strangely, and in my own mind I thought he was about to have a fit.

'You are placed under arrest, general,' said the king. 'Colonel Prennan, I appoint you Governor of the Fortress, and I shall hold you responsible for your prisoner, also for a Frenchman who, I am told, is within the walls.—Now, my men, you may return to your quarters. I have no intention that you shall be delivered into the hands of our enemies just yet.'

Prennan, the new Governor of the citadel, approached Roche with the intention of demanding his sword. As he reached him the latter was observed to sway somewhat in his saddle, and afterwards to clutch at his horse's mane. Then he seemed to choke, and a moment later fell from his charger's back to the ground. The doctor hastened to his side, but it was only to report him quite dead. The excitement of the past few days, followed by the disappointment caused by the failure of his plot, had been too much for him, and, as it was discovered later, his heart had given way under the strain.

It made a strangely dramatic picture, and one that I think few who saw it will be likely to forget.

The moon lighting the farther side of the courtyard, the staring soldiery, A-Mat holding his torch aloft upon the steps, myself standing below him, the king sitting in the dark gateway upon his gray charger, and the traitor Roche lying dead upon the ground, with his white face and great eyes staring up at us as if in mockery of our vengeance.

'General Prennan!' cried the king in a significant voice, thereby giving the new Governor of the citadel his step in rank, 'let that man's body be conveyed to the mortuary. When that is done, find me the Frenchman of whom I spoke just now. Let him be detained in custody until I can examine him.'

Having said this, he turned to me, and dismounting from his horse, took my arm, and we made our way towards the palace steps. I noticed that he seemed uncertain in his walk, and that his hands were feverish to a degree that frightened me. But I attributed this more to his fall than to any direct illness.

'Instow,' he said, as we walked along, 'I am deeper in your debt than ever. God alone knows what I should have done without you this night.'

'I am more than thankful to have been in a position to serve you,' I answered.

Then thinking I should divert him from his gloomy thoughts—for that they were growing gloomy I had no doubt—I bade him look up at the palace door. Olivia and the Princess Natalie were standing there waiting to welcome him. The meeting between husband and wife was touching in the extreme, Olivia bursting into tears as she kissed him. Strangely enough the king seemed scarcely so much affected as I had expected he would be. He continued to glance to right and left as if he suspected some harm, moving his head in a mechanical fashion that was the reverse of reassuring.

Leaning on his wife's arm he passed into her boudoir. Here the meal of which I had partaken an hour or so before was still spread upon the table, and we endeavoured to induce the king to eat. But he would touch nothing. His eyes by this time were inordinately bright, and I could see that Olivia was becoming alarmed as to his condition. She crossed the room and knelt at his feet, placing her soft arms on his.

'You have done too much, Marie,' she cried. 'You have nearly killed yourself by this long ride. My darling, you must go to bed at once and I will nurse you. Believe me, you will be better in the morning.'

He tried to rise, saying as he did so in a voice whose dead level was terrible to hear:

'You do not understand. If we cannot carry the position all is lost. No, you must not stop me. I am not well, but I shall die if we do not win to-day.'

Olivia turned her face to me with a look of agony such as I shall never forget as long as I live. In reply to her unspoken entreaty I rose and went towards the king.

'Come, your Majesty,' I said, 'this will not do at all. The sooner you are in bed the better it will be for you.'

'Bed?' he cried, with an attempt at scorn in his voice, 'how can I go to bed when my kingdom trembles in the balance? Do you know what it all means to me? It means that life, love, and

honour hang by a hair, and you talk of bed. No, no.' Then after a pause: 'I tell you Du Berg must advance or the day is lost.'

He was silent for upwards of a minute, then his senses seemed suddenly to come back to him, and he smiled a little foolishly.

'I'm afraid I have been talking nonsense,' he said apologetically; 'but I am not feeling quite myself to-night. I think I shall go to bed. Olivia, dearest, you need not be alarmed. It is nothing serious; I am overtired, that is all. Instow, I know, will give me his arm.'

I made a sign to his wife not to oppose him, and then gave him my support as he desired. In this fashion we proceeded to his bedroom, where I assisted him to undress and put him to bed. By the time this was done his wits had left him again, and he was babbling on all sorts of subjects: Venice, his kingdom, his army, the treachery of Roche, and many others which I cannot now remember. It was pitiful to hear him, and more than once I felt a lump rising in my throat as I listened.

As soon as he was comfortably settled I called Olivia to him, and then sent a servant off in search of the palace doctor, who lost no time in putting in an appearance. He was a nice young fellow, extremely clever, and, better than all, an Englishman, whom the king had picked up in Hong-kong.

'I trust there is nothing the matter,' he said as I shook hands with him.

'The king has been taken ill,' I answered. 'I fancy the ride from the front and the fall he had outside the city have brought him to a high state of fever. He was delirious, and I have just got him to bed.'

'I had better see him at once, then,' the doctor replied. 'His Majesty has not been in a good state of health for some time past, and a trouble like this may do him an infinity of harm. Is any one with him?'

'Only his wife,' I said. 'If you will come with me, I will take you to them.'

So saying, I led him from the room and down the corridor to the royal apartments. Having left him there, I returned to Olivia's boudoir to await his verdict with what patience I could command. It is at such moments as these that one lives a lifetime; it is in such moments that one understands what it is to be brought face to face with the probability of a loss that at first seems almost eternal. In that dread uncertainty under which I was then labouring I forgot my own fatigue, my own interest in all other passing events, in fact everything save the man I loved who lay at death's door. The clock upon the wall ticked remorselessly on, the sentry on the steps outside passed and repassed with the monotonous regularity of an automaton, and all the time I stood by the window trying to understand what would happen to us and to the kingdom if the king were taken from it.

How long I remained in this state I cannot say. I only know that it seemed hours before I detected the doctor's step in the corridor outside. When he entered the room I scanned his face for the verdict. What I saw there frightened me beyond all telling.

'What have you to report?' I asked in a voice such as one would be likely to use in addressing

a person returned from the dead. 'What is the king's condition?'

'Serious, very serious,' replied the doctor, as he shut the door behind him and approached me. 'His Majesty is in a high state of fever, and is still delirious. I need not disguise the fact from you that I am very anxious about him.'

'But is there any immediate danger, think you?' I asked. 'Tell me candidly, for you must be aware so much depends upon your answer.'

'There certainly is danger,' he answered. 'I will not deny that. But whether it is immediate or not I cannot tell you. A few hours will satisfy us upon that point.'

'In the meantime what are you going to do?'

'I shall go back to His Majesty and remain with him. His is a case in which nothing but the most devoted nursing will avail. He must not be left alone for a single instant, and when he recovers consciousness all public business or news of an exciting nature must be religiously kept from him; otherwise I will not be responsible for the consequences.'

'I quite understand,' I answered. 'Between us we ought to be able to see that none reaches him. Have you told the queen how critical his condition is?'

'No,' he replied; 'that is why I left him to see you. Under the circumstances I think it better that she should not know the real facts of the case. It would be cruel to tell her before there is any real necessity. <sup>But</sup> I shall be better able to judge to-morrow whether she must learn the truth.'

'I quite agree with you,' I said. 'I am glad to think she is not to be frightened to-night. If I can be of any assistance, you know you may command my services.'

'I am quite aware of that,' he answered. 'But if your lordship will be guided by me I should advise you to retire to rest yourself. You are thoroughly worn out I can see, and for every one's sake it is advisable that you should not run any further risk.'

I promised to comply with his advice, and then he left me and returned to the sickroom. After the door had closed upon him I opened the window and stepped out on the balcony. It was nearly three o'clock by this time and a cool morning. Already the stars in the eastern heavens were losing their radiance. In another hour they would have disappeared altogether and a new day would be born to us. What strange things had happened since last the king and I had seen the sun rise together—a battle had been fought in which the royal army had been successful, we had received the news of Roche's treachery, and we had ridden for dear life to save the citadel and those we loved. Important, however, as all these things were, they seemed to sink into utter insignificance when compared with the danger in which the king's life now stood.

I was turning to re-enter the room, intending to seek my own apartment and go to bed, when someone opened the window and passed into the veranda. It was Olivia. On seeing her I hastened towards her and placing my arm round her waist, kissed her and inquired how she had left her husband.

'He seems a little quieter just now, thank God,' she said. 'The doctor is with him and has sent me away to rest. Oh, Instow, you don't think



Marie will die, do you? For Heaven's sake, tell me you don't think that!

The agony contained in her voice almost unmanned me, but I was quick to remember the doctor's warning and to decide upon the course I should pursue.

'My dearest Olivia,' I answered, 'what on earth has put such a thought into your head? Not the doctor, I'll be bound. Why, my darling, your husband's case is as simple as ABC. As you know, he has not been strong for some time past. The doctors in Europe warned him not to overtax his strength. Well, what has he done? Ridden one hundred and sixty miles in twenty-four hours, fought an important battle in which his horse was shot under him, saved his capital, and defeated a traitor. Is that following the doctor's advice? Of course it isn't. And what is the result? Why, that he is knocked up. No constitution could stand such a strain, much less his. However, he has a clever doctor, he will receive the best possible nursing, and what is better still, he will be compelled to take the rest he has so long required and has earned so well. Whatever you do, you must not let him think you are anxious. Try to believe that in a week or so he will probably be himself again.'

'You cheer me beyond all telling,' she answered. 'The uncertainty of the last hour has been too terrible. I could not have borne another like it. But you have seen the doctor, and I know you would not deceive me, would you?'

Base as it may seem to say so, I felt there was no course open to me but to scorn the insinuation. I did so, and then had the satisfaction of seeing her eyes brighten and a happier look come into her face. Having escorted her to the door of the bedroom, which for the convenience of her nursing she had caused to be prepared next that occupied by the king, I kissed her and bade her good-night, and then set off for my own apartment. Tired as I was, however, I was not to be permitted to seek my couch in peace. I had scarcely touched the handle of the door before I saw some one coming towards me along the corridor. It was General Prentiss, the new Governor of the citadel, and from the way in which he beckoned to me I gathered that he had something he desired to say.

'You must pardon my importunity at this time of night and when you are so tired, my lord,' he said. 'But I have some serious news to communicate to you. The Frenchman, General Roche's accomplice, has been found, and is now imprisoned in one of the cells at the rear of the barracks. Under the influence of his fear he has made a statement that in my opinion, and I fancy you will agree with me, is of the utmost importance and calls for immediate action. As soon as I heard it, I left him and came straight to you, feeling that, as you are His Majesty's chief adviser and relative, it was only right that you should be informed.'

'If you will come into my sitting-room,' I said, 'I will place myself at your disposal. You can then tell me everything. I need not inform you that after all I have passed through in the preceding twenty-four hours I am quite worn out. However, the king's business must take precedence of everything, even personal comfort, so please come in.'

He followed me into the room, and when I had

turned up the lamp, which stood upon the centre table, he took a chair. I seated myself opposite him and begged him to commence, which he did without further preamble.

#### CHESHIRE CHEESE.

THE passing year will be remembered by all connected with the Cheshire cheese trade as one of the most disastrous that they have ever experienced, but if they are not comforted with the reflection that better times are ahead, they will at least be able to derive solace from the conviction that things cannot well be worse than they have been in the 1895 and 1896 seasons. Whether they will improve next year the development of events in the dairy industry at home and abroad alone can determine. Consumers of cheese rarely know whence their purchases are derived, and Cheshire cheese is to them more of a name than a reality; and it must certainly have come as a great surprise to many to be told that the finest cheese shown on the pitch at Whitechurch lately sold for forty-six shillings a hundredweight, and inferior qualities for as low as twenty shillings, when they were paying from ninepence to a shilling a pound in London and the provincial towns for what they were told was Cheshire. Yet this is not so great an anomaly as it seems, and the much-abused middleman was not getting such an enormous profit as the disparity of the figures might suggest, though he was no doubt reaping a rich harvest. Many reasons have conduced to the depreciation of value in Cheshire cheese, but so many have been suggested in the correspondence in the public press, which the enormous fall in price—as much as twenty shillings per hundredweight on some makes—has occasioned, that the public are like a weak-sighted man suddenly confronted by too much light—more confused than before, and unable to comprehend the state of things which has brought ruin on a great industry. We will endeavour to remove this difficulty.

Agriculture, as our readers do not need to be told, has been getting into a more and more depressed condition as the years have passed since we entered this decade. But the dairy farmers of Cheshire have managed to keep their heads above water pretty well, and have closed their accounts each year with the balance on the right side; because their mainstay has been the cheese trade, in which they excelled, and they were not amenable to the fluctuations in the prices of grain and the unfair incidence of railway rates which were dragging their brother farmers down in other counties. But a change has come over the scene, and that so rapidly, that they may be excused for being dazed at the extent of the rebuff they have received. The bulk of the season's cheese is disposed of at the close of the summer and the beginning of autumn, at markets known as 'pitches,' where great quantities are usually shown, prices being to a large extent regulated by the demand, though some farmers might stand out for a price which they thought the special merit of their pitch warranted. These pitches have of old been busy scenes, and the animation has been the more marked in seasons where drought



has caused a falling off in the total amount of pressed curd produced in the country. But year by year we have grown less dependent on home sources of supply for this as well as for other food, and only the acknowledged super-excellence of the product has kept up prices for Cheshire, when elsewhere they were continuously dropping. The past year, however, has seen a crisis in the cheese trade all round, and Cheshire has had to feel the blow with the rest. She has, indeed, largely brought it on herself. In the old days of cheese-making a great deal of time was allowed for the ripening of the cheese after making, and the celebrated Stilton cheese first made its name on account of the perfection of its ripening, which its maker thought incomplete under twelve months; but times have changed. Most things are done in a hurry now. And the farmers of Cheshire, as of other places, have been beguiled into adopting the not long since discovered system of rapid ripening, whereby a cheese can be placed on the market within a week or so of leaving the press. This enables the speedy disposition of the cheese, and brings milk and money nearer together.

But the disadvantage of this slapdash process is that the keeping properties of the cheese are *nil*, and cheese so made can only be disposed of for immediate consumption. Factors who buy their cheese at these 'pitches' have been bitten and they are now very careful. They have bought quantities of cheese at a price, and put them in their stores to await demand from their customers, the retailers. But if there has been an abundant supply and their stock has been left on their hands any time, it has commenced to go wrong, and they have had to sell it for any price to get rid of it, as putrefaction rapidly ensues with quickly ripened cheese once the first signs appear. In former times, when there was no other source of supply to turn to, this might have been merely the misfortune of the factor. Not so now. Everywhere he can find that which his hands seek. France and Holland, Italy and Sweden, send us tribute from their dairies, Dutch factors getting more profit for their humble Goudas and Edams than their continental competitors for their fancy makes, quantity making up for smaller price. But the United States and Canada are the most powerful rivals the English farmer has to face in this respect, and it is mainly to this competition that the Cheshire farmer owes the disaster of the past two years. He brought it more swiftly on himself by his method of cure. For he was compelled to sell, no matter the state of the market, knowing his cheese would go wrong on his hands. Canada and the States, however, administered the *coup de grâce*. In 1894 we spent nearly five millions and a half abroad for cheese, the United States taking £1,608,405 of this sum, and Canada £2,688,946. In the past nine months we have imported little more cheese than in 1891, though our needs, with an increased population, should be greater. People, therefore, looking at the matter superficially, and drawing deductions from the *prima facie* evidence, come to the conclusion that English farmers have had less competition to face than before; and the

wonder grows that in these circumstances such an unexampled drop in prices should have occurred. As a matter of fact, however paradoxical as it may seem, it is this very lessened importation which governs the low rates ruling, and has caused the declension in prices. If there had been free importation because we needed the cheese, there would have been no low prices. Indeed, the cheapness of cheese this season has come as a staggerer to people all over the world who are interested in the manufacture of what is a staple in so many districts here, and in the colonies and the States. For a long period there has been a war for supremacy in the cheese export trade going on between Canada and the States, and the former has won. It is able to turn out a better class of cheese, and the liability to 'heat' on voyage is not so great as it is with shipments from the States. So a year or two back Canada passed her rival and now monopolises the largest proportion of our import trade; her cheese being of such really excellent quality that it is sold for what it is in the shops, some provision dealers making quite a feature of 'Canadian Cheddar.' This cheese, especially that made late in the year—September *par excellence*—is of a solid firm texture, free from the leathery attributes of its 'filled' rival, slow ripened, and gradually matured, and will keep as well as any cheese turned out of an English dairy. It has grown greatly in favour here, not only with consumers, but with merchants who, owing to its keeping qualities, find it safe to handle.

Last year there was a big make of cheese in Canada, encouraged by the good prices fetched by the product during the previous season, and the United States also sent us large quantities, the total supply of 2,133,809 hundredweight being, however, 132,266 hundredweight below our imports for 1894. The season of 1895 was also a favourable one for the production of cheese in England, and it is calculated that an increased output took place here. The Antipodes have come into play as a serious factor in the cheese situation, the first nine months of 1895 witnessing the landing of 92,162 hundredweights thence, and as the greater part of this came in the earlier part of the year, it helped to intensify the plethora of stocks from all sources. With such a great make on all sides, agents for Canadian factors here and importers generally advised their correspondents on the other side not to ship, as a glut here would mean the sending down of prices. American and Canadian shippers followed this advice, and some factories were closed down, while thousands of boxes of cheese were put into store in Montreal and in the Western States to be brought out in better times. Only Australasia failed to take any notice of the condition of markets here, and with characteristic obstinacy shipped repeatedly in face of falling markets. Still, a certain portion of the spring and summer make had to come forward, and the consequence was that by the time the Cheshire pitches began prices had drooped until a really fine cheddar from the Dominion could be bought as low as thirty-eight shillings a hundredweight. The chief

persons to profit by this state of things are, of course, the retail dealers here in the case of foreign and the factors in that of home, as the consumer has nowhere been able to get near these first-hand prices.

The buyers at the pitches were aware of the facts we have stated. They knew that not only was there a large amount of the old make in store in different parts of England, some of it bought at sixty shillings a hundredweight the previous autumn; but they were aware that the make was pretty extensive in Canada again, and that the falling off in imports here arose from low prices and the going into store on the other side of a large quantity, which could be brought here by the cable in nine days if needed; and they regulated their purchases accordingly. They could buy splendid Canadian cheese at about forty shillings a hundredweight which would keep as long as they wanted it to. Why should they pay more for home made that might be converted into mould easier than into money?

This is the secret of the failure of Cheshire, and what will have to be guarded against as best it may in the future. The market has taken a better turn, and cheese sold at ruinous prices a short while back would show a profit now. The drought early in the year, in combination with the unprofitableness of making cheese to sell at the low prices ruling, has had a serious effect on the out-turn of home-pressed curd, and as Canada has gone in this year more for butter than ever before, her total make is also much reduced. Good cheese will fetch more money this winter than last, and previous losses may be in part made up. This shows the wisdom of making cheese that will keep.

At the Cheshire dairy show last year, prize cheese fetched comparatively quite a respectable figure, all the cheese on offer selling fairly well, and showing a profit. But it was capable of keeping. As they were told by the president of the show, the dairy farmers of Cheshire must make cheese that will keep, and to do this must revert to the system by which their fathers built up the fame of Cheshire. Then they will be able to act as their 'cute rivals do. When Cheshire was throwing her cheese away, Canada was putting hers by. She is now bringing it out and selling at a profit. Cheshire must do the same, or English cheese must follow English butter.

## THE HEDGLEY-HASKINS LAWSUIT.

### CHAPTER IV.

'FATHER, is there no way to stop this here lawsuit?'

Ben Haskins asked the question as he and his father were engaged in some work at the barn on Monday morning.

'I don't want to stop it,' promptly rejoined Mr Haskins senior.

'But I do,' said Ben.

'Go ahead and stop it, then,' cheerfully replied the other. 'I can't—and I won't.'

There was silence for some time after this ultimatum. But Ben was not disposed to yield so easily.

'Father,' he said at last, 'I've worked on the

farm here all my life. I never grumbled or wanted to clear out, or spend money foolishly. Ain't that so?'

'That's so, Ben,' replied the father, wondering a little what his stalwart son was driving at. 'You've been a good boy—no mistake about that. But you'll git all this when I'm gone.'

'I never thought of that,' Ben rejoined slowly. 'Here was my place, and here I stayed. I never thought of anything different. But I do want somethin' now—I want to see this here lawsuit broke off.'

'Why?'

'Well, for one thing, I think it's a foolish piece of business. For another thing'—Ben paused, and a swift flush overspread his sunburnt brow—'I want to git married.'

Mr Haskins leaned against the side of the barn and stared.

'Git married?'

'Yes—ain't I old enough?' Ben was twenty-three.

'I s'pose you are—who to?'

'May Hedgley.' Again the swift flush was on Ben's face.

Mr Haskins stared at his son, then at the ground, and then at his son again; but said nothing for several minutes. Ben waited patiently.

'Said anything to her about it?' the old man at length inquired.

'Yes.'

'Well,' said Mr Haskins, after a little further deliberation, 'I think you're a fool.'

It was an angry flush that surged over Ben's face at this remark.

'What do you see wrong about it?' he demanded. 'Anything wrong with the girl?'

'She's a good enough girl, I guess,' said Mr Haskins slowly—but she's a Hedgley.' The tone of the concluding observation conveyed unmistakably the idea that in Mr Haskins's mind the objection noted was insuperable.

'She's the best girl in the settlement, by a long chalk,' cried Ben warmly. 'She's a good house-keeper, and she knows how to mind her own business.'

'Well,' said Mr Haskins, 'that can't be said about 'em all, sure's you live. But she's a Hedgley, Ben.'

'Is that all you know against her?' his son demanded.

'Oh, I don't know nothin' about the girl. But she wouldn't be Hedgley's daughter if she couldn't wear a smooth face when she wanted to.'

'I'd rather you wouldn't talk that way, father,' said Ben sharply.

'What are you gon to do with 'er when you git 'er?' was the old man's next question.

'We kin live,' said Ben coldly, 'if not here—then somewheres else.'

Mr Haskins went on with his work for a few minutes in silence.

'Am I to understand that you're aginst it?' Ben demanded at last.

'Yes,' said Mr Haskins tersely and emphatically, 'I'm aginst it.'

Ben said no more. He felt that to go on would be to quarrel, and he and his father had not had a serious quarrel during his whole life. He shrank from it now, though feeling deeply his father's reception of what he had



had to say. He abruptly quitted work and left the barn. To get away by himself and think the thing out was paramount in his mind at that moment. He went into the house and threw on his coat, but before he got out again his mother, observing the unusual expression on his face, called him. In response to her inquiries he stated the case briefly.

'But where are you going now, Ben?' she asked.

'Oh, jist for a walk. I can't stay around the place to-day. I don't want to row with him, even if I do have to clear out. I want to go off somewheres now and make up my mind on this thing.'

'You 'll be home to dinner?'

'Perhaps. I don't know, mother. But I'll be home to-night, anyhow.'

He did not come home to dinner, nor supper. Late that night, however, he arrived; and his mother, who sat up to watch for him, could see in his face that his old-time composure was fully restored. And she wondered at it. He ate some supper, but chided his mother for waiting up for him.

'I was anxious, Ben,' she said simply. 'You never stayed away that way before, without I knowed where you was, or was sure you was all right.'

Ben was her only son. Two daughters there were beside, but both were married and away. If Ben should go, the farmhouse would be lonely indeed. It had always been a kind of tacit understanding between Mr and Mrs Haskins that if Ben should marry, he and his wife would share the large farmhouse home with themselves. But Mr Haskins had no idea that the daughter of the Hedgleys would be Ben's choice. He and his wife had discussed the subject at great length that day, in Ben's absence. There could be nothing said against May Hedgley, and Mr Haskins even admitted privately to his wife that he thought she was a fine girl. But she was a Hedgley, and her father had sued Mr Haskins and was trying, Mr Haskins averred, to beat him out of a piece of his property. Mrs Haskins, mother-like, pleaded for Ben, and pointed out how hard it would be for them if he went away to the States or somewhere else, as he would be sure to do if his father quarrelled with him. He had been a good boy, and they ought to please him as far as possible. Mr Haskins admitted this, but thought at the same time that Ben should consider their feelings a little. And so they argued, without arriving at any definite conclusion, further than that Mr Haskins promised not to lose his temper in any case, and not to say anything more about the proposed marriage unless Ben broached the subject. He distinctly declared, however, that if Ben did marry the girl it would be in direct opposition to his wishes, and without his consent. From that position he decisively refused to withdraw, and for the next few days there was between father and son a kind of armed neutrality.

While all this was transpiring at the Haskins farmhouse there was a somewhat similar condition of affairs developing at the Hedgley domicile. On their way home from meeting on Sunday evening, it occurred to Mr Hedgley to inquire of Mrs Hedgley concerning May's whereabouts

at that particular moment. He was answered by one of May's younger brothers, who eagerly volunteered the information that she was with Ben Haskins; he had seen them turn off together at the cross-roads towards the bridge.

'That's got to be stopped,' said Mr Hedgley with decision. 'I don't want none of Haskins's tribe about my place. If I hear of any more sech tricks, th'll be trouble.'

To which observation Mrs Hedgley vouchsafed no reply. If Mr Hedgley got settled down to a discussion of the Haskins family, there was danger of his forgetting the sacredness of the day. Therefore Mrs Hedgley said nothing, and her husband, having issued his mandate, felt that it would be duly heeded, and permitted himself to resume his Sabbath meditations.

Imagine his surprise, therefore, the very next evening, when he and his wife were sitting together, May and the other children having retired, to learn from the lips of Mrs Hedgley that May and Ben Haskins wanted to get married, for May had confided the fact to her mother that day.

'What!' ejaculated Mr Hedgley.

His wife assured him that she spoke the truth.

'She shan't do it!' cried Mr Hedgley in a loud and angry voice.

'She says she will,' quietly observed Mrs Hedgley.

'Well, I say she shan't!' retorted the other. 'The rascal! If I'd knowed he was fishin' around here tryin' to lead my girl off, he wouldn't come again in a hurry. How long's this thing been goin' on? Did you know anything about it?'

'I never dreamt of the like,' said Mrs Hedgley, 'till she told me. I knowed they often met one another and that people said he liked May. But he never comes here, you know that.'

'The rascal!' repeated Mr Hedgley again with renewed energy. 'And she's been fool enough to listen, hey? I'll go straight and see him to-morrow. I'll, I'll—huh!'

He broke off with an angry exclamation, too much overcome to finish the sentence.

'I don't b'lieve it'll be any use to talk,' said Mrs Hedgley. 'I tried to reason with May, but it ain't no use. It's a nice mess all round. You and Haskins is bound to go to law, and May and Ben's bound to git married. We'll be the laughin'-stock of the country.'

'Will we?' cried Mr Hedgley in great scorn. 'You'll see whether we will or not. Wait till I git my eye on Ben Haskins!'

He had not long to wait, for he and Ben met the next morning. Ben was going down the road and Mr Hedgley was at work just inside the fence that separated his land from the highway. Ben came along whistling.

'Well, Mr Hedgley,' he said cheerfully as he came up, for he and Mr Hedgley had always been on speaking terms, and in view of recent happenings it seemed to Ben that the proper thing to do was to be as polite as possible to the man who had the distinction of being May's father. He was not a little dismayed at the reception accorded his well-meant advances by Mr Hedgley.

'See here, Ben Haskins,' cried that gentleman with great warmth, 'I want to talk to you. What notions have you been puttin' into my girl's head?'

'In what way, Mr Hedgley?'

'Oh, you know well enough what way. If I'd had any idea the way things was goin', you'd 'a' heard from me long 'go, young feller. If I ever ketch you round my girl agin, I'll horsewhip you. I don't want none o' your tribe snappin' round me at all, and I won't have it nuther. I've as good a mind as ever I had to eat,' went on Mr Hedgley with rapidly rising fury, 'to climb over that fence now and break this pitchfork over your back. You long-legged sneak! But it's jist what I might expect—jist what I might expect. Your father wants to chisel me out o' my land, and now you're tryin' to fill May's head with notions. You're a nice feller, ain't you? You orto be ashamed of yourself!'

Mr Hedgley paused and glared angrily at his listener, whose face wore an expression of the utmost composure.

'Mr Hedgley,' Ben said quietly, 'I don't think you ought to say all that to me. If I want May to marry me, is there anything crooked or bad about that? Am I a rogue, or a thief, or a fool? You've knowed me ever since I was a boy. Be fair and square, now; what do you know bad about me?'

'I don't want to know nothin' at all about you,' cried Mr Hedgley. 'I don't want nothin' to do with you. I want you to mind your own business. That's what I want.'

'Well, Mr Hedgley, I am not gon to row with you,' said Ben. 'I hope you'll git to see things different. Though I don't know but I ought to be glad that you and father 'ave found somethin' at last that you can agree on.'

'What's that?' demanded Mr Hedgley sharply.

'About me and May. You both say we shan't git married,' Ben replied.

Mr Hedgley was somewhat taken aback at this remark. It galled him sorely to be found on the same side of an argument with Haskins senior, even if his daughter's future was involved in the outcome.

'Thinks she ain't good enough, I s'pose?' he queried in a belligerent tone.

'You'll have to ask him that, sir,' Ben replied. 'But between the two of you there doesn't seem to be much chance for May and me.' And shrewdly noting the effect of his random shot, Ben thought it would be wise if he brought the conversation to a close just there. Without waiting further he strode off down the road.

#### GOVERNMENT WASTE-PAPER.

THE waste-paper department of Her Majesty's Stationery Office is a more interesting place than its general appearance might suggest. It consists of what was formerly a marble-mason's yard, with a range of old buildings round it. The enormous government stationery depot in Prince's Street, Westminster, takes in a constant stream of material from paper-mills, and factories, and printing-offices, and distributes it to over three hundred government establishments in all parts of the kingdom—including such mammoth concerns as the Post Office, the Admiralty, the Customs, the War Office, Somerset House, and so on—and from

these there flow back equally steady but reduced currents of materials that have been used, into this waste-paper department in Earl Street, Westminster, half a mile or so from the central depot. They get in here something over two thousand tons of material annually, with a pretty steady increase of fifty tons a year—a fact which is in itself an interesting indication of the growing intricacy and expanding business of government establishments, as well as of the more systematic aim and precision with which all government transactions have now to be conducted. 'Over everything we do now,' said a civil servant of long standing and experience, 'we take five or six times as much trouble as we did when I first came into this office. Everything must now be reduced to writing. The least inaccuracy or discrepancy is the subject of correspondence and investigation, so that even the same amount of business requires a far greater amount of work.'

But business itself is continually expanding, and this waste-paper department feels the effect of it, and moreover may be considerably influenced by changes that might be supposed to be very remote from it. For instance, the establishment of the halfpenny postage for open envelopes has brought a very perceptible increase of material into the waste-paper branch of the Stationery Office. Enormous masses of circulars are every year sent out in unsealed envelopes through the post. These are addressed from directories—sometimes from old directories—and a very large proportion of them cannot be delivered, and are returned to the post-office, from which eventually they get packed off to Westminster to be treated as waste-paper. Of course there are sometimes changes which tend in the opposite direction. This is curiously suggested by a glance down the list of establishments to which the Stationery Office has had to deal out stores in the past. Several of these have the pen run through them, and the word 'abolished' written after them. Among them are the 'Salt Office,' the 'Lottery Office,' 'Registry of Slaves,' 'Commission for French Claims,' &c. Every such abolition, it need hardly be said, would reduce the business of the stationery depot, and of this branch of it; and though the particular establishments mentioned were extinguished before the waste-paper department had become an institution, there are occasionally official changes tending to reduce the consumption of government stationery, and to keep down the stream of 'waste-paper.'

Each of the three hundred government departments supplied from Prince's Street is kept provided with gunny-bags, into which all its used-up stores not of permanent importance are packed. Occasionally they manage to pack up things that hardly come under the head of used-up stores or waste-paper—a bundle of unused postage stamps, for instance, or a roll of postal orders, or an occasional cheque. They had a cheque turned out at the Earl Street waste-paper depot the other day that appeared to have run a curiously unfortunate career. It came originally from Siam, but the letter in which it was enclosed was wrongly addressed, and when opened was found to afford



no address of the sender. The letter itself thus represented two blunders, and its appearance at the waste-paper branch of the Stationery Office certainly indicated a third. However, the precious slip of paper was rescued, and was eventually put into the proper channel.

At certain intervals—about every six weeks in the case of the larger establishments—the well-stuffed gunny-bags are borne off to Earl Street, where large floors are to be seen heavily packed with them. Of late, indeed, the extensive premises have proved insufficient for their storage, and even at a slack time of year there may generally be seen great racks of these gunny-bags piled up in the open air, and covered over by tarpaulins. When the time comes for dealing with them, they are hoisted by crane to an upper floor, and turned out upon tables, the tops of which consist mainly of strong wire gratings. By tossing about the contents of the bags on these gratings, the heaviest of the dust and small litter is separated, and specific sorting begins.

Many various kinds of things come under the general heading of 'waste-paper;' and the first business is to classify them under so many letters of the alphabet. Into one class are put all letters and envelopes. Class 'B' is for various forms of printed matter, such as old reports, and so on. For government official purposes there is a special kind of paper manufactured, of a light buff colour. This is set apart by itself under the letter 'C.' Then again, every consignment from any considerable post-office in the kingdom brings Earl Street large quantities of the narrow light blue strips on which telegrams for the newspapers are reeled off by the mile. Every week they get turned out upon the tables enormous quantities of these ribbons, still bearing messages that come into various offices, tingling with excitement for the public, but from which all interest has evaporated. These spent telegrams are heaped up in class 'D.' Then come browns and wrapping-papers generally, and next a class for all sorts of coloured writing-papers. There is also a division for odds and ends of string, scraps of tape, and pieces of gunny and canvas, all of which will by-and-by go to the making of brown paper. Next we come to class 'H,' into which all old account-book covers are set apart; and many of these, unless some shoe-manufacturers are sadly maligned, are destined, sooner or later, to do duty as leather for ladies' shoe-soles. It is said to be only wicked foreigners who do such things. A good deal of the millboard material of which account-book covers are made is exported to Belgium, and it is said to be there that they are deftly made up into shoe-soles, just thinly faced with leather, so as to present a very smart and durable appearance, until they are worn on a wet day, when, of course, there is rueful revelation. Torn newspapers and posters of various kinds form another class of waste; and finally, in class 'L' are deposited various sorts of paper combined with canvas or linen, which have to be disposed of separately, because the manufacturers' acid, which will dissolve the paper into its original pulp, will not similarly reduce the fibrous material.

These are the main classifications, though there are some other minor ones. For instance, paper that is a good deal embellished with sealing-wax has to be separately dealt with; and oiled paper, for which some offices make a certain amount of use, has to be specially managed, since, if massed together in any considerable quantity, it is liable to spontaneous combustion. Then again, the waste-paper bags contain a certain number of magazines, many of which have a market value, apart from that which they possess as waste-paper, and there are old printed books, such as out-of-date directories and almanacs, which dealers are sometimes willing to purchase. These may be sold without mutilation, but with a great deal of the waste here, such as letters and official documents, confidential reports, account-books, and so on, this cannot be done. At one time such things used to be sold to manufacturers, who were required to enter into bond to pulp them at once. This arrangement did not prove very satisfactory, and for a time government waste-paper was sent to Westminster Prison, or the one at Coldbath Fields, to be torn into fragments by the prisoners. This was continued till 1885, when the Home Secretary came to the conclusion that, 'as a matter of policy,' this arrangement was undesirable, and eventually a gas-engine and powerful guillotine cutting machines were set up in the premises here in Earl Street; and all sorts of letters and confidential documents are now passed down from the upper floor, by means of 'hoppers' and 'shoots,' to the machines, where they are sliced up into fragments too small to permit of any sort of information being gained from them. Account-books, after being stripped of their covers, have the headings of their pages sliced off, and may then be permitted to find their way to the butter shop, or, if they happen to be of hand-made paper, showing a slightly ribbed surface, they will fetch a comparatively high price from gold-beaters, who find such paper admirably adapted to the requirements of their business. They are also purchasers of old parchments, a good many of which find their way to the waste-paper depot, and which, according to the latest official report, realise as much as £16 a hundredweight.

There are forty or fifty girls and women always engaged at Earl Street in turning out and sorting and cutting up and re-packing into bags; and though it looks to be rather a dirty business, and some of it pretty hard work, employment is eagerly sought here. They get regular employment of eight hours a day, and they earn about ten shillings a week; and what is more, if they do not happen to be married, this ten shillings a week regularly coming in generally enables them to do so with very little delay. The most noticeable feature of their work is the refilling of the gunny-bags after the sorting and cutting up. The receptacles are suspended each by four hooked ropes fastened to the beams overhead. They are provided with Broddingnagian wooden clubs to ram the paper down into the bag as it is filled in, but as a matter of practical experience they find it easier to get into the bags and tread it down—one filling in while another works

her way from the bottom of the sack to the top, and then descending by means of wooden steps.

Turned out, dusted, sorted, chopped up—if necessary—filled in again, and weighed, the waste-paper is now taken in hand by one or other of the dozen men also employed about the place, and stowed away. Periodically, precise statements of what is in stock are drawn up and sent to all known dealers in such materials, and those of them who wish to buy any of the lots offered to them return the lists with the highest bids they are prepared to make, and the highest bidder becomes the purchaser, and carries it off. The annual sales bring in something over £10,000 a year, which, according to arrangements prevailing up till 1841, would all have gone as 'perquisites' into official pockets. These were the good old times before the Civil Service 'went to the dogs.' It was found in very many cases that the official who pocketed the proceeds of waste-paper had the original ordering of the goods. The more he ordered, the greater would be the waste, and the better for his pocket; and of course there was a dreadful howl when, in 1841, Mr McCulloch proposed a reform. The reform was indeed carried—on paper. But that too for a long time proved to be little better than waste-paper. The officials naturally entertained the strongest objection to relinquishing their customary perquisites, and held on to them, until a few of them were prosecuted for theft, or, to adopt the more polite phraseology of a Treasury minute, for 'the systematic misappropriation of public property;' and then for the first time Mr McCulloch's reform became a real one, and ever since all waste has been properly collected and systematically dealt with.

#### KELP-MAKING IN SHETLAND.

THE manufacture of kelp was carried on with energy in Shetland more than fifty years ago; and during the seventies the price touched its highest point—namely, 7s. 6d. per cwt. In those days the crofter-fisherman found kelp-making a considerable aid in enabling him to meet his rent, and in providing food and clothing for his family—often no easy task in Shetland, owing to frequent failure of crops and uncertain earnings from the sea. If a man had an energetic wife and grown-up daughters, his chances of good returns were the more certain. The local 'merchants' in most places readily bought up the kelp, paying for it in goods, of course: cash was seldom or never asked for, from the fact that the sellers knew that it would not be given, and they were quite content to get any kind of material, or meal, or flour, for the value of the kelp sold. The kelp was often made in out-of-the-way places, and at a distance from the store-places of the local buyer; and it was not an uncommon thing to see girls and old women carrying thither filled 'kinshies' (straw baskets), the weight of a single kinshief often being considerably in excess of a hundredweight. The process of weighing, however, was to the seller the most irritating part of

the whole business; and it was no rare thing to hear the panting, perspiring girl—gesticulating wildly, and with fiery eye, and face white with passion—venting her feelings in vehement language at what she justly termed robbery on the part of the merchant, who insisted upon 119 lb., or 1 cwt. and 7 lb. to each hundredweight. We do not know if this was a universal custom in regard to kelp-weighing, but we can vouch for the fact that this weight was taken in some of the islands.

The manufacture of kelp in Shetland has now fallen off; although in some of the islands one still sees, in passing along the coast, the familiar and well-known cloud of blue smoke arising from some low-lying part of the shore. There is a curious superstition connected with kelp-burning. When the fire is first lighted care must be taken that the wind is from such a direction that the smoke will blow landwards; if the smoke went to seaward, the crop of seaweed next year would be destroyed. Such being the popular belief, no kelp fire was ever set alight without first looking 'how the wind lay.'

The seaweed known to the islanders as 'red warr' is the best, and many buyers of kelp were so particular that 'red warr' alone was used, that they sometimes set a watch near the kiln during the burning process. The ware is gathered in during the months of April to September. This part of the work is performed by the women. Wading almost waist-deep into the sea, with bare feet and legs, and often scantily clad, they drag ashore the dark-brown masses of ware that are found floating near the surface. At other times they proceed in a small boat to outlying rocks—'skerries'—and with sickle in hand, bending far over the gunwale, they cut off the ware and 'tangles' at arm's-length below the surface of the water. After stormy weather and high seas masses of drift or detached ware are thrown on shore, and this is considered by the people more immediately concerned as a godsend. After all the ware has been gathered it is put into round stacks and is spread out the first dry day thereafter. This alternate spreading and stacking is continued until the ware assumes a light brown colour, and at the same time has become partially dry and brittle. An earthen box or enclosure, about fourteen inches broad and six inches deep, and varying in length from eight to twelve feet, according to the quantity of ware to be burned, is then formed of 'feals' or sods built on a clean plot of grass. Once lighted, the burning is kept going night and day, in a careful and systematic manner, care being taken to lay the ware on evenly; and the fire is only allowed to burn low for raking, that is, to allow an iron instrument like a small garden rake to be passed from end to end of the kiln longitudinally. At this stage the kelp is a semi-liquid mass, of reddish colour, and glowing like molten iron. When the ware has all been burned the fire is put out, sea-water being used for the purpose, and the whole mass is then closely covered with sods, and allowed to thoroughly cool. It is now a solid, hard substance of a dark bluish-black colour, and very heavy for its bulk.



When quite hard and cold, the mass is broken up by being struck with hammers or heavy stones—chiefly the latter as being the most ready and plentiful—and divided into pieces varying in weight from three-quarters to one and a quarter hundredweight. The workers are, as may be easily imagined, almost the very colour of the kelp—face, hands, and clothes being stained a deep blue. But this is of little consequence, as the stuff seems to contain all the cleansing properties of a first-class soap, and washes off quite freely from the skin, as well as from cotton and woollen fabrics. Iodine, an expensive and valuable substance used largely in medicine and photography, is the chief substance of value chemically extracted from kelp, and the demand for it at one time almost doubled the price of the article. Before, this kelp was largely used in the production of soda or soap, and the residue, after the iodine is extracted, is still used for the purpose.

### THE YAQUI INDIANS.

THE Yaqui Indians are the most populous aboriginal tribe dwelling in the Mexican province of Sonora. Before the advent of the Spaniards they were the most numerous and powerful race in Northern Mexico, and were then, as now, an exceedingly peaceful people. They tilled the soil and raised large crops of grain, and even indulged in many of the minor manufactures, making an excellent pottery, and weaving blankets and woollen fabrics, which they exported or traded with their neighbours. Since the Spanish conquest, wherever they have been left to themselves, they have remained an independent, self-supporting people; but that inherent faculty for oppression and extortion, everywhere common to Spanish peoples, has decimated their numbers and driven many of them into open rebellion against the recognised authorities.

Shortly after the arrival of the Spaniards thousands of these Indians were enslaved and driven at the point of the musket to work the gold and silver mines of the country. So ruthless were their taskmasters, and so blind to their own interests in the eager rush for wealth, that thousands, some good authorities say hundreds of thousands of slaves, were literally worked to death.

This state of affairs continued until the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Spaniards saw their folly in killing the geese which laid the golden eggs, and somewhat moderated their hard treatment of the native races all over Mexico; but it was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that their lot became bearable, and it has gradually improved from that date.

Nearly all the work in the Sonora mines, and much agricultural labour as well, is done by the Yaquis. As the traveller takes the train through the country he will notice here and there little bands of them on the railroad track, barefooted or in sandals, working industriously,

and exhibiting an activity and gaiety in marked contrast to the sullen, browbeaten, Mexican labourer. This last is, after all, only a mixed Indian, in whose veins courses the blood of many tribes, intermingled with a dash of Spanish. Nominally free men, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they find that their freedom begins and ends with the word; for though there is now no legal slavery in Mexico, the Indians are still kept in a state of servitude by the superior wit and finesse of their masters. For example, it is the common law everywhere in Mexico that when a labourer is indebted to his master he must stay with him and work off the debt. Now, the proprietor of a large hacienda, say ten or fifteen leagues square, pays his hands entirely, it may be said, in provisions and merchandise. He keeps always on hand a large stock of the common necessities of life and the cheaper kinds of clothing. These he disposes of at outrageous prices, and always keeps his workers so much in debt that there is seldom, if ever, a piece of money given to them, work they ever so hard or industriously. As the proprietor of the hacienda is the only one who keeps a record of such transactions, and the Indian is positively forbidden to keep any account for himself, it will be seen that it is no difficult matter for him to be invariably in debt.

This system is bad enough as conducted on the haciendas, but it is infinitely worse in the mines, where many of the Yaquis are yet worked and overworked in a manner that reminds one of the days of Cortes.

In the Altar mining district on the Pacific coast is a concession jointly owned by several Mexican families, having an area of five hundred and forty square miles. This is the Llanos and Cienega Concession, a strip of as rich mineral country as is anywhere to be found in the world. In length it measures some twenty leagues, and is three leagues wide. For over two hundred years it has been worked for gold by the Spaniards and Mexicans; two hundred years that we know of, and doubtless for centuries before that, as now and again are unearthed stone implements of a time that long antedate the arrival of the Spaniards. Indian traditions also tell of vast quantities of gold having been taken therefrom and sent down to the city of Mexico to the Aztec kings and to the Montezumas.

The system of winning the gold from the alluvial there adopted is different from any method seen outside of Mexico. In working alluvial diggings, generally known as placer mining, it is customary to obtain the gold by means of a running stream of water directed through sluice-boxes, the gold settling by its own weight in the riffles at the bottom, while the gravel is carried away in the stream. So absolutely necessary is water regarded for this class of mining, that where there is none at hand placer mining is abandoned as being hopeless; but in the dry districts of Mexico the natives have contrived a machine to extract the gold from the alluvial which sets the commonly accepted theory at defiance. So far, indeed, have they gone in the opposite direction, that the drier the soil the easier they find it to

work, and water of any kind, even a slight shower of rain, they find detrimental to the working of their machines.

The machine looks like a heavy canvas-topped table, with a hopper at one end. Into this hopper the gravel is thrown, and the table being placed in a slanting position the gravel and dirt fall down over its surface. Across the canvas top are nailed strips of wood. A bellows like a blacksmith's, kept in constant motion underneath, gives the canvas an undulating movement, which forces the dirt over its surface and retains the heavy particles of gold behind the wooden slats. The principle is the same as in the ordinary water method of extraction.

In the Llanos and Cienega Concession are the two little towns, El Tero and El Yaqui, about a mile and a half apart. The population of each is about eight hundred souls, and probably two hundred of the total number are Mexicans, and the balance Yaquis. Within a radius of three or four miles from both settlements a hundred and fifty machines are kept steadily employed. Five Yaquis dig up the gravel and attend to each machine, while a Mexican foreman stands by and, lazily puffing a cigarette, superintends the job. It is this foreman's duty to collect the gold, and at the end of each day turn it in to the proprietor of the mines. The task set for each little gang is the treatment of twenty-six tons of alluvial per diem. At first this does not seem so exorbitant, but when one considers that the gravel has all to be sifted in order to separate the large stones from the pay dirt, and that much of it has to be carried up out of deep holes, in leathern sacks on the heads of the workers, it is seen at once that this is indeed a heavy task. And the pay for this labour amounts to the munificent sum of tenpence a day. This would be little enough if the wages were paid in money; but when we consider that even this small wage is taken in trade at the mine-owners' store, where no article is sold at a less price than a hundred per cent. above that which obtains in the town, it will be seen what a beggarly pittance theirs is.

And yet the Yaqui doesn't grumble at his lot, even to his companions. He is always good-natured and generally smiling, even though he be so tired that at night-time he can scarcely crawl home to his wife and children, for his daily task requires twelve and sometimes fourteen hours to accomplish. The greater part of that time he is working beneath an almost tropical sun, which sends the mercury up to a hundred and ten degrees for many consecutive hours; and there are times when even a hundred and eighteen and a hundred and twenty degrees are registered. No Mexican labourer, or indeed any other class of men, could stand the work.

A queer-looking home is the Yaqui's hut. It is built of branches of the oqueta bush, a species of thorn. The roof is made of brush carelessly thrown on the top. In this home evidently little effort has been made to keep out the fresh air, as one can see through the sides as easily as through a lattice-work. This is no drawback to the Yaqui, who for eight months

of the twelve sleeps and cooks outside; their hut in the meantime being used as a store for all their worldly goods and possessions, which, as might be expected, do not amount to much, either in quantity or in value—a small supply of provisions, some cooking utensils, and a very spare assortment of clothing and bedding. Much bedding they neither have nor need, as during three-fourths of the year the nights are so warm that covering of any kind is unnecessary, and the remaining quarter is only cool enough at night-time to make the women wrap their shawls more closely round them, and the men crawl under their serapes.

The Yaqui's serape serves a number of purposes. It is his bed and blanket during the cool weather of the winter nights; his cloak in the spring mornings when the air is yet brisk before the sun warms the atmosphere; and his saddle-blanket when he is travelling on horseback. It is a gaudily coloured affair, a blanket in which all the colours of the rainbow are to be counted. And yet it is not unattractive; the pattern, quaint and unusual, is woven with a regularity and precision which speak well for the deftness of the weavers; and the colours, often glaring, are placed in such cunning juxtaposition that one can seldom pick out a single serape that could in reason be called ugly. Serapes are cheap too; a small one, seven feet by four, can be purchased for a sum equivalent to ten shillings. As the majority of them are very thick and strongly made they form excellent rugs, superior for durability and neatness of design to many imitation oriental rugs, for which much higher prices are obtained.

Shamefully as he has been misused for generations, every one who comes in contact with the Yaqui gives him credit for being a good industrious Indian. Neither better nor worse than other places in Sonora is the treatment accorded to him on the Llanos and Cienega Concession. These mines support in luxury a score of wealthy families in the city of Mexico, and as many indolent, dissipated Mexican overseers in the province of Sonora, who squander at the gaming tables in Hermosillo and Guaymas thousands of pounds with a nonchalance that is only to be accounted for by the fact that they feel secure in a never-ending supply of the precious metal to be garnered at their order by a herd of docile Indians. It is estimated that the gold from this concession, which is worth three pounds fifteen shillings an ounce, costs only seventeen shillings an ounce to produce.

Down in Hermosillo the Government of Sonora considers it has an Indian question. So it has in a manner, one that it has raised itself, and for which it is entirely responsible. Mexican-like, the Sonora Government some years ago confiscated the lands along the course of the Yaqui River, which had from time immemorial been owned by the Yaqui tribe. This land the Government recently sold to an American company, which intends, after directing the Yaqui River over its fertile soil, to raise large crops of tobacco and coffee for the European markets. Angered at what they consider a barefaced robbery, a portion of the tribe went on the warpath, and bade defiance



to the troops sent against them. For over twenty years has the Government tried to subjugate this little band of warriors, but without success since the year 1886, when having been driven away from the river, they took to the mountains, from which they have never been dislodged. As a fighting man the Yaqui is a success. The same qualities of perseverance and grit which go to make him an excellent worker also make him an enemy not to be despised. Time after time have the Sonora troops left the capital to settle the Yaqui question, and each time have they returned considerably reduced in numbers. In the mountains, where the Indians are thoroughly at home, they patiently await the coming of the troops, and distributed over the open country, each man ensconced behind a cactus bush, patiently return shot for shot with the enemy. As they know every foot of the country, and each man fights on his own account, with never a thought of surrender even if wounded, the poorly commanded and worse equipped soldiery get tired of the job long before the Indians. At night-time, singly and in pairs, the Yaquis crawl from one bunch of cactus to another, unseen by the sentries, whom they shoot down, and then the bulk of their forces, which are not far away, rush up, and after firing two or three volleys into the Mexican camp disperse in all directions. As they never form into a compact body, the soldiers cannot get the satisfaction of a pitched battle, but have to submit to a demoralising system of guerilla warfare. After a brief campaign of this unsatisfactory fighting, disheartened and vanquished, the soldiers retreat.

In any other country such a state of affairs would not last long. The open rebellion of an aboriginal tribe would be crushed with an iron hand; but in Mexico, where nobody is ever in a hurry, this warfare is allowed to drag itself through many years.

It is in this way. The Mexican army is mainly composed of recruits forced into its ranks from the jails. A prisoner is released from confinement on condition that he enlists in the army; thus the cost of keeping him in jail at the expense of the state is avoided, and frequently a man is sentenced to enlistment without ever being sent to jail, with the same economical end in view.

This method of recruiting the army prevails to a greater or less extent all through Mexico, and is more particularly the rule in the province of Sonora, where not infrequently a whole regiment, barring the non-commissioned and commissioned officers, is composed of criminals. With a regiment so recruited it is not surprising that there are many desertions, and that *esprit de corps* is entirely lacking.

Before going to the front these criminal soldiers have often been given but three or four weeks' drill in company and regimental movements. This is perhaps considered enough to get them to the point where the enemy are to be found, but it is not sufficient to inculcate discipline, and enable them to overcome the Yaqui with his demoralising style of warfare. Under these circumstances, no one ought to be surprised that the Yaquis still hold up their flag, and

laugh at the Government. So repeatedly have they beaten the troops sent against them that they do not now look upon war at all seriously; indeed, they rather enjoy it than otherwise, sometimes provoking it just to get possession of the commissariat wagons with their contents, and the rifles and ammunition of the troops.

Of the Yaquis on the warpath, the number is relatively very small, and the fighting strength of the tribe is kept up in this way. As soon as the chief is informed by his scouts that a detachment of soldiers is advancing to demand his surrender, or to exterminate his band of followers, he at once sends out messengers in every direction to the district where he knows bodies of his clansmen are working. In a short while, by twos and threes, they straggle in, and coming from many quarters they swell the Yaqui army to respectable proportions.

After having stayed away from their employment long enough to see the troops return, they go back to work as if nothing had happened. Thus has the Yaqui war been prolonged for years. It is reasonably supposed, however, that a termination to this strife may be looked for before another year passes away. The American company which has bought the lands in dispute from the Mexican Government, and has spent large sums of money during the last few years in digging irrigation ditches for the cultivation of the soil, which is said to be the richest in Sonora, and capable of producing most remarkable crops of tobacco, coffee, cotton, and sugar, is now ready to begin cultivation. It will therefore be necessary for the Government to suppress the insurrection. Among those interested in the completion of the irrigation ditches, and the ultimate cultivation of all that rich country along the course of the Yaqui river, there is a growing opinion that the war will die out as soon as the call for labourers is heard in the land. The Indians will then only be too glad to obtain steady work with the assurance of good wages; and this will be guaranteed them by the landowners, who will need all the labour the country can afford to sow and harvest their crops.

In future years these Indians, strong and intelligent as they are, and addicted to few vices, will become the backbone of the working-classes of Sonora, and will add an untold sum to the value of one of the most promising countries in the world, a value which under Mexican misrule alone would never have been dreamt of.

#### THE SWEETEST THING IN THE WORLD.

Oh tell me what are the sweetest things

In nature or in art?

Sweet is the sound of the trembling strings,

Sweet is the living voice that sings,

But sweetest the fount whence music springs,

The loving, silent heart.

DAVID ANDERSON.

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## JOURNALISTIC REMUNERATION.

THE remuneration of writers generally proves an interesting subject in these days when so many people of all grades and classes make use of the pen as a walking-stick; nevertheless this is a side of the great question strangely neglected by the so-called hand-books to journalism. People who only write occasionally have, as a rule, very curious ideas of what their efforts are worth from a mercenary point of view, and it must be understood that in this article no attempt is to be made to compare or dilate upon the incomes of salaried journalists, the enlightenment of the 'fugitive contributor' alone being considered.

There can be little doubt that the great literary boom, concerning which that veteran journalist, Mr James Payn, prophesied some sixteen years ago, is now in our midst. Nearly every day sees the birth of some new issue, and hence in London, where papers on the bookstalls are returnable, the bookstalls at the railway stations threaten to extend into the tunnels, so great is the strain upon their accommodation. It is still, however, the custom to speak slightly of journalism as an ill-paid and half-starved profession; Mr Stead has said that a man must be unusually mentally active, and ever on the alert, to make four or five pounds a week; but the latter observation was made some few years ago, and hardly applies to the present state of affairs in the journalistic world. In fact, an energetic and capable 'free-lance' can pick up a very snug little income, untrammelled by any of the drawbacks of an office life; and while all cannot be members of the regular staff of a newspaper, it should be remembered that there is always room for good copy, even in the most exclusive of journals. Unquestionably most of the best writing for the Press is done by the 'free-lance'; his articles must be good or they will be rejected.

The *Times* will pay from five to ten guineas for an article contributed by a correspondent, and rather than lose a good one, considerably more. If one has really got anything to say of

great public interest, or any information of a peculiarly exclusive character, it is always better to begin with the Jupiter of Printing House Square. No paper is more prompt and courteous in returning unsuitable manuscript, provided, of course, that the golden rule of always enclosing a fully stamped and addressed envelope is carefully attended to. The rate on the other great London dailies is, as a rule, two guineas per column; the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Standard*, and the *Morning Post* all paying that sum. Formerly the *Daily Chronicle* would have nothing to do with that obsolete coin, the guinea, reckoning its remuneration in pounds, and that at the rate of one to a column; but with increased circulation the rate has probably made a corresponding advance. Articles exceeding a column in length, or at the most a column and a 'stick,' are not encouraged. As a well-known newspaper manager once told the writer, articles should just turn the column and no more; space being an important consideration with all editors, and therefore allowance for copy exceeding the column is rarely given, payment being in reality two guineas for an article rather than per column; though the *Daily News* always gives its contributors the benefit for all that is printed. The 'halfpenny' mornings vary so much in size, that it is difficult to lay down any hard and fast rule concerning their scale of remuneration. A guinea and a half per column will be found near the mark, the latter being the rate on that extremely prosperous venture, the *Daily Mail*; while the provincial dailies rarely exceed an honorarium of one guinea. The daily morning journals, however, take very little from outsiders, having large staffs and correspondents of their own in all parts of the world; therefore the free-lance will do far better by bombarding the evening papers with his lucubrations, since for their copy these subsist to a far greater extent upon that sent in from extraneous quarters.

Among the London evening newspapers the *Pall Mall Gazette* holds pride of place for most munificently rewarding its contributors, two



guineas per column being the usual rate, while for special articles a good deal more is given. The *Evening Standard*, whose literary matter is practically confined to the entertaining essays that form the leading feature of its outside page, pays for them at the rate of two guineas a column, but a contributor fortunate enough to receive a proof will have to wait some time before his article will appear. The *St James's Gazette* at one time was said to pay as much as three guineas for an article, now the remuneration is a guinea and a half, while should the copy submitted be converted into a 'leader,' two guineas will be allowed. The *Westminster Gazette* pays a guinea and a half per column; and during Baron Grant's régime this was the sum given by the *Echo*, which now rarely renders more than a guinea. The *Globe* rewards the writers of its 'turnovers' with a guinea; and as with such a small paper space is very much cramped, litterateurs should be careful to cut their effusions intended for this journal as short as possible.

The weekly reviews, the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, &c., give as much as five guineas for accepted articles, but in their case special attention should be drawn to the editorial warning that the sending of a proof is no guarantee of acceptance. The editors of these periodicals appear to agree with the dictum of everything reading raw in manuscript, and not improbably strike a proof of anything that seems promising. Again, contributors should be careful to keep copies of their manuscript, since the rule that no rejected matter can be returned, even when stamps are enclosed, is rigidly adhered to.

The remuneration for the letterpress of the weekly illustrated papers it is impossible to define; for since this class of journal is so entirely at the mercy of the art-editor, contributing articles to them is fraught with a good deal of uncertainty. Probably no papers have done more towards bettering the condition of the middle-class author and sharp paragrapher than those of what are known as the 'bits' class. During its early years *Tit-Bits*, the forerunner of innumerable similar productions, only paid one guinea for its weekly prize-story, outside contributions for its other columns not being invited; now, however, one guinea per column is the rate throughout the paper, and quite recently a special premium page has been instituted on which the remuneration is at double the above. *Answers*, the *Success*, the *Golden Penny* all pay one guinea per column; and the first-named by the weekly award of a five-pound note for what is considered the best article in each issue may be said to reward its fortunate recipient in a truly liberal manner. *Pearson's Weekly* gives two guineas a column for original articles; and this shall close our list.

One of the most important considerations, however, to the great army of writers is the question of when they are paid for their work. A paper might offer to pay ten pounds a column, but if one had to wait several years for it, the brilliancy of such an arrangement would in the meantime lose some of its lustre. In America many magazines and newspapers pay promptly on acceptance, and it is often urged that English editors should follow their example. Over here monthly settlements are the general rule, though a few offices like the *Daily News*, for instance, pay

their contributors weekly. One of the promptest newspapers under the former arrangement is the *St James's Gazette*, which mails its cheques on the first of each month, while the majority clear them off as fast as circumstances will permit; at any rate contributors need suffer no uneasiness on this score.

Much also has been written concerning the relations between editor and contributor, clerical editors being frequently singled out as being sadly deficient in the rules of official politeness; as a matter of fact, high-class trade journals are the most punctilious in this respect, their courtesy and good-feeling often coming as a surprise to those who have received what to them may seem unnecessary rebuffs in the gentle art of contributing manuscripts—as far as the general run of periodicals is concerned.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER XI. (continued).

'THE case is as follows, my lord. This evening, after General Roche's death, and when His Majesty had entered the palace with you, my first work was to pack the troops back to their barracks, then to see that the traitor's body was conveyed to the mortuary to await burial. After that had been done I doubled the sentries on the walls in case the French should come up as Roche had arranged, and then set off to find the man who had been my wretched predecessor's accomplice. Taking a sergeant and half-a-dozen men with me, I searched every part of the citadel in which he could possibly have found a hiding-place, but without success. At last, however, a man came to report having seen the individual in question crouching behind the great water-tanks between the barracks and the arsenal. Thither we repaired and captured our man. He did not attempt to resist, but whined continually for mercy, imagining, I can only suppose, that he would be soon put to death. I did not undeceive him, but had him conveyed to the guardroom, where I questioned him regarding the plot in which he had assisted. However good a conspirator he may have been, he proved a despicable coward when driven into a corner. At first his answers were evasive, and he devoted himself to denying all connection with the conspiracy in question. Seeing this, I resolved to play a game of bluff, and, summoning the sergeant, ordered him to take a couple of files and lead the man to a secluded place behind the arsenal and shoot him at once. This brought the fellow to his senses. He grovelled upon the floor, implored mercy, and finally confessed outright. From what he said I gathered that Roche and himself were alone concerned in the plot. None of the other officers of the garrison nor the palace officials played any part in it whatever. I questioned him as to Roche's intentions in the event of success crowning their efforts, and learnt the following. It appears that the garrison was to march out and be annihilated in the jungle about twenty miles from the city. The French were then to walk in without resistance. Roche was to receive a reward of ten thousand pounds and an important position in the Tonquin forces, while he, my informant, it was arranged should receive five thousand francs as his share of the infamous transaction.'

'But in the event of their not being successful, what was to happen then?' I asked.

'That is exactly what I am coming to,' he answered. 'At first the fellow seemed reluctant to tell me, but upon my rising from my seat and bidding the sergeant lead him off to execution he soon found his tongue; and this is what came out. In the event of the messenger not returning to the camp with the order for the troops to advance, twenty-four hours were to elapse. Then if all were satisfactory at the citadel and the necessary arrangements had been made, exactly at ten o'clock on the night following, Roche was to display two lanterns on the western wall for five minutes, to be followed by a single lantern, which would be swung to and fro for three. A horseman who had been watching from a spot in the jungle would then set off and convey the intelligence to the commanders of the troops, who would at once advance, Roche agreeing to let them in by the main gate before daylight.'

'The scoundrel—the double-dyed treacherous scoundrel,' I cried, striking my fist upon the table. 'But surely, Prennan, there may be some way in which we can turn this to account.'

'That is exactly why I worried you with my news to-night,' replied Prennan. 'Had it been less important I should have kept it to myself until to-morrow.'

'I am glad you did not. But there is one thing we must find out first,' I said, 'and that is where the force that is to attack the citadel is encamped. Do you know?'

'In the jungle about thirty miles to the westward of the city I believe,' he answered. 'But I do not know the exact locality—however, we should have no difficulty in obtaining it from the prisoner. If you wish it I will go and question him at once.'

'That would be the better plan I think,' I answered. Then as an idea struck me I continued: 'On second thoughts I think I will accompany you. Where shall we find the prisoner?'

'In the cells behind the barracks my lord,' he replied. 'I have placed a sentry over him that there may be no possible chance of his escaping.'

'Very good. Then if you will lead the way, I will follow you.'

'But you are worn out—and'—

'And the business upon which we are embarking is more important than any feeling of fatigue, I believe you were going to say. Come, come, general,' I interrupted, 'let us get on. The sooner we have questioned him and I have ascertained what I want to know the sooner I shall be able to get to my bed.'

With that we let ourselves out by a side-door, and proceeded across the great courtyard, now chill with the newness of the morning, and past the barracks to the cells where the man in question was confined. A sentry with loaded rifle was pacing up and down the stones before the door, but when he saw us enter the yard, he halted and came to the present. The general had taken the precaution to keep the key himself; with it he now opened the door, and we entered.

It was evident the prisoner had not attempted to sleep, but was still seated on his bed-place just as his guard had left him, waiting with a scared face for his sentence to be pronounced upon him. The lantern which was placed outside the window

did not give a very good light, so I brought it in and hung it upon a nail above the bed. Having done this I turned to examine the man before me. He was a tall fellow with a not unhandsome face; wore a large beard and moustache, was well set up, and evidently of decent birth. There was, however, something about his face that seemed strangely familiar to me, though I could not tell where I had met it before. Suddenly it dawned upon me, and a second later I turned to Prennan and said in German:

'Will you oblige me by sending for a barber? I want to have this fellow shaved.'

He looked surprised, but imagining I had some very good reason for my singular request, did as I asked without comment. When the man arrived, the operation was performed, not, however, without a show of reluctance upon the prisoner's part. While the work was proceeding, I took the general outside, and after it was finished led him into the cell again.

'Now,' I said, 'oblige me by looking at the man, and tell me where you have seen him before. I think it is just possible you may see a likeness to some one you have met.'

Prennan looked and then turned sharply round to me.

'He is the native who attempted the king's life on his wedding day, and who swore he did not know a word of French. I should recognise him anywhere.'

At this the prisoner, imagining that his doom was decreed, fell upon his knees and whined pitifully for mercy.

'Get up,' said the general, with an expression of disgust upon his face such as I cannot hope to describe to you. 'If you want to save your miserable life, you had better collect your wits and prepare to answer truthfully the questions his lordship is going to put to you. Otherwise you die in an hour.'

'I will answer,' whined the man, licking his dry lips and almost grovelling in his eagerness to betray his friends. 'I swear to you I will answer truthfully any questions you may put to me.'

'Then tell us where the French force is located that was to march in here to-night,' I said.

'They are encamped on a plain in the jungle twenty-nine miles to the westward of the city.'

'Whereabouts is this plain?'

'It is three miles beyond the lake in the hills, called by the natives the lake of A-Thou.'

I turned to Prennan, who knew the country as well as any man in it.

'Do you know the place?' I asked.

'I know the lake of A-Thou well enough,' he answered, 'but I do not know the plain he speaks of. To the best of my knowledge, it is all dense jungle thereabouts, into which very few natives have penetrated.'

I turned to the prisoner again.

'If you are deceiving me, it will be the worse for you. Supposing I gave you the chance, could you lead us to this plain you speak of?'

'With my eyes shut,' he answered confidently. 'If you will but spare my life, I will take you there in almost half the time that you would reach it by any other road. I know a way through a certain pass in the hills that cuts off half the distance.'

'Do the French know of this short cut?'



'Perfectly well. I showed it to their commander myself only a week ago.'

'And how long will it take us to reach this pass proceeding on foot?'

'Not more than four hours. I did the distance myself on foot in that time.'

'Could you take us there under cover of night?'

'Day or night will be the same to me.'

I looked at Premman and he looked at me. I then informed the prisoner that we would give him a decision in an hour, and signing to the general to follow me, left the cell, taking the precaution to remove the lantern, and to lock the door carefully after us when we went out. I could scarcely contain my eagerness, and once back in my own room I spoke.

'If what this man has told us proves to be true,' I said, reaching down a map from the wall, 'we may be able to turn Roche's treachery to good account after all. The enemy, as you are aware, have distributed their forces as follows: One portion is here, within the frontier, and was yesterday defeated by General Du Berg. A second is now encamped in the jungle, which I will mark here. That is the force which is to seize the capital, and having garrisoned it is to turn south and fall upon the king's army in the rear. The third, which is also the weakest, is hastening up from the eastward in this direction in order to afford support to that engaged by Du Berg. Now the plan I have in my mind is as follows: You must remember no word has been carried to the foe that their plot has failed. Therefore we must allow no one out of the citadel to-morrow with one exception to be mentioned directly. As soon as dusk has fallen, to-morrow, or rather this evening, since it is now morning, every man that can be spared must march out to the pass mentioned by the prisoner we have just left, under his guidance. Once there they will prepare to take the enemy by surprise as they are marching through the ravine. At ten o'clock the signal with the lanterns will be given from the battlements as arranged, the messenger will depart satisfied, and the force will then start for the city. The rest should be easy. Now to go back a little. A despatch informing Du Berg of all that has occurred must be written at once and forwarded by a messenger we can trust. If the foe are inclined to show fight, he must either attack them and drive them back as far as possible, or leave half his force to hold them in check while he proceeds across country to meet us on the plain upon the other side, and cut off the stragglers as they emerge. By the end of the week we should have the reserves and native allies in readiness to co-operate with him and drive the third detachment towards him; the rest should be only a matter of time. What do you think of my scheme?'

'It strikes me as admirable. If it can only be worked out—which should not be difficult.'

'In that case I will draft the despatches while you find a messenger whom you can trust. He must be a reliable man in every way, and on no account must he let what I shall write fall into the enemy's hands.'

'I know the very man for the work. I will call him up at once.'

'Please do so. If you will have him ready to start in an hour, I shall have prepared my letter by that time.'

He left the room, and I settled myself down at my table to write. It was broad daylight by the time I had finished, and I was so weary I could scarcely open my eyes or move my limbs. Then the messenger had to be examined, instructed, and despatched, after which I went softly along the corridor and knocked at the king's bedroom door. The doctor answered it, and on seeing who it was, came into the passage to speak to me.

'How is your patient?' I asked anxiously.

'In a very critical condition, my lord,' he answered. 'I fear the case is even more serious than we imagine. But I shall be able to tell you something more definite by mid-day, I hope.'

I thanked him, and, with an aching heart, went back to my own room. It looked as if I should require all my strength for the work that would have to be accomplished before I should get to bed again. In less than five minutes I was on my bed enjoying such sleep as I had never known in my life before.

(To be continued.)

## GOLD-MINING IN NEW ZEALAND.

By A NEW ZEALAND JOURNALIST.

THERE is a big, jagged tongue of land, projecting northwards into the sea, on the east coast of the north island of New Zealand. The long rollers of the Pacific break on its outer side, and it acts in some measure as a break-wind for the waters of the Hauraki Gulf, at the head of which lies the picturesque city of Auckland. This projecting tongue of land is called the Coromandel or Hauraki Peninsula, and is the scene of the present gold-mining revival which has attracted the eyes of English capitalists to New Zealand with a fresh interest.

The Coromandel Peninsula is a network of hills and valleys of all sizes and shapes, as if a sea of molten earth and rock had suddenly become solid in the moment of its wildest commotion. Those rugged hills and hollows are mostly covered with New Zealand bush—a somewhat impenetrable combination of high forest trees and dense vegetable undergrowth. Beneath this shaggy coating of bush, imprisoned in reefs in the hills and valleys, lies the gold, which at present is the subject of so much talk and sanguine expectations. The knowledge that the Coromandel Peninsula is auriferous throughout its length and breadth, and very richly auriferous in many places, is certainly not of recent date. Earliest of all the discoveries of gold in this colony was that at the Kapanga in Coromandel in 1852. But the later discoveries of alluvial deposits in the Middle Island quickly drew diggers away to those tempting El Dorados where a 'wages claim' often meant £8 to £10 per man per week, and a single dish of 'wash dirt' has been known to pan out as much as eighty ounces of gold. Then, later on, the Maori war put a stop to Coromandel mining; and after the war was over, the stiff-necked opposition of Maori proprietors in the Peninsula to the prosecution of mining on their lands was for a time a serious obstacle to eager prospectors and miners. At length, in 1867, a large area of land, leased from the natives, was proclaimed a

gold-field, and within two years from that time duty had been paid at Auckland on over £264,000 worth of gold from the new gold-field. Very brilliant, indeed, are the early annals of the Hauraki gold-mining district. The mines of Coromandel proper quickly made a name for themselves as astonishingly liberal, though erratic, producers of gold; and during the first decade of the existence of the Thames gold-field, gold to the value of over four million pounds sterling was entered for exportation at Auckland. One Thames mine alone paid its lucky shareholders £500,000 the first year that it was started. Fortunes were, indeed, made with exciting rapidity at that time. But by degrees this pleasant state of things ceased to prevail. The extraordinarily rich deposits of gold near the surface became exhausted, and capital was required for developing the reefs at lower levels, and for prospecting for fresh gold-fields in the rough forest country. Quartz-reefing is not like alluvial gold-digging, and Hauraki gold is not too easy to win. Capital was not forthcoming. New Zealand seems, even at that time, to have lost her early knack for breeding capitalists, and the Hauraki gold-fields had not then caught the eye of English gentlemen of that species. So it came about that mining in the Peninsula languished and fell into disrepute as a money-making industry. Nevertheless, it has been continuously pursued, with various lapses and accessions of energy, and for four or five years past has been showing signs of reawakening animation which have suddenly culminated, during the last eighteen months, in a wonderful display of life and activity.

It was really the splendid vitality of one particular mine that first spread abroad the impression of a general revival of mining throughout the Hauraki district, and attracted the attention of people outside the colony. This mine is the 'Waihi,' well known now as a rich bullion producer. The 'Waihi,' which is situated in one of a series of curious, isolated conical hills, surrounded by swampy plains, in the south of the Peninsula, was not much more than paying its way ten years ago, but since then its annual output of gold has been constantly increasing, latterly by such magnificent leaps and bounds that during the last four years bullion to the value of nearly £400,000 has been won from the comparatively limited workings of this mine.

About a couple of years ago, when the success of the 'Waihi' had wakened up the Peninsula, an additional fillip was given to the energies of mine-owners and miners by the discovery of rich ore in a mine, belonging to the Hauraki Company, at Coromandel. A great deal of money had been lately expended in attempts to develop this mine, with a discouraging lack of the results looked for, when a patch of very rich ore was discovered, by a queer accident, in a section worked by a party of four tributers, who, making good use of their time, managed to get out about £12,000 worth of gold before their tribute lease expired, and the company eagerly resumed possession of the unexpectedly precious section. Since then the work done in the mine has been giving capital returns, and the company paid dividends last year to the amount of £60,000.

Though brilliant discoveries are almost certain

to result from systematic prospecting in the virgin ground of the back country, it is agreed that quite as good results may be obtained from plenty of cross-driving in old levels, and opening out lower levels, in mines abandoned as worked out or not worth working. The Thames is a low-lying district, and for want of a sufficiently effective pumping plant there, it has never been practicable to keep the water in the mines beneath the five hundred feet level. So, though the lodes above that level are pretty well worked out now, those beneath it have never been explored. Experts believe, however, that the ore, which has proved so rich and plentiful in the upper portions of the reef, will carry downwards, and the great likelihood of this being the case has induced English capitalists to invest largely in Thames mines. One English company, which has become the owner of certain mines in the heart of the Thames gold-field, is now vigorously carrying on their extensive operations that will eventually result in the deep drainage of the mines of this locality. The New Zealand government is defraying part of the necessarily large expenditure with a subsidy of pound per pound. It is needless to say that the proceedings of this energetic English company are being watched with much interest, for there are strong probabilities that, when the reefs are opened out at lower levels, Thames mines may more than renew their munificent youth.

The Hauraki gold-mining district has an area of about a hundred miles in length and from seven to twenty miles in breadth, and the ore found in its different gold-fields varies considerably in character. In the Coromandel and Thames gold-fields the ore is for the most part what is termed 'free milling,' and gives comparatively little trouble. In the Te Aroha gold-field, in the far south of the Peninsula, the ore is mostly of a very refractory nature, a complex sulphide ore, for which no treatment seems yet to have been found which is at the same time satisfactory and not too expensive. It is believed, however, that at the present time some of the ore in the Waiomo mines at the Thames, which is of the same kind as the Te Aroha ore, is being subjected to an experimental treatment which promises to fulfil the necessary requirements. If it really does so, there is little doubt that Te Aroha, with its vast quantity of gold-bearing stone, will become a highly remunerative gold-field. In the treatment of the bullion ore of the Ohinemuri gold-field, to which the flourishing mines of the Waihi, Karangahake, and Waitekauri districts belong, the cyanide process has been found to give eminently satisfactory results; and it has also proved very effective in dealing with the ore in the Kuaotunu mines (in the Coromandel field), where the gold occurs in the quartz in such a minutely divided state that it is finer than the dust on a butterfly's wing. In fact, over fifty per cent. of the gold obtained of late in the Hauraki district has been extracted by leaching the ore with cyanide solutions.

Certainly the cyanide process has had a large share in promoting the present great 'boom' of the mining industry in this colony. For not only has it stimulated native energy and talent by demonstrating how mines, hitherto worked at a loss, could be rendered highly profitable, but it



has also, through the eloquent success of the 'Waihi' mine, introduced the mineral resources of the Hauraki Peninsula to the practical notice of the British investor.

The present 'boom' has had a very vivifying effect on the general aspect of things in the Coromandel Peninsula. The Peninsula townships, great and small, which used to wear a dead-and-alive look, out of their close sympathy with the mining industry have brightened up astonishingly, and are now full of prosperous bustle, alive with hurrying people, and noisy with the complex din of shouting men and clanking trucks and of great engines and heavy stamping batteries in vigorous operation. They are also energetically building more houses and halls and hotels to meet the demands for accommodation and entertainment of their suddenly augmented populations. A cheerful sense of 'something going on' seems to pervade the atmosphere, even in those wild sylvan fastnesses where the prospector and miner have not yet begun to tear the forest covering off the land and make ugly gashes in the sides of the hills.

The influence of the Hauraki mining revival has made itself more or less felt in all the big commercial centres throughout the colony, but nowhere, naturally, to the same extent as in the city of Auckland, which has the gold-fields, so to speak, almost at its doors. When the Hauraki mines were in their shining prime, many years ago, Aucklanders rushed to the Coromandel in such numbers that there were scarcely vessels enough in the harbour to take them across there. In the 'boom' now on, instead of flocking to the Coromandel, they flock to the Auckland stock exchange, where, to meet the excited rush, a 'free' stock exchange was established for a time. Never in the annals of Auckland has there been such a floating of new companies, and such a tremendous traffic in shares as within the last eighteen months or so. Never have Auckland brokers had such a busy time. To cope with the necessities of their situation, a new association of brokers has been formed, and the old greatly reinforced. But still, the business to be overtaken has compelled them to work to such late hours that the labour inspector has deemed it his duty, in the interests of the clerks, to occasionally make a midnight raid on the stockbrokers' offices. The share list has swollen to such an enormous extent that it takes an hour and a half to 'call' it over. It is also found necessary to have three 'calls' daily, the first at 9.30 A.M. Knots of eager-faced, eager-voiced men throng the part of the exchange open to the public, and there you may see a broker, prosperous and well-groomed in aspect, in earnest confabulation with a rough-looking miner, in a Crimea shirt and bell-bottomed trousers, the Sir Crackle of the moment, just over from Coromandel with the graphic details of the latest bit of mining news. All over the town the talk is of mining topics. In the city restaurants in the lunching hours, any chance words distinguishable above the general hum of conversation are sure to relate to mining matters. When friends meet in the street they exchange, instead of remarks about the weather, straight 'tips' in regard to their favourite mining shares. In the trams taking the business men back to their homes in the suburbs there is

always a rapid and large exchange of pennies and papers when the newsboy enters with his bundle of *Evening Stars*, and then the eyes of all the men seek, with comical simultaneity, the column with the latest share quotations in their respective papers.

Even the women have caught the fever of mining speculation, and it is said that at afternoon teas they discuss rises and falls in the share market in a very knowing way, while they commiserate with poor Mrs X, whose shares in the 'Never Say Die' have dropped to a fourth of what she paid for them, and congratulate Mrs Y on having sold yesterday, at ten and sixpence, the eight hundred 'Golden Hopes' she bought last week at a shilling. Their sex is already represented on the exchange; but a lady stockbroker can only be regarded as a natural phenomenon in the first country in Her Majesty's dominions that has given its women the franchise, and produced a lady mayor.

Some of the new mining stocks are so low-priced that a schoolboy, with half-a-crown in his pocket, may become the happy possessor of a dozen shares, and an unbounded confidence that the rise in those shares will shortly enable him to buy a 'Humber' bicycle. One may even be allowed to entertain the hope that the shilling he has generously bestowed on the deserving tramp at the door may, if judiciously invested on the exchange, prove the foundation of a life-long competence to the man.

Of course it is scarcely necessary to point out that a great deal of this traffic in mining stock is simply a species of gambling. Many of the speculators, men as well as women, know nothing about the mines in which they invest. They scarcely trouble themselves to inquire if there is a mine of any kind represented by the shares they buy. All they care to know is that the shares are likely to rise, for they hold them simply to sell again when that happens.

As might be expected during a period of excited mining speculation like the present, more or less worthless mining companies have sprung up alongside of those reliable ones that are, in part, the product of the boom, and in part make for its steady continuance; but such worthless companies belong to a species of small fry that are born and live—or die—in the local share-market, and have never a chance of injuring the credit of the colony, or the pockets of investors outside of New Zealand. As for the local victims, experience, the proverb tells us, is the teacher of a certain class of people.

The capital so long and urgently required for the development of our New Zealand quartz reefs is at length finding its way here in a steady stream from abroad. Already a considerable number of mines are in the hands of English companies, and the last dividends paid by two of them—'Waihi' and 'Hauraki'—were certainly of an amount to stimulate the further investment of British capital in mining properties in the Hauraki district. South African capitalists, whom the partial paralysis of mining affairs in the Transvaal through the recent troubles there has caused to look abroad for investments, have also shown an anxiety to acquire New Zealand mining properties, on which their experts have reported most favourably.

Though the late increase in the output of gold from the Hauraki mines generally has been of a very satisfactory nature, and some of the mines in the hands of New Zealand and foreign companies have already given earnest of a promise to rival the success of the 'Waihi,' it is scarcely to be expected that the majority of mining properties will endow their shareholders with large fortunes. Of course, of a country like the Coromandel, where even the resources of the mines in operation are only partially known, and which has vast areas of virgin auriferous ground as yet unprospected, no one can predict what treasures of gold and silver may be there unearthed. But still, it is likely that a large quantity of the ore 'grassed' will always be of a low grade. This likelihood need suggest nothing very discouraging, however. With first-class appliances for extracting and saving the gold, low-grade ore can be made to give, at least, bread and butter profits. This has been proved for many years in the Transvaal and in Victoria. Miners in this colony have always regarded fifteen pennyweight of gold per ton as the minimum return for which quartz can be profitably worked; but in the Rand, where their command of large capital has enabled them to carry on mining with the latest and most effective machinery and scientific appliances, eleven to twelve pennyweight per ton is found to give good profits. In Victoria profitable returns have been continuously obtained from ore of a poorer grade than that met with in the Hauraki gold-fields, in those high reefs which the miners term 'barren,' and which have hitherto been despised and neglected.

Though the alluvial diggings even yet contribute more to the annual output of gold in New Zealand than the quartz workings, the returns from the latter are very rapidly increasing, and it is the quartz workings that are certainly to be regarded as the permanent gold-fields of the colony.

Quartz-refining in the Coromandel Peninsula is, according to reliable mining authorities, little more than in its infancy as yet; but if in the physiology of an industry the saying that the child is father to the man holds good, then very great things indeed may be expected from the mature development of mining in the Hauraki gold-fields.

## THE HEDGLEY-HASKINS LAWSUIT.

### CHAPTER V.

THE picnic in Plunkett Settlement was one of the events of the year. The members of the two religious denominations comprising the great bulk of the population were accustomed each autumn to unite their forces and hold a picnic for the benefit of the young people; but there were very few old people who stayed away if attendance were at all possible. The spot selected for the one to which it is now necessary that we refer, was a pleasant meadow where elm trees offered shade and facilities for swings, and the smooth sward was suitable for the various games. The Hedgleys and the Haskins were there, and if the elders did not manifest any marked in-

terest in each other's welfare, it might have been observed that Ben and May invariably welcomed with a kind of subdued satisfaction any chance that enabled them to approach each other without exciting comment or prompting the suspicion that they connived at such a result. For they had decided that open rebellion would not be the most prudent course to pursue, and were for the time content to accept a few brief words betimes and eloquent glances in the intervals, in lieu of the closer companionship for which they longed. Mr Hedgley had not discussed the matter with May herself further than to warn her that he did not wish to see her with Ben Haskins again. She had made no reply whatever, and the matter had dropped there. It is just possible that more would have been said, but the thought that old Haskins didn't think May good enough for Ben, which had been working in Mr Hedgley's brain since his conversation with the latter, had somewhat nettled him and changed his point of view of the whole affair.

We are not concerned with the picnic in general. The day was fine, and the people bent on enjoyment. The scene was bright with life, and colour, and movement, and the children, at least, were supremely happy. To one of these the reader is indebted for even a passing reference here to the Plunkett Settlement picnic. Billy Hedgley, May's brother, a lad of twelve years, was smitten with an ambition for tree-climbing. Selecting a lofty elm, he pulled himself up among its branches, nearly to the top, where a slender stem deviated from the main trunk. Swinging himself out on this, he swayed it to and fro in high glee, and to the great envy of some less courageous boys below. But presently he swung with too much weight and the stem split partly from the parent trunk, and the next moment he was suspended in mid-air in such a position that he could not regain the tree. The stem would have split clear off and sent him headlong to the ground, but that it was partly sustained by a branch over which it bent.

The boy's position was perilous in the extreme. To lose his grip would be to go headlong down, perhaps to death. If he tried to scramble back, the stem might snap off altogether and so hurl him down. There was nothing for it but to cling to the stem and scream for help. His cries and those of his companions speedily brought a crowd to the spot.

How was he to be extricated from his terrible position? To climb the same tree was out of the question, for he was so far out from the trunk that his rescuer would have to depend on the branches, which would not bear the double weight of the boy and of a man strong enough to release him. Every moment increased the probability that Billy would lose his grip and fall. Women and children screamed, and men ran hither and thither. Billy's mother sank upon the ground wringing her hands and moan-



ing in anguish. Already several men were in the tree, but the first to climb soon discovered that the boy could not be reached that way with safety.

Ben Haskins came running up and took in the situation. He saw at a glance that hope lay in one direction only. Not far from the first tree stood another, straight and slender, but the summit reaching some distance above the level of the stem to which the boy clung. If the top could be bent over far enough the boy could be reached. How either the intending rescuer or the boy would then fare he did not stop to think. May's hand was on his arm, and her eyes searching his face imploringly, as she cried in wild entreaty. 'Oh Ben. Can't you do something?'

'Yes,' Ben answered between his teeth.

In a twinkling his coat was off, and he was swinging himself lightly up the smaller tree.

Billy, pale but determined, clinging to his perch, watched him with eager eyes, while the crowd below stood back and stared.

'You can't do it, Ben,' shouted Mr Haskins. 'You can't reach him there.'

'Yes, I can,' said Ben in a cheery tone. 'Hang on, Billy. I'll be with you in a minute.'

Up the tree he went, measuring the distance with his eye, till he had reached the proper height. Then he swayed cautiously toward Billy. The tree bent very slowly under his weight. Taking a firm grip with his left hand, and throwing one foot also round the tree, he surged outward, and the supple stem bent like a whip, carrying him down till his right hand was within reach of the boy.

'It'll break! It'll break!' shouted the men below; but Ben paid no heed.

He knew that the tree he was on would not bear Billy's weight and his own, and allow them both to escape that way, but he hoped to be able to assist Billy in regaining a safe position on his own tree.

It was a moment of fearful anxiety to those below. Should both fall, death or serious injury was certain; and there seemed no other way.

Ben was the coolest of them all. He reached down and took a firm grip of Billy's collar and told the boy in a perfectly calm and encouraging tone to try and crawl back along the broken stem.

Billy obeyed without a moment's hesitation. But his position was such that he had to turn himself round before moving toward the tree. In doing so he partly missed his hold, and clutching awkwardly, surged so heavily that the stem was split farther down and would no longer bear his weight. But for Ben's grip he would have fallen. But the double weight was too much for Ben's tree, and it began to bend dangerously. If he could swing Billy in among the branches of the other tree, the latter might hold on and save himself from falling, or at most tumble from branch to branch and perhaps escape without much injury. It was now the only chance. Nerving himself for a stern effort, for he himself hung in an awkward position on the under side of his tree, he swung the boy clear of the broken stem, and by a supreme exertion threw him bodily toward the larger tree.

Billy snatched like a cat at the branches, and

his climbing proclivities came to his aid for once with good results. He caught a branch, swung from it to another, and in a twinkling was hugging the body of the tree in safety.

It fared not so well with his rescuer. Ben, in swinging the boy clear had lost his own foothold, and now hung by one hand. He quickly clutched with the other also, but the tree could not right itself under his weight, and he could not climb hand over hand back by the way he had come. He could move the other way, but that would cause the tree to bend more, and ultimately break. The one chance was that he, too, might, when it went down, come within reach of a branch of the other tree and break the force of his fall.

It was a moment of horrible suspense to those below. They had given a great cry of relief when Billy reached a place of safety, but now their anxiety was redoubled.

But it was all over in a moment. Ben's mind was made up in an instant, and he began very cautiously to move himself by sheer muscular force toward the end of the stem to which he clung. He knew he must presently let go and fall, but he might reach the other tree. Presently an ominous snap warned him, and he pulled himself together for another ordeal. The tree had broken beneath his weight. As well as a man might, whose feet were treading air, he lurched toward the other tree and let go. A shriek went up from below. Several of the men had seized a shawl with the idea of holding it up to break his fall, if that should happen; but Ben did not fall there. He caught a branch of the large tree and swung out under it. Had it been strong, his iron grip would have sustained him, but it split down from the tree under the terrific impetus of his falling weight, and poor Ben went down in a heap, the side of his head striking heavily against a projecting root.

He lay there motionless. They crowded eagerly round him, with exclamations of pity and horror; for his cool daring and gallant act had thrilled them, as human hearts are ever thrilled by brave deeds, whether performed in the seclusion of Plunkett Settlement or in the gaze of a larger world.

But it was May Hedgley, with face as white as the dress she wore, who held Ben's bruised head in her lap while his weeping mother washed and bandaged the wound as best she could. And not even the bitterest gossip in the settlement saw in the act the slightest impropriety. Nobody thought now of Billy. He had clambered down the tree and hovered about the outskirts of the crowd, appalled at the outcome of his foolhardiness. Water was quickly brought, and gradually Ben returned to consciousness. But it was then discovered that his arm was broken as well as his head injured, and that his whole system had received a severe shock. With obstinate nerve he endeavoured to get up and walk, but the effort was obviously too great, and they insisted on his lying down again. Mr Hedgley, whose mind had undergone a remarkable change within the hour, hovered around him with an anxiety the sincerity of which was so apparent that even Mr Haskins senior could not find cause for resentment. The picnic had lost its charm for everybody, and there was a general movement towards breaking up. Articles of

clothing of all descriptions were piled into Mr Hedgley's large express wagon to make a bed for Ben, and very carefully he was taken home. A messenger had already gone for the doctor. Mr Hedgley and Mr Haskins walked side by side behind the wagon in which Ben lay, and Mrs Hedgley and May followed with Mrs Haskins in the latter's carriage.

Verily, the Hedgley-Haskins embroglio had developed another remarkable complication.

#### CHAPTER VI.—CONCLUSION.

One fine morning, just after the occurrence of the events last noted, Lawyer White of Berton village entered a carriage at his office-door, and turned the horse's head along the road leading in the direction of Plunkett Settlement.

To explain the purpose of this morning drive it is necessary to go back to the day on which Ben Haskins left home after his disagreement with his father on the marriage question. When he left the house Ben had no definite idea in his mind, but as the condition of affairs gradually took hold of him the thought suddenly struck him that it might be a good idea to consult Lawyer White. He had heard that the lawyer had argued in favour of a settlement, and though that gentleman was engaged to plead Mr Hedgley's case, Ben thought it possible that his sympathy might be enlisted. For if this lawsuit went on, there was little hope of his own suit for the hand of May Hedgley being favourably regarded by the parents of either. So straight to Berton village he went and placed the whole matter before the lawyer.

'If you kin stop this suit,' said Ben in conclusion, 'I'll see that you're well paid for any trouble you've had so far.'

It so happened that Lawyer White was himself a bachelor, with a slight squint in the direction of matrimony, and Ben's awkward dilemma appealed directly to his sympathy, even if he had not already pronounced against the advisability of the lawsuit in question.

'My dear fellow,' he said, 'I'll help you with all my heart. And I think the thing can be done. You and Miss Hedgley are just the lever I want to lift the old fellows out of their obstinacy.'

They talked the whole matter over very cordially together.

'You go home,' counselled the lawyer at last, 'and go on with your work as usual. Don't quarrel with your father or with Mr Hedgley. And don't try to see Miss Hedgley too often. Leave the matter in my hands. I'll be busy for a day or two, but just as soon as I can I'll take a drive out to the settlement and see what can be done.'

This explains the composure that had caused surprise on the part of Ben's mother when he reached home that night.

In the meantime, the picnic episode had brought about a sudden change in the relations of the two families. Ben's injuries were serious, and he was confined to his bed. On the evening of the accident Mr Hedgley and Mrs Hedgley went over to hear the doctor's verdict, and there was no objection when May declared her intention of going also. It was a new experience for all concerned, but this was not a time for the con-

sideration of bygones, or anything else but the condition of the brave fellow who had risked his life and so nearly lost it for the sake of Hedgley's boy. Mr Haskins could not resent a sympathy that touched him so nearly, and his wife was secretly pleased rather than annoyed at the turn taken in their mutual relations. The happiest of the lot were Ben and May, and the former would have borne more broken bones with equanimity if that were necessary to insure him the satisfaction he now enjoyed. It was pleasant to have May come and sit beside him, as she did very often in the next few days, and feel that there was none to chide her. It was pleasant each evening to see Mr and Mrs Hedgley enter the house to which they had so long been strangers, and with genuine sympathy ask concerning his welfare.

But there still remained the shadow of the impending lawsuit. It had not been referred to, either directly or indirectly since the accident, but that did not remove the difficulty. It was with keen satisfaction, therefore, that Ben, on the morning to which reference has already been made, looking through his window along the highway saw the carriage of Lawyer White drive past in the direction of Hedgley's. Just then May came in, and she and Ben discussed with some anxiety the outcome of the lawyer's visit. They were still talking, nearly an hour later, when the carriage returned and entered the gate. The lawyer was not alone. Mr Hedgley, with an odd expression of mingled doubt and some feeling less easily fathomed, was seated at his side. They got out of the carriage and were joined by Mr Haskins, and the three moved toward the house. May rose in some trepidation and prepared to go.

'Stay where you are, May,' said Ben, catching her hand. 'I want you to stay.'

She hesitated, looked at Ben, and the love in his eyes constrained her. She sat down again by his side.

The three men entered the room, and at a glance the lawyer knew that he was master of the situation.

'Well, old man,' he said, grasping Ben's hand with a hearty grip. 'You've been making a hero of yourself, I hear. Yes, sir,' he went on, addressing himself this time to Mr Hedgley and Mr Haskins, 'it isn't one man in a thousand that would do a thing like that.'

'My daughter,' said Mr Hedgley, indicating May.

'Ah,' said the lawyer, shaking May warmly by the hand. 'The nurse, I presume.' This with a genial smile. 'I've no doubt he'—indicating Ben—'gets the best of care. Pray sit down, Miss Hedgley, if you are not afraid of a lawyer.'

'Oh no,' said May, with a laugh and a blush.

'And how are you, old boy?' went on the lawyer. 'Gracious! But you must have nerve. I went down with Mr Hedgley to see the place. It's worth some broken bones to do a deed like that. Do you suffer much? What's the chief trouble?'

And so the lawyer rattled on, praising Ben, throwing a merry remark in May's direction, not saying anything very serious, but all the time talking straight at the feelings of the two



men who stood there, both uncertain as to the part they should play in this little comedy.

Presently the lawyer rose, winked at Ben, and remarked that he guessed that the young gentleman would be better with his nurse than listening to any further talk. With profuse expressions of hope that Ben would soon be on his feet again, and a profound bow and cordial handshake with May, he turned to go.

The two men went out with him to his carriage, still in that uncertain frame of mind; for he had not mentioned the lawsuit to Mr Hedgley, and Mr Haskins, of course, was in total ignorance of the object of the lawyer's visit.

'Gentlemen,' said the lawyer in the blandest tone, when they had reached the carriage, 'you both remember, of course, the meeting in my office not long ago. You remember what I told you then. Now I want to ask you both to remember what has happened since, to look at the fine young couple we just left in that room, and then tell me whether you think it right for you two old neighbours to go on with a lawsuit.'

There was a pause, during which Hedgley and Haskins took a good long look at each other. It was a questioning look, but there was nothing belligerent in the expression.

'Gentlemen,' continued the lawyer, 'I've found out—no matter how—that those two young people want to get married. Now, I don't know much about your settlement, but I'll venture to say there isn't another as fine a pair to be found in these parts.'

This was a double-barrelled compliment, and both charges went to the mark. Both Mr Hedgley and Mr Haskins were obviously pleased.

'Which of you,' went on the lawyer, 'is going to stand in the way of their happiness?'

'I'm not,' said Mr Hedgley with a sudden effort.

'Nor me,' echoed Mr Haskins with almost startling promptness.

Each had secretly been waiting for the other to speak.

'And you shouldn't,' declared the lawyer. 'Whether you know it or not, there are very few men with as much grit of the right sort as that young man. His wife will be all right. And if that daughter of yours, Mr Hedgley, isn't one of the kind to make a man happy, I can't read a face.'

'May's a good girl,' said Mr Hedgley with pride.

'Yes,' said Mr Haskins, with a burst of generosity, 'there isn't another as fine a girl in the settlement. I kin tell you that, squire.'

'I've always had a good opinion of Ben,' said Mr Hedgley, not to be outdone, 'but sence this here accident, he's been the same to me as if he was my own boy.'

'Then,' said the lawyer, with an irresistible laugh, 'I guess I've lost a job, haven't I?'

'Looks like it,' said Mr Hedgley, with a dubious grin at Haskins.

'Reckon you have, squire,' said Haskins, with a broad smile; and then with a sudden look of serious appeal he held out his hand to Hedgley.

The latter took it with a firm grip and held it.

'That fence,' said Mr Haskins, 'goes back where it was.'

'That fence,' said Mr Hedgley, 'stays where it is, on the land that goes to Ben's wife.'

'Gentlemen,' said the lawyer, climbing into his carriage, 'I guess that's the sort of quarrel I can safely leave you to settle.'

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

LAST October brought about the fiftieth anniversary of the first successful use of an anæsthetic in surgery. The blessing conferred upon suffering humanity by this introduction is sufficiently obvious, but there are other advantages which are not so readily apparent. Before ether or chloroform was used, a surgical operation was undertaken solely in the endeavour to save life, or to save a limb; now operations are common wherever benefit to the patient is hoped to be derived from them. Another advantage is the attraction of men to the medical profession who would not, or possibly could not have been able to practise surgery at all under the old conditions which entailed such torture to the patients. 'The pre-anæsthetic surgeon,' says the *Hospital*, 'was often spoken of as a "butcher;" and the term was in those days hardly one of disparagement. Now, thanks entirely to anæsthetics, the surgeon is not a "butcher," but an "artist;" a skilled user of the finest tools—of tools which can be manipulated without any distracting thought, and employed with the calm deliberateness needed to secure the highest possible result to which the scientific conservation of life and structure and function can by any possibility attain.'

Once more public attention is being directed to the danger on our ocean highways of floating derelicts. Quite recently a British steamer reported, according to the law passed last session, having passed a derelict of four thousand tons floating keel upwards in the track of ocean-going steamers. Mr Cuming Macdonald, to whose energy the passing of the Derelicts Report Bill is due, has recently pointed out how lethargic the British government has been with regard to this subject, when compared with what the Americans are doing. Mr Macdonald has given notice of another bill to be introduced next session, the object of which will be to form an authority to search for these floating dangers of the deep, and to tow them into port, if worth the expense, or to destroy them as the case may be. This course the American government has followed for several years past, in addition to which they have pointed out the position of derelicts as last reported by passing vessels. More than once our government has been approached in order that the two nations may work conjointly in this humane undertaking, but nothing has been done. Mr Macdonald is doing useful work in initiating legislation in this much-needed direction.

Attention has been recently called to some curious architectural adornments which are to be

found on the church of St Giles's, Camberwell. It seems that about twelve years ago the restoration of this building was urgently called for in consequence of the action of the weather upon the soft stone employed in the building. Among other renewals, it became necessary to replace a number of gargoyles, which, owing to their exposed position, had altogether perished. Whether with the permission of his superiors we do not know, but the mason employed upon this portion of the work gave his gargoyles the heads of contemporary statesmen, conferring wings upon those with whom he was in sympathy, and horns, long ears, or other degrading features upon their political opponents. Unfortunately the same error with regard to choice of stone seems to have been made in the new work as in the old, and these unique specimens of ecclesiastical ornament are rapidly going the way of their predecessors. Might we suggest to those in charge of all such crumbling specimens of architecture, that they have a chance of trying the virtues of the various stone-hardening compositions which have from time to time been brought forward.

Nearly every city in Britain contains some kind of a museum, and it must be admitted that the collections of natural history objects are not inspiring to the beholder for want of sufficiently descriptive labels. Those who want to know how to remedy this deplorable condition of things should, if possible, pay a visit to the library of St George's, Hanover Square, London, where by the public-spirited action of an anonymous donor, there is at present exhibited a Natural History Collection which it has taken a lifetime to get together and to describe. The collection also includes a library for the use of students, so that any one who wishes information about any particular bird, beast, or shell can get it here, and learn all about it with very little trouble. Everything is explained in a full and yet an explicit manner. For instance, the visitor, instead of being at once 'floored' by columns of long words which convey no meaning to him, is plainly shown how the animal world is classified into twenty-five divisions, and how these again are grouped into five subdivisions. How again these are put into classes. Here is a specimen of the descriptive matter: 'Division I. (the backboneed animals) contains Classes 1 to 5—namely (1) Mammals; (2) Birds; (3) Reptiles; (4) Amphibians; (5) Fishes. They are all alike, because they have—(a) an inside framework of bone; (b) a long backbone; (c) a spinal cord; (d) four limbs; (e) red blood; and they are called *backboneed animals* (*Vertebrata*).' Any one seeking information is thus as well instructed as if some kindly disposed naturalist walked by his side, and under such pleasant conditions he is encouraged to push his inquiries further.

At a recent meeting of the London Electric Omnibus Company it was stated by the chairman that they had an electric vehicle almost ready to put upon the streets, but that the adoption of improvements had caused some delay in completing it. There would be practically no noise and no vibration in connection with this omnibus, and it was estimated that the current for running it would not cost more than twopence-halfpenny per mile. He put forward the hope that it would be possible to run these horseless carriages at

cheaper fares than those now charged by omnibus companies.

The late Dr Lockhart, who was the first medical missionary sent to China, collected a number of books, printed in Chinese and many other languages, relating to China and neighbouring countries, and these volumes he presented to the London Missionary Society. From a catalogue recently made of this interesting library, it would appear that there are two thousand volumes, and a large number of pamphlets. The books include some not found in any other library, and one of which no other copy is known to exist, even in China itself. This is an illustrated work on the aboriginal tribes of the empire. There is also a wonderful Chinese geography which in its statements, supposed to be matters of fact, quite outdoes the imaginings of either *Gulliver's Travels* or that equally veracious voyager *Baron Munchausen*. The book is entitled *Shan-Hai-King* (The Hills and the Seas), and describes the different nations of the earth as being distinguished by men with three faces, by dwarfs, by one-armed beings, and by creatures which are half-man and half-fish. But the most curious attribute ascribed to any nation is that in which the population have holes right through their chests, so that a pole can be thrust therein and they can be carried about palanquin fashion. The Rev. C. G. Sparham of Hankow, in describing this collection of Chinese works, asserts that the book just referred to had been seriously quoted to him by Chinese scholars.

The busy bee has always been held up to the admiration of mankind as the type of industry, and the product of his unceasing labours, the fragrant honey from the hive, has been regarded as one of the few delicacies left to us which could not be tampered with by a trick of trade, or imitated by the wiles of chemistry. But alas! this is not so. It is said that imitation honey, made from starch, sugar, Indian corn doctored with sulphuric acid, and from sugar and dextrine, is now placed upon the market, and that it is very difficult to distinguish it from the genuine article.

A very interesting account of the turquoise mines at Nishapur is given in a recent report of the British Vice-Consul at Meshed, as a result of a personal visit to the district. On approaching the mines from Nishapur (Northern Persia) the traveller first comes to the villages inhabited by the miners, which are about five thousand feet above the sea-level, but the hill, at the foot of which the mines are situated, is one thousand feet higher still. The works are of the most primitive description. The Reish mine, which is the principal one, has its entrance in a hollowed out cave, in which is a shaft forty feet deep. At the mouth of this hole two men turn with their bare feet a rickety windlass by which the broken rock is hauled up from below in sheepskin bags. These stones are then broken with hammers by natives who sit at the mouth of the cave, and when a turquoise is found, it is placed aside in its rough state and sent to Meshed. Stones of perfect form and colour are very rare, and even if one presents the correct colour when first taken from the mine, it will soon deteriorate, and will sometimes exhibit a kind of eruption of white spots. But the stones are eagerly bought, for all Orientals value them, and even the poor people



will have one set in a tin ring, possibly more as an amulet or talisman than for the intrinsic value of the stone. But those who wish to possess a really good specimen never think of buying until they have kept the stone for some days in order to see whether its beauty is evanescent or permanent. The stones when cut in Meshed rise in value about one thousand per cent., but the consul states that turquoises are at present far cheaper to buy at Tiflis and Constantinople; moreover, in the latter towns it is possible to get stones which have been in stock for many years, and can therefore be considered more trustworthy than those freshly mined.

Another interesting consular report which has recently come to hand is that of the late Mr Ensie, who was British Consul at Hiogo, Japan. In one section of this document we have the healthy experience of seeing ourselves as others see us, for it includes a summary of a series of articles appearing in a Japanese paper on the subject of the commercial competition between Great Britain and the land of the chrysanthemum. From this we learn that the day has for ever gone when Japan found it necessary to depend upon other countries, and a new day has dawned when she can supply them with her own manufactures. She no longer needs instruction from Europe and America, but will now teach them many things. At one time she stood in awe of those countries; now they fear her. Japanese coal and the Osaka spinning-mills have become sources of anxiety to Welsh coal-owners and Lancashire mill-proprietors. The manufactures of Japan now threaten what has been a British monopoly on all sides, and hence England feels jealous and is afraid of Japan, and so on *ad infinitum*. From all which it would seem that the result of the recent war with China has made the Japanese somewhat boastful. Perhaps their military and naval tactics have been a little too warmly praised by Western nations, and they have been thus flattered into a very inflated opinion of themselves. That the war was conducted with consummate tact, every one must admit, but at the same time it must be remembered that Japan's antagonist was not a first-class power; if she had been, results might have been a little different.

The charming art of miniature painting, which was so seriously threatened when the wonders of the photographic camera first became evident, and every one rushed to have his or her likeness pictured by the sun, is, we are glad to note, still alive—as visitors to the last Royal Academy exhibition, where about one hundred examples were shown, are well aware. A more recent exhibition of these tiny pictures on ivory or vellum has been opened in London under the auspices of the Society of Miniature Painters, a body of enthusiastic workers formed in the interests of this branch of art. This is their first exhibition, and so many excellent works were shown that we may be sure the experiment will be repeated in future years.

Fifteen years ago, Darwin—in a letter to Alexander Agassiz—alluding to the different theories with regard to the formation of coral islands, wrote: 'I wish that some doubly rich millionaire would take it into his head to have borings made in some of the Pacific and Indian atolls, and bring

home cores for slicing from a depth of 500 feet or 600 feet.' Scientific men have pondered much over this remark of the great naturalist, and at last, by the help of a government grant and a contribution from the Royal Society, with colonial co-operation, Darwin's wish is to be realised. An expedition has gone to Funafuti, one of the group of the Ellice Islands north of the Fiji Islands; and by the aid of diamond drills the coral is to be pierced and cores obtained as Darwin suggested. Early investigators believed that the coral rock was composed of living coral down to the sea-bottom, but it has long ago been determined that the polyp cannot live at a greater depth than ninety feet. Next it was imagined that the reefs were built on the crater tops of submerged volcanoes, a mere idle supposition. The only way to get at the secret is to bore through the living and dead coral, so as to get at the foundation of the growth. The island selected is under British protection. The great difficulty is the want of fresh water, without which boring operations are impossible: but it has been met by chemical treatment of the salt water employed in washing out the bore hole. The New South Wales government have lent special machinery and men to work it, and H.M. gunboat *Penguin* is deputed to look after the interests of the expedition.

That form of 'matter in the wrong place' which comes under the head of household dust has always been a nuisance, and the usual plan of removing it from furniture and carpets by brush and broom only results in its transference from one resting-place to another, its translation being accompanied with grave discomfort to the human respiratory apparatus. Nor do we know how far the dormant germs of disease may not be aroused by the constantly recurring process called dusting. With a view to mitigate these discomforts, there has lately been introduced 'Harvey's pneumatic dusting machine,' of which we are inclined to have a high opinion. The machine consists of a small box on wheels, with a suction bellows attached which can easily be worked by moving a hand-lever to and fro. In connection with the bellows is an india-rubber tube which can be carried to any part of a room and applied to dust-choked places. When the bellows are worked, a strong draught of air is sucked inwards through the tube, and the dust is dragged with it, and carried to a calico bag inside the box, which can be emptied and cleaned periodically. In like manner dust can be *pulled out* of carpets, book-shelves and books can be relieved of their accumulated dirt atoms without removal, cracks and crevices can be made to yield up their stores of uncleanness, and the entire process carried out without polluting the air. We understand that the Harvey machines are being adopted with great benefit at many public libraries. Mr Harvey's address is Kidderminster, England.

Many years ago some harebrained individual offered one of the English railway companies a large sum of money if they would consent to run two locomotives into one another at express speed in order that he might witness the resulting smash. His offer was of course refused. But the idea was recently revived by a railway company in Texas, who wanted funds for new engines

and rolling stock, and hit upon the happy notion of smashing up their old stock in order to pay for new. A pre-arranged collision between two heavy trains was advertised for September last, and the novelty attracted a crowd of twenty-five thousand persons, who paid handsomely for their admission tickets. On the day appointed the trains were started a mile apart, the engine-drivers jumping off directly they had opened the throttle valves. The trains met with an awful crash, both boilers exploding at the same moment, and projecting a mass of splinters and wreckage in every direction. There were two deaths in the crowd, and many cases of serious injury; and possibly, when all claims for compensation are settled, the railway company will not find much of their ill-gotten gains left. The enterprise was, to say the least of it, an indecent pandering to morbid excitement for the sake of gain, and no useful end could be looked for from it save the gate-money.

In more than one respect the recent polar expedition under Nansen differed from its predecessors, especially in the comforts provided for the crew. It is not, perhaps, generally known that the good ship *Fram* carried apparatus for generating the electric light, the motive power being a windmill, and the electricity stored by means of accumulators. The machinery worked perfectly until parts of it wore out, and other portions were urgently required for the manufacture of snow-shoes and runners. According to a Danish paper, from which we take these particulars, on festive occasions an arc lamp was hung in the saloon, and the light given was so good that Dr Nansen frequently employed it for painting and photographing. The accumulator cells, which, we may remind our readers, consist of square vessels filled with acidulated water and holding leaden plates, were often frozen through, but this accident did not interfere with their working. Electricity was also usefully employed in this expedition for firing mining cartridges embedded in the ice. In this way was the solid mass broken through, and the *Fram* set free.

## SQUIRE THORPE'S BOTANY.

By W. E. CULE.

SQUIRE THORPE of Old Bevis lost all interest in the garden-party when a certain pink blouse vanished from the scene. Even tennis failed to charm, and he would have been content to forego the further pleasures of the gathering and ride home in no better company than that of his own thoughts. But he had promised to wait for Adams, and it would hardly look well, after all, to run away so early.

He joined his host, who was smoking a lazy cigar under the elm. Sir John would probably be able to tell him something more concerning the pink blouse than he had been able to gather from the ordinary process of introduction.

'Tired of tennis?' suggested the baronet lazily; 'rather warm game on a day like this.'

'Yes,' assented Thorpe; 'it's very pleasant though, when you are playing with nice people.'

He had touched the subject rather rashly, but Sir John was quite unsuspecting.

'I suppose so,' was his careless reply. 'Nice people are always pleasant in that way. You would find it different though if you had to entertain them. I don't mean the people we are familiar with, of course—they're all right; but it's another thing with strangers.'

Strangers! The pink blouse was certainly a stranger in the district.

'One has to know people's interests and find out what they like to talk about,' went on Sir John, fortunately blind to his companion's only half-concealed impatience to hear more. 'And there's the rub. Some folks go in for the most unearthly subjects, and of course one must pretend to know something about them. For instance, now, did you notice that girl in the pink blouse, who came with the Hamptons, and went away a few minutes ago?'

'Eh? Do you mean Miss—Miss Polwarth?' asked Thorpe, with sublime unconcern.

'That's the name. A nice-looking girl enough. She belongs to the Polwarths of Polwarth, a good old Cornish family, though not as well off now as it used to be. But that girl is a girl with a "subject," if you like—and what do you think? She's a lecturer—actually a lecturer upon it!'

'What?—the Rights of Woman?' asked Thorpe, slightly startled.

'Worse than that,' said the baronet gloomily; 'we all know something of that subject by this time. But her fad is Botany, if you please—Botany! and she lectures at a ladies' college. What ordinary man can talk botany?'

Thorpe made no answer. He suddenly became aware that botany had never been included in his studies.

'When people go in deeply for that kind of thing,' continued Sir John, 'they naturally like to talk about it. What interest do you think that girl would find in the ordinary chatter of a gathering like this?'

'Great Scott!' muttered Thorpe, 'and I talked to her myself for an hour about nothing! She didn't seem to mind it, but she must have been bored to death.'

'Of course she must,' said his host, who had failed to catch more than the last words of the remark. 'No doubt that was why she went away so early. But what can be done in such a case as that?'

Thorpe, pondering the matter with mingled feelings of mortification, amusement, and disgust, could easily have suggested a few things that might have been done. But at that moment the baronet was called away, and he was left alone with his suggestions.

'It's a shame,' he thought savagely. 'It's a shame to let a fellow put his foot in it like that. People with fads ought to be labelled or classified. Or why shouldn't there be a list of them and their "subjects" on the back of the invitation card? One would have some chance then—she was a nice girl though!'

Here he fell into a troubled reverie, in which the same pink blouse played no small part. This mood remained with him during the remainder of the day, and Adams of the Grange found him but an absent-minded companion on the ride home.

As he passed through the hall on his way to the library he noticed the *Field* lying upon a



table, and, suddenly remembering that matters botanical sometimes received attention in that journal, he took it with him for examination at his leisure.

The yachting columns were passed over with hardly a glance, for probably the first time; the curiosities in Notes and Queries failed to attract him, and he did not pause even to read an account of the Match for the Gold Prize, under the head of Tennis. These things were not for the Squire to-day, and he was not satisfied until he reached what were to him the deeper waters of the Garden Column.

An hour later he went into the grounds and interviewed the gardener. Jenkyns was an old man who had spent long and easy years under the Thorpes, for the squires of Old Bevis had for generations been noted rather as mighty hunters than as patrons of horticulture. That there was a certain amount of garden, and certain convenient conservatories and shrubberies, had been quite enough for the late Squire, and, until to-day, quite enough for his successor. So Jenkyns had been allowed to sleep in peace, and now the old man stared in surprise to find himself rudely awakened.

For the Squire had suddenly developed an intense interest in things horticultural. He led his man under the glass and among the beds, through the shrubs and into the forcing houses. He worried him for scientific names and flowering seasons, startled him with harsh, heart-breaking criticisms, and finally made him admit that the Old Bevis gardens were far from equal to those at Sir John Pinder's, or even those at the Grange.

'You see, sir,' said the old man in plaintive explanation; 'your uncle, the Squire that was, took no sort of interest in flowers and such, and never cared a jot whether he had a garden or not. I've wanted to make improvements, such as taking in part of the south lawn for shrubs, and building a new rose-house. But lor, sir, it was no manner of use to him, and that's why I've never gone in much for the latest things, such as you be speaking of now.'

'Well, we must change all that,' declared the Squire in a decided tone. 'You can brighten up the place at once, and I'll give you a list of the things I wish you to get in this week. There's no time to be lost.'

'Very good, sir,' was Jenkyns's ready reply. 'I'll set things a-moving straight off.'

The Squire strolled back to the house, his journal under his arm. Jenkyns stood for a moment at the door of the greenhouse, watching his master's retreating form with a wondering expression in his eyes. He was beginning to recover from the unexpected attack.

'It's full time, though,' he muttered, with growing satisfaction. 'It's full time. Let him just give me a chance, and I'll soon show that chap at the Grange what I can do.'

And already he saw a glorious vision of himself as head of a garden compared with which even Sir John's would be insignificant, and commander of a staff of sturdy under-gardeners whom he should rule with a rod of iron.

During the next few weeks Squire Thorpe spent an uncertain amount of time each day in the study of botany, or, to be precise, that branch of it represented in the Manor gardens. It is

true, in spite of the astonishing progress he made that the study was a weariness to his soul, and that he frequently felt inclined to throw both Jenkyns and his flowers into the limbo of things neglected. But the thought of a pink blouse, and an occasional meeting with its owner, nerved him to the odious task and bordered all his hours of pain with rosy hope.

He did not tell her of his efforts. His sister, at his request, was issuing invitations for a large garden-party at Old Bevis, and he had determined to wait that occasion before he attempted to delight Miss Polwarth with his newly-acquired knowledge of her 'subject.' What was the use, he asked himself savagely, to go and bore the girl with his ignorance when her soul was thirsting for wise converse with one of kindred tastes. Better far to wait until he could prove that he had, for her sake, toiled for and gained a footing in those realms where she held so high a place.

Miss Polwarth was surprised at his reserve. She thought a great deal more of Thorpe than she would have admitted even to herself, and one of her pleasantest memories was that hour at Sir John Pinder's, when the Squire had, as he now thought, tired her with the ordinary gossip of new acquaintances. She had looked forward with a strange feeling of anticipation to meeting him again, only to find that he had become silent and reserved, and to perceive that he thought fit, for some reason unknown, to be on his guard while speaking to her. Thus she wondered, and all the advantages of higher education could not save her the natural mortification which a sensitive and sweet-natured girl must feel in such a case.

But the Squire's day came at last, with all the best aspects of wind, weather, and circumstances. He saw the Old Bevis grounds bright once more with fair women and brave men, and rejoiced to find that his studies had not been in vain. Jenkyns, spurred on by his master's interest, suggestions, and criticism, and supported by an able temporary staff, had done wonders, and many who remembered the gardens in the old days made complimentary remarks with reference to the changes apparent everywhere. Thorpe listened with mingled elation and anxiety, thinking only of Her.

The Hamptons came, and their guest with them, but the afternoon had almost passed in introductions, welcomes, and other necessities before the Squire found his opportunity. Then, leaving all duty in his sister's able hands, he slipped away to Miss Polwarth's side.

'I should like to take you over the gardens,' he said eagerly. 'Perhaps you could help me a little in one or two things. You are such an authority, you know.'

The lecturer assented, though not with the alacrity of one who is about to revel in her pet subject. The Squire noticed her manner.

'She thinks I'm going to bore her with gossip,' he thought proudly. 'Wait a little while though.'

On their way across the lawn he paused to exhibit a shrub which was one of his recent importations.

'I suppose you know this,' he said easily. '*Mespilus Smithii*—a splendid thing. It is sometimes classed with the thorns, and called *Crataegus*

*Lobata*. It looks very pretty in flower—rich green leaves and pure white blossoms. It isn't very well known yet.'

The Squire had carefully rehearsed every sentence during the morning, and felt, justly, that he had begun well. Nor was he disheartened to observe that Miss Polwarth did not seem to brighten all at once. She simply made some polite remark and followed to the rose-garden.

'You like roses?' he asked sympathetically. 'I have given them some attention this year. Have you seen this? *Augustine Guinoisseau*, or the *White la France*. Is it not charming with its freedom of growth and bloom, its delicious fragrance and purity? See that lovely trace of pink in the centre of the full white flower.'

Miss Polwarth could not have guessed that Thorpe's eloquence came direct from the *Field*, yet she did not show any signs of being impressed.

'It is very pretty,' she agreed, without the least enthusiasm. 'You seem to take a delight in—'

'I do,' said Thorpe, unconsciously interrupting in his eagerness to tell her all he knew before he forgot it. See this—the *Rose Gustave Piganeau*. It is quite new, and one of the most promising recent additions to the hybrid perpetuals. When in full flower it is of very large size and depth, the petals being broad and robust, and composing a bloom of remarkably massive character. Mark the velvety lustre on the centre petals. This is a new variety, but it is very popular already.'

Miss Polwarth was impressed at last; but not in the way he had expected. There was more of surprise than admiration in her look, and he could almost have imagined that he saw the faintest shadow of disappointment. But, still confident, he put his fancy aside and passed on.

It must be admitted that the Squire did very well during the next half hour, and he was too eager in the performance of his task to notice his companion's fading interest. He had really almost lost sight of the patient-faced girl beside him, and only knew that he was paying his court to the Lecturer on Botany at St Mary's Hall, and paying it, too, in the way which should please her best.

At length he reached the end of his lesson, pausing before a fine orchid. It stood in a small greenhouse which had been set apart for its accommodation, and was a splendid specimen of its class.

'This is a thing you will like,' said the Squire, with a warmth which he did not feel. 'A harmony in gold and bronze. Observe the rich golden petals, and the wavy yellow sepals so delicately tinged with bronze, while the small triangular lip, as you perceive, is golden, with a purple border and white throat.'

'It is very fine. What is it called?' asked Miss Polwarth.

What was it called! The Squire knew well enough, for had he not pored over that orchid paragraph until not only the long Latin name, and the general characteristics which he had recited so glibly, but the very plant itself seemed to be impressed upon his brain. Had he not paid a heavy price and taken immense trouble to obtain this specimen for this special occasion? Yet at the Lecturer's simple question he lost his

mental equilibrium, and the name of the orchid vanished from his memory.

The words had been so unexpected. His impression was that she could have identified at a glance any specimen in the plant creation, having all the titles and characteristics as it were at her finger-ends. He could not know that Botany and Floriculture were subjects which she would have been glad to banish for a time from the realm of things spoken of, for during the past month they had haunted her to the limit of her patience. She had been the victim of every noodle in the vicinity who thought himself a lover of flowers, and of an innumerable host of people like Sir John Pinder, who honestly believed it their duty to converse with her upon the subject with which she was most familiar. Life had become a burden under those distresses, and she would have left the Hamptons a week before but for one thing. Now even this one thing had turned upon her, and the afternoon to which she had looked forward so eagerly had been invaded by her plague. Oh, Botany, Botany, Botany!

So her question had been the last effort of failing patience, and she waited listlessly for the answer.

'It is called'—began the Squire slowly. He could not remember the name, but he must not fail at this last moment. She did not seem to know the plant—perhaps anything in Latin would pass.

'It is called,' he said, 'the *Aurora Borealis*—the far-famed *Aurora Borealis*. You must have heard of it.'

The effect of his words was startling. The Lecturer looked quickly into his face and seemed to perceive at once the meaning of it all—the secret of his late reserve, his portentous gravity to-day, his conduct among the roses—all crowned by this last insult. She had heard of men who thought it their duty to jest at the expense of educated women, and this was one!

'How dare you, Mr Thorpe?' she cried angrily, but with a curious break in her voice. Then, before he could recover from his astonishment, she had turned.

'Good gracious, Miss Botany—I mean Miss Polwarth!'—and in his eagerness the Squire put forth his hand to detain her. 'What is the matter? I forgot the thingamy's name, that's all—quite forgot it, really I did!'

Near the door stood a garden-seat, placed there for the convenience of the orchid's visitors. Miss Polwarth reached it, but could get no farther. As she sank into it Thorpe caught a glance of a flushed and indignant face—then a tiny lace handkerchief appeared.

'Good Lord!' cried the Squire in dismay, 'what have I done?'

It seemed a long time before she could be convinced, but at last his protestations and explanations—he even took the *Field* from his pocket to discover the correct name of that confounded orchid—took effect. The Lecturer spoke, still from behind the handkerchief.

'Do you mean it? I—I thought you were laughing at me, because I lecture on botany. Everybody seems to talk about it, and now I—now I hate it, that I do!'



'Do you, by Jove?' cried the Squire, amazed. 'So do I. And I got it up just to please you!'

There was a moment's awkward silence, during which he drew nearer, and in his agitation even bent over the arm of the seat.

'You hate it?' he said nervously. 'Of course you do. How can you help it? And I've been boring you all the time. But it was all Sir John's fault, and you'll forgive me, won't you?'

Another brief silence, which did more for the Squire than all his talk of roses. Then a flushed face appeared from behind that tiny square of lace, and a very tremulous voice answered him.

'It was all a mistake then—and there is nothing to forgive. Of course, you could not guess how tired I was of—of being botanised!'

'Of course not,' emphatically. 'Only wish I knew! How I must have worried you. But—I say now, if you are really tired of botany—if you are—'

The Squire paused, fearing that he was going too far. Yet Miss Polwarth's face did not forbid him to speak. It was flushed and rosy, indeed, but not with the flush of anger. He went on:

'If you are really tired of it, why—why need you ever go back to it? I—'

But there. What passed in the greenhouse after that fateful pause was strictly private and confidential, and I can only whisper that the great Orchid was shamefully neglected. It could see, of course, but it is to be presumed that it considerably looked the other way, and its sense of hearing was of small service. For after a few short, eager questions, followed slowly by soft, half-spoken replies, the voices sank into murmurs, the murmurs into whispers, and the whispers into a long, happy silence.

'Confound botany!' cried a voice, ten minutes later. The exclamation was followed by a light, ringing laugh, very reprehensible certainly in the Lecturer at St Mary's Hall, but perhaps excusable in the future lady of Old Bevis. It was also followed by something white, which flew through the doorway, hovered a moment in the air, and fell among the rhododendrons. It might have been a sheet of the *Field*.

Jenkyns, pottering among the shrubs next morning, picked it up and opened it. He read a paragraph or two, and shook his head.

'It's botany,' he murmured slowly. 'I guess the Squire's been and dropped it.'

He was right in more senses than one; but he could not know that when that sheet had fallen

his own prospects of a magnificent garden and a noble staff of assistants had vanished into the unsearchable distance.

#### THE LITTLE OLD CLERK.

The little old clerk is thin and gray,  
And his coat is shiny at every seam;  
His hat belongs to a long-past day,  
And his boots are patched, 'neath the blacking's gleam.  
'Shabby-genteel,' or scarcely that,  
The passers-by dub him, with vulgar scorn—  
That little old clerk, in the napless hat,  
The faded coat and the boots so worn.

The little old clerk, from ten till five,  
With a slight respite for a meal between,  
Sits writing on, in a human hive,  
The busiest bee 'mong the drones, I ween.  
Smart young fellows, in well-made suits,  
(His fellow-clerks) sneer, with a scornful eye,  
At the faded coat and the old patched boots,  
And ask him if better he cannot buy.

The little old clerk takes his napless hat  
From off its peg, when his toil is o'er,  
Brushes the coat that they all sneer at,  
Then, with patient smile, passes through the door.  
Twenty long years he a clerk has been  
In that office dim—yet no higher goes;  
Many placed over his head he's seen—  
The old clerk's passed by in his shabby clothes.

The little old clerk, in the evening's gloom,  
Enters his cottage, with anxious eyes;  
Some simple blossoms brighten the room;  
A crippled form on the sofa lies.  
As a sister's lips to his own are pressed—  
(The one for whom shabby through life he goes)—  
He thanks God that he with her love is blessed,  
The little old clerk in his faded clothes!

ELSIE HARRINGTON.

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## A NEW NOVEL MY LORD DUKE

BY

E. W. HORNUNG

Author of *A Bride from the Bush*, &c.

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## THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MRS MACQUOID.

By R. RAMSAY,

AUTHOR OF 'THE COLONEL'S PLAN,' &c.

I.

'Do you think he is come for that?' said Jane.

'He shut the door carefully,' answered Bella; then, finding that small fact weak to support a case on, she bolstered it up a little.—'I am sure that he only asked for Katie, or Anne would have been to fetch us. She has gone back into the kitchen. But to me the way that door was shut is most convincing. It was not Anne—she was gone before I heard it; and she never closes it like that, turning the handle round. There must have been a reason.'

'It is lucky we had finished dusting,' said Jane; 'and I am pleased that I put William's photograph in the box. It was getting faded, and, I am sure, ought to be removed.'

There was a deeper meaning than might be thought in those prudent words. William had been Katie's first husband, and his likeness had occupied a prominent spot on the drawing-room wall; it was just as well that it should not stare blightingly down on Katie's second prospects. So her sisters thought.

Katie was the only one of the family who had married. Jane and Bella remained under their brother's roof, keeping house for him, and darning his heather-mixture stockings; that roof was an old and honourable one, if dilapidated, and kept up its dignity on the moors, as became the lone mansion of an impoverished Highland gentleman. The house was big and cold without; inside it was barer and colder. James—called The Laird by three crofters in the glen—did not seem sure that the world held anything but books, and did not care to discover. His sisters grew rather like the gray, outside walls; they were elderly and thin, and their tempers were like their noses—sharp.

When Katie came back to her brother's house, a penniless widow, she was like a butterfly alighting where the heather is black and burnt; there was no finding the place she had fluttered out of. They were all older, and the house was grimmer. The others' clothes hung stiffly on all the pegs, and there was no spare bed but the visitor's four-poster with its faint smell of lavender. Her coming gave an extra room to clean, and made some difference in the accounts. She had in truth no welcome.

The two elder unmarried sisters were not ill-pleased to have John Macquoid riding up from Auchendrane, making hoof-marks on the soft bog-road, where there were so few. Katie's ways were not their ways, and they would not be sorry to have the house to themselves, and to put the spare bedroom, now littered with Katie's vanities, into its former state of empty expectation. Only this hope induced them to be tolerant of Katie. It was very fortunate that she should look so nice in her small black bonnets, more so that John Macquoid should think it. The house was square, and had windows in all directions, but one could not put his head out of any window without seeing, right up to the hills and mists, the land that was the property of John Macquoid.

It would be a better match for Katie than the first, which had sent her home—if this were home—so poor. The sisters were now sitting up in the cold, with no intention of coming down, because John Macquoid's face, as seen through the staircase window, had worn an important look.

Katie had reason to be glad, and they had reason to be thankful.



'I do hope she will see it in the proper light,' said Bella. 'But I never understood her; she is so uncertain. Do you think she could possibly'—

Jane interrupted her. She was not eager to suppose that Katie could be so foolish, but she was very much afraid.

'It is a great compliment, and the best thing that could happen. It is not likely that she will be so imprudent.'

'Oh dear no. But very probable!'

They started: the door was opened wider, and Katie walked straight in.

She was a young thing, this widow; so small, and bright, and hasty, that it was a good while before one understood that her eyes were steadfast. The hair was very fluffy round her face, and her hands helped a great deal when she was talking. One would call her excitable and be nearly right—and yet know very little of her. Just as she walked in, her cheeks were red, which they were not always.

'It was thoughtful of you to take William out of his frame,' she said sharply. 'Did you know that Mr Macquoid was coming to—speak to me? How very anxious you must be to hear about it.'

This was Katie's provoking mood. The elder sisters gasped, and looked at each other blankly.

'You would very much like to know,' proceeded Katie, 'whether I courted and said I was much obliged to him, but I did not intend to marry; or whether I dropped a lower courtesy and told him I would make him—miserable. Which do you think?'

They gulped down their alarm, but did not attempt to guess.

'I am sorry you did not see him go,' Katie said, more slowly. 'If you had known, you could have inspected the back of his head as he walked down to the gate, and you might have found out from it how he felt. Is it not a pity that I knew you were listening for the door, and to disappoint you, let him out by the window?'

She had given herself away, and she saw it in their relief. The window was long and low, but for all that surely if John Macquoid had not felt much uplifted, he would scarcely have quitted the house in such a light-hearted fashion.

'We were sure you would consider James—and the advisability'—began both sisters, with a haste that showed much of their past anxiety.

'Oh, you were sure!' cried Katie bitterly. 'You said: "She must see that James does not want her, and we will not have her here for ever: we have made it quite plain that she is an interloper and must settle herself elsewhere." You have told me very often how rich John Macquoid is, and—and all the rest of it. All the time he was speaking to me I felt that you were sitting above and whispering, calculating whether I would answer to please you or to please myself. I thought of you, and of what you would believe if I spoke as I would like—and it nearly drove me wild. But I hope you are satisfied. I answered, "Yes."'

There was a noise in the passage down

below. John Macquoid had come back, by way of the door, to fetch his stick.

Katie was going to cry. She would not break down and do it before the sisters, who looked too pleased at that yes of hers to care about anything else, or even to be offended; so she choked down the first sob, and rushed across the landing to her own room, slamming the door in a way that made James jump in his study, and reflect that his third sister was a trial in a quiet house.

Left by themselves, Bella and Jane drew long breaths of satisfaction, and began to talk about the wedding. Katie would have to be married from there, and the house was all too shabby. Fortunately John Macquoid had no relations; the guests could all be packed judiciously in the drawing-room—which was presentable—if they kept their elbows in.

So they conversed, and settled all that was required, while Katie crushed her face into the pillows of the big four-poster that would soon be empty, and cried late into the afternoon.

'I am glad it is a boy,' said John Macquoid, bending over something very small and ugly. There was a sister of Katie's in the room, and she pricked up her ears.

'Because of the entail?' said she.

Katie did not say anything. She thought that ugly bundle beautiful, and therefore her opinion on any subject was not worth much. She smiled a little upon her husband, and a great deal more upon the baby.

They had been married a year, and had got on comfortably, though John Macquoid was not demonstrative, and was perhaps a little too quiet for Katie—as her sisters thought.

'She is too flighty,' Bella would say, now and then, missing in her the proper dignity of a big proprietor's wife, or feeling offended at some slight neglect—Auchendrane was too near for perfect peace. When the baby came she added to the phrase: 'Too flighty to make a careful mother.'

But Bella was wrong in that. If she supposed that they would have to play the part of watchful aunts, saving the baby from its mother's carelessness, and superintending its early growth, she was mistaken.

'I have had another husband, but I have never had another child,' Katie said once; at which remark the aunts were shocked and sorry for John, deciding that the mother was extravagantly fond of little Johnnie. There was always something to find fault about in Katie.

'You are too much taken up with the boy,' said Bella, when Johnnie was two years old.

'He should come second, you must remember.'

Katie shook her fluffy head—as a warrior might his crest.

'Second to what? Oh, I know how you used to praise Auchendrane until I took it. Am I not kind enough to the property?'

She could not forget the line they had taken, and it made her voice sound bitter, when she found biting things to say.

'I am sorry for John,' said Bella, when they sat talking her over, as they did after every visit.

'She speaks as she does to tease us,' said

Jane. 'If she had not been very fond of him, she would have refused him for the sake of vexing us.' Bella was the sharp one of the two, but Jane was as often right.

The sisters were sitting at their window one afternoon. It was a most convenient window, looking out on the approach and commanding a fair long strip of road. A person sitting there could get half a mile's notice of any visitor, and prepare accordingly, which was an inducement to patronise the view.

Just now it was dull. Katie and John and Johnnie were in London, the big house at Auchendrane was empty, and no dogcarts whisked along the moor-road from Dalloch. It was not the shooting season.

'What is that?' asked Bella.

There was a speck on the far brown road, that grew and widened into a person riding.

'It will be somebody for James,' suggested Jane, peering out and drawing in her head regretfully. 'We need not change our dresses.'

'No,' said Bella getting up nevertheless. She must step down and see if James's room were tidy. Then she took another look and gasped:

'A telegraph boy from Dalloch!'

The messenger drew up after his ten-mile ride, and began to unlatch the gate, but before he could do it the two women ran flopping down the path and confronted him.

'What is it?' they cried, both breathless. He gave them the telegram. But people who are not used to such treat them as bombs and dare not open them; it was so with Jane and Bella, and they carried it in to James, because both were afraid to look.

It was a while before they found him; at last the tapping of a hammer helped them, and he was discovered at the back, mending the hen-house in a gentlemanly—that is to say, slow and unskilful—fashion.

'A telegram!' they gasped, holding out the buff envelope that frightened them so much. 'Open it.—Who is dead?'

James tore it open. Their nervousness affected him.

"Katie has disappeared. Is she with you?—  
MACQUOID."

### WORKING IN THE DARK.

Most manufacturers will tell us that the first essential in a workshop is a good light and plenty of it; for one can hardly expect men to turn out well-finished goods unless this desideratum is secured. But there is one particular industry from which light is most jealously guarded, and in the workshops of which the sun's rays are never permitted to intrude, except on the rare occasions when a 'general clean-up' of the premises becomes necessary. The place referred to is the factory where photographic dry plates are made, many thousands of which are used daily by professional and amateur workers all the world over.

Amateur photography is now such a common pastime that it is hardly necessary to describe the appearance of one of these plates, but for the benefit of the uninitiated we may say that it consists of a sheet of glass, covered with a horny

coating of gelatine which appears to be mixed with some cream-coloured pigment. This coating is sensitive to white light, and the image of any object formed by a lens upon its surface is rendered visible by the operation called development. The plates may however be handled with impunity in a deep red light; and it is fortunate that this should be the case, for were it otherwise photography would be impossible. A plate factory therefore is lighted by lamps, preferably electric, which are enclosed in lanterns of deep-red glass, and the light is so dim and insufficient for all ordinary purposes that the phrase 'working in the dark' may with fairness be applied to this industry.

The manufacture of dry plates dates back only a few years, the wet plate—which it was necessary for the photographer himself to prepare at the time of using—being employed almost universally up to the year 1880. Long before this time there were certain enthusiastic amateur experimentalists who believed in and made dry plates, of which the basis is gelatine, for their own use. But the professional photographer was conservative, and preferred to stick to the old methods. At length, however, his attention was suddenly arrested by the wonderful rapidity with which pictures could be taken on dry plates, and almost reluctantly he was converted to the new system. After this revolution in photography took place, a new industry was created in the manufacture of dry plates, and many factories were established. It is satisfactory to note that at many of these establishments the export is nearly equal to the home trade, English dry plates being famous all the world over as the most reliable made.

At most of the dry-plate factories admission to strangers is courteously but firmly refused, and, unless there is some very good reason why an exception should be made in his favour, it is impossible for a visitor to find entrance.

The writer of the present article was fortunate enough to carry with him such credentials as at once to mollify the hearts of those in authority, not only at one, but at several factories, and he is therefore in a position to give an exhaustive account of this work done in the dark. But from exigencies of space, as well as in fairness to those who desire secrecy for special methods, his remarks on the various stages of the manufacture must be brief.

The first room which opens its doors to us is fully lighted by big windows, which are opposite a long bench at which several girls are at work cleaning the glass as it comes from the glass merchants. We learn that at one particular factory the glass supplied, cut into sheets of assorted sizes, involves a bill of between two and three hundred pounds per month. At some factories the glass is cleaned by machine, being fed into it sheet by sheet by the aid of revolving india-rubber rollers, and receiving a good scrubbing with acid water from rapidly moving brushes. In either case the glass after being cleaned is placed in racks to dry, when it is ready to receive its light-sensitive chemical coating of gelatine emulsion.

The next apartment which we enter is the laboratory, where this emulsion is prepared, many gallons at a time; and on entering the double doors—one of which must be closed before the



other is opened, so as to avoid any glint of white light—we leave the day behind us, and enter upon a darkness which may be felt. But gradually, as the pupils of the eyes become expanded and accustomed to the gloom, we find that we can dimly trace the outline of red lamps. By-and-by these lamps look far brighter than they did at first; we can sufficiently perceive objects to avoid knocking against them, and in another few minutes we are almost comfortable with regard to our powers of observation in this gloomy place. We can see many bottles on a shelf above our heads, and various big pots around us: the bottles contain the chemicals of which the emulsion is made, and the pots are the vessels in which it is compounded. And now our guide gives us a short lesson in photographic chemistry. A warm solution of gelatine and water is charged with a certain quantity of bromide of potash, or ammonium. In another vessel is held a solution of nitrate of silver in water; and when these two mixtures are gradually combined with one another, with much stirring, a cream-coloured emulsion of bromide of silver—intensely sensitive to light—is the result. After this important mixing operation takes place, the compound is kept at a certain temperature to ripen, and is then cooled down to the jelly form, when it assumes the appearance, barring its yellow tint, of blanc-mange. This jelly has now to be washed in order to get rid of certain soluble salts which are not wanted, and which have been formed as necessary by-products of the mixing process. And in order that the washing water shall have free access to the compound, the jelly is pressed through a silver colander or sieve—some makers use coarse canvas—and comes out of the ordeal like so much vermicelli. After a good washing in running water for an hour or so, the strings of jelly are strained, heated up into liquid form once more, carefully filtered through swansdown calico, and the compound is then ready for coating the glass plates.

When dry plates first became a marketable commodity the plates were coated by hand, each one having a pool of emulsion poured in its centre, and gradually urged over its surface by a glass rod, the plate being afterwards placed on a flat, cold surface of slate to set. But ingenious machines were soon constructed to do the work far more rapidly and with greater uniformity, and machine coating is now the rule at all factories. There are two or three different machines, but they have all a family likeness, and differ only in detail; a description of one will therefore suffice for all. The warm emulsion is poured into a reservoir holding perhaps a couple of gallons, and from this receptacle it flows to a trough in which revolves a glass roller about the size of an ordinary kitchen rolling-pin. This trough and its roller are placed across a long narrow table which forms the bed of the machine. The roller as it revolves takes up a certain quantity of the emulsion, which at this stage of its career looks like, and is about the consistency of custard. A silver scraper just touches the wet roller, and from the scraper a linen apron depends which carries an even layer of the liquid emulsion to the glass plates which, by means of endless bands, travel in procession upon the level surface of the table. Boys, almost unseen in this dim

light, are continually supplying plates of glass to the machine, and other boys, twenty-five feet away at the other end of the table, remove the coated plates as they one by one present themselves. In their journey the coated plates travel through a tunnel which is chilled with ice, so that the gelatinous mixture becomes firmly set, and the plates can be reared in portable racks without injury. As each rack is filled with plates it is put on a lift and taken up-stairs to the drying-room, where, by the combined help of steam-pipes and fans, the film of sensitised gelatine is rendered perfectly dry in about twenty-four hours.

The dry plates in common use by professional and amateur photographers vary in size between 15 by 12 inches and  $4\frac{1}{4}$  by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, the cameras and other apparatus being made of standard gauge, and the plates being made to fit them. Unfortunately the foreign sizes are different, so that for export—unless it be to India or one of our own colonies—the plates must be made specially. It is not usual, however, to coat a smaller plate than that known as whole-plate—that is,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  by  $6\frac{1}{2}$ ; and to meet the large demand for smaller sizes—especially  $4\frac{1}{4}$  by  $3\frac{1}{2}$ —this whole-plate is cut across twice by an automatic machine—the last-named size being known as quarter plate, and used more extensively than any other.

We next enter the packing-room. It is customary to pack the plates in dozens, each dozen in a separate cardboard box; but before this is done each plate is held up to a red lamp and well examined for blemishes. A scratch or a bubble will at once condemn it, and it is placed aside for after-treatment. The work is so well done that the spoilt plates are less than one per cent. of the whole, a wonderful result to arrive at considering that the plate, while its coating is wet, is a very ticklish thing to handle, and also considering the paucity of light used to work by in its preparation. The plates are usually packed face to face in fours—each four being wrapped in chemically pure paper. Thus each cardboard box holds three packages, and the lid is secured by the printed label which is pasted over all. When once boxed up the plates can be handled in white light with impunity; but of course when the user places them in his apparatus he must carefully protect them from white light.

A rival to glass as a support for the emulsion has recently been introduced, and what are known as celluloid films are coming into common use, especially among tourist photographers. These films are about one-sixth the weight of glass plates, and therefore commend themselves to travellers to whom every extra ounce of luggage is a serious consideration. Celluloid is a horny, flexible, and transparent substance, which is made for photographic purposes in two forms, either in flat sheets, cut like the glass plates already adverted to, into standard sizes, or in the form of a long ribbon which can by means of rollers be exposed in the camera to the influence of the lens, a length at a time. Such a ribbon impressed with as many as fifty pictures can afterwards be cut up into convenient lengths for ease of development. It may also be mentioned that this same ribbon-like material, technically known as rollable film, is used in the apparatus for projecting upon a screen what are known as 'living pictures.' In this apparatus several hundreds of pictures are used

per minute, the combination of the whole giving the effect of movement, as in the Zoetrope and other older contrivances. The pictures for Edison's Kinetoscope are also of the same nature, and take this same form.

It will be seen that the coating of these plates and films for photographic purposes is now a very important business, and the calls upon the manufacturer seem to increase rather than diminish. For even if it be true that the present craze for cycling has reduced the number of amateur photographers, fresh uses for light-sensitive material are constantly coming forward. It is curious to note that the beautiful art in which brilliant light is one of the first essentials, is bred, as it were, in a darkness which is almost that of night. And it might seem that for the operators this condition of working is very hard. But it is certain that they soon become accustomed to the gloom, and some there are who consider that the eyesight receives a rest thereby, which will happily postpone the use of spectacles for several years beyond the usual age when such helps to vision become indispensable.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

### CHAPTER XII.—A FATEFUL NIGHT.

THE sun was high in the heavens next morning when I woke from my heavy sleep; but late as it was, I believe, had circumstances permitted it, I could have rolled over and continued my slumber for another five hours without waking. Whether it was on account of my two long rides, or whether it was my fall upon the battlefield that had done it, I cannot say; one thing, however, was quite certain, I ached in every limb as if I had been beaten with bludgeons from head to foot. When I crawled from my bed I was as pitiable a wreck as a man could well be. With the exercise of considerable patience, however, I managed to dress myself, and then went off to find the doctor in order to discover what sort of report he could give me of the king's condition. I caught him in the act of leaving the bedroom after his mid-day examination of his patient. He held up his finger to warn me not to speak, and then led me down the corridor as far as the Fountain Courtyard. Here he stopped, and we sat down together on the seat by the water.

'I took the liberty of looking in upon you about eight o'clock this morning, my lord,' he said, 'but you were sleeping so soundly that I thought it would be a pity to wake you. I knew you would like to be told at once that there is a slight change for the better in His Majesty's condition. He is sensible once more, and his temperature has dropped considerably since I saw you early this morning.'

'Thank God for His mercy!' I said from the very bottom of my heart. 'Your news makes a different man of me. Heaven grant the improvement may continue! You think more hope-

fully of the case now than when I last saw you?'

'I trust we may *soon* have reason to think more hopefully of it,' he answered cautiously. 'But so far the improvement is so very, very slight that I should not be justified in being too sanguine. He is up now; he may be down again in half-an-hour; so that you must not build too much on what I tell you. There is one thing, however, of which I *will* assure you, if it will afford you any satisfaction, and that is that if doctoring and nursing can do it, he will be saved. I can say no more.'

'You have said quite enough,' I answered, taking his hand and gripping it in mine. 'You have given us good proof of your devotion, and you know, I think, that we have the greatest possible confidence in you. By the way, who is with the king now?'

'His wife. She has just relieved me.'

'Have you comforted her with your good news?'

'I have told her just what I have told you,' he answered. 'I think it has done her good. She wanted a fillip badly. This morning early she broke down completely, and if it had not been for the Princess, I don't know what I should have done with her.'

'God be merciful to her in her hour of trouble!' I said, and as I did so he rose. We shook hands, and then he went his way back to the sick-room, while I went mine across the courtyard to the barracks in search of Premman.

I found him in his quarters putting the finishing touches to his arrangements for the coming expedition. He rose when I entered, and shook me warmly by the hand, at the same time complimenting me upon my improved appearance. In return I questioned him as to his preparations for the surprise we proposed springing upon the enemy.

'Everything is in readiness,' he answered. 'Du Berg will receive his despatches, all being well, in an hour's time, and will be certain to march to the rendezvous forthwith. There remains, therefore, only one matter to be settled.'

'And what is that?' I inquired. 'We must leave nothing undecided, for when all is said and done we are playing our game against overwhelming odds.'

'It is the question as to who shall lead the expedition to-night,' he answered. 'I should like to do so myself above all things, but His Majesty has intrusted the command of the citadel to me; and if by any chance what we hope to do to-night were to fall through, and the enemy were to seize the castle during my absence, I should have failed in my trust, and should be disgraced for ever.'

'Why should I not take command?' I asked. 'It is true I am not much of a soldier, but in this case I think I could do all that would be required of me. At any rate I could try. And I think my devotion to the king is beyond question.'



'That is exactly what I was hoping you would say,' he answered. 'If your lordship would take command, I should let the men go with an easy conscience. I shall send Denton with you as your second. He is a steady, reliable officer, and I am quite sure will assist you to the very best of his ability.'

'He will prove of great assistance to me, I have no doubt,' I said; 'and now tell me at what hour we had better start, and how many men I am to take with me.'

'You will leave here not a minute later than seven o'clock, or, in other words, just as dusk is falling. I find I cannot spare you more than five hundred men, but under the circumstances, they should prove sufficient for the purpose.'

'Very good. You may rely upon our doing the best we can to give a good account of ourselves.'

When I returned to the palace I found that it was time for tiffin, and having prepared myself for it, I made my way to the anteroom where it was our custom to wait until the meal was announced. I found it empty, but I had not been there very many minutes before the Princess Natalie entered. I moved from where I was sitting by the window to offer her a seat, and my steps must have revealed my identity to her, for she said at once, with an air of entreaty that was inexpressibly touching:

'Lord Instow, I have been looking forward to this opportunity of seeing you alone, for I want you to tell me the real truth about my brother, without hiding anything from me. I have asked the doctor, but he only tells me that he is doing as well as can be hoped, and expects me to rest content with that. You will see that such an answer gives me no real idea as to what is the matter with him. And as you know, I love him so dearly, and I am so frightened about him.'

I took her hand, and led her to a seat near the window. Never had I seen her look more beautiful, and certainly never more sad. In the present crisis her infirmity seemed more than usually cruel. She was filled with such a desire to help, she possessed such a stock of tenderness and devotion, and yet by reason of her blindness she was debarred from doing anything.

'Natalie,' I said, 'I will tell you the truth. Marie is ill, very ill, there can be no doubt upon that point. But he is better to-day, and the doctor is, I fancy, a degree more hopeful. You are aware how delicate he has been these three years past. Well, the plain truth is he has overtaxed his powers lately, and this illness is the result. What a terrible time this is for you I know, but you must endeavour to cheer Olivia, and she must try to cheer you. You will be brave, will you not, for all our sakes?'

She tried instantly to look happier, and the effort almost brought the tears into my eyes, so brave and yet so ineffectual was it.

'They tell me you are working yourself nearly to death to save my brother's kingdom,' she said, after a moment's pause, laying her hand upon mine as it rested on the arm of her chair. 'What a good day it was for us when Marie first met you!'

The touch of her soft hand, and the music of her voice sent a thrill through me like quicksilver, and one that presently settled in my heart,

making me long, with a greater desire than I had ever yet felt, to tell this sweet girl, what I had known for upwards of a year in my own mind, yet had never before dared to put into words, and that was how fondly and how truly I loved her.

'I wonder if you will always think the same,' I said, more for the sake of gaining time for thought than for any other reason.

'Why should I not?' she asked, turning her face with its poor blind eyes up to mine. 'You are goodness and kindness itself, and I shall always honour you and be grateful to you. And so will poor Marie if he is spared to us. Oh, Lord Instow, think what his life means to me! Ask yourself if anything should befall him what my fate will be. I shall be left alone—quite alone in all the world.'

This was too much for me; so without any more hesitation I placed my arm round her, and drew her to me.

'Natalie, my love, my queen,' I cried, 'you must not say those cruel words. As long as I live you will never be alone in the world—for I love you, and have loved you ever since I first saw you, and I ask nothing better from the future than the right to protect and care for you. Natalie, say you love me in return and will be my wife.'

She nestled in my arms, her beautiful head lying upon my shoulder. I could feel that she was trembling violently. But she was strangely silent. This frightened me, and I bade her turn her face to me.

'You do not love me,' I cried. 'I was wrong to speak to you in that fashion.'

This brought her speech back to her as quickly as I could wish.

'You were not wrong,' she answered. 'I love you with my whole heart and soul. It seems to me I have loved you always.'

I kissed her upon her pure sweet lips, and called her by the sacred name of wife. Oh Heaven, what happiness was mine! I had nursed my passion so long in secret that it seemed to burst forth into greater flame by reason of such confinement. How the remaining interval passed before tiffin was announced I have only a confused recollection. I remember telling Natalie of the expedition I was to lead against the enemy that evening, and assuring her that she need have no fears for my safety. Then Olivia entered and was told the news; and the remembrance of the loving way in which she kissed us both and wished us every happiness, although her own heart was strained nearly to breaking pitch by her anxiety, even at this distance of time comes back to me like a touch of pain.

I am ashamed to say that in spite of the sorrow under which we were labouring on account of the king's health, in spite of the grave position of the kingdom, I spent the remainder of that afternoon in an earthly Paradise. It was Natalie who listened to my plans for bringing about the salvation of the Médangs; it was Natalie who gave me the locket she wore round her own soft neck, for a talisman that was to bring me back in safety to her. The sun, sinking below the hills, and the long shadows of night drawing across the plain, found us together on the battlements, and it was not until an hour before it was

time for us to start that I went to make my final arrangements with the Governor.

Almost punctually on the stroke of seven an officer entered the palace to inform me that the troops had fallen in. I accordingly bade my sweetheart and sister farewell, and with a curious mist before my eyes, and a feeling in my heart that had never been there before, took my place at the head of the force under my command.

'Good-bye, my lord,' said Preman, shaking me warmly by the hand. 'The prisoner, who is to act as your guide, is handcuffed between two men as you see; nevertheless I should still advise you to keep your eye upon him. You have the pick of my garrison, and I wish you every possible success.'

I reciprocated his wish, and then, the gates having been opened, gave the word of command, and in the gathering gloom we marched out and down the hill.

Of the march that followed there is little to tell. On leaving the city our way lay through the jungle for the first ten miles by means of well-defined paths. Then the road became somewhat more intricate and finally it struck me as being a mere matter of guesswork on our guide's part. He, however, seemed quite confident, and as his life depended on the result, I was the more prepared to trust him.

It was a strange experience, and one not to be easily forgotten, that march through the jungle. After we had left the path proper it was in some cases as much as we could do to force a passage through the dense masses of creeper, the interlacing bamboos, and the thick grasses that barred our way. The sounds of the forest were also curious in the extreme. As we pressed forward it was to the clattering accompaniment of half-awakened monkeys; while with every stroke of the *parang*, startled birds flew from their shelter in the bushes, and went whirring into the darkness. Now and again a deer would spring up almost from under our feet, and be gone again before one had time to realise he was there, while more than once we heard a tiger making his peculiar cry at no great distance from the line of march.

When we had been pushing our way on for what seemed an eternity, I gave the command to halt, and with the assistance of a match examined my watch. It was exactly a quarter past ten; so thinking we should be somewhere near our destination, I called the guide up and interrogated him.

He replied to the effect that in less than a quarter of an hour he would bring us to the pass; and warning him again that his fate would be summary if he deceived me, I ordered the march to proceed.

His statement proved to be correct, for well within the time stated we found ourselves approaching a range of hills that towered up into the moonlit sky. The ground had been slowly ascending for some time prior to this, and there could be no doubt that we were now close to our destination. A few moments later we left the jungle, and, climbing a small stretch of open land, found ourselves at the entrance to a long pass, or as it might be more correctly termed, gully, in the hills. From the bottom, which was scarcely a hundred feet wide, the walls rose almost sheer

on one side to a height of perhaps two hundred feet, on the other to a height of fifty; in the latter case there was then a peculiar description of plateau from which the hill rose again, this time on a gentler slope, for another eighty or ninety feet.

Halting my men at the mouth, and taking Denton with me, I hastened along the pass, noting its peculiarities and adaptabilities for my purpose as I went. In something like twenty minutes I had reached the farther end, had learnt what I wanted to know, and was ready to turn back.

On rejoining my command, I divided it into three parts. One—the strongest, I placed under Denton at the head of the pass, in order that it might command the exit. The second, which I proposed to take charge of myself, I established on the plateau half-way through the gully. The third I stationed almost at the farther end, just where it would best be able to cut off the retreat.

As soon as they were in their several positions, and I had satisfied myself that they were not discernible from the bottom of the pass, I gave my final instructions to the officers in command of each party. These were to the effect that not a shot was to be fired until they saw the rocket—which I had brought with me for that express purpose—go up. After the discharge of a second rocket not another cartridge was to be expended. Then I placed the signal in position, and afterwards lay down, with the prisoner beside me, in charge of his keepers, to await the course of events. I had no intention that he should have an opportunity afforded him of giving his friends the alarm.

For nearly two hours we lay concealed, all the time awaiting the foe's appearance with an anxiety no one who has not taken part in such an affair could realise. The moon dropped lower upon the hill, the night wind sighed like a lost spirit among the rocks and long grass, a night bird hooted from a tree, and once or twice jackals cried to each other from across the pass. It was dreary work, rendered perhaps more so to my mind by the semi-treacherous nature of the business we had come to accomplish. Had it been possible, I would rather have given the foe battle in the open, man to man; but one moment's reflection showed me the madness of such a proceeding. On the other hand I remembered that the force in question was marching against us with a similar purpose in view, and when all was said and done we were only taking care of ourselves. At the best 'twas fine argument for both sides, and one had to take it at one's own valuation.

Almost as my repeater struck half-past eleven, an officer whom I had stationed at the end of the pass came to inform me that the enemy had entered it. Next moment there burst upon my ear the sound of voices, and with a suddenness that startled me the advance guard of the enemy appeared in sight. Scarcely more than fifty yards behind them came the main body, chatting and laughing without any thought of a surprise. I waited until they were exactly opposite me, and then, crouching behind a rock, in order that the tiny flame might give them no warning of our position, I lit a match and set fire to the rocket. With a long hiss and a trail



of sparks it rose into the air, and at the same instant two hundred and fifty rifles rang out, followed an instant later by a similar number.

Anything like the horror and confusion of the next few minutes no man could possibly imagine. The terrified troops in the gully below knew neither what to do nor which way to turn. Their ranks were completely disorganised, while volley after volley was being poured into them from the hillside above. They tried to advance, but were met by Denton's fire; they tried to retreat, only to find themselves assailed by the third party; and all the time my detachment was raking them from mid-between. The air was filled with cries and curses, the rattle of rifles, and the shouting of orders. Dante's *Inferno* would not have compared with it. When I imagined the time had come, I discharged the second rocket and the firing instantly ceased.

As soon as I thought I could make myself heard, I shouted in a loud voice, in French:

'Lay down your arms, and your lives will be spared. Fail to do so, and I open fire once more.'

When sufficient time had been given for this command to be executed, I ordered what remained of the force to march down the valley in the direction they had come. This was done by all able to move, and so nicely had our arrangements fitted in, that almost at the moment they reached the mouth of the defile Du Berg's force entered the plain on the other side.

Half an hour later we were shaking hands upon our success. With the loss of but three men killed and five wounded we had cut up a force of nearly a thousand, killing two hundred, wounding upwards of three hundred more, and capturing the balance with all their arms and ammunition.

It was then arranged that I should take charge of the prisoners and wounded and convey them back to the capital; so when my force had rested, I set off on my return journey. It proved a harder task than it had been going, but I was so elated by my success that I would have undertaken it had it been twice as difficult.

It was well on towards evening when we reached the capital. The news had preceded us, and enthusiastic to the last degree was the welcome we received. Crowds lined the streets through which we passed, and when we entered the citadel itself the climax was reached. Premian received me in the courtyard with the garrison under arms, and as soon as I had seen my convoy safely inside the gates, I greeted him. I could feel the grip he gave my hand for hours after. But there was another welcome I was waiting for, and when I entered the palace that welcome I received. Frightened, however, by what Natalie told me of the king's condition, I left her and went in search of the doctor. I found him awaiting me in my own sitting-room.

'What news have you to tell me?' I asked as I shook him by the hand. 'How is the king?'

'Worse,' he answered sadly. 'Much worse. He has been almost continually delirious since you left, and now shivering fits, or rigors as we call them, have set in. Knowing his constitution so well, I cannot understand what they mean.'

I groaned aloud.

'Tell me candidly your opinion,' I said, resolved

to come at his meaning. 'Do you anticipate the worst?'

The young doctor nearly broke down as he answered:

'God help us! I fear I do.'

### SOME REALISTIC STAGE-EFFECTS.

THE sphere of the stage-manager has widened since the days when Mr Vincent Crummies considered the introduction of a pump and two tubs on the stage a notable achievement in realism. A drawing-room scene is now furnished with almost as much care and expense as if it were actually an apartment in the West End, while the inevitable attack in a modern military drama is incomplete without the aid of a complement of Maxim guns.

Where there is such close adherence to reality, part of the credit is due to the upholsterer and the ordnance manufacturer. It is in the invention of subtle devices by which the spectator is completely illusioned, frequently by means which he would hardly suspect, that stage-craft is raised almost to the level of an art.

Spectacle and drama naturally afford the widest scope for realistic effects. In T. W. Robertson's military comedy, *Ours*, however, there are certain 'effects' introduced which for forcibly conveying the desired impression by thoroughly legitimate means have never been surpassed. The artistic way that the climax is worked up at the end of the second act—the departure of the troops for the Crimea—is enough to stir the patriotism of the most phlegmatic Briton.

We see only a London drawing-room, with four or five of the *dramatis persone* looking from a balcony window at the various regiments which are supposed to be passing in the street below. But we hear the brass and fife bands playing the farewell marches, the sharp peremptory commands of the officers, the continuous tramp of the men as they file steadily past. Little wonder the scene affected even the indolent Hugh Chalcot, and made him suddenly resolve to join his friends in seeking the fortune of war. Yet that impressive tramp, tramp, of marching soldiery is simply produced by a couple of assistants behind the scenes, who 'mark time' on the boards, and another couple who do the same in a shallow box containing cinders.

In the next act are introduced some telling 'winter effects.' Here we have the interior of a rudely constructed hut, occupied by the English officers at the seat of war in the Crimea; this is a built-in scene with a 'practicable' door, the only entrance to the hut, on the right hand side of the stage. At the beginning of the act the wind is heard shrieking and moaning outside, and when any one enters or leaves the hut he opens the door just sufficient to let him pass through, then quickly closes it to prevent it being blown inward. In the momentary opening of the door we hear the wind shriek louder, and catch a glimpse of the white waste outside, with the snow driving in clouds against the door.

Rather elaborate preparations are necessary to faithfully reproduce this effect. The outside of the hut door is first profusely covered with pads of cotton-wool. Then there is placed opposite to

it, in the side-wings, one of the large riddles used by builders' men to sift sand and lime, and which resembles the frame of an ordinary door strung with wires. Two men stand behind the riddle with a plentiful supply of bran and salt mixed, which, every time the door is opened during the progress of the storm, they toss rapidly through the wires, aiming always at the door. The wires cut through the bran and salt, and give the compound the flakey appearance of drifting snow, the bran being used to soften the heavy swishing sound of the salt.

To further emphasise the severity of the Crimean winter, when Hugh Chalco, late the lounge about town, rises yawning from his couch and prepares for his morning toilet, he finds that the water in the bucket has frozen over-night. Now, no stage-manager would for a moment think of putting real ice in that bucket; he has choice of two simple and inexpensive expedients by which he can produce the desired effect even in the dogdays. He may cover the bottom of the bucket with a layer of sand, place a common dinner-plate on the top of the sand, then fill the bucket three parts full of water. Or, instead of the sand and plate, he can fix two cross-bars of thin wood between the sides of the bucket, above the surface of the water. 'Ice, as usual!' remarks Chalco, as he taps the plate—or the laths—with a crowbar, to convey the idea that the substance is ice. When a more vigorous blow breaks the obstruction, and the water splashes over the sides of the bucket, the illusion is complete.

Shipwrecks on the stage are invariably depicted as occurring at night, or in the obscurity accompanying a thunderstorm; doubtless with the twofold object of heightening the impression and concealing the means by which it is attained. A thrilling incident in a certain sensational American drama is the passage through a stormy sea of a small boat, containing three of the characters, who are making their way to the lighthouse. To the spectators in front the slow and perilous progress of the tiny craft looks wonderfully realistic, but when seen from behind it has rather a funny aspect. The 'raging billows' are agitated by scene-shifters stationed at the wings, in the manner usually employed in shaking carpets. The 'property' boat is a mere profile—the model of one side of a boat—which the actors behind it grasp by the gunwale, and sway vigorously up and down, while they walk leisurely across the stage, their feet hidden by the raging billows aforesaid.

Playgoers who witnessed the early artistic productions of *Les Cloches de Corneville* may remember that, in the scene representing the 'Crusaders' Hall' in the haunted chateau, the variegated colours of the stained-glass window were reflected on the floor, apparently cast by the light of the moon shining through the window. But on the stage the poetic effects of nature are not always reproduced by the agency that would most readily suggest itself to the uninitiated. Although the window was a painted transparency, lit from behind by limelight, to convey the impression of clear moonlight outside, this illuminating medium did not supply the cast shadow; limelight, so employed, would have been too powerful for the purpose. There was therefore set in the side-wings a magic lantern, containing

a slide painted in exact imitation of the stained-glass window, and so focussed that the picture was reflected on the floor just where the coloured shadow of the window would naturally fall.

An instance of the care bestowed by Sir Henry Irving in perfecting even a minor illusion is shown in his dressing of the part of Mathias in *The Bells*. The first scene represents the interior of the burgomaster's house; the time is winter, and through the latticed window the snow is seen falling thick outside. The privileged visitor behind the scenes on a night when *The Bells* is produced will see, placed near the side-wings, a tub containing soap and water, which a boy keeps stirring into a fine creamy lather. Before Mathias appears on the stage, all cloaked and booted, he steps into the tub, and the boy splashes the soapy lather over his person. The next minute the burgomaster enters his house, and, having presumably come through the snow-storm, he is covered with the white flakes, which gradually melt and disappear in sight of the audience in a way that natural snow could hardly hope to excel.

Even at the beginning of his career the eminent Lyceum manager displayed his genius for inventing original effects. While the youthful member of a provincial stock company, he was on one occasion cast for a mock supernatural character in burlesque. With the object of making the character appear to have long claw-like fingers, he painted the back of his hands with dark streaks, that ran upward from the space between each finger. To render the illusion more consistent, his fingers were never closed while he was on the stage, but always spread out against his dark-coloured costume. Old playgoers who saw the actor in this part describe the effect as singularly weird and sinister.

Water can be imitated on the stage in a variety of ways. In one of the set scenes in Mr G. R. Sims' play, *The Lights of London*, showing the Regent's Canal by night, the villain throws his accomplice into the water, and, immediately after, the hero leaps in to rescue him. Each time the body disappears in the 'turgid stream'—represented, of course, by an open trap, with a soft mattress conveniently placed in the cellar below—a handful of salt is tossed up through the open trap, to imitate spray splashing off the surface of the water.

An ingenious contrivance has been used on the continent to simulate a stream of water trickling from a fountain. A transparent glass tube, spiral or corkscrew shaped, and gradually thickening towards its base, is fixed between the mouth of the ornamental dolphin above and the bottom of the basin, which is covered with a sheet of glass. Concealed in the framework of the fountain is an automatic appliance by which the glass tube is set revolving, giving it all the appearance, even at a short distance, of a jet of running water.

To exhibit a life-like and apparently well-fed dragon, measuring some twenty feet from his crested head to his flapping tail; to induce him to roll his fiery red eyes in their sockets, and snap his huge jaws regularly every two minutes, while he drags his body tortuously along the stage, may seem an incredible, not to say dangerous, experiment. Yet the dragon we saw at a London theatre a few years ago might have been safely



introduced as a domestic pet into any household. Terrific as he looked, his body was only the wrapper that enclosed a number of cleverly drilled little boys, who, closely following one another in a crouching posture, directed the movements of the monster.

But when they stage Wagner's operas in first-class style, they give us a dragon that 'goes one better,' for he actually belches smoke. *Mephistopheles* has been known to make his first appearance before old *Faust* in a cloud of vapour, tinted a weird green by the skilful manipulation of the lime-light. A real steam-launch puffing real smoke from a real funnel, and darting hither and thither in a tank of real water, was some time ago a feature in an up-to-date play of society life. Then, in a set-scene with a built-up cottage, a picturesque effect is sometimes obtained by showing a wreath of smoke issuing from the chimney. The method by which this effect is produced contradicts the proverb, 'Where there is smoke there is fire,' for a quantity of hot water poured upon a shovelful of quicklime will create smoke enough to simulate the smokiest of chimneys. The possibilities of smoke or steam as an aid to illusive effect have not yet however been exhausted. Probably the day is not far distant when some enterprising manager will introduce behind the footlights—but, we hope, no farther—a realistic imitation of a London fog.

## THE PLAZA OF SANTA MARTA.

### A STORY OF THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

By H. BIXLOSS, Author of *Rising of the Brass Men*, &c.

Two men, ragged and travel-stained, lay sleeping the deep sleep of utter weariness on the bare floor of an old Spanish tower in the island of Cuba.

The one with his head resting in the angle of the wall and a newly healed scar showing white upon his sunburnt forehead, was Charles P. Marshall, an American journalist on the staff of a paper which supported the cause of the Cuban Insurgents, and indeed of revolutionaries all the world over, with the usual vigour of a transatlantic journal. He had made part of a campaign with the Insurgents, in search of accurate details, which he had got, more in fact than he cared about; and eventually, together with his companion, Don Jaime de La Costa, a leading revolutionary, fell into the hands of the Spanish authorities when the troops stormed Lagunitas entrenchments.

'Ola compañero, wake up—it is already dawn.' With these words ringing in his ears, the American raised himself stiffly on one elbow and gazed sleepily about him. Then memory came back with a pang, and as his eyes fell upon the set face of La Costa he realised that this was the last time either would wake from sleep, for both lay under the sentence of death.

By degrees the gray light grew clearer, until at length a single golden beam streaming through the narrow window quivered upon the rough masonry; and dragging himself towards the barred opening, for he was aching in every limb, Marshall

looked out upon the sunrise—the last sunrise he would ever see.

Beneath him lay broad fields of sugar-cane, rolling away in lush green waves before the morning breeze towards a wall of misty mountains which rose against the eastern sky. Here and there flat-topped, white-walled quintas nestled among groves of orange and nispero trees and broad-leaved bananas; while the faint air that entered the cell seemed cooled with dew and heavy with the fragrance of flowers. Under the feathery palms which fringed the broad high-road, the white dust lay moist and still, and out of their blue-green shadow came the tinkling of mule bells and a clear voice chanting the chorus of a vintage song; while the merry laughter of children echoed across the wet sword-blades of the sugar-cane.

The American ground his heels into the boards. The world seemed very good that morning—a place of light and sunshine; and yet before the rising sun had crossed the meridian, he, now so full of life, would be flung like a dog into a shallow trench, amid bubbling quicklime—and he shuddered at the thought.

'This is what you get for interfering in other people's troubles—yellow fever, risk of drowning, a wound when the troops stormed the trenches, and now—ugh—a white wall and a firing party,' he muttered half aloud; and La Costa, who was proud of his knowledge of English—or rather American—answered:

'Ah my friend, it is the fortune of war—all the same in fifty year—and we die in a good cause.'

Even then Marshall could not but admire the soldierly grace of his companion, as the latter flung his arms above his head, showing his broad chest and long straight limbs—a fine type of the old Spanish blood, the American thought; and he tried to smile in reply.

But it was an unsatisfactory ghost of a smile, for the journalist had no desire to die just then—in a good cause, or otherwise. Besides, having seen the Spanish troops, mostly poor hill peasants, torn from their homes by a ruthless conscription, dying like flies in pestilential swamps, and dropping out of the ranks in scores on every scorching march to die by the wayside, yet bearing starvation and sickness with heroic fortitude; he was by no means so sure as he was in the beginning that the revolutionary party monopolised the virtues of courage and endurance. Neither was he so absolutely convinced of the goodness of the cause. After all, he thought, La Costa was right; it would be all the same in fifty years, 'ready, present, fire,' a well-directed volley, the sting of a bullet—and afterwards darkness and oblivion. Then the fear came that it might not be a well-directed volley; for he had seen some ghastly sights that campaign; men, half slain by the bungling aim of recruit battalions, done to death by rifle butt or bayonet thrust. Anyway, there was no escape now; he must make

the best of it, and if the insurgent could take things philosophically, he would too. Presently the Cuban also approached the window, and pointing to a distant hillside where tall palms rose clearly against the morning blue, observed :

'There are our friends, the Martinez column. It is not far, and yet they do not know—and to-day we die. *Ay de mí!*'

After this came silence, and, for what seemed hours and hours, the American sat with his head in his hands, until there was a hammering at the door, and a Spanish soldier stood on the threshold, beckoning with his finger. Their time had come ; and pulling himself together, Marshall stepped out into the glare of tropic sunlight.

Half a company of Cazadores Canarios, conscripts from the volcanic rocks of Tenerife and Grand Canary, marched in front with fixed bayonets, and half a company followed behind ; the nickel buttons of their dull green uniforms and the brass medallions on their clumsy kedis glinting in the sun.

When they reached the little town, the narrow streets lay baking in fervent heat. A cloud of hot dust, stirred up by the tread of marching feet, powdered the Cazadores, turning their green to gray ; and every flat azotea roof and narrow side-walk was crowded with white-clad citizens, all revolutionaries at heart, who scowled at the Spanish troops from beneath their broad-brimmed hats.

The sunlight flashed back from slippery stones and white walls, and Marshall pushed his battered straw hat down on his forehead to shut out the dazzling brightness and the eager gaze of the crowd ; but La Costa drew his crimson sash tighter round his ragged garments, and swung his costly Panama to the ground, as a low murmur of sympathy and pity rose from the spectators, while the eyes of the women grew dim, and many a swarthy Cuban felt a choking in his throat.

Then the murmur changed into a fierce growl of hate and defiance, and the crowd pressed forward, their hands upon the hafts of their long knives.

A hoarse voice raised the cry 'Viva la Cuba ! Viva La Costa ! Viva los Americanos !' and it echoed from man to man down all the winding street, until the listless air seemed full of the sound ; but the front rank of the Cazadores swung their bayonets to the charge, and the march went on.

Steadily the line of bright bayonets and dull green uniforms pressed on between rows of stern faces and pitying eyes, past gardens filled with fragrant flowers, and booths piled high with luscious fruit. At last in front of the Alcalde's house, where the Spanish flag hung in drooping folds of blood and gold, a creaking mule-cart lumbered across the way, and the perspiring troops halted to let it pass.

Then, with Spanish courtesy, the crowd opened up, and a woman came forward, followed by a dark-haired little girl, carrying a heavy vase of wine and a bouquet of heliotrope. As the child passed between the soldiers, a sergeant thrust his rifle barrel in her way, but a young lieutenant put it aside with his sword, and smiled down upon her as she went fearlessly forward, and, lift-

ing her olive-tinted face, handed La Costa the wine.

The Cuban took it from her and stood bare-headed in the fierce sunlight, a picturesque scarecrow of a man, unkempt and ragged, but with the grace of Old Castile showing in every movement. Then, after touching the vase with his lips, he passed it to Marshall, and picking the child up, kissed her on either cheek as he took the flowers from the little brown hand.

'Pobre La Costa, pobre Americano, dele uno tambien (give him one too),' she said, and placing her gently on the ground again, with a 'Gracias, niña mia,' he smiled as he handed the American a spray of the scented blossom.

Marshall felt his eyelids quiver, and a kind of gasping sob rose from the crowd ; but at a sharp word of command the dusty troops moved forward down the winding street. A cracked bell began to toll, and as its harsh vibrations rose on the heated air, a deep silence fell on the spectators, the jingle of arms and tramp of heavily shod feet sounding hollow and strange.

'It is the good priests of Santa Marta ; they say the mass for our rest,' said La Costa quietly to his companion, crossing himself as he spoke.

By-and-by the troops swung out into the wide sunlit Plaza, where, at the head of a scanty battalion of Cazadores, a little stout colonel of infantry waited their coming. 'Stand the dogs there.—You have ten minutes to make ready, and then you die. First you shall see where you lead your followers,' was all he said in answer to Marshall's protests that he was an American citizen, and the two were rudely thrust back.

The scene was a striking one. Three double lines of Cazadores formed the sides of a hollow square, the front rank facing outwards towards the restless crowd, the rear turning inwards with rifles at the shoulder. A seething mob surged to and fro beyond. Every flat housetop swarmed with spectators, while against the white wall of the church of Santa Marta, which formed the fourth side of the square, stood four ragged peasants with handkerchiefs bound round their eyes, whose crime might have been the destroying of bridges or possibly the supplying of starving fugitives with food and shelter. Every weathered tile, and the gray house-leeks along the red roof, stood out with sharpness against the azure. The intense sunlight lit up every detail of the stained white clothing of the trembling wretches who waited their end, the lofty cross over the gable of the church throwing a black shadow upon the hot flags at their feet.

'Curse that bell—will it never cease?' said the officer as the monotonous jarring note filled the Plaza with its vibrations. Then La Costa turned towards the crowd, but before he could speak, a sergeant smote him in the face with the hilt of his sword-bayonet and the blood flowed from his mouth.

An angry cry and a hiss broke from the mob, and they surged wildly forward, snatching out their knives, only to recoil again before the flashing line of steel as the Cazadores bayonets came down at the charge to the level of their breasts.

Now the time had come, and there was no possible escape, the American felt all hesitation drop from him, and, like one in a dream, watched



the troops who formed the third side of the square unfixing bayonets and bringing their rifles to the hip. Presently a low arched door opened in the wall of the church, and as the odour of incense drifted out, mingled with the sound of the organ, a priest in his vestments stepped forth from the shadowy interior and strode towards the colonel.

'Stop—in the name of the church—it is sacrilege—and thou shalt do no murder,' he said fearlessly; but the plump colonel only laughed, cruelly answering:

'I do justice and not murder,' then turning aside disdainfully gave the order: 'Take that man away.'

Two Cazadores forced the indignant padre back, and a great hush fell on the crowd. Breathing hard, Marshall listened to the sound of the chanting and the drone of the organ, while the harsh tones of the bell grated on his quivering nerves. Then the rifle barrels flashed in the sunlight and came home to the shoulder with a rattle—the colonel dropped his sword point, and a voice called 'Tira!'

A crackle of red flame blazed out, followed by the crash of a volley as the rifle muzzles jerked upwards, and a heavy wreath of blue smoke rolled across the faces of the crowd. Marshall felt the blood stand still in his veins, and for a moment dared not turn his head. When he did so, he saw one of the peasants fallen on his knees tearing with both hands at his side. Two of his comrades lay face downwards on the hot flags, motionless heaps of tattered clothing; and a fourth, with the blood trickling from him, and his face gray like ashes, leaned back against the wall, his head slowly drooping forward, and his limbs quivering beneath him.

A howl of rage like the snarling of a pack of wolves, a cry of deadly hate that boded little good to the oppressors when their turn came, rose from the mob, and Marshall saw the stout colonel shudder as he listened; but the glittering wall of steel met them, turn which way they would, and they stamped and fumed in impotent fury.

The American lost his head with horror and indignation, and in the most powerful Spanish he could muster cursed the colonel before all his men, concluding: 'Brutes—cold-blooded murderers of unarmed men! A civilised nation cannot look on and see helpless peasants propped against walls and shot like wild beasts. Wait a little, and you will hear the roar of American guns, and see the Stars and Stripes over Havana and Matanzas!'

A yell of 'Bravo Americano!' rose from the frantic mob; but the colonel looked on unmoved. 'What does he say?' he asked a lieutenant. 'Ah, it is so. All the English are mad, and most of the Americans too.'

Biting his lips, the journalist lapsed into silence, feeling that at last he could understand desperate men using dynamite with awful effect on crowded troop trains, and when a sergeant of Cazadores gripped his shoulder, he turned upon the man so fiercely that, unarmed as he was, the soldier dropped his hand.

Then the colonel pointed with his sword, and Marshall closed his eyes when he heard a hoarse voice say: 'Two files forward and finish the dogs,' and in spite of his own peril he turned sick and

faint as he heard a long-drawn 'Ah!' rise from the crowd, and the sharp clash of bayonets against the stones—he knew what it meant, for he had seen such things before.

Side by side the two men walked forward at a signal from an officer, and when they turned in front of the church, a sergeant came forward with cloths in his hand, but the Cuban waved him back.

'Good-bye, my friend. We have fought a good fight together—and to-day we rest side by side—it is well,' said La Costa, as after the manner of the Spaniards he threw his arm round the American's shoulder, then took the place pointed out.

With dry lips and parched throat, Marshall drew himself up and glanced at the Insurgent who stood bareheaded in the sunlight, erect and proud, holding the flowers lightly in his hand, and his eyes filled as La Costa caught his look and smiled. Then, with defiance in his gaze, he turned and faced the rifles. There was a clicking of levers, and the empty shells rattled out upon the stones—the breach blocks closed with a clatter, and for a few moments there was a harrowing pause, while the troops waited the word to fire.

Suddenly Marshall felt the blood stir madly in every pulsing artery, for above the continuous drone of the organ a rattle of rifery rang out, somewhere behind the town, followed by a sound he knew so well, the continual 'rip-rap, rip-rap,' of repeaters.

'Winchester rifles, thank Heaven!' he shouted aloud. 'Must be the Martinez column,' then his voice broke off suddenly, for he remembered that in a few minutes more it would matter little to him whether the Insurgent forces arrived or not.

A confused murmur rose from the crowd, which swayed to and fro like the waves of a sea; then there was a great clattering of hoofs down the stony street, and presently two mounted officers broke through the mob, striking right and left with the flat of their swords to clear a passage, and reined in their lathering horses by the colonel's side.

A bugle-call echoed through the Plaza; the square of green uniforms broke up and swung round, changing into a long line of fours; and while the astonished prisoners tried to collect their scattered senses, the last files of the Cazadores swung out of the Plaza at the double, and, their footfalls growing fainter and fainter, disappeared down a narrow street.

Marshall rubbed his eyes to see if he were asleep, but there was no mistaking the ceaseless rattle of the Winchester repeaters, smuggled over from the United States for the use of the rebels, or the feeble return fire in the deeper report of the Spanish rifles. Then a great shout rose from the crowd: '*Viva la Cuba!—Viva la revolucion!*'

It was all so strange and sudden, that now the peril was past, the American felt as weak as a child, and dropped limply against the wall, hardly daring to believe his ears, and looking about with vacant eyes.

A scantily-clad, sun-browned peasant woman crept softly forward, and throwing herself down on the scorching stones, rocked to and fro over

a crimson-stained face which lay still and white upon her lap, and answered neither word nor sign to her despairing cries and bitter tears.

A priest came out of the shadowy doorway, and touching her shoulder, lifted the woman gently to her feet, while a procession of dark-robed clerics carried their silent burdens away, the crowd opening up and standing bareheaded as they passed, and Marshall shivered as a woman's piercing shrieks rang in his ears.

Presently the distant sound of marching feet rose from the streets beyond, drawing steadily nearer and nearer, to a running accompaniment of *Vivas!* and shouts of delight, until it swelled into the measured 'tramp, tramp' of a large battalion, mingled with the clash of steel sheaths and the jingle of arms.

At last the enthusiastic mob split up, and amid bursts of cheering, the head of the Insurgent column swung into the Plaza through a rolling cloud of dust. On they came, four by four, and company by company, swarthy, sun-scorched men, rugged and tattered, powdered with dust and grimed with smoke; line after line of broad-brimmed Panama hats and red sashes defiling out of the narrow streets; and as the ragged companies wheeled into line across the broad Plaza the American could hardly repress a smile at the curious collection of arms. Some carried Winchester repeaters, some Spanish military rifles, others breach-loading shot-guns, or single barrel muzzle-loaders; while a few had nothing but a big cavalry sabre belted round their waist. The journalist knew however that, although appearances were by no means in their favour, this same battalion had beaten the best of the Spanish troops in the open field.

Meantime there was a pandemonium of laughing, shouting, and cheering, for, with true Spanish versatility, the feelings of the citizens had changed from horror and hatred to the wildest merriment and enthusiasm. An eager crowd drove forward along the face of the line, thrusting bunches of luscious fruit and vases of wine before them, as they struggled to be first with their gifts; and poor peon labourers gaily invested their last centimo in *copitas de caña*, and only laughed when the swaying of the mob spilled the liquor from the quaint cylindrical glasses before they could reach the side of the thirsty soldiers.

At last the leader, with his toes sticking through the end of his worn-out shoes, strode forward, pushing aside the enthusiastic group who forced their gifts and attentions on La Costa and the American, grasped their hands, saying: 'Comrades, I salute you,' and caught the Insurgent in his arms. Afterwards the journalist was heartily glad to withdraw with him for rest and shade into the cool patio of the Alcalde's house, that worthy having been ejected with scant ceremony.

That night a banquet was spread beneath the broad leaves of the bananas in the wide patio, and though there was not much to eat—there never is in the track of marching troops—there was abundance of wine, the splash of fountains, and the scent of jasmine and heliotrope. La Costa and the American occupied the place of honour, but amid all the wild merriment, the shrieks of the poor peasant woman, as she saw her murdered husband carried away, rang in

Marshall's ears; and he shuddered at the ruddy wine, for his nerves were shaken, and the ghastly scene in the Plaza rose up before him in all its grim details. It does so yet at times, in the silent watches of the night.

## TORPEDOES IN ACTION.

THERE are probably many persons who remember the scare created in the fleet which sailed under Sir Charles Napier to the Baltic in 1854, by the 'infernal machines,' which the Russians were said to have strewn thickly along the approaches to Cronstadt. The British sailor was ready enough to fight against weapons with which he was familiar, but these treacherous submarine 'devils' frightened him; and the consequence was that 'gallant Charley' and his ships gave Cronstadt a wide berth. We remember inspecting one of these 'infernal machines' which had been dredged up in the Baltic. It was a cone of galvanised iron, sixteen inches in diameter and twenty inches in length, containing a charge of ten pounds of gunpowder, with an apparatus for firing by sulphuric acid. The machine was the invention of Moritz Hermann Jacobi, an eminent Prussian physicist, better known to fame as the inventor of electrotyping. But this was not the first torpedo. As far back as 1777, during the American War of Independence, David Bushnell of Boston, father of the once well-known 'Independent theologian,' invented an explosive machine which was to send the whole British fleet to the bottom. He tried his invention, under favourable circumstances, against the British frigate *Cerberus*, but the attempt to blow her up was an utter failure, and no more was heard of David Bushnell and his terrible torpedo.

Twenty years later another American, Robert Fulton, the remarkable genius to whom we practically owe the steamboat, invented a submarine explosive machine with which he experimented successfully on the Seine and the Thames, but both the French and English governments declined to adopt his patent.

From that time till the Crimean War the torpedo remained in abeyance, and so trifling was the damage done by the Russian 'infernal machines' that naval experts dismissed them from their calculations as practically useless.

But in the American Civil War the torpedo came once more to the front, and this time it came to stay. It is to the ingenuity and enterprise of the naval officers of the Confederacy that torpedo warfare owes its remarkable development. The want of material and appliances for shipbuilding in the Southern States drove the Confederates to have recourse to the torpedo as the only means of coping with the Northern Monitors, and it was a despised and derided invention of Robert Fulton's which they first



adopted to render the torpedo effective. Fulton had designed a submarine boat, the object of which was to glide unseen beneath the keels of hostile ships, whence, without attracting attention, holes could be bored in their bottoms. The strange craft was rejected by both the British and French governments, to whom it was offered. But the United States, during the war with Great Britain in 1812, gave him an opportunity of showing what his submarine boat could do. Fulton's boat was despatched against the *Ramilles* three-decker, as she lay off New London. The submerged craft was run successfully under the *Ramilles*, and her crew commenced boring a hole in the bottom of the big ship, but want of air compelled them to come to the surface before their task was completed. The alarm was given, and the chance was lost. No other opportunity of assailing a British man-of-war presented itself, and the submarine boat was relegated to the limbo of failures.

But the idea was not lost or forgotten. In 1863 Theodore Stoney of Charleston built a submarine boat, cigar-shaped, fifty-four feet in length and six feet in diameter, propelled by a screw worked by steam, and fitted with a spar torpedo. When she was submerged only her funnel and steering tower were visible. She made a night attack on the Federal war-ship *Iron-sides*, but, though she crept up unobserved and fired her torpedo, she failed to sink the *Iron-sides*, which, beyond receiving a violent shock, sustained no serious injury. The concussion of the discharge almost sent the submarine boat to the bottom, but she just managed to keep afloat, and was taken back to Charleston.

The next attempt made by a submarine boat of similar design was one of the most heroic incidents of the war. So faulty was the construction of this boat that on every one of her five trials she went to the bottom, carrying her crew with her. Yet, though certain death apparently awaited all who ventured in her, there were found men gallant enough to volunteer to take her against the Federal war-ships lying in Charleston harbour. On the night of 17th February 1864 the ill-fated craft, manned by two officers, Captain Carlson and Lieutenant Dixon, and five men, set out on her desperate venture. Every man on board of her must have known that the odds were a hundred to one against his escaping alive, but they went gallily out on their errand of death. Success crowned their daring effort: they fired their torpedo under the keel of the Federal Monitor *Housatonic* and sent her to the bottom. But their success was purchased at the cost of their lives. The submarine boat sank, and carried her little band of heroes with her. Two years later, when divers were sent down, they found the ill-starred vessel with her dead crew in her, every man at his post, lying close to the hull of the enemy she had destroyed.

There are still enthusiasts who believe in the submarine boat, despite the disastrous experience of the American Civil War. The latest design, launched a few months ago, seems in theory to have surmounted many of the diffi-

culties with regard to steering under water, and ascertaining from below the surface the whereabouts of an enemy, which have hitherto, in the opinion of naval experts, rendered such craft useless in actual warfare. But whether this new design will fulfil in practice all that is claimed for it in theory is extremely doubtful. The French navy has four of these submarine boats, two of which are said to be capable of doing six or eight knots at a depth of from forty to sixty feet, and launching torpedoes with precision. But our own Admiralty has no faith whatever in these craft.

The Confederates succeeded in destroying, by means of torpedoes, thirty-two Federal war-ships, of which four were ironclads; but in the majority of cases these results were obtained by stationary or floating torpedoes, and not by boat attacks.

Mr H. W. Wilson, in his admirable and fascinating book, *Ironclads in Action*, tells us that 'the Confederates employed a particularly deadly engine, which was called a "coal torpedo." It looked like a lump of coal, but was really a block of cast-iron, containing ten pounds of powder, and would, when placed in the fires of a boiler, at once explode, bursting the boiler. Such a torpedo might be planted with effect in stores of coal at a coaling station, in case it was certain that they would fall into the enemy's hands.' Clock-work torpedoes were also employed, and one of them was used at City Point, James River, on 9th August 1864. It was placed on board a barge, which was loading with ordnance stores for the Federal army, by two Confederates disguised as workmen, with the remark that the captain had ordered it to be put there. It exploded, and destroyed a large number of barges and vessels.

Even more dastardly and treacherous was the trick played by the Peruvians in the war against Chili in 1880. On two occasions they sent adrift boats, apparently laden with fruit and vegetables, but beneath this innocent cargo were two or three hundred pounds of dynamite with clock-work exploding apparatus. On the first occasion the captain of the Chilean war-ship *Loa* seized the boat as a welcome prize, and towed her alongside his ship, with the result that a terrific explosion occurred, sending the *Loa* with half her crew to the bottom. On the second occasion the cruiser *Covadonga* met with a similar fate. But surely there should be a protest, a stern and unanimous protest, from all civilised nations against such diabolical modes of warfare. There must be limits placed to the old principle that 'everything is fair in war'; and those limits should be definitely settled in the interests of humanity.

The experience of the American Civil War gave great encouragement to torpedoists, and when, in 1863, the Whitehead torpedo was produced, its enthusiastic admirers were confident that a new era in naval warfare had commenced. For here was a torpedo which no longer required to be towed alongside the ship it was intended to destroy, but was itself, in fact, a small ship, propelled by its own engines, driven by compressed air, capable of being sent direct to its mark from a distance of many

hundred yards, at a speed of twenty and even thirty knots, and charged with an explosive that would sink the largest ironclad afloat. Improvement followed upon improvement, until it was thought perfection had been reached in the latest development of the Whitehead, with a theoretical range of eight hundred yards, a speed of thirty knots, and an explosive charge of two hundred pounds of gun-cotton. Torpedoists declared that the Whitehead had revolutionised naval warfare, and that the day of big battleships was over; for what was the use of building monster ironclads which could be sent to the bottom in an instant by a single torpedo fired from a boat not a hundredth part their size? It was seriously stated in 1886 that the *Nile* and the *Trafalgar*, the two great armoured battleships then on the stocks, would be the last of their class, because the torpedo had rendered such ships useless.

And what has the torpedo done in action to justify such extravagant expectations? Considered as a weapon of offence to be included in the armament of a fighting ship, and designed for use against ships in motion, it has so far proved an absolute failure. There are twenty-seven recorded instances of the use of the torpedo against ships in motion and in *not one* of these was a hit made. In every case has the torpedo missed the object at which it was aimed, and it has sometimes been a source of more danger to the ship firing it than to the enemy against whom it was fired. In one instance, that of the *Huascar*, in the war between Chili and Peru, a Lay torpedo turned and came straight back to the ship which discharged it, and she would probably have been 'hoist with her own petard' had not one of her officers leapt into the water and, at the risk of his life, diverted the course of the machine. At the battle of Yalu, in the recent war between China and Japan, the Chinese battleships were only too glad to get rid of their torpedoes anyhow, for the presence of these loaded weapons on a ship, with shells bursting about her decks, constituted an unexpected and appalling source of danger. The Chinese ironclad *Chih-Yuen* is believed to have been sunk by the explosion of one of her own torpedoes, fired by a Japanese shell. And the Japanese battleship *Matsushima* narrowly escaped a similar fate. Moreover, the Chinese torpedo-boats, which, in theory, were to have dashed in among the enemy under cover of the smoke and confusion and work fearful havoc, did absolutely nothing—did not score a single hit even at close quarters. No doubt they were not as smartly handled as they might have been or as they would have been by highly-trained European sailors. But then they had such a chance as torpedo boats will probably never have again in a naval battle. For gunpowder, with its accompanying smoke, may be considered a thing of the past, and, with a smokeless explosive in universal use, what becomes of the chance of the torpedo-boat? It could be seen approaching, and could not live to discharge its weapon under the awful hail of projectiles which the quick-firing guns would pour upon it. Smokeless powder and the quick-firing gun

have sounded the knell of the torpedo-boat as an agent of attack in battle on the open sea. So far the torpedo has done nothing in action against moving ships to justify the extraordinary claims made for it, and we are of opinion that the gun will still, as heretofore, be the dominant factor in deciding naval engagements.

But it does not therefore follow that the torpedo is a negligible quantity in future naval warfare. For, though unsuccessful against ships in motion, it has scored some remarkable successes against ships at anchor. In the last war between Russia and Turkey the Russians made considerable use of the torpedo for night attacks upon the Turkish ships, and one or two of their naval officers showed great daring and resource. But only in two cases out of seven did they succeed in sinking Turkish ships, and it is safe to say that had the Turks kept a proper watch, and run out torpedo-nets to protect their ships, the Russians would not have had even that small measure of success. Besides, there were no quick-firing guns in those days, otherwise the Russian torpedo-boats would not have escaped as they did.

In the little war between France and China in 1884 the French used their torpedoes with cruel effect upon their contemptible foes, and sank three Chinese ships in two attacks. But it was no credit to succeed against such an enemy, and had the most ordinary precautions been adopted, or the commonest skill and courage been displayed by the Chinese, the French torpedo-boats would not have had the ghost of a chance of effecting their purpose.

In the Chilian civil war of 1891, between the Balmacedists and the Congressionalists, the former, with two swift and well-armed torpedo-gunboats, attacked the ironclad *Blanco Encalada* in Caldera Bay and sank her. But here again it was the gross negligence of the captain of the ship attacked which facilitated the disaster. He was accused of being ashore at the time at a banquet. Whether this were so or not, it is certain that no precautions whatever were taken against surprise, and the ship fell an easy prey to the two torpedo-gunboats, which got within a hundred yards of their victim before the alarm was given. As this was the first instance of the successful employment of a Whitehead torpedo in war, it may be interesting to quote some of the details given by Mr. H. W. Wilson in his *Ironclads in Action*. He says, 'The *Blanco* was struck on the starboard side, near the dynamo room. The shock was tremendous. Every light in the ship was extinguished, one of the eight-inch guns was thrown off its trunnions, and a large number of men were killed. Portions of iron and machinery flew about in the engine-room, and killed or wounded six engineers. The only one who escaped was carried by the violent rush of water up a ventilator.' Two minutes after she was struck, the *Blanco Encalada* went down with a large hole blown through her bottom, fifteen feet by seven, as measured by the divers; and 182 officers and men out of her crew of 288 perished with her.

Another success was credited to the torpedo in 1894, during the civil war in Brazil



between the supporters of Marshal Peixoto and those of Admiral Mello. The last hope of the latter, when the rest of their fleet had surrendered, rested in the formidable sea-going turret-ship *Aquidaban*, and torpedo-boats were despatched to attack her by night as she lay in the bay of Santa Catherina. They stumbled upon her in the dark by a fluke, and if she had not suddenly lighted up and fired on them, they would never have found her. Unprotected by torpedo-nets and ill-supplied with quick-firing guns, she was so injured by the torpedoes discharged at her that she foundered as soon as her engines started, but all her crew escaped. The odd thing was that the torpedo-boats scuttled away, believing that they had failed, and it was only by accident that they learned next day of their success.

The latest instances of night attack by torpedo-boats are those made by the Japanese upon the remnants of the Chinese fleet, which, after the battle of Yalu, took refuge in the fortified harbour of Wei-hai-Wei. The Japanese had captured most of the land defences before they made their attempt on the ships. The first two attacks failed—the boats were discovered, and had to beat a hasty retreat. The third was more successful; the boats got in unobserved, but the intense cold, ten degrees below zero, clogged the tubes with ice, and so numbed the hands of the men that they could scarcely tell what they were doing. One, however, out of the many torpedoes discharged found its billet and sank the ironclad *Ting-Yuen*. On the next night the torpedo-boats made their final attack. Four Chinese ships were struck by torpedoes; of these one was kept afloat till the next day and then sank, two were disabled but not destroyed, and the fourth, the *Lai-Yuen*, turned turtle. For four days her wretched crew could be heard battering at her sides, and shrieking for help. But they were hermetically sealed up, and before a passage could be cut through the ship's bottom to liberate them they were all dead from suffocation. The injuries to the torpedo-boats were not serious. In the four attacks only one boat was sunk, and the loss of life did not exceed thirty. But this was due to the utter demoralisation of the Chinese and not to any exceptional skill or dash on the part of the Japanese.

There is nothing in any of the instances we have given to alter our fixed opinion that, with proper precautions, a fleet at anchor may be rendered perfectly safe from torpedo attacks by day or night. With nets out, with 'destroyers' patrolling the approaches, with the search-light ready to flash out at the first alarm, with quick-firing guns prepared in an instant to throw a ceaseless hail of projectiles weighing from twelve pounds to eighty pounds, and with smokeless powder, what chance is there for a torpedo attack to succeed? And the admiral or captain who would neglect such precautions in the face of an enemy would deserve to be shot for gross and culpable dereliction of duty.

But whilst we hold that the value of the torpedo in naval warfare has been grotesquely exaggerated, we do not say that it is useless. Torpedo-boats will probably have a part to play in any future war, though not the

prominent part their enthusiastic admirers have assigned them. Mr Wilson thinks that they will be to a fleet what cavalry is to an army. 'It is not likely,' he says, 'that torpedo-boats will be sent against intact battleships whose quick-firers are in good order, and whose gunners are unshaken. The boats' time will come towards the close of the battle, when the fight has left great masses of iron wreckage: when the targets have lost their power of movement: when their crews are diminished in number, and wearied by the intense strain of action.' Then, like swordfish round a dying whale, they will have their huge antagonist at their mercy. But surely this is the time for the 'destroyers' to swoop down upon the torpedo-boats, and scatter them like chaff; and those swift harriers will be unworthy their name if they cannot save a battleship in distress. In any case we predict a bad time for the torpedo-boats.

#### A HUMAN SOUL.

A WISE man walked by the river,  
And the water spirit's sigh  
As she yearned for a soul, it moved him,  
And he answered thus her cry:

'Can you smile when your heart is aching?  
Remember when others forget?  
Laugh lightly, while hope is taking  
Its final farewell of you; yet  
Meet the world, and strive on to the ending  
Of life, be it ever so drear;  
Firm in faith, without falter, unbending  
With never a sigh or a tear.'  
'All this I can do,' said she.

'Can you face your life if left lonely,  
While another has gained his rest,  
And you have the memory only  
Of one who was truest and best?  
For ever to you the world's brightness  
Then passes away for aye;  
The sun will grow cold, and no lightness  
Can pierce through that darkest day.'  
'All this I can do,' said she.

'Can you pause to do deeds of kindness  
In the midst of your deepest woe?  
For grief, it must not bring blindness  
To the trials of others below.  
You must ever strive on, and your sorrow,  
Though heavy and sore to bear,  
Remains till the dawn of that morrow,  
When pain it is no more there.'  
'All this I can do,' said she.

Made answer the wise man slowly,  
'If this be so, and thou  
Canst bear grief, yet help the suffering,  
Thou hast a soul even now.'

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

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## CHRISTMAS POULTRY.

By P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

To a student of character and manners, there are few things more amusing than a walk past the poultry-shops in Leadenhall or Smithfield Market on Christmas Eve. By then the rich and well-to-do have rejoined their families in the country to hang the mistletoe in hall and weave the holly round the Christmas hearth. In middle-class suburban homes pianos are tinkling, and the dancing and merriment have already begun. But there is a residue of poor who have no distant friends to visit, and no money to spend on railway fares, yet to whom the approaching holiday is the solitary one of the year, and who only now begin to choose their Christmas dinner. And this is a very serious matter. By pinching and saving, a sum, scarcely ever amounting to more than half-a-sovereign, has been amassed, and how to make the most of it requires deep and serious consideration. Mere common sense would answer quickly enough that a leg of frozen mutton at, say, five shillings would provide a solid foundation, and leave a nice balance for accessories.

But the genuine Cockney labourer scorns the idea. The appropriate dish for the day is goose, and he will have it reason or none. Turkey is for the genteel, but goose for the democracy. A stranger might very well think it out of the reach of these crowds waiting about in the biting winter air. They are ill-shod, scantily clothed, and a sharp-set look in their faces seems to intimate that they have missed a meal in order to complete the work of saving. Nevertheless they show no impatience. By watching, you will soon learn that they cherish a high ideal of goose, and do not mean to be put off either with a thin gosling or a tough old gander. A mental selection is very soon made. You may see two 'mateys' or a man and his 'missis' deep in consultation, which ends by their fixing upon, say, an eight-and-sixpenny fowl. But to give that sum is out of the question. Well they know the way of the poulterer. He has all his stock on view, and will

make a strong effort to sell out before closing-time, sure that the demand will be small for days after. So these poor purchasers make up their minds to wait for a fall, and they often linger from dusk till near midnight in the determination to get value for their money. As long as there are customers the salesman makes no change, but as the more respectable classes become satisfied, a lull comes in his business. 'All this row for seven-and-six,' he cries at last, and the sale is stimulated for another hour or two; but the mass still hold back—they want more than half-a-crown for the beer, gin, and other anserine concomitants. But in due time another lull comes. 'Six-and-six,' cries the salesman, and then there is a rush. 'I'll have that one, guv'nor,' 'This is mine,' 'And mine,' 'And mine,' shout as many different voices, showing that each had made his selection beforehand. One cannot help recalling Jean Macalpine's famous exclamation: 'To see thae English belly-gods! Set roast beef and pudding on the opposite side of the pit of Tophet, and an Englishman will make a spang at it!'

Curiously enough, we learn by inquiring of the large dealers that, unshaken as the popularity of the goose remains, it is not bred so largely in England as it used to be. Most of these fat birds come from Holland, and a great many from France. The reason probably is, that we have curtailed the conveniences for keeping them. Of old it was a familiar thing in rural England to see a rheumatic crone driving her geese in from the common, but that was before the extensive enclosures took place. Waste has been reclaimed, and mere and moss drained, till the poor at all events are not able to maintain geese. And there is a long-standing prejudice against water-fowl on the part of the fishermen. As early as 1620 this entry occurs in the Tweedmouth Court Rolls: 'We find yt whosoever within the town of the Spittle shall keep any ducks or drakes after Martinmas next shall pay a fyne of vis. viiid.' In these days of angling clubs and strictly preserved waters, a quiet but none the less effective pressure



is put upon those who are inclined to utilise rivers for a similar purpose. When the British farmer does go in for rearing geese, or indeed any other kind of poultry, he is rather unsatisfactory, for he will not take the trouble to discriminate between the classes, but sends up big and little, good and bad, in one consignment, and is grieved and astonished if he does not obtain a uniform price for them. On the Continent the work of collection has been reduced to a system, and the sorting is very carefully done.

The number of chickens sold at Christmas-time far exceeds that of any other bird, and of them it may at least be said that they are home-grown. Every year we pay the foreigner over four million pounds for eggs, but the imports of game and poultry are not worth an eighth of that sum. Occasionally our dealers have recourse to the French market, but Parisians are great epicures in regard to fowls, so that the best fetch a price which it will not pay the London dealer to give. A number come from Russia and Austria-Hungary, and the New Zealanders have for the past few years been sending us frozen chickens, but not in quantities sufficient to affect the home market. The British consumption of fowls is very largely on the increase, but it is extremely difficult to form an approximate guess at the extent of the growth of the industry that supplies the demand. Our Board of Agriculture does not include such 'small deer' in its annual statistics. In 1884 and 1885 attempts were made to do so, but they were soon discontinued. As the information is regularly collected in Ireland and in France, there seems to be no good reason for not doing so in Great Britain, now that fowl-keeping has become of such importance. If we were to take the favourite district for fowl-rearing as typical of the rest of the country, the business would seem to be advancing by leaps and bounds. This is the famous Heathfield district of Sussex, which practically supplies London with 'Surrey fowls,' as they are called in the trade—the name Surrey being apparently given on the principle adopted by the Aberdeen builder, who put up a straight row of houses and called it a crescent, and on being asked why, replied because it wasn't one! Ten years ago about £60,000 worth of chickens were sent away every year from Heathfield station, and now the value is reckoned at £140,000. As much as forty-seven tons of chickens have been despatched in one week from a single station. Of course this is an exceptional district, with a great name for fowls, and in which there are families with whom rearing and fattening has been a business for generations; but it is a lucrative trade, and one that might be carried on all over the kingdom.

The first point to be considered by those who wish to go in for chicken-rearing on an extensive scale, is the breed of fowls most suitable for the purpose. On this there has been much controversy. Those who believe in blood and fancy are

the objects of ceaseless war at the hands of Mr Tegetmeier, the well-known authority of the *Field*, who holds that 'breeding for points' is mere ruin, from the utilitarian point of view. He is specially indignant at the manner in which the English game-cock has been developed into a sprawling, long-legged, thin-chested abortion. But the best authorities on this practical matter are the leading salesmen, who learn from their customers exactly what kinds are most in demand. Even they are not fully agreed. Take, for instance, the question of colour. An objection continually urged against the Orpingtons is, that although they fulfil the conditions as to size and plumpness, they are black-legged, and consequently do not look well on table. Some go so far as to say that a dark leg is indicative of coarseness, instancing the Minorca as a case in point. The Minorca is an excellent bird for laying purposes, as good as the Leghorn itself, but it certainly is no table-fowl. On the other hand, Mr Bellamy, a well-known poulterer of Jermyn Street, says that his fashionable customers attach no importance whatever to the colour of the leg, and buy Orpingtons as freely as any other. But it is worth noting that the Sussex farmers will not keep them. The Orpington comes to a great size, but it matures too slowly for their purpose. The ideal fowl must be capable of being fattened at a very early age, otherwise it will not be sufficiently tender. In the opinion of Mr Brooke, a leading salesman of the Central Market, and a pastmaster of the Poulterers' Company, as well as a most successful exhibitor at those shows of dead poultry started by Sir Walter Gilbey, the best of all is a cross between the Dorking and Indian Game. Undoubtedly the latter, in appearance as well as in taste, resembles the wild pheasant more than any other domestic fowl. The cross is hardy and vigorous, and stands the process of fattening extremely well. A chicken bred from a yellow-legged Indian Game and a white-legged Dorking almost invariably has a white leg and the five toes characteristic of the Dorking. For experiment's sake Mr Brooke kept a careful record of the progress made by his prize birds. Of seven cockerels, the largest bird gained 14 oz. in seven days. It weighed 8 lb. 6 oz. on the 21st of September, and 9 lb. 4 oz. on the 28th of the same month, and when killed on the 9th of October weighed 9 lb. 6 oz. after being plucked and cold. The average gain made by the birds in a week was 9½ oz. Of two pullets, one grew from 6 lb. to 6 lb. 12 oz. in the same time, and the other 5 lb. 6 oz. to 5 lb. 13 oz. At the show the larger of these two birds weighed 7 lb. 6½ oz. plucked and cold.

There is nothing very difficult or abstruse in the process by which these large fowls are produced. Except for spring chickens, the natural mother is the best; but of course those who wish to net the fancy prices to be had in March are obliged to use incubators for hatching out in November and December. In the chicks two things are necessary: a strong constitution and a crop. It is very important to watch over their early days. Many people fail because they begin at the very start to feed their birds by rule of thumb with so many regular meals a day. But this is opposed to the way of nature. Any one who has observed nestlings must have been struck with the frequency with which the parents carry

food to them. From early daylight of a summer morning till dark, a pair of thrushes have been observed to carry food to the nest once every five minutes, taking an average. Young pheasants and partridges peck almost continuously, except for brief intervals when they stop to sun themselves on a bank. The secret of rearing in captivity the more delicate nestlings is to copy this plan, and feed often and with but a little at a time. One reason for insisting upon this with domestic fowls is, that if they fall away at first, they never seem able to recover the lost ground. A good start is of the very first importance. They come on very quickly with a diet of bird-seed—always assuming that they have a good range for picking up green food. If there are gardens or other grounds to be protected from the scratching of the hen, a good plan is to tether her to a peg. This is much better than the common method of caging her in a barred coop. She grows quickly accustomed to the tether, and begins scratching for her youngsters almost from the moment she is first set down.

The birds should not be over-fed at first. Indeed, it is most important at every stage never to surfeit them, or give more food than can be digested. At the age of three or four months, according to the condition of the birds, the work of fattening begins in earnest. Cramming has been carried to great perfection of recent years. For a week or two the fowl is allowed to feed itself in order that it may 'get a crop.' Then more resolute measures are taken. A generation ago it was done by hand. The feeder made little pellets of food about the size of acorns, which were dipped in milk and forcibly thrust down the gullet. Now the French plan is being more and more adopted in England. A fattening-room—the largest perhaps in the country—was visited by the writer not long ago. Originally it had been an old straw barn, but was now fitted up with tiers of tiny stalls just large enough for a chicken to turn in. Here the birds have nothing to do but sit and grow fat. The cramming apparatus is a kind of pump on wheels, containing a reservoir filled with food of the consistency of paste, and made of Indian and barley meal mixed with milk. This is squirted through a thin tube when the treadle is pressed by the foot. The attendant takes each fowl in his arms, gently opens his mouth with his hand, and thrusting the tube down its throat, into the crop, pumps in a supply of food. It is done so quickly that an expert can feed forty dozen birds in an hour. Experience has taught him the exact quantity. A beginner is liable to make two serious mistakes. He may easily burst the crop if he does not know exactly when to stop, and he must learn to keep the bird's neck on the stretch; if he does that, the tube passes down without meeting any obstruction; but should there be any slackness or twisting, there is great danger of hurting the throat. Success largely depends on taking care that one supply of food is digested before the next is given. The fowls are crammed twice a day—once between seven and eight in the morning, and once about dark. If the condition of the crop shows that digestion has not taken place, the bird is not fed; and if the stoppage continues, a purgative is given. When sour food is left on the stomach it soon begins to show the consequences in a dark, unhealthy-looking skin,

which contrasts markedly with the bright pink flesh of a fowl in good condition.

A very practical question that arises is whether the process of fattening is profitable in itself, and considered apart from any incidental advantage arising from the distinction of winning prizes at a Christmas or other show. The answer is a decided affirmative. We do not say that the price realised for a fowl specially, and at extra expense, prepared for exhibition would cover the outlay upon it, but that is an exceptional case. He who looks only to the ordinary market would stop at a certain point. Mr Brooke gave the writer a most instructive case in point. A number of live fowls were sent to him from the country in the usual way of business. They were, as nearly always happens with the feathered stock of the British farmer, very far from being in top condition, and the few sold realised only eighteenpence apiece. Whereupon he sent them for a fortnight or so to his fattening establishment, and had them returned, when they realised two-and-ninepence. To secure this substantial advance in price, he had laid out only threepence each in food. That is typical of many transactions. The farmer, probably some small holder, might just as well have had the extra profit in his own pocket. Nothing special was done—nothing, that is to say, which the poorest labourer might not do for himself. The food given and the methods employed are within reach of all.

But the great hindrance to the development of this trade lies in the unmethodical collection. No doubt this in its turn is due to the irregularity of the industry. In the Heathfield district the one branch of the calling has grown up side-by-side with the other. The 'carriers' charge one shilling a dozen for collecting, conveying and delivering to market, and the chickens are consigned to salesmen, who get rid of them on commission. A similar plan has been adopted in Kent, where an important poultry trade has grown up during recent years. But elsewhere there is no system at all, and the isolated individuals who see their way to make a good thing out of poultry sooner or later give it up for want of a market. The only chance is when a number of people are living together, so that it will really pay the higgler to make a regular round among them. This is where the French beat us so thoroughly in regard to eggs. So perfect is their system of collection, that French eggs often command in the London market better prices than English. Nor is this altogether as irrational as it looks. One day last spring, while discussing this very point with one who has done much to revive the home poultry business, an experiment was suggested. We went to an ordinary suburban shop and purchased twelve French eggs and twelve so-called new-laid country eggs, setting each clutch under a broody hen. The result will not surprise any one who has carefully looked into the subject. In due time seven Frenchmen, but only five English, appeared—pretty strong evidence that the foreign eggs were fresher than the home produce! The reason simply is, that the collection is erratic. Few of the ordinary country-people know that by steeping an egg in lime-water it may be kept fresh for months. Eggs are simply laid aside, and the cadger gets perhaps one new laid and two that have been a



fortnight on the shelf. In that lies the root of the whole matter; and it is hopeless to expect any great expansion of our poultry-keeping till system and regularity are introduced into our method of collection.

## THE FASCINATION OF THE KING.

### CHAPTER XIII.—THE END.

SOMETIMES when I lie awake now and, looking back upon those dreadful days of suspense, think of all we suffered on the king's account, I am tempted to believe that it must have been a nightmare, and that it never could have really happened. Our anxiety was quite beyond expression in words. For three days, after my return from the defeat of the enemy in the jungle, we waited hour by hour for the dread news that we knew would shatter all our hopes and bow us to the earth in the keenest sorrow of our lives. Even the good tidings that came to us from the front, telling us of Du Berg's continued success against the foe, scarcely moved us beyond a mere expression of congratulation, so wrapped up were we in our own more direful concerns. And yet I am wrong in calling it our own, for our sorrow was not confined to the palace, but was shared by the whole country at large. Day and night the great gates were besieged by inquirers, who did not content themselves with one visit, but returned again and again to ask for later news. If any proof had been wanting of the love entertained for the king by his people, this would surely have furnished it. Men and women of all ranks and ages—nay, even little children, thronged the portal continually, and went sorrowfully away on being informed by the sentries that they had still no satisfactory news to impart. Some of the scenes were pathetic in the extreme, and once I remember being compelled to turn my face away in order to hide my emotion when a tiny babe, whose age could scarcely have totalled five summers, clad only in a shirt which barely sufficed to cover half his brown little body, made his way up the hillside and appeared before me, bearing in his hand the root of a plant which he had heard his mother say would infallibly restore the king to health. I took it from him, and conveyed it to Olivia, who wept over it openly.

At sundown that selfsame evening the king became conscious, and asked for me. The doctor having given his permission, Olivia came in search of me, and found me sitting with Natalie upon the battlements. I rose immediately his request was made known to me, and accompanied my sister downstairs to the sick-room.

Nerved as I was to find a change in the man before me, I was quite unprepared for the terrible picture he presented as I entered the room. His face, which was always thin, now resembled that of a skeleton covered with a dead white skin, from which his dark eyes stared like lumps of coal. He seemed, moreover, to have shrunk to half his former size, and this in less than a week.

As soon as he saw me he made a sign to his wife to leave us alone together. Having given me the strictest injunctions on no account to let

the invalid tire himself by too much talking, she went out of the room.

When she had shut the door behind her, I approached the bed and took the king's hand.

'Instow,' he said, but so feebly that I had to put my ear close to his mouth in order that I might catch his words, 'I want to talk to you while I have time. I am very ill, and God alone knows if I shall ever be better. In case I should not'—

He paused for breath, and it was nearly half a minute before he could continue.

'In case I should not, I want you to promise me that you will take care of Natalie,' he said. 'I know you will look after Olivia and the boy.'

'You need have no fear,' I answered, with a lump in my throat that almost prevented me from speaking. 'I will guard them all as long as I have life. I ought to tell you that I have asked Natalie to be my wife, and that she has consented.'

He closed his eyes, and I heard him mutter, 'Thank God!' Then opening them again, he looked at me and squeezed my hand so feebly that it was like the touch of a little child.

'It is what I have always hoped and wished should happen,' he said. 'Now, if God wills it, I can die happy.'

'But you are not going to die,' I said, roused out of the quietude I had resolved to display by his words. 'You are going to live and make your country, that loves you so devotedly, the place you dreamed it would some day be.'

He did not answer, save with a look of unutterable longing.

'What news have you for me about the war?' he asked after a little interval.

'The best,' I answered. 'Your army is everywhere victorious. Du Berg has defeated the first and third sections, and I completely annihilated the second within thirty miles of the city two nights ago. There are already signs that the enemy are preparing to discuss terms of peace. I prophesy that in less than a month it will all be settled.'

'You do me worlds of good,' he replied. 'You used to laugh at my boasts; but I knew what my people would do when they were put to the test.'

Seeing that he was growing excited, I informed him that I should not allow him to talk any more, and as I did so, as if to put a stop to our interview, the doctor entered the room. Approaching the bed, he felt his patient's pulse.

'Why, what have you been doing?' he asked. 'You're fifty per cent. stronger than you were this morning.'

'I have had good news,' he answered feebly, and a moment later bade me 'good-bye.'

On leaving the sick-room I proceeded to Olivia's boudoir, expecting to find her there. To my surprise, however, the room was empty, and though I called, thinking she might be in the room adjoining, she did not answer. The window leading into the veranda stood open, and I passed through it into the cool air outside. My whole existence seemed numbed with the intensity of my anxiety. I could think of nothing but the condition of the man I had just left, and the consequences to his kingdom if he were taken from us. Then something, what I shall never under-

stand, induced me to cross the square towards the cathedral.

With a feeling of awe, almost indescribable after this length of time, I entered the building to find a curious service proceeding. The altar was a blaze of light, and praying before it was the king's chaplain, the brave padre whose pluck had enabled us to act so promptly in saving the citadel; while kneeling on the stone steps behind him again, her head bowed upon her hands, was a woman whom I recognised at once as my sister Olivia.

Without hesitation I went softly up the aisle and took my place beside her. At the time the priest was praying for the king's life with an earnestness that touched me to the heart. The strange old building was wrapped in deepest shadow save where the lights of the high altar shone so brilliantly, and the padre's voice echoed in the darkness with a most weird effect.

When he had finished his prayer he turned towards us, upraised his hand, and gave his blessing. We remained as we were for a few moments, then we also rose and left the church. Once outside I gave my sister my arm and led her back to the palace, intending to find Natalie and place her into her charge as soon as possible. She was quite exhausted and almost beside herself with grief.

Having surrendered her to my sweetheart's tender care, I went to the sick-room and asked the doctor to call me at once should any change take place in his patient's condition. This he promised to do.

When I *did* get to bed my dreams were not good, and I had much better have been waking. One moment I was galloping after the king across the battlefield; the next I was riding with him for dear life to save the citadel; then I was in Venice and in India; and after that, by the rapid transit existing in the land of dreams, fighting the foe tooth and nail in the jungle of the Médangs.

It must have been well on for morning when I was awakened by some one who was violently shaking me by the shoulder.

Having just been dreaming that the French were attacking us, I sprang up in bed and seized my assailant by the throat. I soon saw my mistake, however. It was the doctor.

'My dear fellow,' I cried as soon as I realised this fact, 'I must apologise a thousand times for my rudeness. I took you for a Frenchman. I'm really exceedingly sorry.'

'Don't mention it, my lord,' he answered, like the good fellow he was. 'You have not hurt me in the least.'

'What has brought you to me?'

'I have come to tell you that I have made an exceedingly important discovery,' he said.

'A discovery! What on earth is it? Does it concern the king?'

'It is a matter of life and death to him.'

'Then what is it? Tell me while I dress.'

I jumped out and commenced my toilet, while he sat, pale and heavy-eyed, upon the bed watching me.

'It is this. I am beginning to believe that after all I was mistaken in my first diagnosis of his Majesty's case. Two years ago I told him I considered him consumptive. I said I thought his lungs were affected. I advised him to go to

Europe at once and consult a first-class specialist. He did so, with the result that my opinion was confirmed. Since then the disease has lain comparatively dormant—I must confess, much to my surprise. Now, however, the excitement of the last month, the amount of exertion he has taken, and, more probably than all, his fall on that eventful night are forcing what I verily hope and believe has been the cause of all the trouble out of his system. Have you ever heard his Majesty refer to his having been shot at one time or another?'

'Never,' I answered. 'If he was, I certainly cannot remember his having told me about it. You know the extraordinary life he has led. But what makes you ask such a question?'

'Because he carries a scar that tells me that at some time or another he has had a bullet in his system. I can find no mark of an exit; therefore it is logical to conclude that unless it was withdrawn by the hole it made on entering, it is still in his body.'

'And in that case the result would be what?'

'Well, that is rather a difficult question to answer offhand. It may mean nothing, it might mean everything. If it struck the chest wall, as I suppose it to have done, it might produce just the phthisical symptoms I spoke of a few moments since. If the presence of the bullet did not trouble him, it would probably, if not certainly, become encysted, after which he would, in nine cases out of ten, think no more about it. Years would go by, and phthisical symptoms, or those resembling phthisis, would develop, until he would come to believe himself in a decline. Then some violent exertion, culminating, say, in long rides and a fall from his horse, would be likely to cause the bullet to move; after which matter would form, and pain in the side, such as his Majesty has been complaining of during the past forty-eight hours, would ensue. Rigors would next set in, thereby proving indisputably the existence of a foreign element, and the case, from being medical, would then become a surgical one.'

I stopped midway in my dressing and stared at him for some seconds, so much surprised as to be unable to speak. When I recovered myself I cried:

'For heaven's sake, man, think well before you raise such hopes. Do you mean that if you can remove this bullet there is a possibility of his recovering and being a strong man once more?'

'Under God's pleasure, I do,' he answered almost with a shout. 'At the same time, however, Lord Instow, I do not withhold from you the knowledge that the operation, though simple enough in itself, is a dangerous one to attempt with one so weak. It may kill him, it may cure him.'

'But suppose you do not operate. What will the result be then?'

'He will die. In that case there is no hope at all for him. Now what am I to do?'

'Good heavens, what a position to place a man in!' I said. 'What can I answer? If I say, "Operate," and he dies, I shall feel like his murderer; on the other hand, if I withhold my consent he will die, and I shall feel equally guilty. Do you give it as your professional opinion that the operation should be performed?'



'I do,' he answered. 'That is my irrevocable opinion. I shall always think so.'

'Then let it be so,' I replied. 'As far as I am concerned, I consent. But before anything definite is settled we must have a meeting of the council. If they agree, the responsibility is off our shoulders. But they must be consulted first. How long a time can elapse before it is done?'

'It must be done in a few hours, if it is to be done at all,' he answered.

'And who will do it?' I asked.

'I shall operate myself,' he replied, 'assisted by a native surgeon from the town.'

'Very well. In that case I will give you the council's decision within an hour. In the meantime not a word to the queen! If she were alarmed without cause I should never forgive myself. She is in a very low state as it is.'

'She shall not know, believe me.'

He left me, and as soon as I had dressed I sought out the Governor, and begged him at once to call a meeting of the king's council. When the members had reached the palace and were assembled in the council hall, I placed the matter before them. The doctor was called in and examined, and after he had reiterated his opinion, consent was given to the operation being performed.

How the rest of that miserable day passed I do not know. Prior to the arrival of the doctor and his assistant, I drew Olivia into her boudoir and told her everything, trying to put it before her in as favourable a light as possible. She heard me out with a face that was white to the very lips, and when I had finished dropped into a chair and covered her face with her hands. I knelt on the floor beside her, and did my best to comfort her, but she would not hear me.

'If he dies,' she said, removing her hands, and staring straight before her with eyes that were wide open and yet seemed to see nothing, 'it will kill me. I could not live without him now. O Marie, Marie, my darling, my husband, I cannot let you go from me!'

I tried to tell her that the operation was not so serious as she imagined, but the half-lie died upon my lips unspoken. It was not the operation that was so dangerous—it was the inability of the weak patient to recover from it. Throughout that long morning I sat with her, and it was only when the clock had chimed midday that I surrendered her to Natalie and went to my own apartments. Half-an-hour later the native assistant came to inform me that the operation had been successfully performed, and that the king had recovered from the anæsthetic administered to him.

Upon hearing this I hastened to the queen's apartments and told the ladies the good news. It did me good to see the brightness come back to Olivia's eyes once more, while the pressure of Natalie's hand in mine told me what she felt upon the subject. Half-an-hour later a second bulletin was issued stating that his Majesty was progressing as favourably as could be expected under the circumstances. In this fashion the afternoon went by; bulletins were issued every hour, but it was not until nearly dusk that I saw anything of the doctor.

Then I was sitting in my own room endeavouring to make myself believe that I was reading,

when I heard a body lurch nearly against my door. Thinking some one had been taken ill in the corridor outside, I crossed the room and looked out. There I found the doctor leaning against the wall, looking more like a ghost than a man.

I led him into the room and helped him to a chair. No sooner had I got him to it, however, than he sank heavily down and fainted dead away. After I had brought him round again, which was a matter of some time and difficulty, he drank a tumblerful of almost neat spirit, and then declared that he felt himself again.

'Fancy my going off like that!' he said. 'I am more like a baby than a man. I deserve to be treated like a child for the future.'

'I am not going to hear you abuse yourself,' I answered. 'You have done the work of two men lately, and now you are suffering for it. But tell me how you left the king, and who is with him.'

'He is asleep,' he answered, 'and his wife is there. I found the bullet, and he will do now, Lord Instow; I pledge my reputation upon it. Recovery will be slow, but it will be sure. When, however, he gets about again he should be a new man.'

'God save the king!' I cried with such enthusiasm that it made even the doctor smile.

And now, to make a long story short, I may say that the case turned out as the doctor predicted. The king's recovery was very slow, but it was also very sure; and in a month from the day upon which the operation was performed he was so far advanced in health as to be able to leave his bed. By this time there was the best of good news to tell him. The preparations for the Treaty of Peace were well advanced, and the date was already fixed upon which the prime minister and a second member of his Majesty's council were to meet the representatives of the French in order to discuss it. It did one good to see the joy it gave the king to be able once more to enter upon matters connected with the government of his kingdom; and if one wanted greater pleasure than that, it was only necessary to watch the love and tenderness with which he was treated by his wife. Her devotion to him was extraordinary; she had gone near to losing him, and now that Providence had sent him back to her, as it were, almost from the brink of the grave, it seemed as if she could not do enough for him. It was a happy group that, morning after morning, sat with books or work, in the sunshine, upon the palace roof. The blackness of the past was slowly giving way to the brightness of the present, and a knowledge of this fact was discernible on every face.

Since the king's recovery rewards for past services had been showered in all directions. Polacci had been raised to the dignity of Deputy-Governor of the citadel, A-mat had been appointed special body-servant to the king, the padre was made a bishop, Du Berg received the equivalent of an English peerage, Prenpan's step was confirmed, and the Chowmung received a grant of land to himself and his heirs for ever. Even the horses which had carried us so well and bravely on that terrible night were not forgotten, but were pensioned off for the rest of their equine existences.

'And now, Instow,' said the king, when he had finished reading the list, and I had given him my opinion upon it, 'I am perplexed by one thing. I fancy I have been unjust, and I want you to help me to make it right with the person I have injured. Will you do so?'

'You must first give me the facts of the case,' I said, half suspecting what was coming. 'If it lies in my power, I think you know me well enough to feel sure I will help you.'

'It concerns yourself,' he answered, with a smile. 'You have been my guardian angel, if I may so put it, ever since I first met you. To you I owe my wife, my life, and even my kingdom and my happiness. You have done more than all the rest of my friends put together, and yet you are the only one who goes unrewarded. What am I to do to set this right?'

There was the sound of a soft footstep on the stones behind me, and I turned to find Olivia and Natalie approaching us. I waited until they had come up, and then took Natalie's hand.

'If your Majesty really wishes to reward me,' I said, 'there is one way in which you can do it, and, as far as I can see, only one. It is by giving me the hand I am holding now.'

'With all my heart,' replied the king. 'If she is willing, you shall have her, Instow, with ten thousand blessings on your heads.'

He kissed his sister affectionately on both cheeks, and then shook me by the hand. Having done so, he walked to the wall and looked down at the plain below. . . . But not before I had seen that his eyes had filled with tears. That they were not tears of sorrow I felt quite certain.

Three months have passed since the interview just described, and we are in Japan, standing on the deck of my yacht in Nagasaki harbour. The king is beside me at the bulwarks, and Natalie, Olivia, and the baby are seated a little farther aft. In a few minutes we shall be saying good-bye to the land of the Chrysanthemum, and our ship's head will be pointed once more in the direction of the Médangs. Indeed, Wells is already on the bridge with the handle of the engine-room telegraph in his hand, the quarter-master at the wheel beside him, and the cable is just beginning to come aboard. A crowd of sampans and other native boats have been round us all day, but even they are beginning to draw off, and very soon we shall have said farewell to one of the loveliest harbours in the world.

We have been absent from the Médangs ever since peace was signed, nearly three months ago, and now our holiday is over and we are starting for home with his Majesty quite his old self once more. Or rather, to be correct, I should say not his old self, for he looks stronger than any of us have ever yet seen him.

Suddenly he turns from his contemplation of the boats alongside, and says very seriously to me:

'Instow, my brother, do you know what day this is?'

'The 24th of April, I believe,' I answer.

'Of course,' he replied. 'But I mean what anniversary it is?'

'I am afraid I cannot tell you that offhand,' I say. 'What is it?'

'It is two years to-day,' he observes, 'since we

sailed from Venice to the rescue of my kingdom. How much we have gone through since then!'

'Indeed yes,' I continue. 'Your Majesty has won your wife, you have a noble heir to follow you, and in the meantime you are seated more firmly upon your throne than ever.'

'Thanks to you! I shall never forget how much I owe you, Instow.'

Before I have time to answer, Olivia, with her child in her arms, comes along the deck and stands beside her husband. Seeing Natalie alone, I go aft to her and lead her to the bulwarks.

I describe to her the scene before me, and when the anchor is aboard, the screw revolving, and the vessel's head is pointing for the open sea, I draw her closer to me and ask if she is happy.

'More than happy, dear,' she replies, with a little squeeze of my hand, that, like most lovers' endearments, is more expressive than any words, and needs no answer. The yacht speeds upon her way, mile after mile drops behind us, and before long the blue hills we had been admiring all day are only a faint smudge upon the horizon.

By the time dinner is over and we have sought the deck again it is almost dark. On the eastern sea-line the moon is rising, throwing a broad bar of gold athwart our track. We make quite a family group as we stand at the taffrail watching it.

'What a lovely night it is!' says Olivia, linking her arm in her husband's, and looking up into his face as if she believed him to be responsible even for the beauty of the evening.

'It is a good omen,' says some one, and the sentiment is echoed by the group.

In a mock-heroic fashion, I strike the rail before me.

'On, on, good ship,' I cry; 'on, on, for the happiness of all my life awaits me at the other end.'

'And pray what may that be?' asks a meek little voice, which I recognise nevertheless as Natalie's.

'My marriage,' I answer promptly.

## THE 'RECORD' IN DEEP-SEA SALVAGE.

THE passenger steamship *Cattertham*, of 2200 tons, the property of the Eastern and Australian Steamship Company, left Syring on the afternoon of Wednesday the 8th August 1895, on her voyage to Hong-Kong, without any premonition of her impending fate. At 2.25 on the following morning she struck heavily on a submerged reef, and after staggering on a course towards the nearest land, she went down, as was subsequently ascertained, in the open sea about three or four miles from Seal Rocks Bay, on the mainland of New South Wales, in thirty fathoms of water. There was a lamentable loss of fifty-four lives, that of the captain inclusive.

In the present instance our interest is not with the main narrative, but with the recovery of the nine thousand golden sovereigns which formed part of her freight, the greater portion of which has been regained from the depths by an extraordinary feat of deep-sea diving. The underwriters on this gold, the Sydney agency of



the Alliance Marine of London, the New Zealand Insurance Company, and others, having decided to pay as for a total loss, met together with a view to discuss whether they might not as well have a try to get back their own. An affirmative having been scored with much unanimity to this proposition, no time was lost in giving it practical effect; and on the 19th August, within ten days of the loss, an expedition, consisting of the steamers *Stirling* and *Mermaid*, under the control of Captain John Hall (underwriters' surveyor of Sydney), proceeded to the locality of the wreck as far as it could be conjectured. With a minimum of difficulty which seems surprising, the sunken rock upon which the *Catterthun* first struck was found. The evidence given by the survivors before the Marine Board of New South Wales, after the occurrence of the wreck, estimated that she had kept steaming ahead with a course towards the shore, about twenty minutes from the moment of contact with the reef; but Captain Hall's skilled judgment led him to the conclusion, from a study of subsidiary incidents, that this interval must have been considerably underestimated; and acting upon that conclusion, and following up the scent with untiring tenacity for three or four days, he at last succeeded in localising the remains of the ill-fated steamer in a position coincident with the theory which he had formulated for his own guidance. The method adopted was that of trailing a heavy steel hawser as nearly as could be judged on the bed of the sea; and on the fourth day this hawser encountered a check, which led those on board the expeditionary steamers to the hopeful conclusion that Act I. of an interesting adventure was near its termination. Diver Briggs volunteered a descent in his ordinary diving-dress, well knowing, however, that, so equipped, it was beyond his power to make bottom. He proceeded to a depth of twenty fathoms, and on his return to the upper air, reported having had a view of the *Catterthun* which, although indistinct, left no doubt whatever in his mind that Captain Hall had located his 'quarry.' 'It was like looking at a vessel through a thick mist,' observed Briggs. The object of the preliminary voyage was completed by this discovery inasmuch as it was known beforehand that any appliances then in the colony were inadequate as a means towards the recovery of the treasure. Bearings with points on the coast having been taken with as much accuracy as circumstances permitted, the vessels returned to Sydney.

The certainty of making the wreck again when wanted removed from the minds of the underwriters any lingering hesitation as to what to do next, and accordingly, upon the advice of the divers, a couple of Heineke's diving-dresses of the best quality adapted to deep-sea work were promptly ordered by cablegram from London, further operations pending their arrival being, of course, in abeyance. It was not until May of the present year that, by the receipt of this new

and practically perfect equipment, the intercepted efforts were resumed. On the 4th of that month the steamers *Sophia Ann* and *Mermaid* left Sydney for the 'Seal Rocks,' again under the command-in-chief of Captain Hall—Mr Minnett, an interested underwriter, also constituting one of the voyagers—with all necessaries and with about twenty hands on board. From the bearings previously taken, the exact *locale* of the wreck was spotted on 8th May; but it was found that the anchors of the search-steamers were too light to hold, owing to the great depth and hard bottom, and a tender in waiting had to be sent to Sydney for heavier ground tackle. On the 11th, after some disappointing failures to get firm moorings, one of the divers got on to the bows of the *Catterthun*; but owing to threatening weather, he was signalled to return promptly to the surface, and having done so, the vessels made for the shelter of Seal Rocks Bay.

A persistent run of adverse weather, coupled with the strength of the coastal current, made further progress impossible, until on 1st July the divers got a wire rope fast to the *Catterthun's* bridge. On the 2d they brought to the surface the bridge compass and compass-case, with some unimportant gear; but the main interest centred upon the discovery of the treasure-chamber, a short description of which at this stage is indispensable to a proper understanding of the more serious difficulties of the enterprise. This chamber was neither more nor less than a sort of exaggerated iron tank, the only access to which was by a man-hole in its top side, approachable from the chart-room; or perhaps the more convenient explanation would be to say that the *roof* of the iron tank formed the floor of the chart-room. The cover of the man-hole was secured against amateur treatment by two of Chubb's patent locks. It is almost superfluous to observe that the divers had familiarised themselves beforehand with these details, and that a plan of the ship was under constant reference. Now it was resolved to shatter the man-hole cover by dynamite electrically fired from the *Mermaid's* deck, a process which, after some irritating delays, owing to inefficient detonators, was at last more or less successfully accomplished, although, as we shall see later on, some formidable difficulties still remained. Soundings were taken, which placed the bottom of the tank-chamber at  $27\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms from the surface of the sea; and the nature of the service undertaken by Briggs and May will be more accurately gauged when it is remembered that the pressure upon the human fabric at this extreme depth—which will be better understood if we translate  $27\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms into 165 feet—indicated from 70 to 75 lbs. to the square inch, and that eleven or twelve minutes at a time at the side of the hull was about as much as could be endured without a revivifying trip to the upper air.

No sooner had these more or less preliminary and quasi-experimental descents been concluded than disappointing delays again arose, partly

owing to the weather, and partly to the coastal current already referred to; but those who had undertaken the task were not to be daunted. The current—a thing of capricious and intermittent activity—was indeed the most formidable thing with which the divers had to contend. 'When the current is running,' observed diver Briggs, 'it bears on the air-pipe, and the strain is so great when we get any distance down that we cannot keep hold of the line. Standing on the *Catterthun's* deck is then quite impossible.' The effect, in short, was to bend the air-pipe into a semicircle.

Another spell of heart-breaking weather compelled the postponement of further effort until 4th August, on which day it was found possible to attach a strong line to the now mutilated tank-door. The line being attached to the *Mermaid's* steam-winch, a sufficient purchase was obtained to remove the remains of the door, and to permit access to the treasure within. Briggs again descended on 6th August, and sighted the boxes of gold in their receptacle, but a continuance of rough weather and strong currents for quite another week led to fresh disappointments. Captain Hall now broke down through ill-health, believed to be attributable to no other cause than an overcharged sensibility under a very trying set of circumstances, and the active responsibility became transferred to Mr Minnett, assistant underwriter of the Sydney branch of the New Zealand Insurance Company, as representing the underwriters generally; and under his control operations were resumed on 17th August, with a determination to force events to a conclusion whatever might befall. Nine times on that day did the two intrepid divers, taking their lives in their hands, descend to that almost cruel depth, Briggs remaining in the *Catterthun's* chart-room on this occasion for fifteen minutes and nineteen seconds; and although he five times succeeded in getting a grip of one box containing five thousand sovereigns, it as many times slipped away again. At this point some further detailed explanation becomes unavoidable. The boxes of treasure—for convenience of access at the port of arrival—were made to rest inside the tank upon a sort of extemporised shelving of rough wooden scantling, which, becoming disrupted by the dynamite charge, had the effect of landing them, still happily intact, among the *débris* at the bottom of the chamber. The problem was how to get hold of them. The man-hole, true to its name, was made, and was just big enough, for 'man,' but not for man *plus* diving-dress. The plan of attack adopted was therefore to get a grip of the cases by means of long-handled augers, not made the more easy by the fact that when you had your auger long enough to screw into and haul up your prey close enough to the entrance, the other end found an obstacle in the ceiling of the chart-room—a description which, be its imperfections what they may, will convey to the reader's mind the difficulties which faced these men at every turn. To resume. Briggs having returned to the surface, May now descended, and at last succeeded, by desperate effort, in getting the five thousand sovereign box into a kind of basket net prepared for the purpose, and which he promptly signalled those above to haul up, he himself remaining at his post to see it started all clear. Both man and box reached

the surface in safety to the music of a cheering welcome. Poor May was, however, in a terrible state of exhaustion. 'It looked,' as a gentleman on board remarked, 'almost like recovering a corpse;,' but generous care at the hands of his fellow-expeditionaries restored him in a few hours to his normal vitality. On the 18th August two dives were made by Briggs, with the result that four of the smaller boxes were sent up. Descents, with occasional interruptions from both sea and current, continued to be made until the 20th, inclusive, on which day Briggs, having brought a box to the surface—the seventh in all—with £250, it was resolved that enough had been done for both honour and profit, and the vessels were promptly headed for Sydney, with the respectable salvage of £7942 out of a total shipped of £8957. Considerable minor parcels of gold were believed to be on board, chiefly in the possession of Chinese passengers, but the difficulties and dangers of searching for these in unknown parts of the wreck were thought disproportionate to any probable salvage results. Consequently no effort was made for their recovery.

Numerous fish, sharks inclusive, were reported as having been seen. One shark, of aldermanic dimensions, had created a kind of freehold for himself on a part of the deck inconveniently close to the chart-room door. Once or twice this gentleman assumed an obstructionist attitude, rather to the discomfort of the divers; but, from their description, his action seems to have taken the form more of resenting an intrusion upon his hearth and home than of any vicious disposition to breakfast upon his aggressors.

The wreck was reported by Briggs and May as covered with barnacles and shells, and in rapid process of disintegration. No trace of passengers or their belongings was observed.

The *Mermaid* had been elaborately fitted by the British Electrical Engineering Company with appliances for illuminating the sea-depth by electricity, as a provision against contingencies, but although used experimentally on one or two occasions, they were found in practice to be practically a superfluity. The efficiency of the experiment was, however, regarded rather in the way of a triumph, having regard to the enormous pressure upon the deeply submerged vacuum-glasses.

The only deep-sea recovery approaching this one in point of interest is that of £90,000 out of a total of £100,000 (or the equivalents thereof in Spanish) from the *Alfonso XII*, wrecked and sunk off Grand Canary in or about 1885. The depth of water in the latter case was quite a fathom in the diver's favour; but the circumstances of weather, current, and remoteness from all land shelter which attached to the case of the *Catterthun* may fairly be claimed to stamp it as so far the 'record' performance—to use the phrase of the day—in this department of enterprise.

Underwriters estimate the cost of recovery of the sunk treasure at about forty-five per cent. of the amount of the policies. The divers, it is understood, received, in addition to being 'all found' in the course of the operations, fifteen per cent. of the amount brought up. Well indeed have they earned it! Nor would it be fair to close this paper without adverting to the fact that Mr Gordon Dixon, the chief representative in Australia of the Alliance Insurance Companies of



London, was from start to finish one of the active spirits of an enterprise which, for sustained pluck and steadfastness of purpose, reflects the greatest credit upon every one concerned.

## THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MRS MACQUOID.

### II.

It was strange: it was unaccountable. Katie had gone out early. 'All by myself, for a treat,' she said. It was the first time she had not taken Johnnie, and the reason was that she was going to get him a surprise. She would take him for a drive in the afternoon.

Afternoon came, but no Katie, and the servants wondered. Johnnie was crying feebly for his promised drive, and she had never yet disappointed Johnnie. He was crying for her at night when John Macquoid, who had been out all day, came home to dinner and walked past the nursery to his dressing-room. He stopped and put in his head.

'What is the matter, little man?' he asked. The nurse—one of Johnnie's many nurses—said he was crying for his mamma.

Probably Katie would fly home presently, in a great hurry and bother at having been detained. He passed on, dressed, and came down, but was too hungry to put off dinner.

The hours went on. It was bed-time, surely. And still no Katie. Her husband grew alarmed, all kinds of fears took hold of him, and he ran up to her rooms to look round vaguely. All was ready for the mistress who had never come; the hot water was cold in the jug, and the dinner-dress, a flimsy thing that a touch might crumple, lay spread for the wearing. On the floor were Katie's little slippers, and a scent that reminded him of her floated faintly over all. With an anxious hurry that he had not time to reflect on and think absurd, he started towards the toilet-table, almost prepared to see—after the manner in books—some fatal note stabbed through with a hat-pin on the pin-cushion. But there was no such thing, and he laughed harshly at himself for the stupid fancy.

The laugh rang strangely in the empty room; and—where was Katie?

There was no trace of her that night, no sign of her in the morning. It would be difficult to count the searchers, difficult to imagine the alarm of Katie's husband.

She had a queer knack of finding her way about, which made her quite independent, and accordingly made all inquiry harder. The detectives called in made a point of looking about the premises. No lady ever yet ran away without leaving some good-bye letter—with a clue—they told each other and John Macquoid; but when they had turned the house upside down and questioned the household rigorously, they came to the conclusion that this lady had. Unless there had been an accident.

Katie's husband started off with a set, white face. He had looked in the papers shuddering, and had seen nothing; now he went from hospital to hospital, passing slowly and fearfully through the accident wards. There were many

women in these hospitals, all lying in the same still way, their limbs moulded death-like under the white sheet, and their faces sometimes hidden; and many were unknown. It cut his breath to glance up the wards and see farther on some ghastly shape that might be—Katie.

At one hospital they brought him to a woman who had been run over on the same day that Katie disappeared, and he lagged in a kind of terror; then hastened, in a revulsion of eagerness, to follow close. Her face was bound up beyond all knowing, and a terrible uncertainty took hold of him. The eyes were closed. Was not that brown hair Katie's? Stooping over the bed, he tried to see the face that was marred and bandaged. Could it be? The nurse lifted one of the nerveless hands from under the coverlet, and he looked at it eagerly. There were no rings on it, none on the wedding finger; and it did not look like Katie's little hand.

'No,' he said, and passed on farther. Going home his hansom had to cross the river, and he leaned out with a sort of horror at the waters that looked so black. Did they hold the truth? He could not shake off the terrible idea.

The detectives did not loiter. They kept asking information, putting questions that angered Katie's husband past all bearing. One went down to Scotland, getting no help there; the others pervaded London. But nowhere was there any sign of Katie.

Then John Macquoid turned his face from London and came north, taking little Johnnie. He rode over from Auchendrane on the moorland road where Katie had driven so often when the heather was in bloom, purple on either side, to see Katie's family.

James was dazed. He could not attempt to fathom the matter; it was, as Katie herself had always been to him, incomprehensible.

John Macquoid walked into the faded drawing-room, where there were photographs of Katie, or had been, for they were bundled hastily out of sight, and her eyes shone out on him no longer from the dim corners of the room. He did not wait to consider the attitude of Katie's sisters; they were her sisters, and, as such, the first women to help him in his need, to listen, and to be kind.

'Give me some help!' cried John Macquoid. 'You are her sisters, and you know her. You can tell me what you think—and fear.' But their lips were closed.

'Whatever you think, it is better to speak it fairly,' he said at last, with a sharp tone that had not yet broken through his sorrow. 'I will tell you what I fear. Either my poor Katie is dead—the sisters did not look as if they thought so—or she has left me. I remember some words I overheard just after she said "Yes" to me—words that I did not then think or care about, but that haunt me now. Did she marry me for the sake of—outer things? Was her heart buried with her first husband, and awakened rudely to the knowledge of being bound? Then I can understand; I can fancy how a dislike, that she did not let me see, grew upon her day by day; how when Johnnie was a baby, her first and only child, she might for

a time forget it; but only to feel it suddenly again with a strength that was unbearable, until she gave in to the impulse to be free—to belong wholly to the dead—or die. You can tell me if this is true?

They did not answer directly. Then Bella spoke: 'Did you meet Captain Rose in town?' Her question was curiously irrelevant, but she put it carefully.

'I don't know. Yes,' said Macquoid, staring at her. Bella coughed, but she did not speak any further. If ever there were a damning silence, this was one.

'Why do you ask?' said John Macquoid; but she would not say. He looked at her keenly.

Jane folded her hands and spoke; each word was like the dropping of cold, hard water. 'We can tell you nothing,' she said. 'Katie has never trusted or confided in us much. We do not know anything of her past that is not quite open to any person. She had a different mother. This disgrace has overwhelmed us, and it is well that we live out on the moors, where we do not need to look into people's faces, and where it is therefore less painful that we—cannot. We feel for you, John, and we feel also for ourselves. But do not ask us to feel for—Katie.'

'How can you speak of disgrace? I spoke of none,' said John Macquoid; 'and I will tell you what I believe: that your sister must be—dead.'

'Dead to us, you would say,' Jane said, without a falter. 'She is no longer a sister of ours: do not speak of her. Would you like one of us to go with you and take care of poor little Johnnie at Auchendrane?'

John Macquoid rose up to go. His voice was as hard as her own, and his eyes were angry. 'Thank you,' he said. 'If you are no sister of hers, you can scarcely be Johnnie's aunt.'

The mystery gave talk to many. But it was no nearer solution when the talk was done; when all the world settled to another subject, and only John Macquoid of Auchendrane remembered. Macquoid was peculiar; people said when they thought about him; not when he was with them, speaking and looking like any other man, but when his broad back was turned, and small scraps of bye-information drifted to their ears.

The motherless years passed over Johnnie's head, and most thought that it would be good for Johnnie to forget he had once a mother; some things are fittest to be forgotten, they would remark. But John Macquoid did not think with them. He did not even think with the aunts, which was foolish, as who but they should know best the character of their sister?—the sister they never mentioned.

Two days in the year he kept as anniversaries—one Katie's wedding-day and his, and the other the day she left him. On that last day a black sash was tied round Johnnie, and in the gloaming Macquoid took the boy on his knee, and showed him his mother's picture with the fluffy hair and the steadfast eyes. He spoke softly, telling little stories of the lost mother, as one tells stories of the dead. On the wedding-day Johnnie came down to dinner

with his hair brushed long and curly, and sat like a lady at the end of the table, lifting up his small glass when bidden to drink mamma's health. And when the child went up to bed John Macquoid sat down and wrote a letter.

It was a cry to Katie if she lived to come home to him—to him and to her child. Written in a dream, with only longing and little hope to inspire its words, it was like a message to the dead. He hardly hoped she would hear it; he did not think it would reach her surer than the call that died in the night and found no echo. But he sent it to the principal papers, and he dropped his head on his hands and prayed it might find her—if she lived. All was dark, and there was no light anywhere.

Between these days he was much the same as of old. He shot as well and he rode as straight, nor was he as gray as one might expect. Indeed, more than one young woman wished to herself that there were some certain news of Katie, or wished that she were a myth, while wondering casually whether her own frocks became her.

One such was Eleanor Strom, and Eleanor was comely. Those who saw Johnnie refuse to hug her on one occasion were sure she would be—eventually—his step-mamma. Children have nearly as much instinct—if it were only known—as dogs; and John did like Eleanor Strom as much as anybody.

In the sixth year of his wife's disappearance Eleanor sat on the heather near Auchendrane. It was a shooting-party. There was an old lady roaming about with a gun and short skirts, so it was all quite proper.

'I am going to town to-morrow,' said Eleanor Strom. She thought John Macquoid looked sorry as he asked if it were business or pleasure that took her there.

'Both. It is clothes,' said she. These clothes were to make her—charming.

In the sixth year of his wife's disappearance John Macquoid received a telegram from his solicitor, asking him to come up to London on important and pressing business. As he read over the brief words a sudden hope leaped into his eyes; but it faded out dully as he remembered a certain deed that was quite sufficiently important to make such a journey called for by a solicitor who fussed. It was only that.

Johnnie stopped behind. He had been taking him about wherever he went, but this was to be a short stay, and it was not worth while unsettling the little chap. He drove to the station early, and there in the train—but not in a 'Ladies Only'—was Eleanor Strom and her bags and boxes.

There were friends on the platform, friends with handkerchiefs and umbrellas, and some with dogs. They were crying noisy good-byes and waving their hands: all friends of Eleanor Strom. As John Macquoid appeared the look on Eleanor's face spread itself to theirs. It was a look that meant more than a look should do if there is no foundation. Eleanor hoped there was some, and her friends asked John that she should be taken care of. Their second or third good-byes were a little cheerier.



It should not be difficult, after all these years, and no sign whatever, to prove that Mrs Macquoid was not in the land of the living.

And so John went half-heartedly up to London.

It was raining. The wet made the whole air clammy, and emptied the streets of all who could keep out of them. But Eleanor Strom had some clothes-requirements that could not wait, and she dashed by in a hansom as John Macquoid walked across the pavement from his, and faced the solicitor's door-plate.

'He is going to start inquiries,' thought Eleanor, sticking her fine new bonnet far out into the wet, and seeing the gilded letters with eyes that no rain could blind.

'It is that deed, I suppose?' said John, when he had been taken into the private office. The solicitor looked queerly at him.

'Can you stand a shock?' he said.

There was strength in those square shoulders and in the squarer chin. 'I can stand anything,' said John Macquoid; but his face was paler, losing the colour struck into it by the rain.

'Then go in there,' said the other quietly, pointing to an inner door. John Macquoid got up, and two strides took him up to the threshold. But the lawyer stopped him there. He was a nervous man, and had apparently spoken in unprofessional hurry to shirk something which should be got over first.

'I must explain matters to you—and prepare you,' he began, uncertainly. 'It is a painful business'—

'Let me know the worst,' said John Macquoid hoarsely, but he did not wait to hear it, seeing that many long words would reach him first. He opened that door, and shut it.

'Katie!'

It was she—she truly, as she had always been; thinner and paler, less bird-like in her look, but with the same steadfast eyes. She put out her hands, but did not seem sure if he would take them, and greeted his cry with, 'O John, John!' in a shamed and piteous voice.

Katie herself. That was all her husband could understand. She was there; he was holding her, crushing her against the heart that had beat so sorely all these years: and he had not thought of a question yet. For a while neither could speak; then Katie lifted her head.

'John—you will marry me at once?' she said.

He stared at her. Was she—mad?

She saw his wonder and dropped her eyes. 'Did he not tell you? Do you not know?' she asked.

'He has told me nothing. I—I think I would not wait,' said John Macquoid.

Katie's face, that had been so very pale, was crimson. She took his hands in hers, for they were encouraging to hold, and began to tell her story.

'I went out by myself that day,' she said, 'and I was thinking of the surprise I was going to get for Johnnie. I did not look where I was going, and all at once I ran into some-

body, who looked up at my "Pardon!" and caught my arm. It was William, my first husband—William!'

She shuddered at the recollection, and went on bravely: 'In South America they make—mistakes. He was not dead, and he had come back for me. I did not faint; I had no time for that. I looked at him.

"Come over into the Park," he said, "and I will tell you everything." He took me across the street; I could hardly walk alone—and while we were crossing I made up my mind. It was like an awful dream, a vision of grinning horses' heads, of shouts and flashes, and of him beside me, touching me, the greatest horror of all. Through the quick nightmare, oh, my dear, my dear! I thought of you. I was not your wife then—I was nothing. And what was Johnnie? My little child, my poor little luckless child! I could not faint or die while I had him to think for. The wheels were flashing and whirling past, and his hand was on my arm. The street was wide'—

She shuddered once again; but her voice was quiet. 'I thought: "I could die now easily if that would help; it would only be dropping under that wheel, waiting for these dark hoofs to strike life out of me. But then—my husband with me, and my other—husband—seeking, it would all become, surely, plain; and shame would be left to Johnnie. I will do what is harder." For I felt it would hurt you less if I left you without one word. If you loved me you might think me dead, and grieve, but not so bitterly as if you knew. If you did not care for me as—I did for you—and, John, I was not always sure—you would think evil of me and feel only anger. And you would have Johnnie. There would be no blight on his life, and it would not hurt my darling—so it would pain you less.

'I did not die—and we had crossed the street. The flowers stared in my face as William told me how it had come about, and why he had been so long. It was like other stories that we read in books and call impossible till we see them in the papers, or feel them terribly in our lives. He had been going north to find me, and—thank God!—he had seen me first.

'I looked at the flowers that were so bright—for I could not yet bear to see the face that I thought forgotten—and I said: "Since these years in your life are blank to me, we must blot them out of mine. If you will not let it be so, let us say good-bye. But if you will take me now, telling no soul that knows us, asking no question—I will come." I think that he guessed, because he consented, and took me.'

'Go on,' said John Macquoid.

'There is nothing after that; only pain,' said Katie. 'There were few women out there. He needed me. And I was glad to be in a strange, strange country, where there was no one thing I knew to make me drop down and sob. I was always looking in the Scottish papers for a word of you and Johnnie; my heart would be sick till I had seen what there was—and was not. And your cry reached me, oh, my dear, my dear!—the cry that I dared not

answer. It comforted me that you called for me, and hoped, and had less to bear than I—and you had Johnnie. Then my—husband died.’

‘And you are’—

‘Let me finish. I strengthened my soul to come home to you. But oh, the fear and the doubt that crushed me, more bitter than the old hopelessness! You would believe my story—for I had proof—but how much might you not be changed? Even the words of the cry that reached me from over the sea could not give me courage. It might be some other Katie for whom the words were calling; I, who had taken them to myself, might be only thought of with scorn, or else quite forgotten; and there might—in six dragging years—well, be somebody you had grown to care for. O John, the terror of that fancy! But I thought of Johnnie. For his sake you would marry me, and in Scotland his wrong would be righted; he would be your heir. You must love him, your own child, who had so long been all yours only. For his sake I must come straight home to you. And, John—when I look in your eyes—I know that I have—come home.’

That was all her story.

They were married. Not as before, with gifts and speeches, and a crowd of faces to look at Katie—the marriage words were spoken to them only, and they could hear and know them better in their hearts. Then they went home to Johnnie.

### TIMBUCTOO.

For centuries Europe has dreamed of a great and wealthy city in the heart of the Soudan—a centre of Moslem influence and the ‘hub’ of African commerce. Wonderful tales of the riches and beauty of Timbuctoo have been brought to us across the desert by the caravans which, century after century, have traversed the long route to and from the North African seaboard. Mungo Park lost his life in trying to reach this mysterious city, the first European to enter which was probably Major Laing, in 1826—though this is disputed by the French. Anyhow, Laing’s observations were lost to us, for he was murdered on the return journey, and it has been reserved for a Frenchman to give us the most graphic and realistic picture of the Saharan city that has yet been presented.\*

To reach Timbuctoo is now a very different matter from what it was in the days of Park and Laing and Barth. The French ‘sphere’ now includes it, and from St Louis, the port of Senegal, the French have a service of steamers up the Senegal river to Kayes, the port of the Soudan, from which a railway is being carried across to the Niger, upon whose broad bosom there is extensive canoe-traffic right up to Timbuctoo. Thus in about six weeks from leaving

London one may embark at Bammaku, on the Niger, and in another week or two enter the mysterious city, whose veil has been lifted in the European scramble for Africa. There is much to see by the way, for the Upper Niger, more like an inland ocean than a river, presents an infinite variety of scenery and of human types. Our object just now, however, is not to describe the great African highway, which is to the Soudan what the Nile is to Egypt. Great as is the interest of the upward journey, everything falls before the surprise of the traveller on reaching Jenne, which is situated on one of the numerous tributaries of the great river, and is called the ‘Jewel of the Valley of the Niger.’ It is necessary that we should pause here, for Jenne is also the ‘Mother of Timbuctoo.’

This is the picture presented to M. Dubois as he gazed from the prow of his canoe-barge: ‘A vast plain, infinitely flat, without a touch of relief; no village nor any other sign of humanity, only now and again some trees at long intervals, showing as dark spots upon the yellow-green expanse. In the very midst of this solitude is a circle of water, and within it, rising victorious (like the summit of the palm-tree amidst the sands of the desert), is reared a long mass of high and regular walls, erected on mounds as high and nearly as steep as themselves. A forest of projections crowns them with terraced roofs, palms, gable-ends, stairs, and dome-like trees; a whole smiling life salutes me from the height of this little island.’ Then, as the boat approaches the town, the banks and walls stand out in larger proportions, and a harbour is disclosed, with large boats quite different from, and superior to, the canoes seen lower down the Niger. For Jenne is a great place of shipping and of ship-building, as well as of commerce. It is a town more in the European than in the African sense. That is to say, it has regularly laid-out streets of brick-built houses, not higgledy-piggledy arrangements of mud-huts; and these houses are neither Moorish nor Arabic in architecture and character, but distinctly Egyptian. How comes this fragment of old Egypt in the Valley of the Niger? The story is a long one; but, briefly, the city of Jenne owes its foundation to the Songhois, or Songhays, who are believed to have migrated from the Nile Valley in the seventh century. They wandered westward, and after one hundred and twenty years reached their westernmost limit—and there arose the city of Jenne. To this day the inhabitants preserve the type rather of the Nubian than of the West African negro, and they speak a language quite different from any of the Soudanese dialects. We need not follow here the rise and fall of the Songhay empire, as revealed in the manuscript records which have been brought to light. Suffice it to say that when the Moors overran the country in the seventeenth century its prosperity began to decline; and after two centuries of misrule and marauding it is hoped that a new and better era has now set in, under the protecting arm of France. The comparative isolation of Jenne has preserved it from the destruction that was the fate of so many of the Soudanese towns, and it remains to-day

\* *Timbuctoo the Mysterious*, by Felix Dubois. Translated by Diana White. (London: William Heinemann.)



practically as it was in the days of the Songhay empire. The inhabitants say the city was never taken and never pillaged.

This strange fragment of the old world has been for centuries one of the great commercial centres of Islam. It is situated in an extremely fertile district on a branch of the Niger. In place of the primitive barter between village and village, the people of Jenne built up a real commerce. They formed business firms with agents all over the Soudan, and had travellers who regularly went round for orders on commission. They built fleets of cargo-boats, and they established branches at Timbuctoo, there to intercept the business of the great Saharan caravans.

What are the objects in which they trade? In their great warehouses, which are the ground-floor of their Egyptian dwellings, are great stores of rice and millet and other cereals, jars of honey, blocks of karita, bags of spices, piles of onions, cakes of indigo, baskets of kola-nuts, the fruit of the baobab, iron bars from Mossi, ostrich feathers, ivory, gold, civet-musk, lead from the mountains of Hombouri, marble bracelets such as Niger people love, antimony (used by the negroes to darken and increase the brilliancy of their eyes), native fabrics, linen and woollen cloths, and yellow, black, and blue draperies. Also slaves—in which there seems as large a traffic as in anything. We learn, too, that there is no specialisation in trade. Each merchant sells everything, from slaves to spices, and from cloth to cereals. They do not themselves go to market, but send an agent with a small stock of samples, while they remain in their own dwellings and counting-houses. The great merchants have their own boats for the transport of cargo, and there are also 'tramp' boats for charter by the small traders.

The merchants of Jenne were not long in appreciating the splendid geographical position of Timbuctoo—especially as they were much in need of salt, only to be obtained from the caravans. So they sent agents there, and some of them built houses which they occupied for business purposes during the height of the caravan season. In fact, Jenne was the real fount and origin of the commerce and wealth for which Timbuctoo gained the reputation. Timbuctoo, has been known for centuries all over the world, while the name of Jenne is quite unfamiliar to most of us. This is explainable by the fact that the caravans from Morocco, Tuat, Tripoli, and Tunis stretched across the desert to Timbuctoo, but never went farther west. They had no need to do so, for they found at Timbuctoo all they wanted, including merchants eager to buy their camel-loads of food, and European cloths and hardware, and salt. Besides, beyond Timbuctoo they found a country intersected by water-channels and periodically submerged, in which their camels would have been totally useless. Thus at Timbuctoo the camel-traffic and the canoe-traffic met and was exchanged.

Timbuctoo is not on the Niger. Leaving Jenne, and regaining the main channel of the great river, one may by boat in eight or ten days (according to the season and the possibility or otherwise of night travelling) reach Kabara, which is the port of Timbuctoo. Landing there, one finds a sandy stretch of desolate country, said to be so

infested by robbers that no one crosses except under convoy. There is now a daily escort of twenty soldiers, under whose protection the stream of people, camels, and donkeys sets to and from the river and the city.

As we gave M. Dubois' picture of Jenne as it first presented itself to him, so now let us give his first picture of Timbuctoo as he approached it across the desert: 'A dark silhouette, large and long, an image of grandeur in immensity—thus appeared the "Queen of the Soudan." Across the space everything looks simple and severe: the forest is dwarfed out of sight, and nothing diminishes the vast landscape, which is lighted by the throbbing glare of the veritable sun of the desert. Truly she is enthroned upon the horizon with the majesty of a queen. She is indeed the city of imagination, the Timbuctoo of European legend. Her sandy approaches are strewn with bones and carcasses that have been disinterred by wild beasts, the remains of the camels, horses, and donkeys that have fallen down and died in the last stages of the journey. The cities of the East are invariably encircled by their bones, and the roads across the desert are lined by their bodies. The details of the distant shape grow clearer by degrees. The illusion of walls produced by the distinctness with which the town stands out from the white sand disappears, and three towers placed at regular intervals dominate the mass. The terraces of square houses are now distinguishable, giving an appearance of depth to the outlined mass, and renewing the first impression of grandeur.'

This is only the exterior appearance, however, when distance lends enchantment to the view. To enter the town is to encounter as great a surprise as on entering Jenne, but of a wholly different sort. Here in Timbuctoo we step into what seems a mass of crumbling ruins, without a vestige of the fabled splendour. What in the distance seemed city ramparts turn out to be a mass of deserted houses—with roofs fallen in, doors gone, and walls broken and tumbling. In what were once the streets are piles of earth and masses of *débris* suggestive of wholesale destruction.

Struggling through the ruins, the traveller comes to the market-place, but instead of prosperous traders and eager customers he finds only a few women with little baskets selling insignificant wares. What has become of the universal commerce of the 'Queen of the Soudan'—of the wealth and prosperity of Timbuctoo?

Only after a few days' quiet residence and observation is the mystery explained. All this appearance of ruin and poverty is assumed for a purpose—to deceive the marauding Tuaregs. There is plenty of life and movement among the ruins, and behind the rigidly closed doors a large business is still being conducted—secretly, in fear of the descendants of the very people who founded the city in the dim and distant past. Just as Jenne was Egyptian, so was Timbuctoo Arabian in origin, but its greatness was largely due to the Moors who, driven out of Spain, went wandering up the Niger. Its misfortunes have been due to wandering and marauding tribes of the same race, the portion of the Berber race known as Tuaregs, whose form of Islamism became a belief in talismans. From the time of the first settlers the place became a station for

the caravans, and the population steadily increased. But it did not become a town worthy of the name until the merchants of Jenne (which had been founded three hundred years earlier) came and showed the people of Timbuctoo how to build houses of baked brick. They also built a mosque, and a temple which afterwards became the 'University of Sankoré,' as M. Dubois somewhat fancifully calls it. Timbuctoo then grew rapidly in importance and in prosperity, until in the seventeenth century the Moorish blight fell upon the Soudan. Then the Tuaregs and other nomadic tribes increased in their aggressions and their power of evil—the caravan trade began to fall off under the fear of the robbers, and the population of the city dwindled. By the beginning of the present century Timbuctoo was practically in the hands of the Tuaregs, who 'bled' its inhabitants nearly to financial death. It is only now slowly recovering, we are told, under the protection of the French flag, and the commerce which of late years has been conducted behind locked doors because of the ever-present marauders will once more be seen in the market-places.

Timbuctoo is essentially a place of exchange—an entrepôt—where meet those who travel and traffic by camel, and those who do so by canoe. It is the point of junction of the Arab with the Negro world. It is at the outlet of a labyrinth of Niger water-channels on the verge of the desert, and is described as 'like a port with bonded docks situated on the coast of an opulent continent, with a sea of sand stretching before her upon which the fleets of the desert come and go.' Hither comes all the commerce of the desert, and across the desert come the long caravans of the Moorish and Algerian merchants of the far north. These bring the produce of Morocco and Algeria and Tunis, with European cloths and arms and hardware, and, above all, loads of salt; in exchange for which they take back gold and ivory, ostrich feathers, raw leather, wax, incense, indigo, gum, and such other produce as the Soudan and the Niger basin can offer. Now all this traffic passes through Timbuctoo, but does not belong to it.

The camels discharge their cargoes into the canoes, from which in turn they load up for their homeward journey. Timbuctoo is only the place of trans-shipment, and its inhabitants are the brokers and intermediaries in the trade. For the rest, they make profit by providing board and lodging for the caravans. These, of the large sort, may include from six hundred to one thousand camels, and from three to five hundred men, carrying goods to the value of £30,000 or £40,000. They arrive twice a year—December to January, and July to August. But smaller caravans of sixty or one hundred camels are arriving constantly all the year round, so that there is an unceasing supply of strangers to be provided for. It is said that from fifty to sixty thousand laden camels reach Timbuctoo every year by different tracks across the Sahara. To the stranger merchants hospitality is offered by the inhabitants, and the understanding is, that for the first three days the entertainment is free, and that on the fourth day payment begins, while the landlord acts also as cicerone and broker. Under the crumbling ruins are many shops richly furnished with the fabrics of Europe and the Soudan and

the products of the district. There are certain brokers who devote themselves exclusively to gold, or cattle, or salt, or textiles, and occasionally the richer merchants of Timbuctoo will rig the markets by buying up the 'spot' supplies of the chief articles of commerce just before the caravans or fleets are due. In the time of its greatest prosperity Timbuctoo does not seem to have had a larger resident population than about fifty thousand, and we judge that the present population is about a third of that number.

But now we begin to understand why this comparatively small city has acquired such a reputation through the centuries. The caravans from the north had many weeks and months of weary trudging under a burning sun through a waterless desert. They are nearly dead with thirst and fatigue, when, 'one morning three little black spots show upon the burning horizon. The camels cease to grumble—they roar; and as the three minarets grow clearer, Timbuctoo displays her majestic form. Behold her gardens, her palm-trees, and her gleaming waters! The town is three times as large as it is to-day, and the streets are fresh and cool under the shade of the great trees, and they seethe with the life of its fifty thousand inhabitants. In place of the solitude, abandonment, and misery of to-day, it presents the traveller with a satiety of everything desirable. With abundance of water and shade, it represents the saving help of the Word of God, the charm of the word of man, the wealth of gold and ivory, the sweetness of honey, and a profusion of smiles. I have been told that men went temporarily mad upon seeing it for the first time.'

Such was Timbuctoo, and now that we know the secret of its influence, there is no room left for wonder that tales of its splendour spread even into Europe, and grew as they spread. So wonderful became the tales, that we have grown accustomed to think of the fabulous city of Timbuctoo as something akin to the fabulous country of Prester John. But though exaggerated it was no fable, and even in her present squalor the 'Queen of the Soudan' possesses the elements of a new era of fortune; for her geographical position is unique—on the threshold of the Soudan between the eastern and western Niger, 'two arms which embrace the whole of Western Africa.'

## TOMATOES AND THEIR PRESERVATION IN ITALY.

THE perfection to which the tomato or love-apple as grown in England has been brought is the result of the care and perseverance used in tending it.

The island of Guernsey is famous for its culture of tomatoes, which are sent in large quantities to the Covent Garden market by the steamers which leave the island daily for England. Most of this fruit is grown under glass, and requires constant attention.

This is not the case, however, in Southern Italy, where it grows in splendid profusion, nature being its best gardener. It thrives best in moist ground and in places exposed to the sun. In many a humble balcony boxes of tomatoes flourish, with their long branches trailing down through the rails, heavy with their abundant fruit.

The seed is sown in the month of March, and



when the plants are young they must be frequently watered; but when they begin to flower they are left to themselves till the fruit is ripe. In warm and sheltered places the tomatoes ripen in the month of June, but the height of the season is in July and August. Its name in Italian is 'Pomodoro,' or golden apple, though the colour is certainly not golden, but bright red.

Tradition in Italy says that this was the apple that tempted Eve, because of its beauty. It is one of the chief staples of food among the poor during the summer months, when the fruit can be bought for a soldo per kilo—that is, a halfpenny for two English pounds. The country-people make a good meal off tomatoes and bread; even babies in arms will hold out their little hands for them, tempted by their bright-red colour. Those who can afford it eat them in salad with oil and vinegar.

When the month of August sets in the tomatoes are in full perfection, and this is the time when they are fit for preserving, for they have ripened in the scorching sun, and, as a rule, they have not been exposed to the rain, which seldom falls in any considerable quantity till after the middle of August. Should the fruit have been much exposed to the damp it easily spoils when preserved.

In every house and cottage the preserving of tomatoes is carried on. Terraces, balconies, and even the flat roofs of the houses are half covered with plates containing the deep-red substance. Near the doors of the houses tubs and basins are to be seen filled with it while the process of preserving is going on. There are two kinds of tomatoes: the large ones, which sometimes grow to an immense size, are round, and often somewhat flat; the small ones, which are of a different quality, slightly pear-shaped. The former give a stronger flavour to the preserve, which accordingly goes further; the latter, however, contain more juice, and can therefore be more easily pressed through a sieve. This kind of tomato is also dried for winter use, and bundles are hung from the rafters of the ceilings in the houses of the poor, and also outside against the walls of their balconies, while the weather continues fine. Though the skin is much shrivelled, and they are somewhat tasteless, they retain, in some degree, the flavour of fresh fruit.

After gathering, the tomatoes intended for preserve are spread out for some hours in the sun till the skin has somewhat shrunk. They are then passed through a sieve, so that they may be freed both of seeds and skins. As they contain a large proportion of water, the substance which has been passed through the sieve must be hung in bags, from which the water exudes, and soon a pool of dirty-looking water is formed beneath each bag. Strange to say, it is in no way tinged with red. The mixture which remains in the bags has the consistency of a very thick paste. It is then salted, the proportion being a little less than an ounce of salt to a pound of the preserve. The process now requires that it should be spread on flat plates, exposed to the sun, and stirred from time to time with a wooden spoon, so that the upper part may not form a crust, while underneath it remains soft. It is a picturesque sight when the women are to be seen flitting about on their roofs and terraces, attending to their deep-red preserve, their coloured handkerchiefs flung

on their heads to screen them from the rays of the burning sun when it is at its fiercest. In the evening the contents of the various plates are taken in and stirred up together, for if moistened by the night dew the whole would be spoilt. After being exposed to the sun for seven or eight days, the same process being repeated each day, the preserve is finished and placed in jars for winter use.

Though it is used by all classes of persons, it is more necessary to the poor than to the rich, for the latter can make use of the fresh tomatoes preserved in tins. Tomatoes may be tinned whole, as we know from those usually imported into England from America. But in Italy the fruit is usually passed through a sieve, the pulp being then placed in tins, which are immediately soldered down, and then put in boiling water for five minutes. The original flavour is thus retained. The cost of a small tin is half a franc, so it is as a rule beyond the means of the poor. The price of the preserve is seldom more than eightpence a pound, and a little of it goes very far; but those who are thrifty take care to make it for themselves, the cost then being absolutely insignificant.

It is chiefly used by them for flavouring their maccaroni in the winter; in fact, there are few dishes which are not improved by a little tomato preserve, and it finds favour in all classes.

#### A SONG IN WINTER.

A ROBIN sings on the leafless spray,

*Hey ho, winter will go!*

Sunlight shines on the desolate way,

And under my feet

I feel the beat

Of the world's heart that never is still,

Never is still

Whatever may stay.

Life out of death, as day out of night,

*Hey ho, winter will go!*

In the dark hedge shall glimmer a light,

A delicate sheen

Of budding green,

Then, silent, the dawn of summer breaks,

As morning breaks,

O'er valley and height.

The tide ebbs out, and the tide flows back;

*Hey ho, winter will go!*

Though heaven be screen'd by a stormy rack,

It rains, and the blue

Comes laughing through;

And, cloud-like, winter goes from the earth,

Goes from the earth

That flowers in his track.

Sing, robin, sing on your leafless spray,

*Hey ho, winter will go!*

Sunlight and song shall shorten the way,

And under my feet

I feel the beat

Of the world's heart that never is still,

Never is still

Whatever may stay.

A. ST JOHN ADCOCK.

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## SOME PECULIAR BEGGARS.

By SIR RICHARD TANGYE, F.R.G.S., &c.

[The Editor has much pleasure in inserting this contribution by the founder of the Cornwall Works, Birmingham, who confesses to having read this *Journal* for the last forty years, and who can recall how he waited eagerly for the different issues of *Chambers's Miscellany*, which he also acknowledges to have read with pleasure and profit to himself. Sir Richard Tangye's own career, which is as interesting as any romance, is unfolded in his autobiography entitled *One and All* (Partridge & Co.). This is a Cornish motto, but the subject-matter is interesting to intelligent readers everywhere.]

ACCORDING to Charles Lamb, 'the beggar is never out of fashion, he is not required to put on Court mourning. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's, and he is the only man in the universe who is not required to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world, and the prices of stocks and land affect him not, neither do the fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity concern him, or at the worst, but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one, no man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics; indeed, he is the only free man in the universe.'

But 'the gentle Elia' spoke of only one class or type of beggars. Experience, however, shows that beggars are of various kinds; for, as in the old days there were footpads and mounted highwaymen, so now there are beggars on foot and beggars on horseback. Indeed, I have known them to come on begging expeditions riding in vehicles of various kinds.

On one occasion a man rode up to my house on a tricycle, and, premising that I knew his father, requested me to give him money to buy a horse, as he found cycling too hard work, and his doctor had ordered him to take equestrian exercise.

Another man, dressed as a gentleman, an entire stranger, sent in his card desiring to speak with me. When I appeared he greeted me with the greatest familiarity, as though he had been an intimate acquaintance, and at once proceeded to ask me to lend him a couple of pounds to take him to London. Of course I declined, and on showing him out, I found he had a cab at the door, the charge for which from the nearest cabstand would have nearly paid his railway fare.

On another occasion a young man came to thank me for having rendered some pecuniary assistance to his brother while on a voyage to Australia, and promising to repay the loan advanced by me. Before leaving, the young gentleman requested and obtained a little loan on his own account, and the I.O.U. which he gave me in due form is, I observe, nearly twenty years old, and is still unredeemed.

Bampfylde Moore Carew was, like myself, a Cornishman, and he was styled the King of the Beggars. Now, if there be kings, there must be princes; and for princes of the begging fraternity, commend me to members of the clerical profession, although, it is only fair to say, they usually beg on behalf of others.

About thirty years ago a clergyman in an agricultural county, who was known to me only by name, applied for a donation to enable him to carry on some useful work among the poor of his parish. I acceded to his request, and every year since—indeed oftener than the year—I have been appealed to in the most urgent terms for contributions, sometimes to enable the good man to get a change of air, sometimes on behalf of the children, and again for the poor old people at Christmas time. Occasionally I would not respond, and then would come further most urgent entreaties; but these second appeals were always addressed by another hand, lest, being recognised, they should be put aside without being read. Wily old parson! To this day we have never met.

On another occasion a member of the profession called upon me at my place of business and



sent in his name. Now experience has taught me that when clergymen visit me in business hours, such visits are not altogether unconnected with financial considerations; and if from any cause I do not intend to give them anything, I usually send a message to that effect, after having ascertained the motive of their call, or else I go to them in the waiting-room instead of asking them into my office. On this occasion I went to the gentleman, and he proceeded to explain his object in calling, and I saw plainly that he expected a considerable sum. But having recently had some very heavy demands upon me for charitable purposes, I gave him only five pounds. My visitor took the money, and having looked at it, was turning away without a word, upon which I said, 'Mr—, you have forgotten to say good-morning.' 'I beg your pardon, Mr Tangye, I thank you very much;' and, like the young man in the parable, he was turning sorrowfully away, when I said, 'Now Mr—, shall I tell you what your thoughts were? You were thinking I ought to have given you fifty pounds at least.' And so he was.

Another time I had left my house and was walking towards the station, on my way to town, when in the distance I saw a clergyman coming towards me on the other side of the road. Instinctively I felt he was coming to my house, and walked quickly on, hoping to avoid him; but, crossing the road, he planted himself in front of me, remarking, 'Mr George Tangye, I believe?' 'No sir, I am not,' said I, and tried to pass him. 'Surely I cannot be mistaken,' he said; but I assured him he was, and pretended to be indignant at his want of belief in my disavowal. 'It is very strange,' he said; 'I know your face perfectly, having often seen you on the platform of the town-hall; but stay'—a bright idea occurring to him—'you are his brother?' This time I was fairly caught, but tried to get away on the plea that I barely had time to catch the train. 'Oh,' said my tormentor, 'here is an omnibus going to town, and I will go with you.' And he did, and got a subscription from me on behalf of the temperance society connected with his church, which was situated in a miserably poor part of the town. I continued the subscription for some years, but at the next general election my reverend temperance friend became one of the principal supporters and advocates of a brewer candidate for the representation of his district in parliament, and I withdrew my subscription, advising him to try and get it from the brewer.

I once received a communication inviting me to give to a fund for the extinction of the debt on a chapel in Cornwall, the appeal being signed by three persons styling themselves the 'Begging Committee.'

As a rule begging letters are not pleasant reading; but the most objectionable are those from persons who vigorously protest that they are not begging—indeed, that they would not accept charity; but being in want of temporary assistance, they would like a loan, at fair interest, purely as a business transaction. As a rule such people never intend to repay. But here is a man with no scruples on the point—he will either take money as a gift or as a loan, and this is what he says: 'I am a young man, twenty-

five, wanting a start in life, which I can get if I can obtain a loan or gift of sixty pounds at once. I would rather borrow than beg, but do not wish you to think I would insult you (!). Hoping I shall not appeal in vain for a start in life, and asking for an immediate answer, I am,' &c.

Another man writes asking my help in clearing off the debt on the chapel, the trustees having got into arrears because 'the sermons do not come up to the requirements.'

A schoolmaster, who has fallen on evil times, asks me to lend him ten pounds to enable him to publish twelve pieces of music, which are 'sure to take.' He says, 'I am a Liberal, but have been staggered because of Mr Gladstone's sympathy with Bradlaugh, who is a very clever man, and would be a star in parliament if he were converted. Now, a gentleman in your position could easily have a day set apart in two or three places of worship for special and earnest prayer for Bradlaugh's conversion, which prayers may be effectual. Hoping to receive a favourable reply,' &c.

A man, describing himself as a 'monumental sculptor' in a considerable way of business, writes: 'The writer of the enclosed letter is a half-sister of mine, but I know little of her, as for years she has been an invalid. I am sorry to say, she seems a poor, thoughtless, helpless creature. I ask you in her name if her case comes within your kind benevolence?'

'A Workman' asks me to send him money to enable him to buy a pair of boots; but his letter was so saturated with tobacco that I declined, telling him if he could afford to buy tobacco he could afford to buy boots.

Here is a pleasant note from a worthy clergyman. 'When you kindly sent me a contribution towards the debt on my church, you were good enough to promise a further sum if I did not succeed in clearing the debt before Christmas. I am happy in being able to tell you that I shall not require further help, having received a cheque for the balance due, and a little over.'

An old gentleman, applying to me for a loan of twenty-five pounds, said he knew he should never be able to repay me; 'but,' said he, 'the furniture in my bedroom is worth more than that sum, and it is my own property, and I will give you a memorandum to that effect, so that when I am dead you can claim it.'

Some years ago a firm of auctioneers wrote to my solicitors informing them that they were commissioned to sell a property adjoining one of the public parks, and suggesting that the matter should be put before me in the hope that I should buy it, and thus 'add another to my many bounties to the public.'

Give, give, be always giving;  
Who gives not, is not living.  
The more you give,  
The more you live.

Thus saith the leech's daughter.

Gratitude is not always shown for help rendered, but here is a genuine example of it, although expressed in peculiar phraseology: 'The humble petition of T— O— sheweth that your petitioner his ever greatfull for your benevolence threw the sick vissiter in my illness and as on duty bound shall ever pray.'

Various are the forms of begging. A good woman once sent me what she called 'an alliterative carol,' which ended with the following choice lines:

'Dear Sirs,

If you think this carol a good 'un  
Please send a trifle for a plum-pudden.  
For Tangye Bros. a hearty cheer  
Xmas blessings and Happy New Year.'

Sometimes very curious reasons are given by persons seeking assistance. On one occasion a gentleman with a very Irish name asked me to help him, so that he might be able 'to form an evening class for the teaching of Gaelic in Birmingham.'

An 'Old Man of the Sea' once tried to get some money from me under the following circumstances. Being at Boscastle, I went on board a ship and had a little conversation with the captain. Next day he sailed, and a few days after I received a letter from him, in which he said he had come into collision with a ship, causing damage to the extent of eighty pounds. Would I help him, although a stranger? The ship was at Newport, so I asked my agent there to see the captain, at the same time telling him the man was a stranger to me. My agent asked the old salt why he had applied to me, having only seen me once; to which he replied he thought I had a *fork-out-able sort of face!*

I have looked in the Trades Directory in vain for the business of my next correspondent in want of assistance. Here is an extract from his letter:

'I am a young man, twenty-four years of age, a good scholar, and bearing a good character. My present occupation is that of a *translator* of boots and shoes, that is, a maker-up of second-hand boots and shoes, and I assure you, sir, it is an inconceivably poor one'—which, indeed, I can readily believe.

A gentleman once wrote me asking for money to enable him to buy some books which were necessary in order to prepare him for the ministry in the Church of England. I explained that I was a Quaker, and recommended him to persons belonging to his own denomination; to which he replied: 'I do not appeal to you for help as a member of the Church of England, but as a member of the invisible Church of Christ.'

But it is not always *money* that is asked for, many applicants being quite willing to receive relief in 'kind'—as for example, I was once asked by a man to supply him with a 'peg-leg'; on the same day another begged that I would give him a hat! and on another occasion a young woman asked me to provide her with a tooth!

It is said that 'Freedom's battle once begun' must needs be continued 'from sire to son,' and so it seems to be with beggars; if you once yield to their solicitations, it becomes very difficult to shake them off, for they appear to look upon your charity in the light of a vested right which you are not entitled to discontinue without their consent. I have recently received a letter from a man to whom I have occasionally given relief, and this is what he says:

'I am awkwardly situated in respect to a personal matter which I scarcely know how to explain. . . . I then had a good head of hair, but

since that time it has ceased to grow, and for some years I have had to wear an artificial scalp, which is now withered, broken, and so worn out and shrunk, that I can scarcely keep it on my head. It has become absolutely necessary to buy a new one if I am to retain my work. The person who makes the article is—of—. It must be well made and exact, and I shall have to go to London to be fitted, and wait at least a day to get it right. I ought to go up on Saturday, but I have not money enough. The article itself will cost quite two guineas.'

But where is the necessity for this scalping expedition? When the horse-thief was about to be condemned to death for his crime, he was asked by the judge what he had to say before sentence was pronounced. 'A man must live, my lord,' said he. 'I see no necessity,' said the judge, and proceeded with his duty. Nature has given many of us this tonsure, but we do not think it necessary to procure new scalps, a neat black skullcap answering all requirements.

A young man, writing to me from the Black Country, informs me that 'Poverty is a relative term and depends upon the constitution of men's minds. It is true I have always had enough to eat, and have never borrowed money or been in debt, but what of that? I feel that within me that makes me miserable until I have seen Niagara, and St Peter's at Rome. I understand music thoroughly, theory and practice, but have never seen an opera! I want to attend the concerts in the Birmingham Town Hall, and for years have *dreamed* of the "Festival." I long to hear the great organ of St Paul's and to attend a concert at the Albert Hall. But these are all forbidden pleasures, and this, sir, to a man like me constitutes poverty.' And after reading his letter, strange to say, I did not feel inclined to help him.

Here is a somewhat peculiar application. A man writes to me as follows: 'Sir, Having a wife (sic), who I may say, can neither walk nor talk, may I beg of you to help me to keep Her and myself from the Workhouse?'

I have before shown that some people are quite willing to accept assistance in 'kind,' but here is an individual who would prefer to take it in cash. The secretary of a village reading room, having applied to me for support, I offered to supply the room with the *Daily News*, but in acknowledging my offer he said he would prefer to have it in money, 'if it were all the same to me!'

'A widower with seven children' informs me that he is desirous of marrying his deceased wife's sister, but that she (prudent woman) declines to do so unless he can obtain a situation with two hundred a year; would I help him to such a berth?

A peculiarly shabby kind of begging is in vogue amongst certain manufacturers and merchants in some large towns, who are not ashamed to write to subscribers to hospitals and other charitable institutions, begging for tickets for people in their employment, on the plea that they do not subscribe themselves! In such cases I invariably point out that these applicants can have all the privileges possessed by myself, by subscribing on their own account.

As a matter of course, the number of applications for assistance to enable inventors to develop



their 'ideas' is legion, and I will content myself with giving one example in the words of my correspondent, who says: 'Having made an extraordinary wonderful discovery, and have succeeded in perfecting an Apperatus I have invented for the Discovering Lost Vessels, and observing by the papers that you are interested in the promotion of the Arts and Sciences, has induced me to hope that you will pardon the liberty I take as a working man in addressing these few lines to you in the hope that you will find the means to enable me to bring my invention out. I will now describe what my invention will accomplish; by its application even when all souls on board may Perish in the Wreck. Authentic information can be obtained of all future Wrecks, and the Certain Fate ascertained, also the Cause, and date of the Disaster, and the place where the ill-fated vessel has gone Down, so that all valuable articles, monies, &c., may now be recovered, as also the Vessel if found not to be too much damaged.' My correspondent informs me that he has been in communication with the Admiralty, but that they will do nothing, and concludes with this postscript: 'I am informed by a friend of mine that when successfully brought out it would realise by Royalty alone, at least £100,000 a year.' That invention still remains in an undeveloped state.

How considerate some people are! Here is a tempting offer from an unknown correspondent:

'Dear Sir, I venture to suggest that you should appoint me to be your Almoner; I know you are a very busy man, but I have an abundance of time on my hands, and have been accustomed to dispensing the charity of others. Hoping to hear from you.'

So much for beggars of the middle and working classes: the ordinary street beggar belongs to an entirely separate and independent organisation. He has a language and a system of his own by which he informs his fellows of the 'rateable value' of towns and of the dispositions of individuals living on his line of march. Official investigations have shown that begging has been the profession of the same family for several generations in succession, and although they always protest they are anxious to work 'if they can get it,' a very casual examination of their hands reveals the fact that they never have used them in manual labour. Many of them manage to live uncommonly well. A beggar once called at my sister's house and declared, with a whine, that he was starving; my sister offered him the half of a loaf, but this he spurned and said in anything but a whining tone, 'I'm not bread hungry!'

A few years since a tramp was brought before the magistrates at Falmouth charged with begging, and was discharged on his undertaking to leave the town. Before leaving the dock this beggar was asked by a magistrate how long he had been in the town, and replied that he had been there three days. 'And how much do you consider Falmouth to be worth for your business?' 'Well,' said the fellow, 'I consider Falmouth is worth fifteen shillings if well peeked (picked); and I ought to have had another day.'

We don't usually look for 'poetry' in Government Reports, but in Mr Fleming's Report to the Local Government Board for 1894-95 the

following stanza occurs; it was copied from the wall of a vagrant ward by the inspector:

'Here lies a poor beggar who always was tired,  
For he lived in a world where too much is required;  
Friends, grieve not for me that Death doth us sever,  
For I am going to do nothing for ever and ever.'

A very objectionable method of begging is that adopted by secretaries and others on behalf of various charitable institutions. Their plan is to look through the subscription lists of other charities, and to persecute the more liberal contributors. Of course this is the easiest way, but a more just method would be to use such lists of contributors for the purpose of seeing what names are *absent* which should be there, and then to follow such people up until they recognised their duty. Of course this method involves labour, and invites unpleasant rejoinders from persons unaccustomed to giving; but, if persevered in, it would in many cases be productive of much good by opening the hearts of many who have been content hitherto to admire generosity in others, and who have never felt that there is as much joy in giving as in 'getting.' 'Beggars' of this description would do well to bear in mind that although there are many who give because they feel it their *duty* to give, there are perhaps more who give because it is the custom or fashion to do so, and when the latter class find themselves flooded with applications for money as a result of their liberality in a particular cause in which they are interested, they become disgusted and close their hearts and purses together.

It would be possible to extend these experiences *ad infinitum*, but I will close with an anecdote I once read of a rich man who too readily complied with demands similar to those I have described, and who came to grief and poverty in consequence. His friends made a collection on his behalf, and he spent a portion of the money in causing a monument to be prepared for his own grave. On the monument was a figure holding a 'chopper' in its hand, and this was the inscription beneath:

'He who gives away all before he is dead,  
Let him take this chopper and chop off his head.'

## MY KAFFIR.

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER I.

AN ideal night in the Indian Ocean, with the stars looking as big as saucers, throbbing away up there in the blue from one horizon to the other; and the sea, a wondrous mass of iridescence through which the sharp fore-foot of the Cape Liner shears, sometimes with a noise like the tinkling of numberless little glass bells, at others with a hoarse rush that casts great blobs and flakes of living light into the air, to fall again in radiant showers of opalescent beauty into the creaming mass that glows and seethes under the bows.

The wind was right aft, and the fore-staysail, hauled down, made a comfortable nest on the fore-head. In the folds of this I lay back and smoked, gazing now on the wonderful spectacle outboard, now up at the big lamp that hung from the fore-topmast-stay, looking mean

and yellow, by contrast, under the pure starlight, and wondered mightily the while whether I should ever find my Kaffir.

In vain I had attempted to raise a loan upon him in Melbourne, where, after a series of mischances, I had, one winter, found myself remarkably hard up.

What people I knew—very few—who had any money laughed cheerfully at my proffered security, and refused to invest. Even those who had no money—the great majority—laughed also. With one exception; he was a newspaper-man—at least he wasn't permanently on any staff—but was what is vaguely known as a 'literary contributor.' And he paid my passage in that White Star boat and gave me a few shillings over, leaving himself and his wife and family pretty well cleaned out until pay-night.

But Osborne had the spice of romance, accentuated in his case by dabbling in psycho-mancy, odic forces, and such stuff. Also, just then, he had constant employment, along the wharves, lumping cargo at one shilling per hour, and sixpence overtime. And he was, into the bargain, expecting a boom in the literary-contributor business. Evidently that was the only thing that made him uneasy at leaving Australia. He was afraid the boom might commence during his absence, and when he would be unable to take advantage of it.

'Anyhow, there's "copy" in the business, old man, if there's nothing else,' said he, as he ran over from the 'Loch Lee,' alongside which famous clipper he was slinging bales of wool, to say good-bye. 'Still, if I were you, in spite of the odic premonitions you have told me so much about, I wouldn't be too sanguine with regard to dropping across that nigger. Five years, you know, is a good time to have neglected him. Still, I have hopes. So long! And good luck!' Yes, it was almost five years to the day since, weary and disheartened by a run of bad fortune, I had come in with a prospecting party from Bechuanaland, and, perforce, taken a job with a Dutch farmer not far from where Johannesburg was, even then, growing into a city on the Rand of White Water.

My boss wasn't a bad sort of fellow—for a Boer. But if I had not been able to speak a little Dutch, I should never have stood a show of getting work from him. After a few months, it happened that he and some others made a long trek down to the Bay (Port Elizabeth). I went, too, and was glad of the chance, for I was getting tired of life on the grass veldt; tired of scabby mutton and square gin, and of having nobody to talk to but 'Aunts' and 'Uncles,' and big-headed young Dutch bucks full of gas and blow at the expense of 'Britishers.'

Camping one night on the Vaal River, a Kaffir, old and evidently very ill, came up and begged for something to eat.

But the Boers only swore at him for a black *schepsel*; and one of them gave the poor wretch a cut over the legs with his bullock-whip that made him jump again. Then he went away and lay down under a great, shady, broad-leaved tree some three hundred yards from our camp. After supper I carried him a quart of tea and something to eat.

But he was too far gone to do anything but sip the warm sweet stuff; eat he could not. He, however, was very grateful.

'You are a good man, *Basa*,' said he. 'Not like those Dutch *aasvogels* (vultures) over yonder. I am a Swazi, and thought to die in my own land, and lo, I die where I lie. But before I go I will make you rich. Never mouthfuls of drink shall be paid for like these. Listen, my son! Two moons ago I worked in the Company's Kraal, and dug for the white stones that shine in the dark when the white man polishes them, and are worth many cattle and many guns.'

It came to pass that on a day I found four—four, mark you—all at once. Two were big as the biggest mealie-ears, and two were bigger again. Close beside each other they lay in the nest that they were born in at the making of the world, and there, my son, I found them, even I, old Goza, whom the Pale Man (death) hath gripped. And as I picked them up, so, one after the other, I swallowed them. And now they light up, may be, the darkness of my belly. But they are sharp and cold, I feel them even now! And a grin passed like a sudden flicker of firelight into a dark corner across the wrinkled leathery old face as he patted his naked stomach.

'Ay,' he continued, as I stared at him, then gave him another mouthful of tea, 'I swallowed them. And high though the fence and watchful the guards, I escaped from the big Kraal. Take them, my son. Would that I had never seen them; very heavy they be in the new nest that they have made for themselves. Hearken! when I go, which will happen when the first light shines across the veldt behind yonder koppie,' motioning towards a peculiar flat-topped hill some quarter of a mile away, 'and the *aasvogels* have lagged-up and gone, turn back from them, and come here, and cut into me quickly, and take out the four white stones—stay, you may feel them even now!' And he seized my hand and pressed it hard against his stomach, and peered into my face with eyes fast losing their life and fire.

But I could feel nothing, and I said so.

'I can!' replied he, smiling grimly.

'Bury me where I lie, white man,' he continued. 'See, I chose the spot clear of roots, so that water may not follow them into the grave and give the jackals food before their time. Bury me as I sit, and facing the sun, so that my spirit may walk straight to its own land. Promise me this thing, my son, and on a day, not too distant, it shall be very well with thee.'

I promised the poor old chap of course, and he seemed as pleased as Punch; and as I left him he started humming a strange sort of chant. Listening for awhile, I went on, and turned into my hammock swung under the disselboom of our wagon.

Knowing, as I did, that almost all Kaffirs are liars of high degree, I didn't feel inclined to put much faith in the diamond business. Moreover, I had no wish to lose my passage, as assuredly would be the case if I lagged behind to dissect my friend. Also, he had chosen the most awkward possible time in which to die—just



as everybody was on the alert to inspan and prepare for the day's trek.

But perhaps the heaviest argument of all against the likelihood of the thing consisted in the fact of my having seen the fence he said he had climbed—the big barrier that the illicit diamond buyers had forced the De Beers Company to erect around their shoal of amalgamated mines—fourteen feet of galvanised iron with three barbed wires strained along the top of it. Why, a lizard couldn't have scaled it, much less a worn-out old Kaffir!—we call them all Kaffirs there, Pondos, Basutos, Bechuanas, Griquas, and the rest. However, as I turned over and fell asleep, I determined to at least go across in the morning, and if he had pegged out, as he said he would, bury him as I promised, diamonds or no diamonds.

I slept late, and was only awakened by old Oom Hendricks shaking me. '*Almachte!*' he growled, 'Arise, and don't let the blessed sun of the Lord God roast you alive!'

Until after breakfast there was no chance to slip away; for, like the others, I had my share of camp duty to perform.

But at last I managed to get over to the tree. Sure enough, there lay my Kaffir, already stiffening, with the flies beginning to swarm in black clouds about him.

However, going to the wagon, I got a spade and a pick, and despite the jeers and laughter of the Boers, when they saw what my intentions were, I planted the poor old beggar pretty deep, huddled up, and with his face towards Swaziland. Just at that time I didn't feel inclined to do any more towards proving my legacy.

Perhaps, as I trampled the earth upon him, some faint notion possessed me of returning in the future; for I took bearings from the big tree, noticing especially, as I did so, a curious triangular patch of white stone near the summit of the koppie.

But in Algoa Bay I got a ship and came across to Australia, and as the years passed the remembrance of the incident grew weaker; still, strange to say, at long intervals a sort of feeling would momentarily seize upon me, taking full possession of my mind, and urging me vehemently to go and dig up what was waiting for me under the old tree.

It was a haunting sort of sensation, quite too vague to define, a kind of small pressing inward voice that kept on telling me that I was a fool for neglecting such a chance of fortune. But as I noticed that the phenomenon generally occurred when I was hard up, I put it down to natural causes. Osborne, however, was otherwise impressed, ascribed it to 'a reaction of psychic will-matter,' and wrote a paper on it.

Indeed, if it had not been for that kindly enthusiast I hardly think I should ever have been bound Africa-ward to look for a five-year-old dead Kaffir.

And as I lay on the fok'sle-head and smoked, and thought of what an awfully forlorn sort of hope it was, growing more forlorn and more doubtful with every gliding heave of the big steamer that brought the testing of it nearer. I got up, and, knocking the ashes out of my pipe on the capstan, called myself a fool and several other things. It was the purpose with

which I had started away that appeared so much more idiotic here, within eight hundred miles of Cape Agulhas, than it had done on Sandridge pier.

Amongst the saloon passengers was a Mr Johnston, formerly a free-selector in New South Wales. He had emigrated many years ago to South Africa; and there, after some time spent in hunting and digging, he finally settled on a large farm in the Transvaal, where in those early days good land was to be had for half-a-crown an acre.

He was a big, jolly, frank, outspoken man of about fifty-eight, a widower, with one child, a pretty girl of eighteen, who accompanied him. And he was now returning to his adopted country with a fine selection of stud rams and ewes for his flocks up there on the high veldt of the African tableland. In my former wanderings I had often heard his name mentioned as a 'suspect,' and an object of dislike to the Boer government at Pretoria. Indeed during the war he was more than once nearly shot out of hand, not only for his opposition to being 'commandeered,' but for the remarkably free way in which he aired his opinions on the subject of Boer and Basuto—Dutch liege though he nominally was.

Happening once to attract his notice by something I said respecting the sheep, whilst I watched him feeding them, we used often after that to have a yarn together.

With pretty Mary Johnston I also exchanged at odd times a word or two when she brought for'ard dainties for her pet-ewe. And one day, in very rough weather, the vessel, diving, took a tremendous sea over her fok'sle-head, and Mary, venturing alone along the deck, was caught by the rushing torrent, and swept like a feather into the main-rigging. Luckily, to escape a wetting, I had jumped upon one of the main-hatch sheep-pens. It was a long bound from there into the rigging; but in those days I was young and smart, and I managed it just as the weight of water was proving too much for her. Another minute and she would have let go and been carried overboard. It really was a narrow shave, so narrow that the skipper, watching from the bridge, grew pale and trembled, thinking that all was over, as his fingers pushed the telegraph to 'Stop.'

Old Johnston didn't say much. But I felt that if I should want a friend in Africa, I had one ready-made—perhaps a couple.

'Come up and see us, and stay with us,' said he, some days afterwards. 'I've got two places, you know, now. But I'm mostly at the old one, near Ermelo. Come whenever it suits you, and I'll promise you shan't be sorry; I've got to take these jumbucks right round by Durban in the coasting steamer, or I'd say come at once. But there's only Kaffirs at home. However, remember you're expected sooner or later, and the sooner the better.'

And when Mary shook hands with me, and timidly seconded her father's invitation, there was a look of shy pleasure and earnestness in her brown eyes that sent a curious thrill to my heart.

And presently, whilst we rounded the Green Cape Light, and glided slowly into full view

of the white houses lying cuddled up under the shadow of the mighty rock, old Johnston came for'ard again, and asked me point-blank if fifty pounds would be of any use, just as a loan, for a few months, or a year or so. Because, if that should happen to be the case, I had 'only to say the word, my boy.'

Of course they knew I wasn't quite a Rothschild, travelling steerage. But I had no intention of allowing anybody to discover how really hard up I was, least of all the Johnstons. So I merely thanked him for his kind offer, and said that I had enough for present purposes; which was strictly true—only the present was limited.

Curiously enough, when once ashore, I didn't seem to be in any hurry to seek the spot where lay my fortune. And, in spite of several recurrences of the impalpable sensation before alluded to, I stayed pottering about the town.

At last, in that snug hostel, the 'George,' I one day met an old mate who was just returning to the diggings after the inevitable spree. He knew, so he said, of some alluvial up Rustenburg way, and pressed me to accompany him.

So I went. The place turned out bare tucker. But, after a lot of knocking about, we did happen to drop on a patch that gave us a hundred pounds each by the time it was worked out.

Then Jack Williams, my companion, got a bad touch of fever, and we both cleared off to Johannesburg for a spell.

Being in funds again, I had quite forgotten my mouldering Kaffir, lying all the while not very far away, just on the edge of shade, and clear of root-channels, waiting patiently with his face towards Swaziland.

Then, one afternoon, returning from the hospital, where I had been to see how Williams was getting on, whom should I run against but Johnston.

The first salutations over. 'Come along,' said he, 'I'm off home to-morrow to the new place near Klerksdorp. Mary's there; and she'll be glad to see you. Come you must!'

For a while I hesitated. Williams I knew was going back to Capetown directly he got better; so that really there was nothing to keep me. Then I thought of Mary, and consented.

Early next morning we started in a buggy drawn by two capital horses.

During the second day's journey the country began to look changed, although it was faintly familiar; and I presently realised that we had struck very nearly into the old track over which I travelled with the Boers more than five years ago.

But so great were the alterations in the landscape, that for some time I was doubtful. Everywhere the ground had been rooted up by prospectors; then, after a bit, the mullock heaps disappeared, giving way to farms and fences dotted over the level grass veldt, with here and there plantations of blue gum saplings.

'Lots of colonials round these parts,' said my companion, pointing to the snug homesteads with a smile of satisfaction. 'We've secured amongst us most of this district—bought it

from the shiftless Boers with their scabby flocks and lazy, dirty ways. No (in answer to my question), there's no gold been found, so far. These old shafts, back yonder, are where they've been looking for a lost lead from one of the big mines at the Rand—the Geldenhuys. But apparently it didn't come this way.'

## MINIATURE MACHINERY.

THE summer visitors who go to admire such stupendous works as the Forth Bridge, or the Manchester Canal, are justly struck by the vast magnitude of the operations, but few of them are aware that equal, and sometimes superior skill is shown at the other end of the scale. The one needs to be viewed through a telescope, the other through a microscope, before one can judge of its proportions and harmony.

Owing to the great increase in manufacturing operations conducted by machinery, we have of late years seen many models of steam-engines of various kinds in the shop windows: locomotives that will run on a table, or on the floor, dragging a tiny train of carriages and wagons; little steamboats that will make their way through the water as fast as one can walk; or little factory engines that may be attached to other machinery such as pumps or circular saws. These models have all the necessary fittings to enable them to do their work; but they are not *models* in the strict sense of the term, but rather miniature engines. By '*models*' is understood an exact reproduction in miniature of something carried out on a large scale. In many cases, however, the model is made first from the designs projected on paper, and then it serves occasionally to correct defects hitherto unnoticed. Such models are very difficult indeed of execution, and exceedingly costly; hence they are confined either to the show-room or drawing-room of the engineer, or to the glass case of a museum.

Talking of museums, since the destruction of the Patents Museum at Washington by fire, there are two collections only where these models may be seen to perfection. One is the School of Arts and Trades in Paris; the other is in the South Kensington Museum in London. The latter is now supreme, thanks to the liberality of the heads of great industries and to the kindness of private individuals. This collection owes its origin to the painstaking ability of the late Mr Bennett Woodcroft, formerly librarian of the Patent Office. Thrust at first into a wretched leaky shed, the curiosities were packed away in such close order that, literally, there was not room to turn round—yet these overcrowded cases held the germs of all that has made England prosperous. They have now, however, been removed into well-lighted galleries that, I suppose, are as good as the British public will ever wish for in its national buildings.

There may be seen the engine of the boat that went by steam on Dalswinton lake a century ago, and a model of the famous *Charlotte Dundas*, made from fragments of the old steamer. But the chief attraction is the number of models of our great ocean steamships and



men-of-war. These models are all built to a definite scale of proportion, and down to the minutest external fitting, every detail is faithfully reproduced in its exact dimensions. Perhaps the most striking exhibit is a series of models representing the development of the transatlantic steamer, from the small, low-powered ship with which the service was commenced to the flying palace of to-day. This magnificent display is the contribution of one company alone, and the cost must be reckoned by thousands.

The making of these models is a business of itself, and is in the hands of a select few who have worked hard for the position they occupy. They receive high pay for their labours. The models just referred to have cost, one with another, seven hundred and fifty pounds each. That is not at all an unusual price to pay for a perfect exhibition model of a modern steamer, when executed in the first-class style affected by the professional model makers. In one case that I know of, no less than fourteen hundred pounds were spent on a model of a battleship, with the structure on which she was built and launched. The reader may well wonder why this immense cost should be incurred for a mere model, and why they should come to so much money. The answer to the first is that a beautiful model is a good paying advertisement, and is the best possible method of bringing any line of steamers well before the public, and giving them a favourable impression. I suppose most of my readers have been on board a steamer, when in the docks handling cargo, and they have in that case been somewhat astonished at her condition—the decks in the last extreme of dirtiness, water trickling every way, chains, ropes, and spars in seemingly hopeless confusion, and the whole in such a state of chaos and hurry that a landsman has small chance of getting from one end to the other of the boat without damage either to person or to clothes. All that is rectified before the ship gets to sea, and when she is once fairly under way there is not a more spotless or orderly thing in creation than a ship. Talk about woman's tidiness indeed! she needs to go to sea to learn what the word means. Now the model is in the state that exists at sea—everything in its proper place, and not a speck of dust to be seen anywhere; the decks white as snow, and fit for fairies to dance on. That is the use of the model; and now as to its cost. A great part of the details have just as much work spent on them as the originals, and the modellers have to work from the same plans as are used to erect the ship herself. There is no possibility of rectifying any error; the slightest mistake compels the defective part to be thrown away, and hence the utmost care must be used by the highly-trained men who do this work, lest one careless touch should condemn the whole.

So much for the models of ships. They are very beautiful to look at; yet, beyond advertisement, they cannot be used in any way. But there is another branch of the subject in which even more money is spent—the production of working models of engines and machinery. These differ greatly from the products of the

toy-shop and the instrument maker, whose engines are made in the simplest possible manner. They have to be at the same time working models and models made to a scale of proportion—usually some fraction of an inch in the model represents a foot in the original: every part, every bolt, nut, screw, and so forth, must be in exactly the same proportion. Now, the production of a model that shall fulfil both these conditions—a scale model that is also a working model—is a task of supreme difficulty. As this difficulty, however, may not be intelligible to the reader, I will endeavour to explain it by saying that when some of the working parts are reduced below a certain size, they will not operate at all; and there are only two means of surmounting this obstacle—either to make the parts big enough as the toy-shop maker does, disregarding proportions altogether, or to execute them in such superlative manner as to reduce to the minimum the great drawback of friction. There are, however, some parts of a steam-engine that the toy-shop maker is compelled to leave out entirely, as their cost would be quite prohibitive. The actual number of these quite perfect models is very small indeed. They cost nearly as much as the big engines do; for there is the same amount of work to do, and it is of a much higher priced labour than is used in the large engine. The only reduction is that less metal is used, and less metal has to be removed from the forgings and castings to finish them. For my own part, I only know of about twenty of these absolutely perfect models, and their cost ranges from twenty to three thousand seven hundred pounds each, so the reader will easily see that their cost is prohibitive. One cost twelve thousand pounds odd; but that was quite exceptional. These models, however, have really no use; they cannot be used as advertisements to catch custom, because the general public does not understand them, and cannot afford to buy them.

There is, however, another class of models which are made expressly for the purpose of obtaining orders for the machinery they represent. I refer to the models of newly-patented inventions, in which a beautifully-made working model is quite an essential part of the business man's outfit. This also is a branch of work by itself, and is very well paid; for it involves more head-work than the others we have dealt with. Suppose a man invents a magazine gun and wants to sell some. No man can be expected to wade through a descriptive pamphlet, or a patent specification that looks like the Book of Numbers spelt backwards; but if the inventor has a working model in his pocket, he can whip it out, and show his customer at a glance what the peculiar features of his invention are. I think the idea is sufficiently clear from what I have said. Some of these models are made to go into the waistcoat pocket, and nearly all of them are made so small as to go into a little hand-bag. They have this advantage also that the curse of Babel does not affect them. Even if traveller and customer do not understand a word of each other's language, a few moments' dumb-show in operating the model makes everything clear.

Hence these models are much in demand, and are very valuable investments to a business man. This class of work used to be done entirely by watchmakers. So far as workmanship went, their models were very good; but they had not the knowledge of practical engineering to enable them to correctly follow out the ideas of an inventor—which, to put it mildly, are rather unintelligible, except, in the rare case that he is himself an engineer.

That it became a distinct trade is due chiefly to an accident that befell a man engaged in a large engineer's establishment in London some forty years ago. He was a very highly skilled mechanic, and was entrusted with very delicate work at good pay. But he had the misfortune to be attacked by a partial paralysis which deprived him entirely of the use of his legs, while it left his arms quite unimpaired. From that time he was confined to his chair; so, like a brave man, he determined to devote himself to such engineering work as was possible in that state. Even the small work he had formerly been accustomed to handle was now out of the question, and he therefore turned his attention to miniature models—I ought rather to say microscopic, for it was impossible to make out their parts without a magnifier. The work he turned out would need a volume to describe it. His masterpieces were two models—the engines of the *Warrior* ironclad, and the *Great Britain* steamship, ship and engines. The first-named model was certainly the most tiny pair of engines the world has seen, or probably will see. They stood on a three-penny piece, and that same coin balanced them in the scales. Every detail was there in its exact proportion, and it worked at a most amazing speed when simply blown with the breath.

The other model was equally unique as being the smallest steamship ever seen. The ship was eight inches long, and its screw propeller was scarcely larger than a pea. Its whole weight was an ounce and a quarter when ready for sea. The engines weighed less than half an ounce. It was a sight to see that tiny ship ploughing her way across a wash-hand basin!

Another man, eminent in this field of engineering, was Jabez James. One of his *chefs d'œuvre* has been frequently exhibited. It was a model of an engineer's factory. The whole was about a yard and a half square. It was not finished in the style of his other work, and therefore those of my readers who have seen it must not judge of his workmanship by that. It was one of the earliest of the drop-a-penny-in-the-slot machines that are now so common: but it went one better, for it went for a halfpenny. There were holes, however, for other coins up to half-a-sovereign. Well, you dropped in your money, and the main engine started at once, driving the whole range of shafting, and setting in motion the vast array of lathes, planers, slotters, shapers, and drills, even to the grindstone. The time it kept in motion depended on the amount of money you put in. The model was first exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1862, and subsequently it was placed in the Patents Museum, where it was a never-failing attrac-

tion to engineers as well as to mere sight-seers. The children, of course, were delighted with it, and they used to put in their own small coins to make it work. Latterly, I saw it again in the South Kensington Museum, but the essential part of it was removed for some strange reason, known only to the authorities in charge. I believe the money deposited went to Mr James and his family, and I am very sure nobody grudged the outlay; for I well recollect the pleasure it gave me when I was a little boy, and dropped my penny in the slot. What has become of the model since then is more than I know.

## WAS I A COWARD?

### I.

Was I a coward? Reader, you shall hear my story, and judge for yourself.

Before describing the supreme moment of my life, when my courage was tried to the uttermost, it is necessary to the right understanding of my tale to give a brief account of my early days.

During childhood I was weak and sickly, passing through several severe illnesses, the consequence of which was that I did not go to school till some two years after the usual age; and all this time I had been much coddled at home, and carefully kept from seeing anything of the rough side of life. Perhaps this accounts for my great weakness, which was an absolute horror of fighting or rough usage of any sort—even an unkind or harsh word would make me miserable for a day or two afterwards.

With this weakness strong upon me, I was sent to a rough-and-tumble old-fashioned grammar school, where the boys had to fight hard and often before they could command any respect or peace; and life was hardly endurable for those poor boys who, like myself, dreaded the ordeal of battle. Added to this, we were half-starved, and all our pocket-money used to go in buying food, chiefly black puddings (reader, do you know what they are?) to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

With all my fear of fighting, there was no fear of danger in other ways. If there was any daring thing to be done, incurring risk to limbs or even life, I was amongst the foremost to undertake it. For instance, we used to be kept carefully within bounds, and were never allowed outside the playground, so our only chance of procuring any extra food was by getting out of one of the bedroom windows at night, when everybody else had gone to bed, and going up into the town. To do this, we had to walk along a narrow shoot, and then with the help of an old vine, climb down a descending pipe. This I could do without the least fear, though a slip at the top meant almost certain death. But when it came to fighting, it was quite a different matter! I would do everything I possibly could to avoid it; and when forced to fight, as I sometimes was, I fought badly, and always got the worst of it. In justice to myself, I must say that I believe



my dislike to giving punishment was quite as great as my dread of receiving it. As a result, my first two years at school were years of misery; still during that rough time health and strength increased, and as I became very good at all games, particularly cricket and football, I lived down the bad name I had got for want of pluck.

Strange to say, with all my fear of fighting, as I grew up, my one great desire was to become a soldier. I studied with avidity all the books which told of the great soldiers and sailors of the early part of the century. Wellington, Napoleon, Nelson, Napier, Cochrane, and the like were my heroes; and my parents, after a time, finding I was bent upon entering the army, took me away from the old grammar school, and gave me a military education, and in due time I was gazetted to an infantry regiment.

It was the year 1852. Europe and the world in general seemed to be in a state of profound peace, and as far as man could judge, war was never farther away than it seemed then. Consequently, no fear of my ability to perform well a soldier's part in battle marred my joy at donning Her Majesty's uniform, and I set to work hard to learn all the details of a soldier's life, and even studied tactics and strategy on my own account.

As there was no fighting to be done, and as I was good at nearly everything else, a fair shot, a daring rider across country, and a good-tempered fellow to boot, I soon became a popular man in my regiment.

I had one special chum, Charlie Seton. He was a sub of about the same standing as myself, a splendid fellow in every way, six feet in height, and a perfect specimen of manly Saxon beauty; broad-shouldered, well-proportioned, with curly auburn hair and bright blue eyes, and the brightest, cheeriest, pluckiest fellow I ever had the good fortune to know. The only thing Charlie was not good at was his drill, and in that I was often able to help him, as we were generally working near each other, and I, from sheer love of the work, had very soon got my drill by heart. But though I knew my drill better than he, I was quite sure Charlie would lead his men better in action. In many a hard-fought cricket match, and in many a hard run, we were together, and if by any chance either could do the other a good turn, it was always done.

Time went on, and little clouds arose on the political horizon, and then one day, as we were just going on parade, I saw the newsboys in a state of great excitement, and heard one crying 'Declaration of war with Russia.' It made my heart jump into my mouth; and while other men were rejoicing at the prospect of active service, I had hard work to conceal the state of abject fear I was in. When I came off duty, and had a chance of looking at the paper, I found it was only a declaration of war by Turkey, in which we had not joined, so I breathed freely again, and my spirits revived. The fact was Russia, having occupied the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, which at that time belonged to Turkey, the Turks had no choice but to fight or see their whole

country overrun by the Russian hordes. The ostensible cause of the Russian advance was to protect the Greek Christians at Jerusalem—the real cause was a desire to get hold of one more slice of Turkish territory. The war between Turkey and Russia broke out in October 1853, and for some time England looked on and did nothing, and my peace of mind returned. I began to think that England would do the looking on, and nothing else. At this time I tried with all my might to shake off my terrible weakness, but it was no use; the more I thought about it, the more my fears of fighting and death increased, so at last I gave up thinking about it as the best thing I could do.

Some months passed, and then came an evening I well remember. Mess was just over, and we were lighting our cigars, and those of us who had been out hunting (there had been a splendid run that day) were recounting our adventures, when a grim old sergeant entered, and saluting, handed some despatches to our dear old colonel. It was an unusual occurrence, and all eyes were turned on the old man, and I noticed that he looked very grave as he read; but when he had finished I saw a bright proud smile come over his face as he rose and said: 'Gentlemen, I regret to tell you that England and France have this day been forced to declare war against Russia.' Something like a cheer ran round the table, in which, to save my life, I could not have joined; but nobody noticed me. Raising his hand for silence, the colonel continued: 'Yes, gentlemen, I know, like good soldiers, you are longing for active service, and it has been the hope of my life to have the honour of leading my fine regiment into action, but still war is a terrible thing, not to be lightly entered on. I suppose you all know that our regiment is almost the first on the list for active service, so we may be called on to be off at a day's notice.' Shortly afterwards the colonel rose and left the table, beckoning to the major and adjutant to follow him, and very soon afterwards all the senior officers left the table, and we subs were left to our own devices, and a roaring time we had of it. More champagne was ordered, and war songs, with rattling choruses and noisy applause, were the order of the day. For once in my life I found myself drinking champagne for the sake of getting what is called 'Dutch courage'; it had the desired effect, and soon I was as noisy and ripe for mischief as any of the rest. After a time we found the mess-room oppressive, and agreed to sally out, and see what fun could be got out of the streets of the quiet country town in which we were quartered. As we entered the barrack square, we found to our surprise that it was full of our own men, a very unusual thing at that hour. The sight rather sobered us, and the senior sub asked what it meant. A sergeant came forward, and said that the men had heard all sorts of rumours of war, and were in a state of great excitement, and he would be much obliged, if we were at liberty to do so, if we would tell them what had happened. 'I think, gentlemen,' he added, 'they would go more quietly to their quarters if they are told.' He was answered that the news was

no secret, and that England and France had declared war against Russia. The men raised a wild cheer, but to my ears it sounded rather hollow; and somehow when we got out of the barracks half the fun seemed knocked out of us, and we did not do much more than give the townspeople some harmless chaff. To be sure, Charlie danced a polka in the market-place with a gipsy woman, while an old man seated on a barrel played the fiddle. But then Charlie was bound to do something out of the common, though there was no harm in his fun; and we ended rather tamely by going quietly back to our quarters earlier than usual.

A few days after this came orders to march to our port of embarkation, where a transport was waiting to take us in the first place to Malta. Nothing occurred worthy of note till we were half-way across the Bay of Biscay. Then one morning, when it was blowing rather stiffly from the west with a high sea, there was a cry of 'man overboard.' I was on deck at the time, right aft, talking to Charlie, but most of the fellows were below, hardly able to crawl out of their berths. Looking over the side, I saw one of our own men struggling in the water. Two life-belts had already been thrown to him, but being unable to swim, he could not reach them, and it was evident he must drown long before a boat could reach him; for though our engines were reversed, we should carry our way another quarter of a mile. I was a strong swimmer, so seizing a life-belt that was close to my hand, I dropped overboard just as the man had passed. A few strokes brought me to him, and then came the difficult job of getting the belt over him, for the man was struggling dangerously. I managed it at last, when he was nearly drowned, for it was not till then he had the sense to see that his best plan was to keep quiet. When I looked about for the ship, she seemed a very long way off, and often we lost sight of her altogether as we sank down between the waves. I was getting exhausted myself; the life-belt would only support one, so I looked round for another, and fortunately there was one not far off. I swam to it, and after getting my arms through it, returned to my man, and stayed quietly by him waiting for help. It was a trying time, for it was quite possible they might miss us in the heavy sea that was running. But I was pleased to see, as we rose on a wave, that there was an officer high up in the rigging signalling, which showed me that a boat had already put off, and that the officer could still see us. At last we saw the boat, but she was not heading for us; then we lost sight of her, but the next time we saw her she was nearer. I shouted with all my might; my shout was answered, and two minutes later we were hauled on board.

Poor Private Jones collapsed in the bottom of the boat, but I was not much the worse, only very cold. As we came near the vessel the captain sung out, 'Have you got them both?' The answering shout of 'Yes, all right,' was hardly given, when such a cheer arose from over eight hundred men as I never expect to hear again; and as we came up the side, our old colonel came forward and shook hands with me, saying: 'Well and bravely done,

sir; I am proud of you.' As I was making my way below, Charlie gave me such a slap on the back as nearly sent me on my nose on the deck, saying: 'Splendidly done, old fellow. I knew the man was saved when you went over for him. I would have come with you, but you know I am a poor swimmer, and I should only have drowned myself without saving the man.' Poor Jones came to thank me next morning for a life saved. I told him he might very likely have a chance of doing the same for me before we saw home again.

In due time we arrived at Malta, where we were detained many weeks. While most of our fellows were fretting to get on, I confess I was quite contented to stay where I was; I quite enjoyed my visit to the island and all the strange scenes to be witnessed there.

Troops were constantly pouring in, and after a time several French regiments joined us, creating considerable interest and curiosity amongst our men, for Tommy Atkins was very anxious to stand treat on every possible occasion to his new friends.

At last we were off again, and our destination this time was Gallipoli. This did not alarm me much, as it was certain there was no fighting to be done there; and we seemed to be going so leisurely towards the seat of war that I began to be very much of opinion that there would be no fighting at all, and that we were only making a demonstration in force for political purposes. I shall not dwell on our stay at Gallipoli. We had not been there long before we were ordered up to Scutari, still far from danger; but after a short stay there, we were ordered to embark for Varna. This looked really like getting near the seat of war, and my miserable weakness returned to some extent, but I had so much to do that I had not time to dwell on it.

Arrived at Varna, we found everything at first in the wildest confusion, but after a time out of chaos came order. The English troops were not quartered in the town, but at several points farther inland. Here for about three months we remained kicking our heels, doing absolutely no good to our friends or harm to our enemies; but we had not been there long before we had a more terrible foe to fight than the Russians. The cholera broke out amongst us, at first slightly, but very soon severely; our field hospitals filled to overflowing, and our poor doctors worked day and night to save and relieve the sufferers till they themselves were ready to drop from sheer fatigue.

One evening our doctor, as good a fellow as ever stepped, came into my tent and threw himself down in a cane chair in a state of utter exhaustion; I mixed a stiff glass of grog and made him drink it, and then got him to light his pipe and pull himself together. He told me it was heartrending work, that they had not half enough doctors, and nothing like enough nurses, and that men were dying daily who, in all probability, would have lived with a little careful nursing, which alas! could not be given them. I asked him if I could be of any help, for, if so, I was quite willing to come and do what I could when off duty. The doctor thought for a minute, and then said: 'No. It



is my duty to risk my life from contagion in the hospitals, yours to risk your life from the bullets of the enemy, if we ever get a sight of them. It would not be fair to let you take the double risk.' When I insisted, and told him I had no fear of contagion, he admitted that any help was worth having just at that time. Accordingly I arranged to begin the next day. For several weeks, till a sufficient number of nurses arrived, I attended regularly when off duty, and I believe was of some little help to the overworked doctors. Our colonel came in one day to see some of his men and cheer them up a little, and seemed pleased I think to see me there, but he only said: 'So I see you go in for saving life on land as well as at sea.'

Oh what a dreary time that was at Varna! We came there a small army indeed, but in perfect health, strength, and discipline; when we left we had lost about a tenth of our number, and many hundreds of poor fellows had got the seeds of disease in them which eventually brought them to an early grave.

It might have been necessary from a political point of view to keep the army in reserve; but surely it should have been placed in some healthy spot where it might have retained its full strength.

## II.

Towards the end of August there was a great increase in the number of vessels-of-war and transports off Varna. It was evident that some move was shortly to be made, and in the early days of September we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to embark for the Crimea at an hour's notice.

We were now at last about to come face to face with the enemy, and the result to me was that all my dread of battle returned in full force. Why should I go and get killed while I was in the full enjoyment of youth, health, and strength, yes, and wealth (for I was well off) to boot? So argued my fears, while honour bade me go on and do my duty like a brave Englishman.

On the 5th September the French began their embarkation. On the 7th we were ordered on board ship, and soon after we got under weigh, and left behind us plague-stricken Varna and all its horrors. I do not suppose there was a man in all that vast fleet who ever wished to see Varna again, or who was not glad to go. Even I felt it a relief.

We sailed and steamed to a certain point in the Black Sea, and there anchored out of sight of land. It was the rendezvous for all the fleets. After we arrived, ships were constantly coming in, till at last there was gathered together a huge fleet of some seven hundred vessels, from the great man-of-war, carrying a hundred guns, to the impudent little gunboat with its one sixty-eight pounder. When all were assembled we again got under weigh, and soon appeared off Eupatoria. Two or three vessels were sent in to take possession of the place; as it was not fortified, no resistance was offered. Then we steamed away again to a part of the coast which had been decided on by our commanders for a landing.

It was late in the day when we arrived, and saw before us a low sandy coast farther to the south than Eupatoria and nearer to Sebastopol, subsequently known to our men as Old Fort. Late though it was, the landing at once commenced. A few Cossacks were to be seen galloping about in the distance, but it was very soon evident that there was no force to resist our landing, and by the time night fell, some twenty-five thousand soldiers of the British army and some twenty thousand Frenchmen were drawn up on shore; but what a landing it was! Early in the day the weather had been bright and fine, but all this changed towards evening, when it came on to blow and rain heavily. No tents were landed that night. I suppose our commanders were so anxious to get a strong force on shore to resist a possible attack that there was no time to do anything but land the men and horses. Or was it, as Charlie suggested, that they had determined to kill off the weakly ones, and have a survival only of the fittest?

Those who could get hold of anything to burn made camp fires, but many had to go without even this comfort. Charlie and I got a seat by one poor fire, and having eaten part of our cold rations, lay down side by side, and got what rest we could with the rain pouring down upon us. Even Charlie's spirits were depressed with the present misery. Day came at last, and then we found that during the night three poor fellows belonging to our regiment had passed away: the cholera was following us.

Three days were spent in landing the artillery and stores, the weather improved, and after the first night we had our tents. Then on the 19th came the order to return all tents on board ship; there was no help for it, but it meant throwing away the last chance for many a weakly one. We marched early on the morning of the 19th. The day was fine, and it was a splendid sight to see that army of over sixty thousand men advancing in line of columns; at first the stirring sight made me forget that it was possible we might be in action before the evening. We had about fifteen miles of perfectly bare waterless country to cross before we got to our first river, the Bulganak; the heat was great, and many a man fell out during that fifteen miles march, some never to rejoin their regiments. As we approached the Bulganak we could see in the distance some of the handiwork of Cossacks, in the shape of burning villages; they were determined to leave us nothing worth having, and by the time we arrived at the banks of the river we could plainly see large bodies of cavalry on the hills to our left front. That sight brought back all my selfish fears again, though there was no immediate cause for alarm. Some of our light cavalry were sent forward to reconnoitre the enemy, and having advanced as near to them as was necessary, were about to retire when the enemy's cavalry opened out, and showed a battery of horse artillery in their midst. The battery got into action, and I saw one horse and man go down on our side, and presently a poor fellow was carried to the rear with a smashed leg—he passed near me, and the sight altogether unmanned me. One of our batteries

soon got into action against the enemy, and shortly after the Russians retired.

When our whole force had crossed the river we were ordered to halt and bivouac for the night. Rations were served out, and without tents, and for the most part without fires, we lay down to rest. Fortunately it was a fine night. Charlie and I had managed to keep a blanket each as well as our great-coats, and we lay down together under them, but neither of us could sleep. Somehow it became known that there must be a great battle on the morrow. Charlie was wildly excited, and I was depressed beyond measure, not so much by the fear of death as by the fear of disgracing myself; and I almost prayed that an early bullet might take me off before I broke down. Charlie noticed my depression, and I could not help telling him something of my fears, but he scouted the idea at once.

'Don't tell me,' he said, 'that the man who could jump overboard in a gale of wind to save a poor fellow's life, with every chance of never getting back again, is going to show the white feather before these rascally Russians, for I won't believe it. Come, let us go to sleep; you are a little unstrung and tired out; a night's rest will make another man of you.'

Five minutes later Charlie was sleeping as peacefully as a little child, but it was towards morning before I slept, and then I slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. When I awoke Charlie informed me that he had been kicking me for the last five minutes, and he thought I was never going to wake again. Then a hasty breakfast was eaten, the order to fall in was given, and we were on the march which was to end in the terrible battle of the Alma.

Close to the sea marched the French, next them the Turks, and the English farther inland. Soon after we had begun to advance, we could see the heights we should have to storm. Now a cloud of skirmishers were thrown forward to our front and left flank, and as we got nearer we could see the formidable earth-works and batteries prepared for our reception. I confess that when I saw all this, and realised what a terrible struggle was before us, all my old fears came back upon me, and I shook in my boots. We were halted for a considerable time just out of range of the Russian position while the French opened the ball. I am not going to attempt to give any account of the battle, but I must say I watched with admiration, despite my fears, the plucky way in which the French scaled the heights on the right, where they were much steeper than in front of us; in fact it was a regular scramble. Fortunately at first there was nobody to oppose them, as the Russians did not expect an attack from that quarter, the ascent being so steep; but when the French had got a footing on the top a fierce fight began.

Now came our turn, and we advanced towards the river Alma, which flowed all along the front of the Russian position; and as we came within range, the Russian batteries opened upon us, and then men began to fall around me. It is impossible to describe what I felt, but the

fear of death was strong upon me, and it was only by a great effort of will that I forced myself to keep my place in my company. As we continued to advance, the fire grew hotter, and musketry, to which as yet we made no return, was added to the artillery fire we had to bear. At last we reached the river, and plunged in; the banks on both sides were high, but highest on the farther side, and high enough when we were down in the river to protect us from the intolerable fire of the enemy, and for a moment we were in safety. I confess that here I hesitated, and could not at first force myself to mount the bank. The captain of my company had already fallen, so there was no officer to notice my movements closely, but I knew it was impossible to stay there long, and that I was setting a very bad example to my men. Just at that moment I caught sight of Charlie; he was up on the farther bank encouraging his men to scramble up and come on. I saw him look at me, and a surprised and puzzled expression came over his face. It was enough; I would rather have died a hundred deaths than have lost Charlie's good opinion, and up I went, and cheered on my men. Again we advanced in tolerable order, but the fire of the enemy was more severe than ever now—heavy musketry, and the artillery firing grape; our men were falling fast on all sides, though we were replying to the fire. It was more than I could bear, and I shook so that I could hardly hold my sword. In despair I looked again for Charlie, and again I saw him bright and cheery as ever, trying to encourage his men—the next moment I saw him fall. The effect on me was instantaneous; fear was absolutely gone; rage, fury, and an intense desire to avenge my comrade had taken its place. Our men were hanging back as well they might, for their numbers were terribly thinned, and it was evident that till they were joined by the supports, which were fast coming on, they were not in sufficient numbers to take the redoubt that was in our front. I rushed to the front, and called upon them, if they were Englishmen, to come on and drive the Russians from the redoubt; and being joined a minute afterwards by the second line, all rushed on together, the remains of my company keeping close together, and near to me. Where we were advancing, we outflanked the redoubt; so we passed it, and wheeling round, entered by the gorge, while others were climbing over the rough parapet. Then ensued a fierce hand-to-hand fight, in the midst of which a burly Russian made a strong thrust at me with his bayonet. I parried the thrust with my sword, with a strength that seemed perfectly irresistible, and getting within his guard, ran him through the body. I remember even now, with horror, the force with which the hilt of my sword struck against the poor fellow's ribs; but at the time there was only a feeling of stern joy that one man at least had paid the penalty for poor Charlie's fall. The Russians were driven out of the redoubt, and fled in confusion for two or three hundred yards; then their officers succeeded in rallying them, but they made but a doubtful stand, and it was evident, even to my inexperienced eye, that nearly all the fighting was knocked



out of them. They stayed long enough however for us once more to get up to them, and again, well ahead of my men, I plunged into their midst, but not quite alone, for close by my side was Private Jones. Indeed, the good fellow had been sticking close to me all day, intent upon nothing but saving my worthless life, and during this last fight he did save it by knocking aside the musket of a Russian just as he was pulling the trigger. This second fight lasted scarcely a minute, but I believe I again used my sword with deadly effect. I had a loaded revolver in a pouch at my belt, but I never used it, never even thought of it. The Russians broke again and fled, this time in utter disorder, but we could not pursue them closely, as an order was passed along our front to halt and reform the ranks. It was time; we were nothing but an armed mob. The ranks being reformed, we again advanced, but by this time the Russians had disappeared over the crest of the hill, and we saw no more of them till we gained the top. Then, indeed, we saw them at some distance, but to our surprise they were retiring again in good order. We exchanged a few volleys with them till they were out of range, but were not allowed to pursue them farther; the battle of the Alma was over. As soon as there was any chance of my request being granted, I asked leave (not, indeed, of our dear old colonel, who was lying grievously wounded at the bottom of the hill, but of the senior captain, who now commanded what was left of the regiment) to fall out and go and look for poor Charlie, as I had still some faint hope that I might find him alive. He said he had no authority to let anybody fall out, but he could not refuse a request made by an officer who had led his men as well as I had, and he hoped I should find the poor fellow alive, and not much hurt. 'Led his men as well as I had'—little he knew of all that had happened!

I hurried down the hill, past the dreadful redoubt, full of dead and dying, and then a little farther on I found him—dead—lying on his back, with one arm stretched upwards as if appealing to heaven against being thus cut off in all the joy of youth and strength, his bright curly hair dabbled in blood, his poor eyes open. He had not even the peaceful expression that many men have when suddenly killed in battle; death had not come soon enough, and he had had time to realise the horror of it. The sight fairly maddened me. I closed his eyes and composed his limbs, and then cursing war, and the rulers who brought it on us, I staggered back to my regiment I know not how.

That night I was struck down with cholera, and remembered nothing more till I found myself being landed at Scutari. The cholera left me alive, but so utterly broken down in strength that the doctors decided that my only chance of life was to be sent home. Accordingly I was shipped off to Old England, and many long weary months passed while the struggle between life and death went on. At last health and strength gradually returned, but by the time I was fit for duty the Crimean war was just over. Accordingly I availed myself of the opportunity of resigning my commission without

dishonour, as I had come to the conclusion that soldiering was not my vocation.

Private Jones is now my head-gardener. He loves his master, he loves his flowers, and is the best servant I ever had.

### THE STORY OF THE GUINEA.

FAMILIAR to most of us—though not so familiar as most of us would like—as is the appearance of the golden sovereign, the story of how it came to be the successor of the golden guinea is by no means generally known. The pound sterling, once an actual, tangible measure of value, has become a figure of speech, the repeated expression of which is agreeable to everybody. As represented in the sovereign it is a recognisable quantity. But the guinea is an expression of value dear to the hearts of all professional persons, and revered by the collectors of charitable subscriptions, which is no longer represented in a negotiable coin. It is curious how much we pay and receive in guineas, although the metallic guinea no longer exists as a current coin, and the figurative guinea is not a legal measure of value. Without entering into the great currency controversy it will be of interest to see how this change in our gold currency came about.

Golden guineas were first coined in 1663, and the name was given to the coin because the gold from which it was struck was brought from the coast of Guinea in Africa. According to the late Sir Richard Burton, Western Africa was the first field that supplied gold to mediæval Europe. The French claim to have imported the metal from Elmina so long ago as 1382, but the claim has never been properly established; and the first authenticated gold from Africa was that brought by a Portuguese navigator, Gonzales Baldeza, who got it from the natives near Bojadet in 1442. Afterwards a Portuguese Company, in which Prince Henry the Navigator took part, was formed to carry on the gold trade between Africa and Portugal. So much gold was found on the Gold Coast before the close of the sixteenth century that one place was named by the Portuguese San Jorge da Mina, which by the English traders came to be known as Elmina, its present name. Captain Thomas Wyndham is believed to have been the first to bring gold from Africa to England. He visited the Gold Coast in 1551, and brought home one hundred and fifty pounds of gold-dust. It was more than a hundred years later, however, before the gold of West Africa began to be coined into guineas.

The first order for the coinage of guineas is dated Whitehall, 24th December 1663, and under it 'Charles R.' declares his 'will and pleasure' to his trusty and well-beloved Sir Ralph Freeman, Knight, and Henry Slingsby, Esq., masters and workers of the mint, that they shall 'cause to be coined all such gold and silver as hereafter shall be brought into our mint and delivered unto you in the name and for the use of the Company of Royal Adventurers of England trading into Africa, with a little elephant in such convenient place upon our gold and silver coynes respectively as you shall judge fitting,

which Wee intend as a marke of distinction from the rest of our gold and silver moneys and an Incouragement unto the said Company in the importing of gold and silver to be coyned. And that our Twenty shillings piece of Crowne gold to be coyned by the Mill and Presse may be even Twenty shillings in value after the rate commanded and allowed in our late Proclamation for the raising the price of gold in this Our Kingdom of England, or as neere as conveniently may bee. Our further will and pleasure is, and wee doe hereby likewise command and authorise you to cause the pound Troy of our Crowne gold hereafter to be cutt into forty and fower peeces and an-halfe, the whole peece being to pass for Twenty shillings, and the halfe for Tenn, and soe the rest of our gold coynes accordingly in proportion.

The second half of the seventeenth century was memorable for a great monetary revolution, and it was a good thing for England, as Macaulay has pointed out, that she had at that time four men disinterested and far-seeing enough to deal with the problem. These men were Somers and Montague, politicians; Locke and Newton, philosophers. To these four men England owed the restoration of her currency and the long series of prosperous years which followed. The standard currency of the country at the time was silver, but it had become frightfully debased, worn, and clipped, the bad coins being made to circulate as equal value with the full weight, newly-minted, good coins. As has been said, it is doubtful whether all the preceding miseries caused by bad kings, bad parliaments, and bad judges, were equal to the misery caused by bad crowns and bad shillings, and it was a misery which grew daily in magnitude in the full eye of the people. Very early in the last decade of the century a general re-coining became imperative, but was not effected until 1696.

And now we come to the part played by the guinea in our monetary history. Silver was the standard, although gold coins were struck in the thirteenth, and sovereigns in the fifteenth, century without coming into general circulation or affecting the measure of value. In 1663 a new coin was minted from the gold brought in by the Royal Company of Merchant-Adventurers trading to Africa, bearing on the reverse side the impression of an elephant. These coins were pieces of twenty shillings, and being made of Guinea gold, came, as we have seen, to be known as guineas. The value was fixed by act of parliament, which decreed that the weight of the new twenty-shilling gold piece should be some eight and a half per cent. lower than the gold coins till then current. Up to this time, too, there had been a seigniorage, or charge for minting, but by an act of parliament of 1666 the minting of the gold and silver coins was made free to all comers, whether English or foreign.

Now whether due to the superior quality of the gold, or to the degeneration of the silver coins, the twenty-shilling pieces called guineas were not long in existence before they changed for twenty-one shillings. Then they rose to twenty-one and sixpence, at which their value was fixed for a long time, but as the silver coins became more and more clipped and worn,

and all the heaviest and purest of them were exported to pay off obligations abroad, the silver value of the new gold coin rose rapidly from twenty-two shillings to thirty shillings, which seems to have been its value when the state of the currency secured the attention of the four great men we have named.

The matter reached a climax when the Secretary of the Treasury submitted a formal report proposing a scheme for making the crown-piece value for seventy-five instead of sixty pence. Without going into the details of legislation, it is sufficient to say that the efforts of Montague, Somers, Locke, and Newton resulted in a re-calling and re-coining of the silver currency. Dates were fixed after which the light and debased coins would not be accepted at their face-value, and after which the use of them would be illegal: the old light coins were gradually absorbed by the Mint; and the capacity of the Mint was greatly enlarged under Sir Isaac Newton. And, what is specially pertinent to our subject, by a series of parliamentary resolutions the silver-value of the guinea was fixed at twenty-eight shillings and then reduced by successive steps to twenty-six, twenty-five, twenty-four, and finally to twenty-two.

The acts fixing the value of the guinea at different times are curious pages on our Statute Book. We have given an example of one. Another in 1666 established free coinage by abolishing the charges that had previously been made for mintage, namely, fifteen shillings to the pound of crown gold and two shillings to the pound of standard silver. This act is said to have encouraged the clipping of the silver coins—which alone circulated to any extent among the masses—for the metal thus obtained could be turned into cash by any one at the Mint. In a 'Mint Indenture' of 1686 one Thomas Neale covenants to make 'four sorts of money of crown gold, one piece to be called one ten-shilling piece running for ten shillings sterling and there shall be four score and nine of those in the pound weight Troy; one other piece which shall be called one twenty-shilling piece running for twenty shillings sterling, and there shall be forty-four of those and one ten shilling piece, or the weight of a ten-shilling piece, in the pound weight Troy.'

In the Journals of the House of Commons for 1695 there appears the petition of divers Merchants and Traders of the City of London setting forth, 'That by reason of the badness of our silver coins some men have taken occasion to raise guineas to thirty shillings a piece, which, being about forty per cent. value here above the proportion of gold to silver in any other part of Europe hath caused the bringing over to us vast quantities of gold, causing the exchange to fall, and consequently the carrying of our silver in that disadvantageous proportion to the impoverishment of the kingdom.' A later petition complains of the 'unsettled price of guineas,' the Bankers and Goldsmiths taking them only at twenty-nine shillings while the petitioners were compelled either to take them at thirty shillings from their customers or receive payment in bad silver. In due time was passed the Act of 1696 which decreed that 'for preventing the further increase of the rate



of coined gold and the mischief which may thence befall this Realm, Be it enacted that from and after the twenty-fifth day of March 1696, no person shall receive, take, or pay any of the pieces of gold coin of this kingdom commonly called guineas, at any greater or higher rate than Twenty-six shillings for each guinea, and not to exceed the same in proportion for the Pieces of gold called Half-Guineas, Double-Guineas and five-pound pieces.' The penalty for every offence against this statute was double the amount of the gold received or paid, *plus* the sum of twenty pounds, of which one half went to 'His Majesty' and the other half to the informer. But as the same act contained a clause that no one should be compelled to receive guineas at the rate of twenty-six shillings, the inference is that the coin was not legal tender.

About the same time was passed another act repealing the obligations on the Mint to coin guineas for any one who brought gold. These Acts were quickly followed by another act decreeing that 'no person shall utter or receive any of the pieces of gold coin commonly called guineas, at any higher or greater Rate or value than two-and-twenty shillings for each guinea and so proportionately for every greater or lesser piece of coined gold.' An order of the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury was issued in 1697 to the Tellers in the receipt of Exchequer 'that they receive guineas at twenty-two shillings each.' At the instance of John Locke, however, the 'Lords Justices in Council' ordered the price to be reduced to twenty-one shillings and sixpence, 'it having been represented to their Excellencies that the value of guineas at two-and-twenty shillings each is very prejudicial to the trade of the kingdom and particularly to the Importation of Silver Bullion.'

The great re-coinage scheme of which Macaulay tells the story, is said to have cost the government nearly three millions sterling, an enormous sum when it is remembered that at William's Ascension the coined money in the country did not exceed about eleven millions, both gold and silver, that the population was under six millions, and that the national revenue did not exceed two millions sterling. In the Treasury Papers of 1702 there is a report, signed by Isaac Newton, on the gold coinage of other countries, in which it is stated that 'gold is at too high a rate in England by about tenpence or a shilling in the guinea and this tending to the decrease of the silver coin we humbly conceive that our way of preserving this coin is to lower the price of gold suppose by taking 6d., 9d., or 12d. from the price of the guinea so as that gold may be of the same value in England as in the neighbouring parts of Europe.' This was not immediately acted on, and the government continued to receive the guinea at twenty-one shillings and sixpence at the receipt of custom. But towards the end of 1717, at the request of the House of Commons, a Proclamation was issued reducing the value of the guinea from twenty-one shillings and sixpence to twenty-one shillings, the price at which we still acknowledge it as an uncoined expression of value.

But while the guinea was current at all the

different prices we have named at different periods, it does not appear to have been 'legal tender' for more than twenty shillings until May 1718, when it was formally declared legal-tender-value for twenty-one shillings. After 1816 it was, along with the silver coinage, supplanted by the gold sovereign issued by George III., at the suggestion of Lord Liverpool. This famous Proclamation, upon which our currency rests, was issued after a report of the Lords of Committee of Council, recommending that an act be passed declaring gold coin alone to be the standard coin of this realm, and that silver coins be hereafter considered only as representative coins and to be a legal tender only in payment of sums not exceeding two guineas.

And in this way came in the now familiar golden sovereign to displace the once familiar golden guinea, whose checkered history we have followed to the year when it ceased to be coined.

#### AN UNFORGOTTEN KISS.

THE rain is rattling on the pane, the wind is sweeping by,  
Now with discordant shriek, anon with melancholy cry.  
A lonely man, I sit and read beside the dying fire  
The daily tale of love and crime, of greed and vain desire.

The letters blur and fade, the room grows dim and disappears,  
And in its stead old scenes come back across the waste of years;  
And set in frame of golden hair a fair young face I see,  
Whose two soft eyes of deepest blue look wistfully on me.

Once, on a memorable eve, when heart and hope were young,  
Those luminous eyes upon my life a sudden glory flung:  
As she was then I see her now, my young, my only choice,  
The brightness on her sunny brow, the music in her voice.

One question, and but one I ask, then for an answer wait;  
My very heart is motionless, expectant of its fate!  
A wondrous light—the light of love—glows in the tender eyes—  
Her breath is warm upon my face—O sweetest of replies!

But bless my heart! The driving rain is coming in,  
I fear—  
Or is that shining little drop upon the page a tear?  
Well, who would think an old gray head could be so soft as this,  
When more than thirty years have fled since that fond, foolish kiss!

JOHN SCOTT.

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## HOW TO REDUCE THE GAS BILLS.

THE ways in which gas bills may be reduced in most households are chiefly two: First, to avoid burning gas unnecessarily; and secondly, to see to it that the method of consuming is such that the largest possible amount of light is obtained from the smallest possible quantity of gas. By a little attention to both these points, most householders might very materially economise.

If the truth could always be known, it would often be surprising what an amount of gas may be absolutely wasted by allowing burners to flare away in places where they are wanted only very occasionally. In remote passages and bedrooms, in pantries and lavatories, and other parts of the premises, where a light may be required, perhaps, for a few minutes once or twice in the course of an evening, it is very customary to light up the gas at dusk, and let it flare away for hours. Of course it is very convenient to have every part of your premises lighted up. It is tiresome and provoking, if you want to go into a room for a moment, to have to find matches and light the gas; but to keep a number of gas-burners going all through the dark hours of the evening, all through the winter, comes expensive, even though they may be turned low when they are not in use.

For the avoidance of this waste there are two ingenious contrivances that have recently been brought into the market, either of which is well worth the attention of housekeepers. The first is what is called a 'by-pass' arrangement, by which a tiny jet of flame may always be kept burning, as a means of lighting up by merely turning on the gas, and without the application of a match. A light is then always ready when it is wanted, and the consumption of gas by the small auxiliary jet is hardly worth consideration. The one objection to it is that in draughty situations it is possible that the small jet may sometimes be blown out and the gas escape. The other device referred to is one to which it seems difficult to find an objection on any score whatever.

It is simply a little contrivance fixed to the side of an ordinary gas-jet in such a way that when the gas is turned on it impinges on a small piece of spongy platinum. The mere passage of coal-gas over this substance has the curious effect of rendering it so intensely hot that in a second or two it becomes a glowing white, and the gas, rushing over it, is ignited. The light may then be turned on and off just as readily as the electric light.

But what is even more important than the lighting and extinguishing of gas is the mode of burning it when it is alight. Every gas-consuming household necessarily has somewhere about the premises a 'meter' for measuring the gas supplied. The calculations of this mysterious piece of mechanism are often of an unpleasantly surprising character. If, however, instead of a gas-meter for measuring gas, every household had a photometer for the measurement of the light given by the gas, there would often be a revelation still more surprising. It is really very curious that we should, most of us, be so particular about getting the gas we are charged for, while, at the same time, we rarely trouble ourselves to insure that we are getting all the light the gas we pay for ought to yield us. If we have the least suspicion that the gas-meter is not doing quite fairly and squarely by us—that it is not working properly, and that it is registering against us five or ten per cent. more gas than we actually receive—we feel it necessary at once to take steps for remedying so ruinous a proceeding. But it is the commonest thing in the world for people to be burning gas that gives an amount of light five and twenty per cent. less than it ought to give without being in any way concerned about it. Sometimes, of course, it is because they are unaware of it; but even when they have to complain of a bad light, the only remedy they can think of is to turn on more gas; they rarely think to insist upon it that the gas they are actually using shall give them a better light.

'It is very absurd,' said the managing director of one of the great London gas companies, some



time ago, 'it is very absurd for people to make a fuss about an increase or decrease of a penny a thousand feet in the price of gas, when, if they would only take a little care, they might often reduce their gas bills by fifty or sixty per cent.'

Perhaps that was rather an extreme statement, but it was much nearer the truth than most people would suppose. A few years ago the gas referees appointed by the Board of Trade made an exhaustive inquiry into the efficiency of gas-burners in general use, and they found that some of them gave scarcely a fifth part of the light the gas would have given if burned as it ought to have been. The practical effect of that, of course, would be that consumers using such burners were paying at least five times as much for their gas as they need have done. Of every twenty shillings they paid away for gas, sixteen shillings was mere waste. These, of course, were extreme cases, but they found many kinds of burners yielding only half as much light as they should have done, and not a few in which the light was not more than a third or fourth of what it might have been. The referees reckoned that at a very moderate computation London thus paid half a million of money every year more than it need have done for its gas. That, however, was over twenty years ago. Some years later than that the gas examiner of Glasgow showed that that city similarly wasted at least £130,000 a year.

No doubt the pecuniary importance of the matter is now more generally recognised than it was then, and the proportion of waste is probably less. But that there is still a great amount of it is quite certain, and in households where no intelligent consideration is given to the matter it is often as great as ever it was.

Every housekeeper ought to know that a thousand cubic feet of gas of a certain standard quality represents so much light. The amount of light may be quite as accurately measured as the amount of gas, and with the necessary appliances almost anybody may measure it. For the majority of people this, however, is of course impracticable. They cannot do the measuring for themselves, but they may be quite assured that when scientific authorities state that a certain gas-burner gives only a half, or a third, or a quarter the illumination it should do, they are saying what is quite as easily proved as it would be easy to prove that a jug which should hold a pint of milk contains only half a pint.

The first thing to be done in the economical burning of gas is to get a good burner; but it ought clearly to be understood that it is not the only thing. The philosophy of the matter is extremely simple. The burning of gas is merely the chemical combination of the gas with the oxygen of the air. This combination is attended by intense heat, which makes the particles of carbon in the gas white hot. It is this glowing white of the carbon that gives the light. Now it is quite clear that the gas and the oxygen cannot combine unless they come in contact with each other, and the gas-burner is simply a little contrivance for bringing them into contact. If the gas blows out of an open pipe in an uninterrupted stream, it presents so little surface to the air that it cannot get oxygen enough to combine with. The carbonaceous particles do not get hot enough

to become white, and the light is red and smoky. If, however, the stream of gas is made to pass through a well-constructed burner, it is spread out in a fan-like form, presenting two large surfaces to the air, and thus getting plenty of oxygen. In some burners the gas issues through a slit which spreads it out to the oxygen. In others it comes through two holes in two small streams so arranged as to rush against each other, and the same effect is produced. But whether it is a 'bat-wing' or a 'fish-tail,' the purpose of either burner is the same—merely to spread out the gas to the surrounding air. In order to do this perfectly, the burner must be made with great nicety, and is always intended to consume a definite quantity of gas per hour. That is what so many gas-consumers do not know or do not consider. They may get the best burner that money can buy, but that in itself is not sufficient for economical use; a perfect burner requires a perfect gas-supply. If less than the proper quantity of gas passes through it, the flame does not get properly spread out, its carbon particles do not get properly white with heat, and there is a great falling off in the quantity of light afforded in proportion to the gas consumed. It may be true that only half the gas is being burned, but the probability is that a good deal less than half the light is afforded. On the other hand, the pressure of gas may be too great and more gas forced through than the burner is intended for. The difficulty in this case is not that the gas does not get sufficient exposure to the air, but that it gets too much. If it rushes through with too great a force, it sucks in more air than it can combine with; the excess of air cools the flame, combustion is imperfect, and the amount of light is less than would be yielded by a smaller amount of gas. There is more expense and there is less light. The falling off of the light is indeed the chief mischief, for whatever the excess of pressure may be the increase in the consumption of gas is proportionately only small. But if the gas rushes through with a swirl and a roar, more than enough air is drawn in, and the excess only serves to lower the temperature and reduce the light.

It will thus be seen that the economical burning of gas depends chiefly upon a nice adjustment of the supply of air to the supply of gas, and this is true whatever form of burner may be employed. The Argand burner is merely another device for effecting this adjustment in another way. The Argand is a ring perforated by a number of very small holes, and the glass chimney is applied as a means of securing just the right supply of air. If the burner be lighted without the glass and turned on to its full height, the gas will be insufficiently supplied with oxygen, and it will stream up in a long yellow smoky flame, consuming an amount of gas out of all proportion to the light given. By putting a chimney round the flame, a strong draught is created; the air is sucked up right through the flame. The higher the chimney the stronger will be the draught and the greater will be the supply of air. The chimney may be too high and the current too strong. As with the other burners the temperature of the flame will be lowered and the light reduced. If, on the other hand, the chimney be too short, the draught will be insufficient to feed the flame. The particles of carbon will not be of

a sufficiently white heat. They will not glow with sufficient intensity, and the light will be less than the consumption of gas ought properly to afford.

MY KAFFIR.

CHAPTER II.

It was dark on the third day when we drove up to a comfortable-looking stone house, and received a warm welcome from Mary, who, I fancied, seemed more than merely pleased to see me.

When I rose in the morning and went out for an early smoke, the first object to catch my eye, just outside the garden fence of smart, white-painted palings, was the koppie—the identical stony, flat-topped hill of that long-ago trek.

It, as well as its surroundings, was changed. Many gaps and cuttings in its sides showed where the materials for the snug buildings around me had been procured. But for the white, three-cornered patch, plain, if not plainer than ever, I doubt whether I should have recognised it again. As it was, I knew that I could not be mistaken. I looked for the big tree, but saw no signs of it. Only the long veldt grass, and the so-familiar gum leaves on many saplings shimmering in the morning sun.

After a time, and with some effort of memory, I decided that, as nearly as possible, the spot on which the tree had stood was now occupied by a rustic summer-house, built in what was evidently the middle of Mary's flower-garden.

And then, as I caught the flutter of a white dress through a leafy alley-way of vines, I started in pursuit, and, for the nonce, once more consigned my Kaffir to oblivion.

Each day I stayed on at Draakenspruit the more deeply I felt that I must either win Mary Johnston or die a bachelor. And, as time passed, I flattered myself that, as the phrase goes, I was not wholly indifferent to her.

But I was afraid to speak. Her father was, I knew, one of the richest settlers in the Transvaal; owning, besides a couple of fine farms, many shares in some of the best mines on the Rand.

No, I must go away at once; and, somehow, by hook or by crook, do what so many were doing just then—find gold, and plenty of it. Then I might, without misgiving, return and claim Mary.

Forty pounds out of the one hundred had gone to Osborne in Melbourne, leaving a remainder in hand of about an equal amount. Clearly, I must depart before I made a fool of myself. And that I had sternly resolved on not doing. But when a pretty girl is one of the factors in a resolution, it is an utter impossibility to forecast events.

And, one evening, sitting in the summer-house, exactly over the spot where I reckoned my Kaffir's bones should be; the odour of orange blossoms heavy on the warm air, and the great white lilies outside looking like cups of frosted silver in the moonlight; things, somehow, fell out as I intended them not to do.

I had been telling Mary of my intention to

trek to the new diggings in Manicaland; and when I saw the sudden pallor steal over her face, and the look of pain and sorrow that crept into her dear eyes as she turned them upon me, I forgot all my self-imposed caution, and, there and then, awkwardly enough, I daresay, when I come to think of it, blurted out that I loved her, and her only of all women in the wide world.

And presently, she nestled closer to me and shyly confessed, in reply to much questioning, that, ever since that stormy day on board the steamer, when for a minute she lay faint and trembling in my arms, she had thought of no one else—nor, indeed, ever before.

And then I kissed her again, and told her that now, more than ever, I must leave her to search for fortune, knowing, as I did, that her father would never consent; and that what I was doing was altogether wrong; and that I ought to have known better. But she was so happy she only laughed, and said that her father could refuse her nothing—not even a hard-up digger-man.

I, however, was very doubtful; and when I heard the old man's voice calling us in to supper, I jumped like a fellow at the first touch of a cold shower on a day with the glass at one hundred and ten degrees.

That night I plucked up courage and told him I loved his daughter; and that there was nothing I wouldn't do to win her.

He listened smoking, and not interrupting. Then as I finished, he shook his head, and said, not unkindly, 'I'm afraid it won't do, lad. By your own account you've been wandering about the world, come-day go-day fashion, with sometimes a few pounds in pocket, and more times nothing. Now, s'pose I let you have Mary, how am I to know that, as soon as I am gone, that wild strain won't show up again, and make you shift your hurdles till everything's frittered away? No, you're only a stranger yet—great as the service you've done us—and Mary's all I've got, and I mean to take care of her. But,' he continued, after a pause, during which I kept silence and strove to hide my chagrin at the exact justness of his remarks, 'if you honestly think you can steady down—why, I must admit that I like what I've seen of you very well—and there's the place over at Ermelo, you can manage that for me. I can't always be running back'ards and for'ards. I'll give you a hundred a year and found, and after a bit, why, we'll see. I don't think I can say fairer just now.'

This was, in reality, more, in every way, than I had any right to expect—was, in fact, a very handsome offer. But I was in a terrible hurry to make Mary my own at once, and the very idea of such a humdrum sort of waiting vexed my inmost soul.

Still I had the grace to thank him. But I'm afraid not very heartily; for he said, with a twinkle in his eye, 'Ay, lad, I was young once myself, and as hot-blooded, and strong, and impatient, but, at long and last I had to calm down. And a man can't rush his pile. You might trek away—(I had mentioned my notion of trying the new field)—t'other side of Mashonyland and prospeck for years and years,



and return, if you ever returned, a lot poorer 'n you started. The steady, constant worker's the one that gets home first, after all's said and done. I've found that out.'

All at once, as he finished, there flashed through me, like a mild shock from an electric battery, the old warning feeling that now or never was the time to look up my Kaffir. And, taking the risk of being laughed at, I told Johnston the whole story.

'Terrible romancers, Kaffirs,' commented he as I finished. 'And some of them would play a practical joke like that with their last breath. And there's one tribe that makes a practice of always cutting their dead open after death to let the spirit escape. Your friend may have had that notion in his cunning old head. Of course he possibly was telling the truth. But I doubt it. Ay, there was a big tree, I recollect, growing right in front of the house. I grubbed it to make more room in the garden. About three or four hundred yards from the koppie? Why, that'll be slap in the middle of Mary's flower-beds. You'll have to talk that matter over with her.' And he laughed, as he added, 'Never mind your Kaffir. Think over the offer I have made you just now. Take your time. And you'll get more by Ermelo farm than ever you will by rooting up poor Mary's flowers.' And the old man laughed again as he went off to his room.

Next morning at breakfast the subject cropped up again. Old Johnston had been thinking, and had made up his mind that the outermost branches of the tree would have just covered the lily plot, Mary's especial pride.

This, I believe, was meant purely as a joke on his side.

But Mary, who had been eagerly listening, at once insisted on a thorough search being made. Much more wonderful things, she vowed, had happened. Did we think that because the poor Kaffir was black he was therefore devoid of all gratitude? And dig I must. And if I didn't, she would. Lilies! What were they compared to diamonds the size of mealie-ears—and bigger! And she thought, too, that I was right and her father mistaken; for she remembered seeing a great stump once, where the summer-house now stood, when she came over from Ermelo, quite a little girl, shortly after old Johann Weenen sold the farm. So, partly to please my mistress, and partly to set at rest for ever that indescribable monitor, spoken of many times in this history, I dug in the bed of great lilies—dug them all up till they lay in rows of bruised and shattered loveliness on each side of the deep wide trench I made in the soft mould—with my trouble for my pains.

Pain would I then have desisted, but Mary would have me explore the floor of the little summer-house in which only last night we had talked of love.

So, to please her this time wholly, I dug in a half-hearted fashion, and old Johnston, laughing at the madness of the thing, went inside, followed presently by Mary to get a can of beer for her workman.

Three feet down in the stiff blue clay I came across something that made me ply pick

and shovel frantically. And by the time Mary and her father returned I was almost out of sight in a deep hole that nearly took in the whole floor.

'Good Lord!' laughed Johnston, 'you surely never planted him as deep as that.'

'No,' I answered, popping up. 'I can't find him, unless, indeed, his bones have turned into this stuff,' handing him, as I spoke, half-a-dozen specimens in which one had to look very closely to see the quartz—so thick was the gold.

The old man whistled loud and long, as he fingered them lovingly, and as scarcely able to believe his eyesight.

'So it's here,' he exclaimed at last, 'the lost lead runs they've been trying to trace from the Rand. Well, who'd have dreamt of such a thing! No farming now, I suppose. Eh, lad? Why, it's a regular jeweller's shop! And looks like dipping into the horse-paddock, too! No mistake about its being the true reef. My boy, I shouldn't wonder if you've dropped on to one of the best things in the district. And that's saying a good deal, let me tell you. Good old Kaffir! He did mean business, after all then, in a way!' And so did we! For before we finished the work begun that morning, Johnston and I took £25,000 each out of the claim, and then sold our interest for as much again. People over there still talk with respect of the rich Geldenberg Mine, although there have been heavier finds since, but nothing like at such shallow sinking.

Of my Kaffir not the remotest trace was ever found in all the turning-up the country presently got. Nor did I ever experience a recurrence of that strange feeling impelling me to go and look for him.

But, as Osborne says, who can doubt for an instant that his was the psychic force exerted in some extraordinary and persistent manner to bring to pass that dying promise of his: 'And on a day, not too far distant, it shall be very well with thee.'

And, as Osborne puts it again, who can doubt that my Kaffir made his reward take the form it did; because he presently discovered that, in the matter of the diamonds, I should be simply standing in the position of a receiver of stolen property. And we all agreed that it was very curious that this aspect of the case had never struck any of us before.

But I will scoff no more. For I am not quite sure that in this story I have rendered my Kaffir full justice. The question is really such a perplexing one that I have decided to leave it open.

Mary and I were married in Durban, and we took our honeymoon trip to Australia. We chose it for various reasons; but chiefly to bring the Osbornes back with us. They were to have the Ermelo farm as a gift from me.

Also I was taking Osborne a convert.

One evening, coming on deck, I found my wife watching the splendour of the swirling fire in the wake of the screw, boiling like a huge cauldron of liquescent opals, and with a light by the glory of which one could see to read the smallest print.

For a while we silently gazed together. I

was thinking, for my part, of another night not so very long ago, when, from the other end of this same ship I sat and watched the jewelled water and called myself names for having ventured on a wild-geese chase.

Presently Mary slipped her hand into mine, and said, 'Jack, dear, I've been thinking.'

'Yes, my love?' I replied, with the due deference becoming a fortnight-married man.

'Yes, Jack,' she answered earnestly, 'and I've made up my mind to agree with your friend, Mr Osborne, that we owe all our luck and all our happiness to your poor old Kaffir.'

'But what is "psychic force," Jack?'

'My dear,' I said authoritatively, 'there goes four bells—time for you to go below, out of the night air, and turn in.'

### MECHANICAL POWER FOR TRAMWAY CARS.

By an Expert.

THE question of getting some better means of traction for street tramway cars than that afforded by horses is one which even in this country is beginning to attract some share of public attention; and eyes are directed to America, where such vast strides in street-railway improvement have been made in recent years. Whether from the point of view of tramway companies or from that of the travelling public, what is wanted is a method of propelling the cars at a higher speed, which shall at the same time cost less in working expenses than when horses are employed. Having turned my attention for several years to this subject, and just returned from a visit to several cities in the United States where improved methods are in use, I may venture to give here some indication of the relative merits of different systems. There is the greater necessity for the British public now looking into the matter, as the country is on the eve of great changes in the domain of tramway motors. Of horse tramways we have had more than enough in this country. The inefficiency of traction by animal power, especially in severe weather, or on hilly routes, need not be dwelt upon, nor the fact that the working of the system is so expensive that very often little profit can be made out of it. Another discredited method is the use of steam locomotives. They have proved as expensive, and often more expensive than horses, and are such a nuisance in the streets that they have generally met with public disfavour. Many have been the experiments with gas, oil, and compressed-air engines; but none of these motors have yet come into general use. In most cases they have been found wanting, either mechanically or financially. In all such methods the power is generated directly on the car, and that being so, it is in the nature of things that the production of power should be more expensive than when the generation of energy takes place in a large, central station, and is distributed to the cars on the line. Every one knows that a multitude of small prime movers cost far more to run than one large engine generating the same power as the sum of the small units. Starting from this fundamental basis, the question is to

find a means of distributing the power from a central station to a large number of moving cars on the lines without incurring losses of energy in transmission as great as that arising from the use of separate prime movers for each car. The statement here to be made with all possible emphasis, and to be briefly explained in what follows, is, that such means exists, and has been demonstrated to be a thorough success. The two successful methods of applying to the cars the energy produced in the central power station are cable and electric traction. The former, being of older date, will first be touched upon.

Cable traction was first applied to street cars twenty-three years ago in San Francisco. On this plan, an endless steel wire cable runs upon pulleys in an underground conduit situated between the rails of each track, and it is continually driven at a fixed given rate of speed by engines and driving mechanism in a central power station through which it is deflected. There is a continuous slot in the surface of the street through which connection is made between the car and the ever-moving cable. The connection consists of a gripper which is a kind of a vice with one movable jaw. When the driver, by a wheel or lever, closes the gripper tightly on the cable, the car moves along at the same speed as the rope. If he grips the cable loosely, so as to allow the rope to partially slip through the jaws, the car can be made to move as slowly as may be desired. If he opens the gripper completely the cable runs free and the car comes to a standstill. At each end of the line or section of the line the cable is brought round from one track to the other by means of a large horizontal underground pulley. These are the broad principles of the operation of the system, and though they are exceedingly simple, a great deal of ingenuity and nicety of adjustment are required in working out the details. The cable system was adopted in San Francisco to enable cars to be worked up and down the very heavy gradients in that city, and one of the great benefits of the system is the fact that slopes of any steepness can be tackled. Indeed, it works even better on gradients than on the level, excellent as its performance is in both cases.

One great drawback which has prevented cable traction from extending even more than it has done in America is the fact that the construction of the conduit, especially where many underground pipes have to be removed, is an expensive matter. Another drawback is that if there are many sharp curves, the line is more expensive both to construct and to work than where it is approximately straight. In England and Scotland, however, we have several cable tramways built with a shallower conduit and with a different kind of curve construction, and these modifications have greatly minimised the above-mentioned hindrances. It is probable that there will be a considerable extension of cable lines on this improved method in this country. The first great step in this direction is now being taken in Edinburgh, where soon practically all the lines will be run on the cable system.

Regarding working expenses, the great feature of the cable system is that the more frequently cars have to be run, the lower the cost proportionately becomes. If the interval between the cars is very long, say, a quarter of an hour, a cable line



is expensive to work, as a large proportion of the total power is expended in hauling the dead-weight of the rope. But when cars require to be run on a very short headway the amount of power expended increases comparatively little, and the losses in application through the agency of the grippers are very small. It has thus been found that, for a great city traffic where the interval between the cars is only two minutes or perhaps one minute, cable traction is the cheapest form of haulage known. The total working expenses in such cases may be set down for this country as at most fivepence per car mile run, which is only one-half of the cost on many horse and steam tramways. If the cars require to be run at longer intervals, say of from five to ten minutes, the cost per mile run is somewhat greater than that on a two-minute headway; but there is still a margin for larger profits than can be obtained from horse traction.

There are three methods of propelling cars by electricity, but only one of these has come into general use. The carrying of charged accumulators or storage batteries in the cars to supply current to the electric motors has often been tried, but the cost of maintaining the batteries has been found prohibitive. Another plan is to construct a conduit between the rails, similar to that for a cable, but equipped with electrical conductors, which are supplied with current from a central electric power station. The electricity is picked up by the car by means of a brush or plow which descends through the slot in the street, and slides or rolls on the conductors in the conduit. This plan is in successful operation at Budapest in Hungary, and at Washington and New York in the United States; but the first cost is very great, seeing that the expense of electric equipment of cars, &c., has to be added to that of the conduits. There is, besides, great difficulty in maintaining the insulation of the conductors in wet weather. There are also various designs of closed conduits with magneto-electro devices, but these have never passed the experimental stage.

The method which has come into such wide use in the United States, and is now spreading on the continent of Europe, is known as the trolley system. In this case, the electricity from the power station is conducted along the lines on continuous wires, which are suspended above the centre line of each track. These trolley wires run overhead twenty feet or so from the ground along the whole length of the tramway. They are suspended either from cross wires attached to poles erected at intervals on each side of the street or directly from poles with long brackets. The car has a trolley pole attached to the roof, and extending backwards and upwards to the wire, where it terminates in a trolley, or deeply-grooved wheel, which runs along the underside of the wire. Strong springs at the base of the pole hold the trolley firmly up against the wire. The current is led down the pole to the two electric motors, which are geared one to each axle of the car. By means of a controlling device the current can be switched on or off, and while the car is running a continuous supply of electricity passes from the wire, down the trolley pole, along the car wiring, through the motors, and then to the rails, which, along with auxiliary conductors, form the return

part of the circuit to the power station. Heavy feeder wires feed at intervals into the overhead conductor, and the joints of the rails are bonded with copper rods to secure a continuous return.

It is only eight years since the first practical tramway of this kind was laid in the United States, and now there are thousands of miles of such roads. The fact that the cost of construction, apart from the track rails, varies almost in proportion to the amount of traffic to be provided for, has allowed of the building of electric lines over quiet suburban and country routes, while its flexibility of application renders it suitable for tortuous routes, and the easy smoothness and rapidity of the car motion have found great favour with the public. Higher speeds than would be allowed in this country suit the system best, from an economical point of view; but even at low speeds it can be worked rather more cheaply than horse traction, while the improved service leads to an enormous increase in the receipts. The expensive form of cable tramway construction in the United States has cost enormous sums, ranging up, in the case of Broadway, New York, to about £200,000 per mile of street. The building of that line, however, necessitated the removal and reconstruction of the whole sewerage and gas and water-pipe systems under the street. In this country cable lines can be built and equipped, including everything necessary, for £20,000 to £25,000 per mile of street. Electric lines in either country, double track in all cases being postulated, may be built for a light traffic at £10,000 or £12,000 per mile of street; but for a very heavy service they will cost about the same as the British style of cable roads.

The working expenses of an electric tramway do not show, as traffic increases, the same great reduction in cost per mile run as is the case with the cable system. The reason largely is that the power developed at the central station is proportionate to the requirements of the service, and that the losses in the application of the power increase as the number of cars increases. It is no doubt true that a large system can be worked more economically than a small one, but the slow speed and traffic blocks in crowded streets are apt to tell considerably against electricity. In America the working expenses vary enormously in different localities, but in Britain it is probably safe to say that, on the average, they will not exceed sevenpence or so per car mile run. As on any system the receipts may be expected to be twopence or threepence per car mile higher, a reasonable margin of profit may be looked for.

The main objection to electric traction is the use of poles and the overhead wires in the streets. This is largely a matter of usage, and the people in America, who at one time bitterly opposed the system, are now quite reconciled to the existence of the wires, in view of the great advantages of easy and rapid transit. The danger of shocks from broken wires has been greatly exaggerated, and it is stated that nobody has ever been killed in this way. The pressure employed is 500 volts, and though this is often dangerous for horses, the human body is less sensitive. After all, a good, substantial, overhead construction kept in proper repair does not give way.

I found generally in America that there is great

public satisfaction both with cable and electric traction, and that in New York and Washington—the two cities in which the use of overhead wires is prohibited—the street-railway systems are not developed as they otherwise would be. It was also made plain to me that within the last two or three years there has been an enormous advance in the efficiency and reliability both of the generating machinery and the car motors. They are cheaper to buy, cheaper to work, and cheaper to maintain than formerly. Indeed, an electric car, fitted complete, can be bought for one-third less money than a few years ago, and it is the cars that cost in the equipment of an electric line for a heavy service. I heard everywhere of cases where street railway companies had enormously improved their financial position by changing from horse to electric traction, despite the necessary increase of capitalisation, and I was assured that the experience had been almost universal. This is very encouraging, because while the cable system has been an established financial success, for many years there has been much dubiety as to the outcome of electricity. Even now, however, it cannot be said that absolute knowledge of permanent financial results has been attained; but there seems no reason to doubt that electric traction will be of permanent value to the tramway shareholders, as well as to the general public.

People who have had no personal experience of cable or electric cars can have no idea of the convenience arising from the use of such methods of traction. Enormous traffic can be carried, and the lines can be led into districts where horse traction would be impracticable. Instead of a light, jolting horse car, we have a large, roomy, and comfortable vehicle of weight and solidity running smoothly, and at as high a speed as the law will allow. It is beautifully finished externally and internally, because every ounce of weight has not to be considered, as in the case of a horse car. At night it is brilliantly lighted either with gas or electricity; and a man can take a comfortable corner, and read his newspaper at ease. There is a great saving in the street space occupied, owing to the absence of the horses, and from the same cause the streets are much cleaner. No one in America would think of going back to horse traction on any account.

Hitherto the operation of the purchase clause of the Tramways Act of 1870 has prevented advance in the adoption of mechanical power for tramways in this country; but the purchases by local authorities now going on, and the renewal of leases in other cases, will lead to great changes within the next few years. After our chief towns have been supplied with cable and electric traction we shall be ready for the next step in advance, which has already been largely carried out in America. This consists in running the electric lines out into the country districts, and on to neighbouring towns. The system of a uniform five cent fare for any distance, which prevails in America, is causing a revolution in the life of city-dwellers, especially in that of the working-classes, because the people are enabled to live in healthy suburbs instead of in crowded tenements in the centre of the cities. I found generally in America that this desirable result was experienced; but whether we shall ever enjoy the benefits of the uniform fare in this country is doubtful. The

interests of the short-distance rider would be raised in active protest. Nevertheless, the uniform fare is one of the greatest social reforming agencies which America possesses.

## A STORY OF THE HINTERLAND.

By the Author of *Rising of the Brassmen*, &c.

A GAUNT, rugged-featured white man, Charles T. Conditt, representative of an American syndicate of rubber manufacturers, lay sucking at a damp cigar in a swaying hammock, as his half-naked Krooboy bearers stumbled wearily along through the dismal bush of the Lagos 'hinterland.'

Dense columns of mist rose from the steamy lagoon beside their path, while between the forest and the stagnant water, what had once been putrefying ooze lay baked into the likeness of concrete slabs; for it was then the middle of the dry season of West Africa, and the sun shone fiercely down out of a sky of brass.

'Sing there; why don't you sing the "Acha ho," hammock boy?' said Conditt, for he knew that nothing will raise the drooping energies of the Krooboy like a song. Then the full-throated, marching chanty of the Kroo nation burst forth, and as the swinging chorus "Acha ho-hyah hallah hoh" rang out and echoed far across the misty forest, the weary bearers swung more briskly along beneath their load.

'Guess it would be safer on foot, but I'll risk it,' said the white man, as the Krooboy stepped out on the baked mud which lined the banks of a forest creek. Next moment there was a crisp sound like the breaking of thin ice; the feet of the leading bearer broke through the hardened surface, and he sank up to the knees in the slime beneath. Hammock-pod and palm-rib pole slid from his woolly crown, and the white man rolled out headforemost and came down with a crash, jamming his sun-helmet far over his eyes and his cigar half-way down his throat.

Finding all his bones intact, he sat up with his mouth full of ashes and disintegrated tobacco, and dragging it off by main force, ruefully regarded the flattened headgear. 'Should have known better than trust the mud. Gave a guinea for that thing in Lagos, and the dryest cigar in the lot wasted,' he said, as he kicked the useless helmet away. Then he turned fiercely towards the head Krooboy, who leaned against a palm-trunk with his hands upon his sides, and asked, 'What are you laughing at?'

'Ho, ho, ho,' roared the burly negro, with true African appreciation of a joke at the expense of some one else. 'Two time sah, the Lord give me sense too much. Savvy what say in we country. One time one fool, two time one d—n fool.'

'The Lord gives precious little sense to any nigger. Take up the hammock—guess I'm safer on foot,' was all Conditt answered, and he limped forward, scraping the mud from off his face and clothes. Half-an-hour later there was a hoarse challenge from a grinning Yoruba sentry, 'Who



come dah ;' and as the white man advanced out of the shadow of the cottonwoods, a palm-thatched, wooden building, raised high on piles, became visible. A Maxim and a Nordenfolt gun peeped down from the broad veranda, and a black Yoruba soldier stood on guard at either side of the stairway ; for this was one of the chain of outposts erected here and there by the Colonial Government in the heart of the lonely forest.

As Conditt ascended the creaking stairway, a white man, whose thin frame and puffy cheeks showed that he suffered both from fever and too much alcohol, came out upon the veranda, and leaning against a pillar, relapsed into noiseless laughter. 'Been crawling after catfish in the mud ; nice amusement, but rough on one's clothes,' he said. 'No, you needn't frown, let me laugh ; it's not often one can in this land of the shadow.'

Jevons was right. There was very little amusement in his life, for he dwelt far apart from all white men in the steamy forest, trying to keep sane amid the awful isolation, and to avoid being poisoned by negro traders who owed him much palm oil for cloth and gin received. In short, he was one of those unfortunate traders to whom the name of 'palm oil ruffian' was applied, and the species is not yet extinct. Presently, he raised his hand. 'Softly, softly, Musgrave's very sick at last. I can't make it out ; seems more like poison than fever,' he said. 'Treading noiselessly the two entered the darkened room, where with the perspiration standing in great beads upon his yellow forehead and streaming from his soaking hair, the lieutenant in charge of the station lay moaning in pain. When he saw the American the sick man's face brightened.

'So good of you to come, forty miles too, in this heat,' he said, 'and I am dull company anyway. Down at last, you see.'

'Well,' answered the American, 'if a man will work night and day, trying to keep peace among niggers who are never happy unless they're burning each other's huts, or stealing somebody else's wives, and go poking his nose into disease-stricken villages where he gets shot at for his pains, he must expect to have fever.' Then Conditt turned to Jevons, asking sharply : 'Have you sent down to the coast for a doctor ?'

'Yes,' was the answer. 'I sent two Yorubas a week ago. Musgrave wouldn't let them go at first ; said the Ilorin raiders would get them, so I packed them off at night. Fine fellows both ; wanted to swear by all sorts of things over a handful of salt that they'd go through at any cost.'

'Sent two Yorubas !' interjected the American wrathfully. 'Why didn't you send half the guard ? they'll be speared by now. I'd have written the secretary a letter fit to make him jump. Half my rubber-gatherers are dying with smallpox, three applications have been sent for help and drugs, and there's no answer.'

'Steady, steady. It's not good to get excited this weather,' said Jevons. 'Probably the drugs have been sent and the Ilorins have annexed them on the way up. The wily bushman is great on medicines, especially poisons.'

Then the sick man raised his head. 'My friends,' he said, 'you are both very kind. Jevons here has left his place when the new oil is coming down, the only profitable time of the year, and has nursed me ten days. Still, you must let me manage Government business a little longer. If they can get a Colonial surgeon through he'll be sent.'

The American poured himself out a glass of claret ; then he said : 'Christmas in three days—"peace on earth and goodwill towards men." Let's see how it figures out in Africa—cholera and smallpox clearing out half my people ; Musgrave very sick ; and the Bushmen ready to turn the place over our heads. Something wrong with the works, eh ? (Not very apparent, eh ?)'

'You can't philosophise worth a cent, as you people say, you pessimist, but you can sing,' answered the sick man faintly. 'Take up the banjo—claret's not unlimited in the bush.'

The American lugged a dilapidated banjo from its case, and presently rapped out a few crisp notes ; then his voice rang out clear, and Jevons nodded approval as he sang of Sherman's march to the sea—a ditty commonplace enough, but one which, nevertheless, had stirred men's hearts before that day. When the words 'From Atlanta to the sea' died away, he said quietly, 'I was there too—makes me feel an old man ! I spent another strange Christmas that year, in bitter frost and deep snow, with neither boots nor blankets, and precious little to eat. However, perhaps this is more appropriate ;' and the clear voice rose in the chorus of 'My heart's turned back to Dixie and I must go.'

Then Jevons said : 'Reminds me of home too, and the last Christmas I spent before I came out here and learned to fall back on the whisky-bottle in the awful loneliness. There was white frost on the fir trees, and black ice ringing beneath my skates, as, with a smiling girl upon my arm, I swung along upon the outside edge. Poor Florence—she's dead now, and I'm a drunken African trader. But no man can escape his fate, as the Yorubas say. Hallo ! Musgrave's asleep.'

Conditt threw back the persianos, and a flood of crimson light shone upon the hollow cheeks and closed eyes of the sufferer, as the sun sank behind the cottonwoods. 'I'm afraid the poor fellow will go under,' he said. Then a big Yoruba sergeant came noiselessly in, and after a brief glance at the drawn face, remarked when he moved towards the door again, 'White man sick, too much, live for die three day.'

'Get out, you black croaker,' was the reply of the irate American, and the soldier ducked his head as a whisky-bottle whizzed past him, and hastily descended.

'Useless waste. Come out on the veranda,' said Jevons ; and the two leaned over the balustrade. A deep voice was speaking below, in the Yoruba tongue. 'The white man is sick unto death, and he is a just man, and a valiant soldier. It is in my mind, that if it be the will of Allah, we may save his life, for the Feddah of the heathen are wise in the poisons of the forest. Had it been the trader man, who is gross and drunken (here Conditt chuckled and nudged Jevons), or the thin man, who, like the black monkey, never rests, and whose words come through his nostrils (this time Jevons laughed

softly and the American frowned), it were not worth the risk.' Then there was a hurried consultation below, and presently the big sergeant went away.

'Gone for salt to swear more ridiculous oaths,' said Jevons; but the rattle of arms interrupted him; and presently six Yorubas slipped away into the misty forest, the last of the sunset light flashing upon their Snider barrels.

Conditt whistled softly. 'There'll be unlimited trouble now; but they wouldn't come back for us. Besides, it's not good to interfere in the business of the British Government,' he said.

One night march through an African forest greatly resembles another, and Sergeant Amaro and his men alternately waded knee-deep in scented lilies, as they traversed the misty avenues beneath the palms, or stumbled blindly through dripping bushes and matted creepers. At last, splashing up out of a shallow ford, they crept like flitting ghosts amid the dark shadows of broad-leaved bananas, and halted before a palm-thatched hut, outside a native village. Two tall wands stood before the doorway, hung with tassels of rags, stained red in blood which was probably more precious than that of fowls; while from the fronds of the palm that rustled drily overhead hung strings of fetich charms—many of them ghastly ones, including various portions of human anatomy.

A ray of misty moonlight fell upon the face of the Yoruba sergeant, and it was hard and set as he raised his hand for silence, and, drawing his bayonet from its sheath, went softly forward with the keen steel flashing in his hand. The soldiers waited breathlessly, their fingers tightening on the rifle-stocks as they gazed, now at the gloomy interior of the hut, and now at the sleeping village which lay before them, dim and shadowy, the silence which hung over it broken only by the howling of a restless cur baying the moon.

Then there was a smothered cry inside the hut, a brief struggle, and the sergeant came forth again, pushing before him a decrepit old man, upon whose shrivelled chest hung strings of curious charms, leopards' claws, human finger-bones, and the like. The captive struggled fiercely, hit at the hands which held him, and would doubtless have howled lustily, but that his mouth was filled with a ball of palm fibre, until the Yoruba shook him so that the charms rattled, and held his bayonet-point to the naked breast.

'The magic of the heathen may not hurt the true believer, Allah be praised,' said the sergeant softly. 'Nevertheless, it would not go well with us if the sleeping bushmen found our hands upon their priest—there is need of haste.'

So, glancing back over their shoulders towards the silent village at every step, and grasping their rifles tightly, the Yorubas strode through the ford just as gray dawn broke across the forest.

'If we would save our own lives as well as the white officer, we must travel fast this day,' said the leader; and knowing that their only chance of safety lay in reaching the station before a horde of savages, armed with machet and flint-lock guns, followed hard along the trail of bent grasses, they pressed fiercely onwards, tearing through thorny thickets—cruel, stabbing thorns that rent their flesh and garments alike—disre-

garding also the saw-like edges of the sword grass, and wading alligator-haunted creeks, in peril of being smothered in depths of bubbling slime.

It was high noon when, worn out and tattered, plastered with mud, and bleeding from many a wound, the Yorubas marched into the sun-scorched compound. The two white men hurried down the veranda stairway, and gazed in astonishment at the sight.

'General Jackson! Where did you get him? What is he, anyway?' gasped Conditt, as his eyes fell upon the panting soldiers and the half-naked form of the prisoner, who gazed about him with venomous hatred in his eyes.

'Be great Ju-Ju, sah. Savvy much medicine. Stole him, sah;' said the sergeant proudly.

Jevons burst into a hearty laugh as he answered, 'By jove, Amaro's right. There's not a plant in all the forest whose properties the fetich priest doesn't know all about, though they generally make a bad use of them. These fellows learn things handed down through many generations, and if Musgrave's been poisoned, ten to one he can cure him.'

'H'm, a little risky, isn't it?' answered the American. 'However, the poor fellow's dying anyway, and it's a last chance. Come along, Mephistopheles—bring him by the neck, sergeant.'

Two minutes later the unfortunate fetich priest was dragged unceremoniously into the room, where Lieutenant Musgrave lay unconscious with only a faint, fluttering breath issuing from the cracked and blackened lips to show he was alive.

'Poor Musgrave, I'm afraid it's all over with him,' said Jevons. 'He did his work like a man, and he's well out of it—no more loneliness and fever. I don't know that I'd thank any one to save me; however, we'll try. Here, you black wretch,' and as he dragged the Ju-Ju man forward, one of the Yorubas tried various dialects, but failed to make him understand. Then Jevons, pointing to the pallid face before him, plucked a leaf from a flowering lily and bruised it in his hands. Instantly, a look of fiendish malevolence flashed into the negro's face, and the white man shook him like a rat, gasping 'You murdering villain.'

'Go slow before you choke him. I know a better pantomime than that,' said Conditt, and closing his eyes he let his head droop slowly forward, and made as if he would sink to the floor. Then he jammed the muzzle of his revolver against the sable forehead, so hard that the steel left an indented ring when he raised his hand.

'Scene one: now for scene two. Open the stores, sergeant, and bring up all the cloth you can carry,' he said, and as the Yorubas piled up the long rolls of Manchester cotton, he lay down near the sick man, and slowly rose upright; then he pointed to the cloth. The negro's eyes glistened. 'Go on,' said the American, 'more cloth; throw in cases of gin and a long-dane gun or two.'

At last, when he saw wealth enough before him to make him rich for life, the Ju-Ju man pointed out through the open casement towards the sombre forest.

'Wants to gather herbs,' said Jevons, and the American answered 'Good; but where he goes I



go along too, in case he forgets to come back, or brings his friends upon us. I've seen that game before. Follow with two men, sergeant.'

So, with a Yoruba on either side, and the muzzle of Conditt's revolver a foot or two behind the back of his head, the Ju-Ju man moved to and fro beneath the palms, and when he returned, loaded with various parasitic plants and fungoids grubbed up out of the slime, it was falling dusk. A big fire was lighted in the compound, and while the Yorubas watched him, rifle in hand, the Ju-Ju man bent over a bubbling rice cauldron, crooning a monotonous song.

Meantime, the sick lieutenant lay still and white, until as the moon rose above the cottonwoods, and the pale light streamed in upon his drawn face, he broke out into moans of pain.

Jevons shuddered. 'Poor fellow,' he said gently. 'A ghastly Christmas eve—virtue rewarded. This is what a man gets for doing his work too well. It's more like a scene from an opera than a Government outpost in the nineteenth century; that wretched nigger makes me shiver, or else I'm sick too; he looks like the evil one himself,' and he pointed to the moonlit compound.

Conditt glanced at the shrivelled figure of the Ju-Ju man flitting to and fro about the cauldron, with the red light of the fire upon his wicked face, while the monotonous song or incantation rose through the rolling smoke. 'Pray on old man, and pray hard, for, by Jupiter, if your gods are deaf, or the magic works the wrong way, I wouldn't give a red cent for your life.'

Presently the negro entered the room, and forcing apart the clenched teeth of the sufferer, poured a steaming liquid down his blackened throat; then he bathed forehead and breast, and afterwards chafed all the limbs with a hot fomentation. This done, he seated himself cross-legged on the ground, and waited motionless by the sick man's couch, until it was time to repeat the proceeding, which he did at intervals. The soft radiance of the tropic moon, streaming in through the open casement, threw a long black shadow of the crouching magician across the white boards. The odour of kerosene from the dimly-burning lamp, and of rangoon oil from the arm rack, was heavy on the air, save when a fitful gust of wind wafted in the scent of lilies from the surrounding forest; and there was no sound to break the oppressive stillness save the mournful sighing of the night breeze, and the intermittent rustle of the palm fronds. So the three strangely-assorted watchers sat in anxious suspense as the long dark hours dragged slowly by, Jevons whispering to his companion now and then in low tones as he felt his weary eyes grow heavy; but Conditt's hand never left his revolver butt, and though this was the fourth night he had passed without sleep, he kept his gaze steadfastly on the sick man's couch.

At last, shortly before dawn, the Ju-Ju man rose to his feet, and when Conditt hurried across with the lamp in his hand, he pointed triumphantly to the sufferer, and the American noticed a flush of colour in the pale cheeks, while a profuse perspiration streamed from every pore.

'Thank heaven,' he said quietly, and grasped Jevons's hand, but the negro placed his fingers upon his lips, and repeated the draught. Pre-

sently a faint, gray light filtered into the room, and Lieutenant Musgrave opened his eyes and gazed vacantly around; then, raising his head, he murmured, 'The pain's gone. I must have slept. I'm very sleepy now,' and again, as the heavy lids came down, he lapsed into peaceful slumber.

'He'll do now—and it's Christmas day. Bravo Mephistopheles,' said Jevons, and he smote the Ju-Ju man on the shoulder; then hearing a creaking of the boards and a heavy breath behind him, he turned suddenly and saw the tall sergeant gliding softly from the room.

A few hours later Lieutenant Musgrave lifted himself feebly on one elbow, and sat up with Conditt's arm round his shoulders. 'I am very weak, but my head is clear, and my blood is cool. What I suffered yesterday was awful, and I could not speak,' he said. Then he listened with brightening eyes to the story of the midnight raid, and when Sergeant Amaro came in with a bowl of steaming broth, his face twitched as he said in the vernacular, 'The Yorubas are very faithful. I was very near unto death, when they brought me aid.'

'Allah has preserved the life of the white officer, for his time has not yet come,' said the Moslem soldier gravely, and drawing himself up proudly, he added: 'As for the thing we did, it is nought, for the white officer and the Yorubas have fought side by side. We are brothers of the sword, for I too am a servant of the White Queen, and all men are the same beneath the skin.'

'Yes, I suppose so. There's certainly both devotion and courage in the heart of a negro when you know how to get at it—but I'm too happy to go into conundrums of that kind,' said Conditt. 'You know their tongue best, Jevons; tell him he's a fine fellow and a good soldier. I was a soldier too, though I do move about like a black monkey, as he was kind enough to observe, and I am proud to shake his hand,' and easing down the lieutenant tenderly into the pillows again, he gripped the black fingers of the Yoruba until the joints creaked.

Presently, on the principle that it is wise to let well alone, they sent the Ju-Ju man forth with as much treasure in cloth and guns as two stout Kroomen could carry; and the American observed grimly, 'If the headman of the village is at all covetous, Mephistopheles there had better lie close in his hut in dark nights, or he may have the efficacy of his charms severely tested.' Hour by hour the lieutenant's strength came back, until at noon, though weak and languid, he lay in happy content, listening with smiling eyes to the gay sallies of his companions, for now a reaction had set in.

By-and-by they heard a distant rustling in the forest, and the tread of marching feet and a jingle of arms came down the listless breeze, and later the cottonwoods echoed with the hoarse shouts of Krooboy bearers, who saw the end of their journey in view. Then a carrier train swung into the dusty sun-scorched compound, a line of half-naked negroes, each one panting beneath the heavy deal case he bore poised on his woolly head; while behind them a guard of Yorubas marched out of the shadowy forest. A young white officer gave the word 'halt,' and as the tired troops came to a standstill, a stout little man crawled out of

his swaying hammock. The young lieutenant—he was but little more than a lad—grasped the hands of the two white men who hastened to meet him.

‘Got through all right, though we’re every one about used up,’ he said. ‘We marched night and day, for we heard you were all sick up here; and came across a party of Ilorins on the war-path, but they bolted at the sight of the bayonets. Brought you up the English stores from Neville, too, and the best doctor we ever had; got him from the Protectorate people. Let me introduce Surgeon Wreath. How this day and night marching in the tropics does take it out of one!’

The listeners laughed. They knew the young officer would get used to it before he had been long in Africa, and they entered the residency together. Now the fever had spared Surgeon Wreath to dwell some time in the land, and the hidden things of native life were a favourite study of his. Therefore, when he had carefully examined the patient, he listened very gravely to the story, and answered: ‘I’ve been too long in Africa to despise the Ju-Ju man. He knows a good deal, though he occasionally makes a bad use of his knowledge, and I’d have given six months’ pay to have seen my black rival at work. You’ve had fever, Lieutenant Musgrave, and you’ve got it now, a little; but there was poison or something else, which I’m not quite sure about at the moment. Meantime, you couldn’t be doing better.’

‘Now,’ said Conditt, ‘it’s Christmas day, and there’s hard work before us to-morrow. All concerned having done their best for the patient, according to their opportunity, we have a right to enjoy ourselves if noise won’t hurt him.’ The surgeon shook his head, the new stores were brought in and opened, and presently, raising himself feebly from his pillows upon one arm, the lieutenant held a glass of sparkling champagne in his trembling hand, and gave the toast, ‘Her Majesty the Queen—God bless her.’ Afterwards, they raised their hands, and standing on tiptoe, clinked their glasses against the rafter beams as they drank to ‘absent comrades;’ then the American said, ‘Here’s to Sergeant Amaro—a valiant soldier and a very faithful servant, if his skin is black—as he says, “all men are brothers beneath the skin.”’

And so, in spite of the shadow of the pestilence which hung over one and all, and the heat and steam of the swamps, these dwellers in the lonely forest held their Christmas in far-away Africa with laughter and mirth; each one glad at heart, with a vague consciousness that, as the American put it, he too, according to his opportunity, had done a little in the cause of ‘peace on earth and goodwill towards men.’

Outside, the westing sun sank slowly towards the forest; puffs of hot wind licked up clouds of red dust and whirled them across the compound; the palms rustled drily, and the thermometer stood at considerably more than ninety degrees in the shade. Inside the darkened room, the hearts of both officer and trader went back across endless leagues of rolling water to the distant homeland, as they sang the songs of Britain with sparkling eyes and stirring blood in a strange and dreary land. Then the sun dipped behind the forest, and all the world was dark, until at length a

silvery light filtered down through the palm-fronds, and the stirring of the forest creatures showed that it was time for beast to hunt and man to sleep. With a hearty handshake all round, the men retired to rest, and save for a faint light where Sergeant Amaro watched by his master’s bedside, the residency lay dark and silent.

## CURIOSITIES OF RENT.

THERE is perhaps nothing very attractive to the general reader in the mention of ‘Rent;’ but when we come to consider the quaint forms which it has often adopted, the subject will not be found wholly devoid of romantic interest. In days gone by, when kings had perforce to maintain a large crowd of retainers, and nobles vied with each other in the numbers of their retinue, it was not always easy to find the wherewithal with which to carry on the provisioning of such large households; and so landlords, royal and otherwise, were often glad to accept useful commodities, such as the herrings of Yarmouth or thirteen hundred eggs with one hundred and forty hens from Banbury, in place of the usual military service due to them for different estates. In other instances the tenants bound themselves to perform certain necessary offices for their overlord’s household, as in the case of Emma de Hamton, whose duty it was to cut out linen clothes for the king and queen, or Robert Testard, who had to maintain a certain number of royal laundresses. A third class of tenures consisted of those which were practically nominal obligations, such as the presentation of a ‘quhyt feather’ for the lands of Balgonie, or a July clover flower for an estate in Hereford, or again the three peppercorns which were paid in 1348 for Bermeton. Nor was this practice confined to our own shores. A dying Queen of Hungary bequeathed a city and province to one of her court lords on condition that he and his successors should always keep up a certain number of peacocks; and the chroniclers of the Spanish conquest of Mexico tell us that the great Aztec nobles were often obliged to provide for the repair of the royal palaces, and to pay an annual offering of fruit or flowers in lieu of the military service due for their estates.

The earliest mention of blanch-holdings (so called apparently from the fact that they were often paid in silver or *white* money) which I have been able to discover is in a charter by Canute, who granted the lands of Pusey, Berkshire, on condition that a certain horn was always treasured in the family, and this valuable heirloom bore the following inscription:

Kyng Knowde gave Wyllyam Perose  
Thys horn to holde by thy londe.

These tenures appear to have been frequently granted from the time of the Norman Conquest to the fifteenth century, but we find an occasional instance occurring from that date almost to the present time. Visitors to the beautiful chapel of St George at Windsor will have seen the two small silken banners which are fastened together on one of the pillars, and represent the rent paid to the crown by the Dukes of Marlborough and



Wellington for the splendid estates of Woodstock and Strathfieldsaye respectively. They are supposed to be presented on the anniversaries of the battles of Blenheim (fought on the 2d August 1704) and Waterloo (18th June 1815).

On the abolition of ward holdings under George II., all the lands which were formerly held by the crown were converted into blanch-holdings, but as there appears to have been a generally understood rule that the obligation of performing any specified duties should lapse if not demanded within a given time, the greater majority of these curious old customs have disappeared. So late, however, as the coronation of Queen Victoria, an interesting service was performed by the lord of Worksop Manor, to whose predecessors Henry VIII. had granted that estate in 1542, on condition that they provided a right-hand glove for the king at his coronation, and supported his arm on that day so long as he should hold the sceptre. This right was inherited by the Duke of Norfolk, who officiated in 1838.

Another long surviving custom dating from the time of Edward III. was observed about four hundred years later when the owner of Liston, Essex, presented George III. at his coronation with a number of wafers, and on the same occasion the king received a bowl of porridge from the tenant of Addington. It is interesting to note that this estate was granted originally to Tezelin, a cook, by William the Conqueror, and it has been supposed that the manor in question was an appendage of the king's cook, as Sheen was of the royal butler. This explains the origin of the duty imposed upon the tenant of making porridge on coronation day.

We find interesting traces of the habits of the times in the service demanded from William de Alesbury, who held lands in Buckinghamshire, and bound himself in return to find straw for the king's bed, and also for the floor of his room, if ever he should chance to visit Alesbury in winter. Three eels were also to be paid at the same time. Should the royal visit take place in summer, straw had again to be provided for the bed, but grass or rushes for the floor, and two green geese instead of the eels. These services were only to be performed twice a year, even should His Majesty pay three visits in that time. For the fortunate family of Wilmington (who were descended from Robert de Wilmington, a cook to the Earl of Boulogne) in Kent, rent day must have been more honoured in the breach than in the observance, as they were only asked to find a pot-hook for the king's meat whenever he chanced to visit their manor. Rather a trying office fell to the lot of Eba, Countess of Warwick, who in return for the lands of Hokinorton, Oxfordshire, had the doubtful honour of carving at the table of Edward I. on his birthday, but she was graciously allowed to keep the knife which the king used, as a souvenir of the occasion. John de Rockes of Winterslow, Wilts, must also have felt a responsible person, as when the sovereign happened to visit Clarendon, it was ordained that De Rockes should come to the palace of the king, 'and go into the buttery, and draw out of any vessel he should find in the same buttery at his choice as much wine as should be needful for making a pitcher of the claret which he should make at the king's charge, and that he should

serve the king with a cup, and have the remainder of the wine after the king had drunk, and the vessel.'

Among the blanch-holdings which existed in Scotland are the following: A red falcon and a tercel for the thanedom of Glamis; two falcon hoods for the barony of Muirhouse, Edinburgh; three broad arrows for Lochindorb, described as a good centre for hunting; the Dewar lands in Glen Dochart, held in virtue of custody of a relic of St Fillan; the barony of Penicuik for blowing six blasts on a horn on the 'moor of the burgh of Edinburgh' when the king should hunt there, and the barony of Carnwath, whose owner was enjoined to present two pairs of shoes, each containing half an ell of English cloth, to the man who was first in a race from the east end of Carnwath to the Tallow Cross, this to take place on Midsummer Day. The estate of Foulis was granted to Donald Munro in the eleventh century by King Malcolm II. upon the condition that when called upon to do so, he and his successors should always supply the king with a bucketful of snow, no matter at what time of the year this was demanded. But the lords of Foulis had no cause to be uneasy as to the fulfilment of their part of the bargain, for did they not possess a part of Ben Wyvis on which the sun never shone, so that snow remained there all the year round? The service in question was performed for the last time on the night before the battle of Cul-loden, when it is said that Sir Robert Munro presented the Duke of Cumberland with a bucket of snow for cooling his wine. It must have been rather more difficult to obtain the garland of roses at Christmas time which was demanded of the tenant of Crendon, Bucks, but the thousand clusters of nuts for John, Earl of Warrenne and Surrey, would be gathered in due season at Wakefield.

It is curious to find Henry IV. requiring a catapult (described in an old chronicle as an ancient war-like engine to shoot darts) in exchange for the lands of Carlton; and there is a quaint flavour about the terms of the holding for a manor in Salop, by which Robert Corbet bound himself to find one footman in time of war who was to follow the army into Wales, carrying with him a salted hog. On coming up with the soldiers, the man had to deliver a share of the bacon to the king's marshal, and so long as this sufficed to provide a daily dinner for one person, the footman was obliged to remain with the army. Directly it was finished, he was free to return home. Sir Osbert de Longchamp also undertook to follow the king and his army into Wales, and it is specified that he must bring with him a horse of the price of six shillings, a sack of the price of sixpence, and a needle to the sack. The footman, provided by the tenant of Brinston, was only required to follow the army into Scotland, but had to do this barefoot, and armed only with a bow in one hand, and an unfeathered arrow in the other; and he was altogether worse off than Richard Miles, who could return from following the king directly he had worn out a pair of shoes of the value of fourpence.

A grand old mansion in Cheshire, rendered famous in our own time as being the residence of a great living statesman, was formerly held by Robert de Montraut, Earl of Arundel, for the

somewhat easy duty of attending the Earl of Chester on Christmas Day at Chester, and placing the first dish upon his table; while an oar paid for the estate of Grange near Hastings, and even this was only demanded when the king happened to sail in that direction. Many tenants fulfilled all obligations by keeping hounds or falcons for their landlords, while others shod the king's horses (and had to replace those which were lamed in the process); but it is difficult to understand the exact significance of one old record which says that Hugh de Sottchoc held the lands of Shottesbrook in the time of Henry II. by virtue of finding *coals* for making the crown of the king and his royal ornaments. Were these the original black diamonds?

Even crowned heads were not exempt from the conditions of tenure; for we find that at one time the king of England accepted three hundred pounds of land down from the king of Scotland in lieu of homage for some land in Bedfordshire, and also paid an annual rent of one jerfalcon (one of the varieties of large Arctic falcons). A pound of land, it should be mentioned, is generally reckoned at about fifty-two acres, so the commutation was a very substantial one. A somewhat similar holding to the barony of Penicuik was that of the Manor of Horton in Yorkshire, whose tenant was required to blow a horn at stated periods, and I believe that the horn used on these occasions is still carefully preserved. Such holdings were called 'hornblow lands;' and 'wolf hunt land' was the term applied to some crown property at Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts, which was granted by Henry VI. to Sir Robert de Plumpton in return for his blowing a horn, and chasing the wolves, then fairly plentiful, in Shirewood (now Sherwood) Forest. The land so granted was one bovat or oxgang, which is about fifteen acres, that being taken as the amount which one ox can plough in a year, and the surname 'wolf-hunter' was to be met with in the district up to the end of the last century.

In some cases a property carried with it the duty of holding a certain office in the state, as for instance in the case of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire, which was for generations the home of the Dymoke family, who for many years regularly provided the 'champion of England' at coronation time. We will all agree with the eminent lawyer Coke, who says that the worst tenure of which he had ever heard was the obligation of acting as public executioner. There is an amusing note to the *Ingoldsby Legends*, in which the author states that Jehan de Ketchc acted as Provost Marshal to the army of William the Conqueror, and received from that monarch a gift of land known by the name of the 'Old Bailie' on regular payment of 'ane hempen cravate,' but as a matter of fact I may mention that the name Jack Ketch was applied to hangmen from the time of Richard Jaquett, to whom the manor of Tyburn once belonged.

Lord Grey de Wilton's crest is a jerfalcon sejant upon a glove, which is a reminder of the days when his ancestors held the lands of Acton, Buckingham, in exchange for keeping one of these birds for the king; while another reminiscence of ancient times is found in a clause which occurs in the leases of the tenants on the estate of Wallingwells, Notts. This clause demands that no

attempt shall be made to grow *wood* on the landlord's ground, and the injunction which dates from hundreds of years back is maintained to the present day, as is also the obligation on the farmer's side to do so many days' work with cart and horses for his landlord as part payment of the rent. 'So long as grass doth grow and water doth flow' is the poetical form taken by a lease of some land in Lancashire; and Adam de Oakes escaped with an equally light obligation when he undertook to pay a halfpenny a year for Pinley, Warwick, to Edward II. As the purchasing power of money was four times its present value in the Stuart times, we must allow for a still more ample expansion at the beginning of the fourteenth century, but in any case the payment was comparatively trifling.

Though the march of progress has brought us countless unmixed benefits, we must sometimes feel a touch of regret that it has also swept away many picturesque customs which were formerly in vogue, and among these we must certainly include the quaint duties and ceremonies which constituted payment of rent, an obligation which in our day has been reduced to a prosaic, if more practical, matter of pounds, shillings, and pence.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

DR NANSEN'S recently published narrative of his marvellous Arctic expedition, which has been so rich in scientific results, brings before the reader, in a more graphic manner than has ever before been done, the terrible nature of the ice-pressure which forms the chief danger to navigation in such high latitudes. It was quickly discovered that this pressure was dependent on the tidal current, the ice parting and packing together again twice in the twenty-four hours. The ice piled itself up and crashed against the sides of the good ship *Fram* with a noise so great that the voyagers could not hear themselves speak; and the vessel was often lifted up several feet, to drop back again as the ice parted. Still more terrible was this pressure of the ice in the winter-time, when the *Fram* was frozen hard into a solid mass of ice thirty feet in thickness. On the top of this sea of ice came immense masses, 'gliding with irresistible force against our port side. The pressure was tremendous. The ice piled itself up above the gunwales and high up the rigging, threatening, if not to crush her, at least to bury her.' But the *Fram* was so strongly and well built that, although she creaked and groaned under the rough embrace of the ice, not a single crack was made in, or a single splinter detached from, her strong sides.

The Turners' Company, which was the first of the great City guilds to recognise that the best remedy for foreign competition in our markets was the spread of technical education at home, has recently held its annual exhibition of turnery at the Mansion House, London, under the auspices of the Lord Mayor. Thirty years ago, when the first of these exhibitions was promoted,



the sole articles sent in for competition consisted of a fishing-rod and a rolling-pin. Now a large number of workmen send in the products of their skill, encouragement being given to useful rather than ornamental articles. The first prize was, for instance, awarded to a set of stair balusters, which exhibited much ingenuity in construction and beauty of design; and it was noteworthy that the work was done by the hand alone, without help of slide-rest or other mechanical aid. This applied to most of the exhibits, which were the result of simple gouge and chisel work. Many of the great City companies have followed the course originally adopted by the Turners' Company, and have been instrumental in establishing technical schools where first-class instruction is given, and from which we may confidently expect first-class workmen to emerge.

Much has been said, and, we fear, very little done, with regard to saving the big game of South Africa from extermination; but it would seem, from a report on the German colonies by an official of the British Embassy in Berlin, that at last a check is to be put on indiscriminate slaughter. A regulation has been drafted with regard to game in German East Africa, which will oblige every hunter to take out an annual license, for which the fee varies from five to five hundred rupees, according to the particular animals hunted. No license will be required for shooting animals for food, or those damaging cultivated land, nor for beasts of prey, wild boars, reptiles, and birds—with the exception of ostriches and cranes. The shooting of all young game is absolutely prohibited. Game sanctuaries are to be established, in which no shooting whatever will be allowed without special permission, and these districts are to extend in each direction at least ten hours' journey on foot. Suggestions are invited with regard to various points. Mr Gosselin, to whom this report is due, believes that the best method of preventing the extermination of the elephant would be to fix by international agreement amongst all the powers on the East African coast a close time for the animal, and to render illegal the sale or exportation of tusks under a certain age. But this regulation would have to be firmly carried out along the entire coast; for if the control in any one colony were lax, the illicit ivory would gravitate there, and the African elephant would not benefit.

In the recent report of the Fire Brigade Committee of the London County Council, the curious fact is noted that the number of false alarms of fires shows a steady increase. Three false alarms were actually recorded in the course of one morning, inflicting an amount of trouble and work upon the men which was as exasperating as it was unnecessary. It is extremely difficult to comprehend the state of mind which can induce any one, out of mere wanton mischief, to give all this needless trouble, and still more extraordinary is it that these mischievous persons will actually pay for the telegrams which in many cases convey the false news. Whether this be the act of madmen, or of pickpockets who hope to profit by the assemblage of a crowd, some means should be found to stop these false alarms, and every well-wisher to such a useful body of men as the Fire Brigade will agree with the chairman of the com-

mittee in asserting that if a stop cannot be put to this mischief it will be necessary to apply to parliament for powers to deal with it.

The engineers engaged at the Kent coal-field works near Dover are so confident of the existence of coal in paying quantities that they have just started a second colliery shaft, about two hundred feet east of the first pit. It is estimated that coal will be reached by the end of next spring. The pits are of large diameter, and will enable about eight tons of coal to be handled at one operation. The depth at which—according to the borings—coal will be touched is 1113 feet.

Every month there is issued in London an official report by the chemists attached to the various water companies and the analyst to the Local Government Board, dealing with the state of the water supplied to the Metropolis; and these reports have always been such as to give the public the greatest confidence in the purity of the water supplied to them. This confidence has lately been rudely shaken by a report issued by the London County Council, which embodies the results of both chemical and bacteriological analyses made by the foremost chemists of the day. It is clear from this report that existing methods of filtration are quite insufficient. In the case of one company, it is estimated that no less than 1145 tons of wet mud per annum escape through the filter-beds into the mains. The filters certainly retain the coarser particles of suspended matter, but a superabundance of microbes, some presumably of a dangerous character, get through, and some of them point to the imperfect filtration of sewage-polluted water. This report is the strongest argument for a new source of water-supply for the Metropolis which has yet been brought forward; in the meantime consumers can protect themselves by the use of efficient filters in their own houses.

Some months ago the railway carriages on one of our underground lines were fitted with penny-in-the-slot machines, by which an electric light could be obtained for the comfort of those wishing to read, each coin deposited insuring half-an-hour's radiance. These lamps were not sufficiently patronised to warrant their continuance, and they have now been removed. It is questionable whether a similar system applied to private houses would be better appreciated, but a lamp has been devised for the purpose which will give six hours' light for a penny. This invention has possibly been prompted by the enormous success of the penny-in-the-slot gas-meters; a success which the electric light cannot possibly attain until mains are, like the gas-pipes, run through the streets of the poorest neighbourhoods.

A consular report, dealing with the trade of Corsica for 1895, tells us that there are only three industries carried on in the island which can be deemed of any importance. At a chestnut wood at Pruno, near Bastia, gallic acid is manufactured, and at Bastia itself there is some trade in candied citron, but it has of late suffered from American competition. The remaining industry is the manufacture of (so-called) briar-wood pipes at Ajaccio. These favourite smoking implements are cut from the root of the giant heath, or 'Bruyère,' and the word has been corrupted into briar. This shrub is plentiful throughout Corsica, and there are several places on the island where sawing and

rough trimming of the wood is carried on. The pipes, roughly shaped, are exported to the Continent, where they receive their finish on the lathe.

Mr J. G. Kirtley, of Sunderland, has invented a self-adjusting pipe-joint for drains and sewers, which is a great improvement on the common method of joining up such pipes. The ends of the pipes are so constructed that when brought together there is an annular space which can be filled with any suitable cement. Such a joint, when the cement hardens, is the strongest part of the pipe, and from it leakage of liquid or gas is impossible. The patentee claims for this method of laying drain-pipes, uniformity of the alignment of bore, without the use of spun yarn; that the joints can be made without skilled labour, and with economy of cost, the addition to the price of the pipes being more than made up by the saving of labour in jointing. The invention has been favourably reported on by the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain.

The Vegetarian Society, founded at Manchester, has just held its forty-ninth annual meeting, on which occasion the chairman stated that there were three capital arguments which induced people to adopt a vegetarian diet. These were the humane argument, the economic, and the health aspects of their practice. Since the importation of cheap meat from distant parts of the world vegetarianism had not increased, a statement which was challenged by other speakers. Of late years in London many vegetarian restaurants have been established, and some of these afford daily accommodation for some hundreds of customers. A well-cooked meal of three courses for sixpence can be had at any of these places, and they doubtless attract that large class which used to lunch on bread and cheese and beer.

Some curious experiments with regard to the flotation of metals and glass upon the surface of liquids have recently been described by Professor A. M. Meyer, who attributes the power of such substances to sustain themselves on a liquid to a film of air which is condensed upon them. A ring of platinum wire  $\frac{1}{16}$  of a millimetre in thickness will float upon water, but if heated to redness and placed on the liquid as soon as it is cold, it will sink. Also, when withdrawn from the water and wiped dry, it will sink; but if, after drying, it be allowed to remain in the air for about fifteen minutes, it will again float. Also, if, after heating to redness, it remains in the air for half-an-hour, it will float. A glass rod drawn out in a spirit flame until it is only one millimetre in thickness will behave in the same way as platinum wire, provided that the length is not more than about five centimetres.

A novel method of preserving oysters, clams, &c., has recently been patented in Philadelphia. The aim of this invention is to compel the bivalves to which it is applied to retain their natural juices, so that, when required for use, they may be found in a fresh state. For this purpose the shells are rigidly fastened together by small plugs of wood, which are driven through the outer edges at the opposite side to the hinge of the shell. The wooden plug is driven through perforations made for its reception, and as it quickly swells with the moisture, it is firmly held in position, and the oyster is hermetically sealed,

until the edge of the shell is broken previous to the insertion of the fishmonger's knife.

Professor Scripture has lately recorded some curious results obtained in a series of experiments which were intended to show that hallucinations can be measured. First with regard to hearing. The person experimented with was placed in a quiet room, and was told that a telegraph-sounder there whenever it clicked would be accompanied by a faint tone of sound, which would every time increase in intensity. Every time he heard the tone he was to touch a telegraph key, so that the operator in a distant room who originated the sounds would know that the apparatus was working satisfactorily. After the first few occasions it was sufficient to work the sounder only, the person experimented with being firmly convinced that he yet heard the extra tone as well. Experiments of a similar nature were made on other senses. For example, a metronome was set in action, and at each recurrent beat a pith-ball was dropped on the back of the patient's hand; but after a few times the ball was not used, the patient feeling its touch all the same by pure hallucination. It was found that the taste could be deceived with equal success. By dropping on a patient's tongue a solution of sugar and water, followed by pure water, the sugar was still apparent to the man, although no sugar was there. Experiments with the organs of hearing and sight gave much the same results, showing at least that this deception of the senses, called hallucination, is a thing which must be recognised and allowed for. It must be noted that the persons who offered themselves for experiment were perfectly sane, and were not drawn from any one class; nor did they know the purport of the experiments, further than that they were to undergo certain tests for sensation. Professor Scripture believes that the experiments may be valuable in their application to mental pathology, and also as a beginning to the scientific treatment of hypnotism and suggestion.

Dr Baldwin of Columbus, writing to the *Scientific American*, protests against the apparently authenticated reports, which from time to time make their appearance in the press, of persons being buried alive, and he asserts that there is little doubt 'that these newspaper yarns are, without exception, pure and simple fabrications, without the slightest real foundation in fact.' He points out that with our ordinary method of sepulture burial alive is an actual impossibility, for even supposing that a supposed dead person were in a trance, he must die from suffocation by closure of the coffin long before the grave could be reached. He in common with his medical friends have for some years taken the trouble to sift all cases of the kind which were reported in the local papers, and in not a single instance have any of the cases investigated been found to have any foundation in fact. One case of alleged suspended animation he gives at length, and proceeds to describe how it was found to be, from beginning to end, a piece of pure invention on the part of some mendacious scribe. Some good people have such a horrible dread of premature burial that this investigation by Dr Baldwin may prove of considerable value in allaying their fears.

What is erroneously called 'The New Photography' still forms the subject of innumerable



communications to the newspapers, and reports of what the famous X-rays will or will not do are many in number. One of these states that the continued action of these radiations upon the flesh gives rise to very painful results, in one case an experimenter who had worked the Röntgen apparatus for some weeks finding his hand covered with sores and his nails dropping away from his fingers. We have heard of two or three similar cases, and have no reason to doubt the truth of the report in question. Possibly good may eventually come from evil, and the rays be found to exert a beneficial action in cases of obstinate skin disease. We may note that the distressing symptoms alluded to only make their appearance after a very long use of the Röntgen apparatus, an occasional application being quite harmless.

Mr Richard Brown, secretary of the Edinburgh Society of Accountants, calls attention to what was quite an unintentional act of injustice on the part of the writer of 'Accountancy' in last month's *Journal* towards the Scottish societies. It appears that royal charters, incorporating the Scottish societies, were granted a long time before those for England (1880), as mentioned in the article. The Edinburgh society received its charter in 1854, the Glasgow society in 1855, and that of Aberdeen in 1867. It will thus be seen that the profession of accountant is of much older standing in Scotland than in England. In this

connection the official directory of Scottish accountants has just been published, and proves how thoroughly organised the Scottish societies have now become.

#### TIME.

Time the Revealer! Lo! he passeth by,  
Flashing his torch upon the buried year;  
As writing hidden long from mortal eye  
Before the flame starts forth in letters clear;  
So shall the story of our past be seen,  
So must we look at last on what hath been.

Time the Avenger! bringing forth to view  
Mistake and folly—bitter word and deed,  
How here we failed a friend, or proved untrue,  
To one who leaned, and found—a broken reed;  
What we have written ne'er can we efface,  
Or change one word, one letter from its place.

Time the Consoler! showing us at last  
Whose hand has set the lesson of our years;  
A line of purpose through the blotted past  
In that new vision suddenly appears;  
And past and present, linked in one, grow plain—  
Life's lessons never seem so hard again.

MARY GORGES.

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E. W. HORNUNG

ENTITLED

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END OF THE THIRTEENTH VOLUME

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

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## JAN PENGELLY.

BY JAMES PATEY.

### CHAPTER I.

FOUR men sat one night in the little old-fashioned parlour of the 'Tregartha Arms,' a low-ceilinged room, odorous of fish and tobacco-smoke. Specimens of copper ore were ranged along the mantel-shelf, and above it hung the glazed presentment of a frigate, worked in faded worsteds—the only other embellishment of the walls being the pictorial sailing-bill of a line of steamers calling at Falmouth.

Two candles in brass candlesticks stood on the scarred mahogany table, and sufficiently lighted the room. The youngest of the men was seated writing at one end of the table, the other three facing him. He was a man of thirty, well built, and somewhat handsome. There was determination in his face, and in his large bold writing, and a characteristic touch of vigour in the swift thrust with which he sheathed his pencil, and the final snap of his pocket-book.

'Well, gentlemen,' he said, leaning over the table, 'to-morrow I shall carefully write out my report for the syndicate, but you already know my decision. I am strongly of opinion that with more modern machinery and economy in working, Wheal Tregartha may yet be made a paying property. I am sorry, Captain Trefusis, that you cannot confirm my report. I am a stranger to Cornish mines, and my experience has been gathered elsewhere. It would give me great satisfaction to have my judgment endorsed by a local expert like yourself, but since you so strongly differ from me, I must make the most of my unsupported opinion.'

Trefusis, the mining captain, a tall, dark, black-bearded man, blew a cloud of smoke, and answered slowly: 'Wheal Tregartha has not paid a dividend for ten years, Mr Cameron, and

never will again. What's the use of throwing good money after bad?'

'There's a curse on the mine,' broke in Edwards, an older man, with a bronzed face and silver earrings; 'Tregartha pit has never prospered since they ancient bones was found in the old workings. Doctor Bolitho scraped they bones, and measured them. "These be men's bones," says he, "but they'm never the bones of Cornishmen;" and he packed 'em in a fish-basket and sent 'em up to Saint Somebody's Hospital in London, and iver since then the copper failed, and bad luck came; and now there's moans in the mine—*moans!* (his prolongation of the vowel was peculiarly dismal), and folks zay 'tis the watter in some cave when the tide comes in; but I b'lieve 'tis the moans of the sperrits a-searching for they bones.' He would have continued his lugubrious talk, but an admonitory kick from the boot of Trefusis under the table silenced him.

Roskree, the third miner, who, like Edwards, spoke with a strong Cornish accent, observed sententiously: 'There isn't a man in Cornwall who knows more about copper than Cap'n Josiah Trefusis here, and 'tis no use zaying that bad is good.'

Then Trefusis spoke again, taking a lump of ore from his pocket, and pushing it somewhat rudely across the table: 'Look at that, Mr Cameron, that's the best we've found. In these days, when copper's to be had all the world over, will such stuff pay for the digging, and smelting, and bringing to market?'

Cameron civilly examined the ore, and replied: 'I do not attach much importance to this or any particular sample; but I think it probable that a much richer lode exists,



not far from the working whence this was taken.'

Trefusis, starting to his feet and speaking loudly and aggressively, said: 'I daresay, Mr Cameron, your friends will raise the new capital on your report. It is easier to pour money down a Cornish mine than to get money out of it; in the old brisk days of mining speculation, we had a saying here that "fools' money is as plentiful as pitchblende." For myself, I am simply a miner, and mind my own business. I know nothing of the ways of your stock-jobbing syndicates!'

The speech was intentionally rude, and a momentary flush of anger mounted to the cheek of Cameron; but he calmed himself, and replied good-humouredly: 'Well, Captain Trefusis, we need not quarrel. I am much indebted to you for your assistance in my three days' investigation. The inspection of a disused mine is a difficult and somewhat dangerous task, and I shall not neglect to acknowledge your services in my report. Personally, I am much obliged to you, and to our friends here; and now, gentlemen, I wish you all good-night; and shaking hands with each, he left the room.

The three men smoked in quiet for a few minutes, and Roskree broke the silence: 'He's a smart man, that Cameron, and he knows his business. My days! but he was within a few yards of our lode this morning! I expected every minute he'd drive into it with his pick.'

'If he had,' said Trefusis fiercely, 'I'd have driven into him with mine!' and he brought his hand down upon the table with such violence that his pipe was broken to atoms; and smiling grimly at his own vehemence, he gathered the fragments and ashes in his broad palm, and flung them contemptuously into the fireplace, as though he were disposing of the objectionable Cameron.

'Hush! don't 'ee talk so,' whispered Edwards; and Roskree, glancing cautiously towards the door, said, 'I think us had better get outdoors; and shouting a good-night to the landlord as they passed through the outer room, they went out into the little village street.

It was a lovely night, and warm even for the spring of this southern coast. The white cottages gleamed luminous in the moonlight; a quivering radiance fell across the waters of the little cove, and the outlines of the cliffs were dimly visible; while far away, at the end of the ghostly headland, shone the great twin-lights of the Lizard.

There was a sound of voices abroad, the talk of neighbours across the low hedges and little garden gates, with whisperings and occasional laughter; a tranquil hour dedicated to gossip and sweethearting, and sacred to the evening pipe.

Edwards and Roskree exchanged frequent greetings with acquaintances, right and left, as they walked down towards the beach, but Trefusis strode silently on. The fishing-boats were drawn up in a row on the sand, and seating themselves on the side of a boat, the three men smoked and watched the silver fringe of the advancing tide.

The mining captain was in a sorry temper. He and his two companions alone knew of the

existence of a rich lode of copper that would retrieve the fortunes of the Tregartha mine, and he had hoped to keep the secret till he had contrived to buy up many of the shares at a minimum price; but this new project to raise fresh capital, and resume the working, had quite upset his calculations. In a few weeks his secret might be everybody's information.

'Curse the fellow and his syndicate!' he cried bitterly; 'our game's half spoilt, mates. In six months I'd have got half Wheal Tregartha in my own hands: as it is, the mine will soon be opened again. We have short notice now to scrape up whatever loose shares we can.'

'You promised, cap'n, that you would give us each a tidy bit for helping 'ee,' said Edwards dubiously. 'Surely you won't rin word now?'

'I promised you shares, and shares you shall have; haven't I already given you forty apiece?'

'They didn't cost 'ee much,' said Roskree; 'old Bolitho said he was glad enough to turn the rummage out of his bureau.'

'There's more to be had equally cheap, if we hold our tongues a bit longer,' replied Trefusis; 'old Parson Trevennick holds a lot.'

'I think us might leave the old parson alone,' said Edwards; 'he's poor enough, by all accounts.'

'And whose poorer than yourself, Dick Edwards?' asked Trefusis. 'Haven't you got sense enough to hold tight to the one bit of luck that was ever put in your way?'

'Parson Trevennick was very good to me when my little maid was bad,' broke in Roskree, 'and so was Miss Trevennick; and if this business was going to make 'em suffer, rather than hold my tongue I'd putt a shillin' in the hand of every town-crier in Cornwall, and cry the new lode through the county.'

'You never had shillings enough for that job, Roskree,' rejoined Trefusis, 'and never will, if you don't show more sense. I didn't think you were such a soft fool!'

'Not exactly a fule,' answered Roskree, 'but I'm trying to be a durned rogue, and I baint half cut out for the character.'

'Well, well,' said Trefusis soothingly, 'I won't middle with the parson; and after all, I can only buy what other folks will sell; and buying and selling is no crime, Roskree. But don't despise the shares, men; although they cost little, they are worth a good deal.'

'Ees, us know that,' replied Roskree contentedly: 'the shares be really worth a pretty penny.'

'There's a brave heap of money yet in Wheal Tregartha,' added Edwards.

A moment later, to their utter dismay, a tall figure sprang up from the shadow of the next boat, and walked across the sand. 'Who's that?' shouted Trefusis; and the three leapt to their feet, and hastened after the retreating form.

'It's all right,' cried Roskree, who was foremost to the others; 'tis only Jan Pengelly, and Edwards, hurrying up, repeated, in a tone of relief, 'All right, 'tis only Jan!'

Tall and lithe, with a mass of red hair, and clear-cut features, Jan Pengelly had the restless, over-eager look of one denied the full endowment of reason. His handsome face was not lacking in a certain wistful intelligence; but in spite of his twenty years it was a child's mind that looked out from his blue eyes, and he had all a child's simplicity and irresponsibility, with much of a child's swift intuition. In the idiom of the west country, Jan was 'half-mazed.' His fisherman's jersey was much mended, and he wore an old cap of otter-skin; and there was a touch of the picturesque in his bearing and gesture.

'What be 'ee down on the beach by yourself this time o' night for, Jan?' asked Edwards, overtaking him.

The answer came in a clear ringing voice: 'I was just watching the tide, and the moon, and the glory of the watter—'tis a brave, beautiful night!'

'Have 'ee been fishing to-day, Jan?' inquired Roskree.

'No,' replied Jan; 'I've been doing a bit of gardening up to the rectory, and clipping the hedges. And I've found a rare lot of purty stones, and heaped them up at the end of the garden for ferns to graw between; and Miss Trevennick's been mortal pleased with me all day.'

By this time they had reached the houses, and Edwards and Roskree said good-night and turned homewards, leaving the other two to continue their way to the farther end of the village.

'Jan,' said Trefusis, taking his arm as they walked together, 'did you hear anything said when you were lying down there in the boat?'

'Ees, I heard the words of all of 'ee,' was the reply.

'And what did you hear, Jan?'

'I heard 'ee talk about Parson Trevennick, and I heard old Edwards say, "There's a brave heap o' money in Wheal Tregartha;" but I reckon old Edwards is a fule. Ees, I heard the words of all of 'ee; but 'tis no odds to me.'

They had come to the captain's dwelling, and turning to the other, Trefusis said: 'Wait here a minute, Jan; I've got something to show you.' He entered the house, and re-appeared in a few moments with a leather case in his hand.

Looking fiercely in the lad's face, he said: 'Promise me, Jan, that you won't tell anybody what you heard Edwards, Roskree, and me talking about on the beach.'

Jan answered, 'Tis no business of mine. I won't tell anybody.'

Opening the case with a spring, the captain asked, 'Do 'ee know what these be, Jan?'

'Pistols!' cried the lad, shrinking back; 'putt 'em away, cap'n, do 'ee!'

Trefusis took out one of the weapons—it was beautifully made, and glittered in the moonlight—and with his face close to Jan's, he whispered hoarsely, 'Promise me, solemn!'

'I promise 'ee, solemn,' gasped Jan.

'When I was in Peru,' said the miner, 'among a rough lot of men that weren't exactly Methodists, I carried these pistols day

and night; and look here, my lad, if you say one single word to any living soul, as sure as your name's Jan Pengelly, I'll shoot 'ee like a dog!'

'I won't say wan word to a living sawl. I promise 'ee, solemn!' cried the terrified lad.

Trefusis returned the pistol to its case, and closing it, said, in a milder tone: 'And Jan, my boy, if you hold your tongue, and mind your own business, some fine day, perhaps, I'll give 'ee one of these pistols for yourself, to shoot the sea-birds.'

'No, no, cap'n,' protested Jan, 'I couldn't touch 'em, and I couldn't bear to shoot the say-birds; I stale their eggs, I know, but I wouldn't hurt a feather of 'em.'

So Captain Trefusis went into his house with his mind full of fear and suspicion of Jan Pengelly, and Jan went home to the widow's cottage, where he lodged, with the threat of the captain hissing in his ears, and the vision of the little glittering pistol haunting him.

## POVERTY'S PLEASURES.

Is it not 'A.K.H.B.' who, in one of his charming 'Recreations,' deals gently and tenderly with the gradual abandonment of the high ambitions of youth? He notes how the aspiring lad, who keeps the Woolsack before his eyes as goal, is very well content, a few decades later, to have a modest practice at the Bar; or how the undergraduate who sees himself in imagination occupying Lambeth Palace at the very least, thinks himself fortunate at forty to be presented to a vicarage in Wales, with an income of two hundred a year.

Many of us fixed, during childhood—comparative childhood at least—the annual income which we considered would suffice us through life, and which we felt every confidence in being provided with by Providence. Few of us perhaps limited our requirements to the same modest scale as those of the poet, who

Often wished that he had clear  
For life six hundred pounds a year,

even when he hastens to add

A handsome house to lodge a friend,  
A river at my garden's end.

I remember that for many years I fixed five hundred pounds as the amount of annual income wherewith I could content myself. The means by which it was to be acquired occupied a very limited place in my forecast of the future. I suppose I had the universal Micawber trust in 'something turning up.'

In those days, and indeed in days comparatively recent, there was a formidable list of accessories, without which life did not seem to be worth mentioning. I doubt if I have any greater cause for self-gratulation than the fact that as my prospect, or rather my hope, of income has faded and died, my long list of apparent necessities has diminished in like proportion. Nay, more, Poverty herself, who in



the distance appeared forlorn and empty-handed, has brought with her pleasures which affluence never carries.

Time was that I envied with bitter, coveting envy those who rode, drove, and cycled; I decline to speak or write that up-to-date but altogether hideous word, to 'bike'—hideous as the curved back and widespreading elbows of too many 'bikers,' and suggesting to one's mind nothing so much as a Cockney and his bread. But now they pass unheeded by; rubber-wheeled dogcart, swift and silent; light-footed, dainty-headed hack, with dancing steps; nor—unless, indeed, the rider be a dainty being of the gentle sex, with veiled, half-glancing eyes, and rosy, breeze-fanned cheeks—unless, I say, such a one be the occupant of the saddle, I pay no envious heed to cyclists, wheelists—or if they so desire to be called—'bikists,' glide they never so swiftly.

With not one of them would I exchange my bemired boots, my tough ashen stick, and my knapsack; for from what an endless host of anxieties am I not free. Driving tours: riding tours; to sit day after day for four or five hours, with cramped legs and uneasy back, or stretched asunder in a saddle, while with measured pace you cover thirty or forty miles of carefully selected roads, your mind revolving a thousand cares. What power to charm will the finest scenery possess if the road threaten your springs, or a few hundred yards be newly stoned? Is your steed lively? The Fates will not need a traction-engine or a pot-shot to overthrow both yourself and your plans. Does he seem more than usually sluggish after leaving last night's halt? The thought suggests itself that while you were comfortably discussing your dinner, and eulogising the hotel cook's talent for *entrées* and sweets, or deciphering brasses, and admiring mouldings in that delightful fourteenth-century church, your gallant grey, bay, or roan was being defrauded of his hard-earned supper by an ostler of indifferent moral perceptions. These be some of the pleasures of those who trust in the legs of a horse.

And where is the member of the Cyclists' Touring Club, who cannot, if he will, 'a tale unfold' of toil and disaster; of roads stony and steep; of thorn-pierced tyres, and broken saddle-springs, the disaster always occurring with wonderful precision at the farthest possible point from the nearest 'consul,' and where the village blacksmith knows not the cyclist nor his ways? And what does the devotee of the wheel, after all, see of the country, though he may fly through four or five counties in the day? Why, the veriest skirts of it only; the fringes of the district which are known to thousands of his fraternity. He skims on and on, at his ten or twelve miles an hour; he sleeps at one town, lunches fifty miles down the road, and has covered a hundred miles or more for his day's work. He visits the prescribed 'lions' of his path only. What does he see of the people and their local customs? what does he note of the changes of dialect from county to county? He sees the scenery to advantage, you say. Yes, but if there is a choice of roads before him, he eagerly chooses the flat one, which is probably the least pic-

turesque; and what does he see of shady by-lanes, field-paths, and remote hamlets? No, the cyclist may know the high-roads of half England, but he does not know the country.

But with the man to whom horse-flesh and 'latest makes' are inaccessible luxuries, and who trusts to nature and easy-fitting boots, it is different. His modest four miles an hour carries him half-way across a county in a day, and still leaves him time and vigour for one or two deviations from the road. His pace does not whirl him superciliously past the slow-footed, gazing country-folk. He can linger for a few moments to chat to the farmer, crossing the road to his fields; can stop and question the children who, pouring at noon out of school, stare wonderingly at the sunburnt man, with the schoolboy's satchel on his shoulder; or walk half a mile with the wagoner, and admire the grooming of his horses; or with the drover behind his flock—but this is, I admit, a somewhat dusty pleasure.

Oh, it is a supreme moment, one fit to have appeared in Mr Barry Pain's famous mirror, when in the fresh crispness of an early autumn morning, with a gray, billowy sky, and a gently-rising barometer, one shoulders the knapsack, seizes the homely ash stick, and 'takes the road.' Old and tried friends both stick and satchel; the former guiltless of ornament, save on the handle the dark natural polish begotten of years of contact with a caressing hand; and below, two or three roughly-cut dates and mountain names—English names only, as yet. What consideration has gone to the packing of the satchel, before the happy medium between one's needs on the one hand, and one's burden-bearing capacity on the other, has been hit. Shaving materials have been refused admission, a razor being a heavy thing for its size; besides, the cost of being shaved in a country town or village never exceeds twopence per diem—I have often been shaved for one penny—and the charge includes the barber's conversation, and your barber—I decline to relinquish the word for 'hairdresser,' as desired by certain of my friends—your country barber is a man of wide local information, and affable manners in imparting it.

A week's unalloyed pleasure lies before me as I tramp away over the firm clean roads, where the dust is laid as yet by the heavy dew. I have no unalterable course, no anxious fears as to the state of the roads; I am even fairly indifferent to the weather. In this much-maligned country it seldom rains all day; to the man of indoor habits it sometimes appears to do so, because the rain frequently falls when he wishes to go out, but that misfortune can hardly be laid to the door of the weather. He—the man—should alter his arrangements; it is palpably absurd to expect nature to take the role of the old man with his donkey, and attempt to suit thirty millions of people. But, out of doors, rain is not so bad as it looks; and if you are caught in a shower, and no inn, or farmhouse, or cottage is handy for shelter, there is usually a tree—the heaviest rain takes a long time to come through a fine elm in full leaf—or a high overhanging hedge or a haystack. The latter, however, is more of

a shield from wind than from rain. What a luxury it is on a cloudless March day, when the wind comes like a razor from the north-east, to gain the south side of the rick in a field corner. It is warmer than a feather-bed. Pity that the crowning luxury of a pipe must not follow the bread-and-cheese lunch, but that is out of the question; a powder-magazine would be as suitable a place.

Pleasanter than the sea-side of a rick, when twelve miles or more have been covered, and the unclouded sun is riding high, will be the cool parlour of some village inn, where I can linger lazily over home-baked bread, and cheese, and cool ruddy ale, and enjoy a guiltless and digestive whiff. Then, as the afternoon draws on, the march is resumed with somewhat slackened pace, and an ever-increasing readiness to pause and give due meed of admiration to any striking 'bit,' or to lean over the gates of cottage gardens and compliment neatly-capped old ladies on their stocks and asters.

And what possible power could a driving-tour possess of giving that happy anticipation of dinner which is felt as the day's goal draws near. And, the inn found, the dinner ordered and eaten, and the town inspected, if enough daylight remains for the purpose, what luxurious ease is mine as I settle myself in a corner of the leather divan in the cosy bar—that is, supposing principles permit this relaxation.

Mine do. 'Be it a weakness,' I must still admit that I can spend an evening hour very happily in such quarters. Settled in a corner, with 'something' before me—it is not necessary to particularise—and a clay pipe, about half the length of the time-honoured 'yard,' I can watch with keen interest the steady dropping in of the convivial citizens for their evening glass and chat. It is strange, indeed, if here one cannot add to one's store of local knowledge and 'table-talk.' If the oldest inhabitant is not present in person, there will be some one who is intimate with him—perhaps a son—who can retail his store of recollections. The landlord will listen to accounts of a day's walk with most gratifying interest; pedestrians are comparatively rare nowadays; tourists number tens of thousands, but they use the all-attractive wheel. So that the cyclist, once the object of curious attention wherever he rode, now scarcely causes a glance or a comment; the 'tramp,' knapsack on back, and stick in hand, excites far more remark.

How imposing and substantial the renditions which those men of might, the editors, sometimes send us, appear to the impecunious one! How they would dwindle and shrink—or seem to—if the income was suddenly doubled or trebled! It being what it is, what a fillip their arrival gives us. Instead of being mere 'drops in the bucket' of our means, they are charmingly out of proportion to our weekly, monthly, quarterly 'rentes.' Nothing like a minute income for enhancing the pleasure of the unexpected.

If only the editor was more liberal of his columns, I might enlarge on the conventionalities from the grasp of which poverty frees us—the functions some of us are spared for lack of a dress-coat. But it is needless; my

suppressed instances will suggest themselves to every fellow-pauper, who will smile with me at the sneer of those who may choose to insinuate that

The face of wealth in poverty we wear.

## A LOCAL VIEW.

By P. L. McDERMOTT.

### CHAPTER V.—BEYOND RECALL.

THE light frankness of young Farnley's manner and character, and his old-time relations with Mary Dalton as a playmate before he became a lover, dispensed perhaps with that need of observance which her position imposed upon another. When he first met the ladies at Herne Bay, holding out both hands to them, with the warmth of boyish sympathy, he did not hesitate for a moment to declare that he had followed them on learning, when he came home, where they had gone.

This frankness made any awkwardness of reserve impossible on either side, and he went to their lodgings to tea. There he related how, on reaching South Africa and going on to the Transvaal, he found everything so different from what his imagination had pictured, that the impulse to come home again at once possessed him. He did not yield to it at once, ingenuously confessing, with a half-shamed laugh, that he remained longer only for sake of appearance, and that he was convinced from the first hour of setting foot in Johannesburg that he had made a fool of himself. All this disarmed criticism; and he said that he would remain where he was until his father found some fresh work for him and summoned him back for it.

It was impossible to appear more harmless and undesigning than he showed himself for the next two or three days—meeting mother and daughter often (as was unavoidable in so small a place), but by no means intruding. Nevertheless, Mrs Dalton would rather he had not come there, and it was the uneasiness of of this thought that had prompted the postscript to Dr Maitland.

One advantage Farnley had derived, or seemed to have derived, from his brief foreign travel, appealed insensibly to Mary Dalton's approval. Without in the least losing the delicacy of his feminine face, he appeared to have lost a certain 'about-townish' air which had belonged to him before going away. Mary was quite unconscious of thinking about him; but she did make some mental comparisons, and began to open her mind to the insidious and dangerous opinion that, removed from the associations and influences of London, an improved identity began to assert itself in the young man.

It was at this critical stage that, walking one afternoon on the esplanade with her mother, Mary Dalton noticed herself several times regarded with apparent interest by a woman who, with some children, occupied one of the seats. The girl drew her mother's attention to the circumstance, but Mrs Dalton did not know the woman. Afterwards, when they



took a seat, and young Farmley returned from boating, Mary Dalton asked him if he knew the stranger.

The young man regarded the woman (who was some fifty yards away) for a second or two.

'I know the children,' he answered, 'and I suppose she is their mother. One of the little ones looks as if she had been ill. They are from Croham.'

Well, Croham was rather outside the sphere of Mary Dalton's home interests, and she dismissed the visitors from her thoughts. But later in the evening, when she was walking alone, Mary noticed the woman again, observing her as before; and now another idea came to her mind that awakened a new interest. If the child had been ill, and they came from Croham, they might know Dr Maitland.

So it happened, that the desire to talk about him to a stranger, led Mary to introduce herself to Mrs Brock, and to listen, after fifteen minutes' conversation, with surprise and pleasure to the story that Dr Maitland had heard. The result could not be otherwise than as the poor doctor had dimly feared—a warming of the girl's generous heart to a young fellow who concealed his good qualities even from those most intimate with him.

In the soft hour of sunset, when all the watering-place were sitting on the esplanade, Mr Frederick Farmley was perched on a boulder on the beach, with a large cigar in his teeth, apparently fishing with a string in a pool left by the retiring tide. The cigar seemed to be giving him trouble, either on account of its size or its refusal to smoke, and it occupied a good deal of his attention.

'How absurd! mamma,' said Mary Dalton, who had been watching him with amusement unusual to her of late. 'Look at Freddie Farmley trying to manage a big cigar. I suppose he brought that from South Africa. A cigarette, I fancy, is more according to his capacity.'

The young man seemed to be struck by some consideration of the same nature, for he took the cigar from his mouth, examined it gravely for a minute, and then, holding it up in apparent irresolution, cast it into the water. Mary smiled at the dénouement.

'I wonder what he can be fishing for, mamma? Might I go and see?'

'If you take care not to get your feet damp,' assented her mother with some reluctance, which she did not show.

He was smoking a cigarette now, with more satisfaction, and when the girl approached, he looked up without much appearance of interest.

'What are you trying to catch?' she asked.

'You will catch wet feet if you give another step forward,' he replied. 'Come round behind me; here is another stone which you can sit upon. I am trying to catch a young fish that its parents left behind in this little pool on their last tidal visit to these shores.'

'The fish is too wise to be caught by a bit of string,' said Mary.

'It isn't an attractive bait, I admit; but

there's no calculating on the foolishness of a young fish, especially in failing light. However, the enterprise is beginning to look a failure. Shall we go back?' he said, casting away the string.

She rose to accompany him, and when they reached the esplanade, he suggested a walk to the end along the beach.

'I was talking to Mrs Brock this evening, Freddie,' she said presently, in a low tone, 'and I heard something about you that surprised me.'

'It must have been something good, if that was the effect,' he answered, laughing.

'It was something good—something very generous,' she said, more warmly.

He seemed to divine her allusion, and turning quickly, betrayed genuine vexation. This did not pass unnoticed by the girl, and it added to her better opinion of him.

'It seems to annoy you to be found out, Freddie. I shall never speak of it again. But I couldn't help saying how—how glad it made me to learn it.' She said it very winsomely, and he was softened.

'Why glad, Mary?'

'You wrong yourself, by letting people think you are incapable of generous acts.'

After a pause he answered: 'Perhaps I do; but is it always—or ever—worth while to trouble about what people think? My experience, small as it is, goes to show that things of that sort mostly right themselves—I mean misapprehensions; and when they don't, it doesn't much matter.'

'But every one has some particular friends whom it is not right to mislead?'

'I—don't know, Mary,' he replied, with some hesitation; 'perhaps yes, and perhaps no. I will not deny, however, that I am pleased that any discovery concerning me has made you glad. We have known each other a good while.'

There was no insinuation whatever in the manner of this speech, but Mary Dalton did not answer it, because it did nevertheless convey an insinuation that disturbed her.

'Talking about misapprehensions,' he resumed presently, after lighting another cigarette, 'if I chose, Mary, I could tell you something about one that would surprise you still more.'

'Concerning yourself?'

'Concerning me.' He halted, and touched her arm with his finger in a grave way very odd to him. 'Concerning me—and concerning your uncle. I confess it surprised me also.'

The girl did not know what to say. She glanced timidly at his face, and saw that he was quite serious. She felt, without clearly realising it, that she was on the brink of a discovery of great consequence to herself. Uncertain and nervous, she took refuge in instinct.

'Shall we go back to mamma?'

'I think so,' he answered quietly.

And during the walk back he said not another word on that topic, until they were approaching where Mrs Dalton sat.

'Mary,' he then inquired, 'does your aunt know of that matter you learned from Mrs Brock?'

'No.'

'Then promise me not to tell her.'

'I have already promised never again to speak of it, Freddie.'

He inclined his head to express his satisfaction with the assurance; and on Mary Dalton seating herself beside her mother, Farnley took the place on the other side of Mrs Dalton.

The conversation was commonplace, and Mrs Dalton was not long in noticing that it was mostly confined to herself and young Farnley. An unusual pensiveness had settled upon her daughter, and her silence was the more remarkable because she was attentive to everything that was said. Mrs Dalton was predisposed to be anxious, and she uneasily speculated as to whether anything serious had passed during the walk to the end of the esplanade.

Her anxiety made itself visible in a direction that had the result of adding to it.

'I suppose your father, Mr Farnley, has not yet found work for you? Why do you not go back to the bank?'

'I shouldn't care to go back to the bank,' he said, turning towards her as though the subject interested him. 'Banks as a rule are sorry drudgery. But father (I had a long letter from him this morning) has found a very desirable place, which he thinks I am fitted for—with only two drawbacks. The post is the secretaryship of a company.'

'Indeed? I am glad to hear of it. I am sure you would rather be at business, after your holiday.'

'You are quite right, Mrs Dalton; I am tired of idleness, and I am fond of work, when it is congenial. I confess I like very much the idea of this secretaryship.'

'And when do you go to commence your duties?' she inquired, with rising hope.

'The duties are waiting, if I succeed in getting the post. As I have said, there are drawbacks.'

For a moment he looked embarrassed, but soon shook it off. Mary Dalton had noticed the embarrassment, and the same instinct, shy rather than apprehensive, that had moved her before, impelled her now to interpose with the suggestion that the air was getting cool and her mother ought to come in. Mrs Dalton rose, and they walked towards their lodgings.

'The drawbacks are not serious, I hope,' the lady remarked. She was eager to convince herself that the young man was likely soon to go away.

Farnley laughed.

'That will be just as it happens,' he answered. 'One of them is my youth; but this, with a certain guarantee of stability, is not insuperable. It is the guarantee that is the main drawback.'

'A money guarantee?'

'Oh, not at all. Anything in that line, of course, my father could arrange at once. My late trip to Africa is a little against me. They want a—a visible guarantee,' he said, hesitating at the choice of words, 'that a slight like that is not likely to happen again.'

'In other words,' replied Mrs Dalton courageously, 'you will have to marry and settle down?'

'That's it, Mrs Dalton,' he said, with a slightly embarrassed laugh.

They were now at the door of the ladies' lodgings, and as it was too late to be asked in, he said good-night. Mary Dalton's face was coloured with a shy tinge as he turned away. She was conscious of the point to which matters were tending, and was impatient to shut herself in her own room.

## THE CASE OF THE TRAWLER AND THE LINE FISHERMEN.

By W. ANDERSON SMITH.

No part of the Scottish coast has been more before the public of late than that great bight on the north-east of Scotland called the Moray Firth. The press has teemed with paragraphs and articles thereanent, to the no small confusion of the lieges, who, as a rule, know little about a question they look upon as a storm in a teapot. Why has this particular indentation caused so much stir, and what is the character of a region of water that has made it the cynosure of neighbouring eyes? From time immemorial the district has been noted for the courage and skill of its line fishermen, who in small boats pursued the white-fishery with growing success. For the last century, since the fisheries were specially stimulated by an appreciative Government, a large amount of money has been spent around its shores. Not only has the Fishery Department—now the Fishery Board—expended money on some fifteen harbours, but the various burghs alongside have shown great enterprise and faith in their own future as fishery centres; while the proprietors—instance Lady Gordon Cathcart at Buckie—have displayed equal readiness to give freely for the stimulation of this great and important industry. A glance at the map in which railways are indicated will further show that quite a rivalry has existed in order to obtain a share in the transit of the great harvest of the sea from this firth; for some twenty termini or stations impinge upon its shores, and gather to the great centres of population the results of the fishermen's labour. These facts in themselves would make this great bight a national object of care and attention, more especially seeing that the fishing industry is undoubtedly that on which the north of Scotland mainly depends, and must continue to depend.

But a great change has come over the industry, and no part of the coast has suffered more from it than this. The introduction of beam-trawling was at first mainly confined to the English coast, where the waters are shallower and more workable. The vessels were also sailing-vessels, of comparatively small burden. The depression in the shipping-trade, however, threw a great number of steam-tugs idle for a time, and these having supplied themselves with beam-trawls, set about sweeping the shallow English seas; until the steady increase of the fleet, and the valuable pecuniary results for a time, gradually made the new departure less and less valuable. Deeper waters had to be attacked, more distant areas had to



be prospected, and soon the depths of the northern Scottish seas were scoured as persistently as had been the southern waters, now rendered unprofitable. Then Scottish capitalists entered in. A fleet hailed from Granton, and paid good dividends. The commercial instincts of Aberdeen were aroused, and the granite city first made a bold bid for the marketing of the products of the English fleet, now working freely off its coasts. It soon became, through its admirable arrangements, one of the greatest centres, and one of the most important fish-markets, in the kingdom. It could not long look on, however. Money rapidly gathered into the new and profitable industry, much of it at first said to have been from the agricultural community, who were glad of any prospect of return for money doing little good in their own depressed industry. The fleet increased rapidly, and the firth so close at hand was the natural ground for their operations. But here they came in contact with a fishing community equally progressive, equally energetic and capable, and who had invested enormous sums and the skill of a lifetime, as well as the transmitted knowledge of generations, in a totally different, and in most respects antagonistic system of fishing.

The grievance of the towns and fishing-villages of the Moray Firth may be said to be the same as that of all old systems in face of the new and more scientific. It has been compared with the complaint of the weavers against the great factories; and were it only this, while we might sympathise with and commiserate the smaller people, no modern Government could well propose to interfere in their behalf. If it were merely improved machinery against hand-labour, the fight would have to be left to the usual cruel arbitrament, the survival of the fittest. It is certain that both the trawlers and the line-fishers cannot have the fish, and if both are to continue to work over the same ground, some *modus vivendi* must be discovered to enable them to do so without serious friction. The difficulty of this is increased by the fact of steam being the motive-power in the trawling-vessels, while the ordinary line-boats are sailers. This enables the less honourable among the trawlers to evade their just responsibilities, and frequently to do direct injury to the fishing-gear of the ordinary fishermen without acknowledgment or capture. The consequent friction between the two classes is thus augmented, and the reckless conduct of a few is visited upon the many. The difference in invested capital between the two classes is also much overstated as a rule. If we take the capital invested in the boats and gear of a great line-fishing centre such as Buckie, it is probably equal to that of Aberdeen tied up in trawlers. For the cost of the improved line-boats, with the necessary equipment, now ranges from seven to nine hundred pounds, and they are manned by a body of seamen that any country might be proud of, and should secure by all reasonable protection. These boats are mainly manned and handled by those who own them; while the capitalists who own the trawling-vessels, with only one or two real seamen on board, are seldom interested in them beyond

the financial returns. The liners are also the mainstay of numerous comfortable fishing-villages, where the standard of life has been steadily rising, and the conditions are more wholesome, both for the individuals and the country, than those of the more important centres. These are all reasons advanced in favour of the line-boats, by those who look upon the question from a national point of view, and are desirous of preventing that exodus into populous haunts on the part of the fishing population, that has been so much deprecated on the part of the agriculturists.

For the most part these are at present looked upon as merely sentimental reasons, and have no real weight with the modernist, demanding cheap and plentiful production, and regardless of consequences, which are expected to 'adjust themselves' in the long-run, whoever may go to the wall in the meantime. The trawlers produce cheap fish in quantity at the least cost of labour and material, and the community is the gainer thereby, say the advocates of the new and wholesale method of capture. There is doubtless much to be said for this view, and the further fact that it is easier and cheaper to construct a few great self-supporting harbours, than to erect a crowd of small boat-harbours along the coast, appeals to any Government continually called upon for aid in this direction. Still the destruction of a large, scattered, wholesome, coast population cannot be looked forward to with equanimity; and the passing of the fishing industry into the hands of a comparatively few capitalists, employing few reliable seamen, can only be justified on grounds of unquestionable public utility.

I will leave aside the objection that the trawlers are accustomed to sweep the seas on Sundays, when the conscience of the ordinary toiler of the sea will not permit him to labour. In these days this is looked upon by many as also a purely sentimental objection. The main question for the utilitarian is, does the nation as a whole benefit by this new system? And is the population along the Moray Firth meantime to be permanently injured, with the probability that they will be ultimately summoned back again to the old work when too late, the fisheries having been vitally injured along with themselves?

To give an idea of the population interested, it may be enough to say that of the 25,000 fishermen of the East coast, upwards of 14,000 are credited to the district closed, between Duncansby Head and Rattray Head; that they own considerably more than half the boats, of considerably more than half the tonnage, representing upwards of £650,000, of the one and a half million invested in boats and gear, on the East coast. They are further credited in the official returns with the capture of more than one-third of all the fish taken on that coast. But as these hardy men land their fish-catch everywhere, it is difficult to follow their movements, or to decide to whom the various captures properly appertain.

This region of line and drift-net fishermen, then, complain that the interloping beam-trawling fleet is destroying their finest fishing-grounds; that they do this by churning up the bottom so as to destroy the spawning beds, clearing

away the fish food, as well as the 'food of the fish food;' and that they continue the competition ashore, by throwing quantities of inferior, rough-handled fish on the market, to the destruction of legitimate trade and the creation of starvation prices. They further complain that multitudes of immature, unsaleable fish are captured in the beam-trawl, that would otherwise be left to mature and restock the ground. These are all serious allegations and demand close examination, more especially in the light of the acknowledged clearance of the English seas by the trawling fleet, now seeking fresh fields. It is impossible to deny that a certain amount of injury is done in the shallower and more confined waters inshore, by the traversing of beam-trawls continually. This is quite compatible with a *per contra* in the shape of injurious fish—such as the angler—taken in vast numbers, to the advantage of the commercial fishes; and also of great numbers of the predatory white-fish removed from feeding on the herring roe in the season. It cannot be denied also that the turbot and other similar flat-fish are mainly captured by the trawl. A very considerable number of immature and unmarketable fish are likewise unfortunately destroyed by the liners. I am of opinion, however, that the balance of evidence is against beam-trawling inshore, and that the trawlers would not be unwilling to acknowledge this, and accept the result, if they had any assurance that all would be treated alike. But so long as reckless skippers will take great risks for great hauls over virgin ground that has been protected, others will feel forced to follow suit. There is a danger of allowing our sympathies with true fishermen to prevent us from doing justice to these more mechanical toilers. This has been the cause of a certain revulsion of feeling in opposition to the expanding demands of the liners. The three-mile limit seems reasonable to a landsman; and the thirteen miles now demanded appeals to outsiders as a violent leap. How much more the whole Moray Firth, with its ninety miles across from Head to Head! Yet thirteen miles off-shore is but a small matter, and only about an hour's run to sea for a good boat, such as most trawling-vessels are. At the same time it leaves a plentiful acreage of sea-bottom to act as a nursery, as well as a fishing-ground for the older men unable to go the long runs now made to sea by even the medium-sized line-boats.

The call for the closing of the Moray Firth accordingly represents a struggle for a great principle, as well as the desire to accentuate a noted fact. It is the greatest and most valuable fishing-ground, in one workable area, on the Scottish coast. It is a recognised spawning-ground for some of the most useful commercial fishes, as well as a great herring-fishery. Around its margin the railways have fought for the fish traffic, and harbours and piers have been constructed by every possible authority; from the gigantic but hopeless failure at Wick, to the latest fiasco at Balanore. As a fact, it remains the most important fishery coast of Scotland; as a protesting centre, it represents the struggle of a scattered population of liners and drift-net fishermen against the dominion of machinery and

the evil of centralisation—in fact, against revolution in a trade that loves not revolution, and is of too delicate an organisation for rough experiments. I, for one, should be sorry to see this splendid race of civilised Vikings losing their birthright, and becoming unable to traverse the whale-bath successfully. It may be that they ask too much; but they cannot get too much, for their deserts are great! The trawlers are undoubtedly not an unmitigated evil even within limited areas; but the fishermen of the Moray Firth are unquestionably an admitted blessing to a nation. The Moray Firth as now closed should be easily patrolled, and so long as this is the case, the utmost care should be taken to secure, as far as possible, the well-being of a race of which the country has every reason to be proud.

### MICHAEL DARCY'S HEIRESS.

'Now for it,' I said to myself, as I undid the twine binding my precious volumes together, and prepared to examine them more carefully than I had had time to do since I unearthed them from the little, dark, second-hand book-shop that afternoon. There was nothing remarkable about them; no rare editions of well-known classics, no long-forgotten books, valuable from their very obscurity; merely a few bound volumes of old magazines, and a couple of the novels which had delighted me as a boy, and which from old association were more precious in their original type and polished leather binding than in the spruce modern editions. Best of all was a copy of Dickens's *Master Humphrey's Clock*, with the woodcuts that cannot now be reproduced. As I turned them over, I became a boy again, sitting in the old apple-tree at the end of the garden at home, devouring the thin, paper-covered instalments of the stories; laughing and sometimes crying over them, as the present day school-boys, well crammed and carefully examined students of literature as they are, are too critical to do. I adjusted my reading-lamp, drew my chair closer to the fire, and forgetting alike the cup of coffee at my side and the patient whose unusual symptoms had worried me all day, I lost myself in the company of Nell and her grandfather, Mrs Jarley, Miss Brass, and the Marchioness, seeing them with the boy's eyes, and adding to the pen and pencil sketches a roundness and completeness of detail drawn from my imagination of fifty years ago, and utterly lacking to my reading of later life.

When I had gone more than half through the second volume, I came upon a large sheet of thin paper, covered with neat, cramped writing. I took it out and looked at it. A moment's inspection showed me that it was a will, written throughout in the handwriting of the testator, Michael Darcy, and dated two years before. It left interest in the farm of Carrigallen, with stock and implements, to testator's brother, Patrick Darcy, who was also named residuary legatee, while the sum of three thousand pounds in railway stock and other investments was bequeathed to 'my late wife's niece, Anastasia French.' It was, as far as I could judge, and I have had some experience in matters of the kind, properly executed, signed, and witnessed.



It was odd to find an important document of this sort hidden away between the leaves of a book. Had Patrick Darcy and Anastasia Ffrench been left without their inheritance in consequence, I wondered. And a picture rose up in my mind of a helpless elderly woman ending her days in poverty, because the paper which would have secured her independence was not to be found.

What an old fool I was to be sure. For all I knew, Michael Darcy might be still alive, and live to make half-a-dozen fresh wills. Or even if he were dead, the chances were that this was an old will, revoked by the existence of a later one, and of no more account than any other slip of paper used to mark a book. Why had I not thought of so obvious an explanation before? I would make some inquiries about the matter next day, however; it would be easy to find out all about Michael Darcy of Carrignalea. Meantime, the will could remain between the leaves of *Master Humphreys's Clock*.

But the morrow found me flying along by express train to the bedside of my only son, who had met with a dangerous accident. And for many weeks I could think of nothing but him, and of the best means of snatching him from the extended arms of death. And when, by God's mercy, he was once more as safe from those clutches as any one of us can ever be, Michael Darcy, his will, heirs, and executors, had faded out of my mind as completely as if they had never entered it, and the will was resting undisturbed in its hiding-place among my books.

Some twelve months later, I went in the regular course of my practice to visit an old friend, who was suffering from an acute attack of pneumonia. She was an elderly lady, living alone some two or three miles outside the city. Her servants were faithful and attached, but in the absence of relatives I thought it better to insist on the services of a trained nurse. I therefore gave Mrs Power's maid a note addressed to the matron of a nursing institution in the city, asking her to send me, if possible, one of two nurses whom I named; or, if this was out of her power, to send some one on whom she could thoroughly rely. On my return next morning, I found, not indeed one of my old friends, but a bright, capable-looking young woman, whose manner of answering my questions and taking my directions impressed me favourably. She told me that she had not long returned from her course of training in one of the London hospitals, and that this was the first serious case of which she had had sole charge. As the case, though serious enough, was a simple one, I had no hesitation in leaving the nursing of it in her hands, and a few days' observation showed me that even had it been far more complicated I should have been fully justified in so doing. She was an excellent nurse, alert and watchful, knowing exactly what to do, and doing it with the quiet ease that comes of long practice. As the patient grew better, and I had time to notice less important details, I perceived that Sister Anna, besides being an excellent nurse, was a very attractive young woman. She had pretty brown hair with golden lights in it, waving and rippling all over a well-shaped, well-set

head; her eyes were dark brown, and her complexion, though pale, clear and healthy-looking. She was fairly tall, and very well built, with a look of strength and vitality pleasant to see. Her voice was low-toned and pleasant, while her choice of words and manner of speaking showed her to be an educated woman. Mrs Power was delighted with her, and spoke much of the pleasure she felt in having so intelligent and sympathetic a companion. Altogether, I thought I had reason to congratulate myself and my professional brethren on the addition to the nursing staff at our disposal.

Late one October afternoon, after a hard day's work, I drove down to Lisfallan to visit my patient, whom I had not seen for two or three days. I found Mrs Power alone in the little morning room where she usually sat, although Sister Anna's knitting-basket and web of crimson fleece gave token of her recent presence.

'Where is the sister?' I asked, during a pause in the gossip with my old friend which succeeded our brief professional interview.

'Look out of the window,' was the reply.

I went over to the deep bay-window, which formed one end of the room, and looking across the long garden, stretching behind the house, beheld Sister Anna, her prim cap laid aside, her pretty head showing above the soft gray shawl in which she had wrapped herself; and walking by her side a tall figure which I did not at first recognise. This was Laurence, Mrs Power's nephew. He was clerk in a bank, and hoped soon to be made manager of a country branch.

The young people were by this time coming up the steps leading from the garden, and presently they entered the room. Sister Anna came forward to speak to me, a pink flush on her usually pale cheek, a new light in her pretty brown eyes. Laurence Moore stood behind her, an expression of supreme content on his handsome face, while Mrs Power looked on, quiet and keen-eyed. I wondered if she were quite satisfied at the turn affairs seemed to be taking.

Sister Anna went over to her patient and made some change for the better in the arrangement of her wraps and cushions. She then seated herself in her usual low chair at the opposite side of the fire. After a few minutes' more talk I went away, Laurence Moore accompanying me to the door with an additional touch of *empressment* in his always pleasant manner.

'I wonder if he looks on me in the light of a parent or guardian to be propitiated,' I said to myself with some amusement, as I settled myself comfortably in the brougham. 'I think I shall refuse my consent—whatever may be its value. That girl is a capital nurse, much too good to be monopolised by any one man.'

About ten days later, on my next visit, I was more pleased than surprised to be introduced to Sister Anna in the character of Mrs Power's future niece, although I did mingle some selfish regrets with my congratulations.

'Oh,' said Sister Anna, laughing, 'I am not going to desert my post yet a while. It is only to be an engagement for a long time to

come, and must not be spoken of. I think I can promise not to let any thought of the future interfere with my work in the present, Dr Moran. I will put Laurence out of my head when once I enter a sick-room.'

'I am afraid it has to be a long engagement,' said Mrs Power. 'They cannot think of marrying until Laurence is a manager, and even then it would be wiser to wait until he has saved something. You know mine is but a life income, so that beyond some plate or an outfit of table linen I can do nothing to help.'

Sister Anna made it clear that she did not mind waiting. Then the conversation drifted to the subject of a former talk about artificial hearts made of india-rubber, which were warranted, according to Sister Anna, 'never to ache.'

'Come, Anna; you cannot know much about heartaches, at any rate.'

'Indeed, I had many a one the time of my uncle's death,' she answered. 'I do not know what I should have done, had I not been compelled to rouse myself and work.'

'Did your uncle know you would have to work?' asked Mrs Power.

'No; he thought that he had provided for me. In fact, I am sure that he did so; but the will could never be found, so everything went to his brother.'

'His brother?' But why did not you, his niece, come in for your share?

'Don't you see, although I called him uncle, I was only his wife's niece, and in reality no relation whatever. My aunt was living when I first came to them, so long ago that I can scarcely remember it; but she died soon after, and then my uncle and I took care of each other. The old house was a pleasant place: it did not look like a farmhouse, for there were trees about it, and an old orchard and garden. I took care of the garden. I wanted to manage the dairy, too, but uncle said the work would be too heavy for me—we had a good many cows—so there was a regular dairymaid, who never allowed me to interfere. I found it hard to get cream for uncle's tea sometimes; and I had to steal it when I wanted to make a hot cake,' she added, laughing.

'How did you employ yourself?' asked Mrs Power.

'Oh, I had the house to attend to, and the poultry-yard, as well as the garden. And then I used to read a good deal: uncle had quite a collection of books. He had been buying them all his life, chiefly second-hand ones. We used to get catalogues of second-hand books from the London dealers, and sent for those we fancied most. It was like putting into a lottery. I believe some of the books were valuable. There was an old copy of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, with pictures in it, that used to delight me when I was a child: pictures of Nell, and Quilp, and Dick Swiveller. I used to think how nice it would be if uncle and I could go wandering about the world like Nell and her grandfather; having the farm to come back to when we were tired, of course.'

The words 'his wife's niece' had somehow seemed familiar to me, but it was not until

the allusion to *Master Humphrey's Clock* had supplied another link in the chain, that there flashed into my mind the remembrance of the will hidden in the old copy at home: Michael Darcy's will, with its bequest to 'my wife's niece, Anastasia Ffrench.' I could hardly keep the excitement out of my voice as link after link in the chain of evidence was supplied, in answer to my questions. I found that her real name was Anastasia, now cut down to Anna Ffrench; that her uncle's name was Michael Darcy, and his farm was known as Carrignalea. In reply to my query as to her reasons for believing that her uncle had made a will in her favour, she said:

'After my poor uncle got the paralytic stroke of which he died, he made several attempts to speak; and as far as we could understand, his words were always about money, and about having "made it all right for Annie." Besides, our old servant always declared that about a week before his illness he had called her and another woman, who was accidentally in the house, into the sitting-room, and made them witness a paper, which he said was a will. When they had finished signing, he said, half to himself: "Now, my mind is at rest about Annie."

'Why did he not get the will properly drawn up by a solicitor?'

'He was fond of reading law-books, and knew something about law himself. He has sometimes made wills for other people, and I never heard that there was anything wrong about them.'

'And the will could not be found?'

'The will could not be found. We hunted everywhere for it in vain, and then Patrick Darcy said he did not believe it had ever existed, and that old Margaret had invented the whole story. The other woman had left the neighbourhood by that time. Patrick Darcy offered to give me some money, but I refused to take a gift from him. I knew one of the nurses in the sisterhood here at Marshport; she had been nursing a lady in our neighbourhood the winter before: so I wrote to her, and she got me taken as a probationer. I was there for six months, and then I went to London to be trained. I intended to revolutionise the whole art of nursing, but now Laurence has spoiled all my plans.'

There was no doubt that this was the heiress of the will in my possession: the question was, Did the three thousand pounds still exist, or had the heir-at-law made away with it?

'What kind of man is this Patrick Darcy?' I asked.

'A hard man. Very close about money. He is a good deal younger than my uncle.'

'Is he married?'

'No, he never married; his one idea is to save money. I don't know what will become of it when he dies, for he has no one of his own.'

This was satisfactory; and I took my leave as soon as I could, feeling a little ashamed of my apparently motiveless curiosity, which, I could see, surprised my old friend somewhat.

The first thing I did on reaching home was to take *Master Humphrey* from the book-shelves,



and make sure that the will was quite safe. Next morning I took it to my own solicitor, who assured me that it was a valid will, properly executed. He also promised to make inquiries about Patrick Darcy. And these inquiries proved satisfactory; for, in a few days, he informed me that Patrick Darcy was a well-to-do man, and a mark for a far larger sum than the one due to Anastasia Ffrench.

A day or two later, therefore, I presented myself again at Mrs Power's.

'I have brought you a wedding-present, my dear,' I said to Sister Anna, handing her the three volumes of *Master Humphrey*.

'Of course,' I added, seeing the look of surprise that Mrs Power could not entirely conceal, 'you shall have the orthodox bracelet or claret-jug later on: this is only a preliminary.'

'Indeed, Dr Moran,' said Sister Anna, 'I don't think anything could give me greater pleasure than this: it is just like the copy of *Master Humphrey* we had at home. Why, I do believe it is the actual book. Here is the very pencil-mark that poor uncle was so angry with me for making. Where did you get this, Dr Moran? Was it from Patrick Darcy?'

'I bought it, my dear, at a second-hand book-shop, a year or two ago. It was only the other day I discovered that you had an interest in it. Turn to the picture of Barnaby and his raven. I think you will find something there that concerns you.'

She turned the pages with a practised hand, until she reached the one she sought.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'here is my uncle's writing. How strange it seems to find it here.'

'Read it,' I said.

She glanced quickly over it, the colour fading out of her cheek as she did so. 'It is the will,' she gasped—'my uncle's will.'

Mrs Power was by her side in a moment.

'Nonsense, Annie; how could your uncle's will have found its way into Dr Moran's book? Here, let me see it.' And she took the paper from the girl's passive hand.

Anastasia Ffrench looked at me questioningly.

'Yes, my dear,' I said, 'it is all right; I have shown the will to my solicitor, and he says that you will have no difficulty in making good your claim to the money your uncle intended for you.'

'But I do not understand,' said Mrs Power. 'How did the will come into your possession, Dr Moran?'

'When I bought these books, with some others, I found the will lying as you see, between the leaves. I thought that it was probably a discarded will, invalidated by the existence of a later one. I meant, however, to make some inquiries about it; but, before I had time to do so, I received the news of Philip's accident, which put all minor matters out of my head for a long time. I forgot all about the will, until it was recalled to my mind a few days ago by the sound of the name Anastasia Ffrench. You must forgive me for my carelessness, my dear; it is owing to me that you did not come into possession of your money a year ago.'

'I am more grateful to you, if possible, for having forgotten the will last year, than for

having remembered it now. Had you made its existence known a year ago, I would not, in all probability, be here to-day.'

'I did not think of that aspect of the case. Then you would have given up nursing had you known that you need not do so as a means of livelihood?'

'Certainly not; but I should in that case have done volunteer work, and so never have known Mrs Power.'

'Nor Laurence,' supplemented that lady. 'I think he has the strongest motive of all for being grateful to Dr Moran. But what has become of this money now? Annie's uncle has been dead three years.'

'The money is perfectly safe, and probably well invested. Mr Patrick Darcy is, by all accounts, not at all the man to let money lie idle.'

'And can Annie get it back?'

'Certainly; there will be little or no difficulty about that. So you may begin to see about your trousseau at once, Miss Annie. I suppose the marriage need not be delayed now,' I said, turning to Mrs Power.

'Certainly not. Three thousand pounds will make all the difference between a foolish marriage and a prudent one. Don't you think you could be ready in six weeks, Annie?'

'I do not know about that, said Annie, 'but I am certain Laurence could not. Had we not better say six months, Mrs Power?'

As a matter of fact, however, the marriage took place the following spring. Laurence was manager of a country branch of his bank by that time, so that the young people had to make their home in a small seaport town some thirty miles from Marshport.

My wedding-present to Sister Anna did not, after all, consist of either bracelet or claret-jug, but of a small collection of books, some of them her old favourites, others specimens of more modern literature. I have not yet seen her home; but she writes me word that *Master Humphrey's Clock* stands in the middle of the book-shelves, more prized almost for having belonged to Michael Darcy than for having been for so long the safe resting-place of his missing will.

#### DRAUGHTS: A POPULAR INDOOR GAME.

As recreation should play an important part in every wisely-ordered life, it is gratifying to observe the growing popularity of certain games. Happily, in these days there are pastimes to suit persons of all ages and conditions. Among outdoor games golf, football, and cycling have made the most notable advancement. In fact, in some circles these have become a sort of fetiche. But while the devotees of these exhilarating pursuits have been increasing by leaps and bounds, pastimes, which make a greater demand on the intellectual powers, have been receiving more and more attention. Whist is as popular as it is delightful; chess numbers its followers by thousands; and draughts, which forms the subject of this

article, can boast of its tens of thousands of ardent and more or less advanced students. There are flourishing draughts clubs in all the big towns in Britain, and in most of those in the United States and Australia. In the numerous mechanics' institutes and recreation rooms throughout the country, draughts players have admirable facilities for improving their knowledge of the intricacies of the pastime. Scores of weekly newspapers set apart a considerable portion of their space for problems, games, and news-notes. Not only that, but there are several monthly magazines devoted exclusively to the game.

Draughts is a ubiquitous recreation. It is loved by high and low, rich and poor. The workman, after the labours of the day, solaces himself with a pipe and a game; and the sailor, between his watches, beguiles in a similar way many an otherwise tedious hour. The great Bismarck is very fond of the pastime, and he is said to possess the finest board in the world. The pieces and squares are of gold and silver, with a diamond in the middle of each silver square and a ruby in the centre of each draughts-'man.' But the costliness of the implements does not necessarily imply first-class play or increased enjoyment, and it may safely be assumed that the pleasure of the country yokel is not lessened one whit by the fact that he only plays with a home-made board and bits of cork as pieces. In this connection, draughts is not unlike angling. How often have we known the daintily-dressed city man with elaborate and expensive tackle whip a stream all day to little purpose, while a country lad with the rudest appliances would kill a few pounds of excellent fish. In an analogous manner many a good draughts player has acquired his skill by the use of the commonest kind of board and pieces. As a matter of fact, we have seen many a fine game played with potato chips on a sheet of paper. With the view of assisting some charitable institution, games are sometimes contested with living pieces—that is, boys or girls in fancy costumes act as the 'men.' A match of this kind took place at Nottingham a few months ago.

Draughts in some shape or form is doubtless a very ancient pastime. Indeed, the safest thing to say about it is that its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. Representations of persons playing at a game resembling draughts are frequently found on ancient Egyptian monuments at least three thousand years old. The Greeks had a similar game, from whom possibly it passed to the Romans. At least the old Roman game of *latrunculi* seems to have been a kind of draughts—though it is doubtful if the game as now played is very ancient. The game was popular and well known in France and Spain in the seventeenth century, and was probably played there and in England centuries before that. That it was from France the game came into many of the other countries is evident from the fact that the French name—*jeu de dames*—passed with it. *Dam* or *danne* was once the regular English name for one of the pieces; in Germany the game is still called *damespiel*; in Holland the board is *dam-board*, and in Scotland (as will be remembered by readers of Dean Ramsay's anecdotes) *dambrod* still

survives. In the United States the less usual name of *chequers*, spelt *checkers*, is employed. Polish, Spanish, Italian, and Turkish draughts are varieties of the same game. The Polish game, which has several peculiarities, was introduced to Paris in 1723, and was at first played on a board of a hundred squares, with forty men.

Draughts is very easily learned, but it is by no means an easy game. In a few minutes one can understand the moves, but years of assiduous study and practice are required before the subtleties of this profound intellectual pastime can be mastered. The great Scottish player, James Wyllie, who is seventy-seven years of age, and who is known throughout the English-speaking world as 'the Herd Laddie'—a sobriquet which has stuck to him since 1832, when his master, a Biggar cattle-dealer, introduced him, a boy of fourteen, to the Edinburgh 'cracks'—has played the game incessantly since boyhood, and he affirmed recently that he is still discovering new and beautiful lines of play. Wyllie is the high-priest of draughts, just as Tom Morris is the high-priest of golf, in virtue of years, brilliant performances, and recognised worth of character. Considering his age he plays a remarkably fine game. One has sorrowfully to admit, however, that he is past his best, as his great match last year with Ferrie showed. All the same, his record as a match-player will probably never be excelled. Wyllie is short in stature with a big bald head, bright eyes, and round ruddy face. For many years, when travelling from town to town for the purpose of playing exhibition games, he wore a woollen cravat and a Kilmarnock bonnet. He now appears in club rooms with a neat collar and a natty smoking-cap. While on his way to a draughts players' 'howl,' it is recorded that he was caught in a heavy shower of rain, and got his umbrella thoroughly soaked. By the time he finished play, the watery clouds had rolled past and the sun was shining brightly. As soon as he got outside he put up his umbrella. A friend who was with him said: 'Man, Jamie, it's no rainin' the noo.'—'No,' replied Wyllie, 'but my umbrella's wat.' Wyllie has travelled extensively, having made long tours in the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, where he met all classes of players. Walking is his only physical exercise, and a few miles daily are sufficient to keep him in good health. He neither smokes nor drinks.

Another grand old man of draughts is Robert Martins—a Scotsman by adoption, but an Englishman by birth. He is the junior of Wyllie by a few years, and he is also an ex-champion of the world. In personal appearance he is the reverse of the 'Herd Laddie,' being tall, pale-faced, and long-headed. He is courteous in manner, and very cautious in expressing an opinion about a knotty point in a game, always prefacing his remarks by 'I think,' or 'I'm not sure.' He and Wyllie have played no fewer than six championship matches, the net result of which is that Wyllie is three games ahead, while Martins's pocket is the gainer by twenty pounds. The last important match Martins engaged in took place in Glasgow



nine years ago, when C. F. Barker of Boston defeated him by three wins to one with forty-five drawn games. For many years Wyllie and Martins have acted as peripatetic instructors to the ambitious draughts players of England and Scotland. Their services are constantly in request, and proud, indeed, is the budding champion when he manages to draw a game with either of the veterans. Skill at draughts is not usually associated with the musical faculty, but Martins, and another celebrated player, James Moir, are notable exceptions. The former is a skilful violinist, while the latter possesses a rich, well-trained tenor voice.

The champion of the world (until beaten by Jordan in Glasgow, on June 19) was James Ferrie, born at Greenock of Irish parents in 1857. He has played draughts since boyhood, and when only eighteen years of age, he carried off the championship of the Greenock Wellington Draughts Club. Next year he won the first prize in the Glasgow Central Club handicap, and he has contested numerous matches and has never been defeated until this year in a set encounter, his most important victories having been over Reed of America, Bryden of Glasgow, and Wyllie. He met the last-named gladiator in Glasgow last year. The match attracted a great deal of attention, and was perhaps the most important contest of the kind ever played. It was in truth the meeting of a man in his prime, with one whose intellectual vigour, great as it had been, had now begun to show signs of decay. From the very first the issue was never in doubt, and when the 88th game ended in a draw, it was mutually agreed to terminate the match, the score then being—Ferrie, 13 wins; Wyllie, 6 wins; drawn, 69. All the openings were tried, and many beautiful lines of play disclosed. An interesting fact in connection with the encounter was that Wyllie only secured one game with the white pieces, while Ferrie's wins comprised seven with the black and six with the white men. Ferrie, who is a joiner, is a singularly unassuming person. In helping to remove the difficulties of a beginner he is always ready to oblige.

In addition to these worthies there is a number of younger and just as brilliant players in Scotland. In R. Jordan, Edinburgh (champion of the world for 1896), R. Stewart (champion of Scotland for 1894 and 1895), and G. Buchanan, the 'Land o' Cakes' can boast of three youthful checkerists whose equals are not to be found in Christendom. Buchanan is known as 'the Glasgow prodigy,' and is not yet out of his teens. There are several very able players in England, notably Jordan, Richmond, Beattie, Gardner, Jewitt, Christie, and Birkenshaw, but the best of them are no match for an equal number of Scottish 'cracks.' Two international matches have already taken place—one in Glasgow and the other in London—and both ended in victories for the northern players. In America there are three first-class men—C. A. Freeman, C. F. Barker, and J. P. Reed.

The literature of the game is very extensive. Probably no other pastime can boast of so many explanatory handbooks. The first treatise of which we have any record was published in

Spain by Torquemada in the sixteenth century. A century later the works of Canalejas and Garcez appeared, the former in 1650 and the latter in 1685. Canalejas was an enthusiast, and in his introduction he said: 'Draughts may be likened to the game of life, seeing that we have at one time the pieces, diverse in their values, figuring on the board, but eventually, whether queens or pawns, swept without distinction from their brief authority, and entombed upon an equality in the sepulchre; it is also a lively image of war, when the least error or a neglected stratagem occasions the loss of the battle.' A French manual was published in 1668 under the title of *Jeu de Dames*. The compiler was Pierre Mallet, mathematician to the king of France, who was so confident in his own powers that he challenged in quaintly humorous terms any Christian or barbarian champion to play him a match for a dozen pistoles. The pioneer of British draughts literature was William Payne, a teacher of mathematics, who published a treatise in 1756. The special feature of this work is the dedication, which was composed by the great Dr Johnson, who was particularly fond of the game.

Payne was followed by Joshua Sturges, who issued his *Guide to the Game of Draughts* in 1800. Sturges (a revised edition of whose work was published last December) placed the game on a thoroughly scientific basis, and greatly improved and extended the play of his predecessors. Scotsmen now stepped into the arena, and for many years monopolised attention by the number and brilliancy of their productions. A Glasgow man, J. Sinclair, set the ball a-rolling, to use a football simile, in 1832; John Drummond, who was never beaten in a match, gave it a vigorous kick with his first edition in 1838; and W. Hay kept it moving smartly with his volume, which appeared in the same year. In 1848 the great Andrew Anderson, one of the finest players the world has seen, who had the best of a series of matches with Wyllie, published his first edition at Lanark, followed four years later by his celebrated 'second edition,' a work for which as much as twenty-five shillings have been given. This book, after being corrected and amplified by R. McCulloch, is recognised as the standard work to-day. Among the later contributors to the literature of the game may be mentioned Spayth, Barker, Robertson, Bowen, Hill, Lees, and Kear.

Beginners often imagine that experts employ some mysterious mathematical rule, but there is no secret or royal road to a mastery of draughts. In this connection the old darkey's description of how he trained mules may be quoted: 'Rules, sah! golly da ain't 'zactly no rules for a mule, sah. Dah's such a heap o' variety in the critters; for a rule dat would work wif dis animal ain't worf a cent wif that yeller cuss! Dah's so many sudden turns an' tantrums 'bout a Kentucky mule that a rule wouldn't work no better nor a last year's almanac! The principal thing, sah, is to keep away from his hoofs—hang on to patience and perseverance, an' always keep yo' eye peeled an' yo' intellec' a-workin'.' While it is true that great draughts players, like great chess players,

are born, not made, considerable skill may be acquired by studying the best works and practising with first-class players. It has been asserted that all the moves are to be found in the books. This is not so. No doubt thousands of variations have been published, but there are numerous bypaths which have never been adequately explored. Keen analysts are constantly discovering new moves, but many of these they very excusably keep to themselves for use in match play.

It has occasionally been stated that chess is a more scientific game than draughts. This view is not supported by those who play both pastimes equally well. Undoubtedly the end games in draughts are far more subtle than those in chess. There is, for instance, no ending in chess which excels in beauty and ingenuity the 'first position' in draughts. Moreover, after a premature move has been made, the player has more opportunities of recovering himself in chess than in draughts. Continuing the comparison, it must be admitted that chess permits of more scope for the imagination, while draughts demands greater accuracy. Chess may be likened to a regiment of cavalry, and draughts to a battalion of infantry. Generally speaking, the former will attract the individual with an impetuous temperament, while the latter will fascinate the person with a more calculating and logical mind. All the same, the impulsive man and the plodder are to be found among the devotees of each recreation.

While draughts is a keen intellectual exercise, perhaps too much has been made of it as a discipliner of the mind. It is certainly not so efficacious in this respect as mathematics. But it distinctly fosters such admirable virtues as fore-sight, caution, patience, and concentration. A few words of admonition, however, must be given. To some people the game has a fatal fascination. Its constant practice produces a species of mental intoxication, which causes a distaste to the duties of daily life. The pastime should be absolutely subsidiary to one's everyday occupation. Indeed, it would be well if business men made it a rule never to play until after working-hours. He was a truly wise man, a real sage, who declared: 'I do not live to play, but play in order that I may live, and return with greater zest to the labours of life.'

#### THE RETURN OF THE REJECTED—HOW EDITORS SEND BACK MANUSCRIPTS.

It has happened to all of us, I suppose, at some period of our career, to have been rejected, to have had our best efforts returned 'with thanks,' and the fruit of our labour cast back upon our hands—occasionally with the added bitterness of insufficient postage. Vainly do we try to extract consolation from the reflection that to professional jealousy solely must be ascribed the oft-repeated return of our most cherished manuscript. In the privacy of our innermost hearts we sorrowfully perceive that this theory, although 'grateful and comforting,' is,

albeit, a trifle 'thin.' After all, editors make their living by accepting good manuscripts; and the conviction that to this must be ascribed the non-acceptance of our loftiest endeavours for the public enlightenment, slowly dawns upon us. But this conclusion is the result of a ripper experience. Nothing will convince the embryo 'author' that the rejection of his able treatise, in 42 pages, foolscap, on the 'Conchological Aspect of the Glacial Epoch' by the editor of *Comical Chips* had anything to do with its unsuitability to the requirements of that popular and enterprising periodical. 'Unsuitability, forsooth! Nothing of the sort!' is his indignant exclamation when this is mildly suggested. Professional jealousy, pure and simple, is, he is convinced, the sole explanation.

And what are the reasons for the return of our manuscript? Apart from the mere failure, from a literary point of view, of the quality of the manuscript submitted, there are many reasons why so much is returned to its despairing progenitors. These are chiefly (1) unsuitability to the requirements of the magazine to which it is offered, (2) excessive length of treatment, (3) illegibility of handwriting (*N.B.* always get your manuscript type-written, it pays), and (4) want of general interest in the subject treated, a plethora of manuscripts, or the subject has just been discussed, and so on *ad infinitum*.

I have often wondered if there lives a man who can truthfully say that the first article that he wrote—his maiden effort—was accepted by the first editor to whom it was submitted, and printed, without modification, as written. I am, of course, referring only to an outside contribution, and not to an article written to order. If so, I should like to meet him, to grasp him by the hand, and, on behalf of my brother tyros, ask him 'how it's done?' Probably I should privately entertain, at the same time, very strong doubts of that young man's veracity.

It is astonishing to observe the sameness which editors display in the composition of the forms of rejection which accompany the return of one's manuscript. It is, perhaps, rather difficult to display any striking originality in expressing in a few words, and with a decent amount of courtesy, that your manuscript is unsuitable, that they don't want it, and are accordingly returning it. Some do so 'with thanks,' others 'with regrets.' The *Cornhill* is especially lavish in this respect, the editor returning a manuscript of mine 'with compliments and thanks.' Others enter into elaborate and graceful explanations to the effect that 'pressure on their space compels them to return the accompanying manuscript, for the offer of which they are much obliged.' This is the form used by the *Daily Graphic*. I have two from *Chambers*. In one, the 'editor of *Chambers's Journal* regrets his inability to avail himself of the kindly offered contribution,' to which is appended in pencil the words 'with many thanks,' and, in the second, this is varied by 'with compliments.' The editor of the



*Westminster Gazette*, on a beautifully lithographed sheet of note-paper, 'presents his compliments to . . . and regrets that he is unable to use the accompanying manuscript, which accordingly he returns with many thanks.' Others, however, are brutally frank, and curtly decline to have anything to do with it, returning your manuscript mangled and dirty, after many weeks' detention, without a word. The editor of *The Pall Mall Magazine* 'regrets that the accompanying manuscript is unsuitable to its pages, and therefore returns it with thanks.' Here we have a model form of rejection—cause and effect expressed in the fewest possible words. Accompanying the return of an article from *The English Illustrated Magazine* is a notification that 'the editor regrets that he is unable to use the enclosed contribution and therefore returns it with many thanks.' For brevity, that supplied by *The Sketch* must be awarded the palm—'The editor regrets to be compelled to decline the enclosed.' From the *Strand Magazine* comes an intimation that 'the editor presents his compliments to the writer of the enclosed contribution, and regrets that want of space prevents him from making use of it.' There is not much originality in *Longmans*, except that it differs from most of the other forms in being lithographed instead of printed—'The editor of *Longman's Magazine* much regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed manuscript. He therefore returns it with thanks.' Another briefly expressed rejection is that of *The Globe*, in which we learn that 'the editor is much obliged for the offer of the manuscript now returned, but regrets to say that he is unable to accept it.' A noble effort is made by the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* to somewhat soften the blow. On a type-written form a member of the staff says: 'I regret that we are unable to use the manuscript which you have been kind enough to submit. In returning your manuscript I am instructed to express the thanks of the editors for having been permitted to examine it.' On the back of this form are printed thirteen hints to would-be contributors, by the due observance of which their chances of meeting with acceptance for their work are much enhanced. Under the circumstances I can hardly do better than conclude with the following extracts therefrom:

(1) 'The rejection of a manuscript does not necessarily imply an opinion unfavourable to the literary quality of the work, but only means that the manuscripts returned do not meet any existing needs of *The Cosmopolitan*, however well they may be adapted to the wants of other periodicals.'

(2) 'Manuscripts should never be rolled, but folded flat.'

(3) 'It is desirable that material for illustration accompany articles which from their character demand illustration in the magazine.'

(4) 'Type-writing is always preferable to handwriting.'

In conclusion, the receipt of a form to the effect that the editor of *Chambers's Journal* 'has much pleasure' in accepting this article for publication, has deprived me of what might have been one more example to add to this list of the 'return of the rejected.'

## THE LARK'S FLIGHT.

... 'The crime was a murder of brutal violence. The execution took place after the old custom in Scotland on the spot where the crime had been committed, a lonely stretch of grass-land, some distance outside the city of Glasgow. The criminals were Irish navvies, members of a large gang employed in the neighbourhood, and as there were rumours of a rescue, a detachment of cavalry, supplemented by field-pieces, surrounded the scaffold. The men were being brought in a cart to the place of execution, and when they reached the turn of the road, where they could first see the black cross beam, with its empty halters upon it, the doomed men cast an eager, fascinated gaze. . . . Around it a wide space was kept clear by the military; the cannon was placed in position, out flashed the swords of the dragoons, beneath and around on every side was the crowd. . . . The season was early May, the day was fine, the wheat-fields were clothing themselves in the green of the young crop, and around the scaffold, standing on a sunny mound, a wide space was kept clear. When the men appeared beneath the beam, each under his own halter, there was a dead silence—every one was gazing too intently to whisper to his neighbour even. Just then, out of the grassy space at the foot of the scaffold, in the dead silence audible to all, a lark rose from the side of its nest and went singing upward in its happy flight. Oh heaven! how did that song translate itself into dying ears?' . . . (From an essay by Alexander Smith, of Glasgow.)

Under the gallows tree  
The lark springs up from the dewy grass  
Where the feet of the doomed to their last goal pass;  
Away from earth with its care and sin  
As a soul which the Blessed land doth win.  
Beneath, the shame and the mute despair  
And the last lorn look on a world so fair.  
But a burst of song from the azure height  
Where the lark soars singing in happy flight  
Comes down as an Eden voice from afar,  
To spirits shut out by the flaming bar  
Under the gallows tree.

Under the gallows tree  
Comes a choking sob as the wild notes ring.  
The dying behold a far-off Spring;  
They are children again at the cabin door,  
Watching the lark from the heather soar;  
They hear it sing o'er the fields of May  
And their mother's voice—was it yesterday?  
For the years have vanished away with a bound,  
The years with their sinful, sorrowful round.  
Oh, life was sweet in those days of old;  
It has ended now as a tale that is told  
Under the gallows tree.

Under the gallows tree,  
As the joy of song on the silence breaks,  
A passion of late repentance wakes;  
The hot tears gush from eyes long dry,  
And a muttered prayer-word seeks the sky.  
Hath it travelled upward by way of the light?  
Hath it pierced to the throne of the Infinite?  
Who knoweth? A moment, and all is done—  
On each dead face falleth the bright May sun.  
They have passed to a world whence comes no sign,  
While the lark sings on, and the dewdrops shine  
Under the gallows tree.

MARY GORGES.

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